
COMIC DUMP #5



THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL
SPENCER LIEBER ROSENBERG
DAILY BUGLE
YOU'VE MET THE BEST, NOW MEET THE REST!
SPIDER-MAN 101 Ways to END the CLONE SAGA
WHAT IF? MAGIK BECAME SORCERER SUPREME
BATMAN SUPERMAN WORLD'S FINEST
SUPERMAN & BUGS BUNNY
CRIMINALS BEWARE BAT-DUCK!
WONDER WOMAN 80TH ANNIVERSARY
BATMAN TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES ADVENTURES
nickelodeon
Rick and Morty Go to Hell
[adult swim]
SPAWN
GODZILLA RAGE ACROSS TIME
INNOVATION
CHILD'S PLAY
"STRAIGHT-JACKET BLUES!"
MARKED
MOTHERS AGAINST RAMPANT KILL-HAPPY EVIL DOLLS
THE ARMY OF DARKNESS ASH THE AUTHOR
SONIC THE HEDGEHOG


this show
is so damn
good
MARVEL
HIT-MONKEY
hulu


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL NOW!
SUPERIOR SPIDER-MONTH
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
001



BOOMERANG, **SHOCKER**, **OVERDRIVE**, **SPEED DEMON**, AND **BEETLE** ARE NOT HEROES. THEY'RE NOT LOVEABLE ROGUES AND THEY'RE NOT REBELS WITH A CAUSE. MAKE NO MISTAKE, THE NEW **SINISTER SIX** ARE VILLAINS, PLAIN AND SIMPLE. THEY'RE LIARS, CHEATERS, AND THIEVES. THEY DON'T LIKE YOU. THEY DON'T EVEN LIKE EACH OTHER THAT MUCH. THE ONE THING THEY HAVE IN COMMON IS A SHARED HATRED FOR THEIR NEMESIS, THE **SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN** – EVEN IF HE'S POSSESSED BY THEIR OLD BOSS **DOCTOR OCTOPUS** AT THE MOMENT. SOMETIMES THAT MUTUAL DISDAIN FORCES THEM TO SUCK IT UP AND JOIN FORCES. TOGETHER THEY ARE...

THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN

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WE GOT NO IDEA HOW TO QUIT WHEN WE'RE AHEAD.
UP 4-2, BOTTOM OF THE NINTH, AND MYERS IS ONE PITCH AWAY FROM BRINGING THIS ONE HOME, FOLKS--
YEAH, THAT'S ME PITCHING.
YEAH, I KNOW I LOOK A LOT YOUNGER. *THANK YOU.*
SO--WHAT HAPPENED?
CRACK
REYNOLDS CONNECTS! THIS ONE'S GOING ALL THE WAY--
AFTER THAT, FIGURED I WAS PRETTY MUCH RETIRED...
MYERS BRIBERY SCANDAL

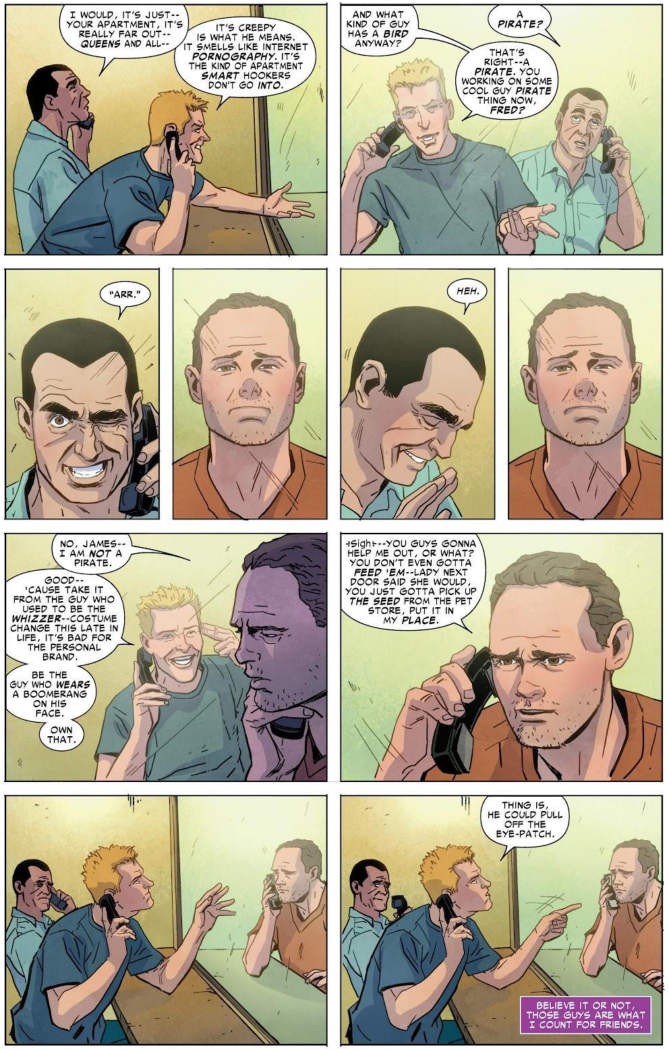

'TIL THEY SHOWED UP.
IS THIS SOME KIND OF SEX THING?
WHY WOULD IT BE A SEX THING?
I TOLD THEM I WAS BORN IN AUSTRALIA, SO THEY MADE ME "BOOMERANG."
THIS IS WHY THE WHOLE WORLD HATES YOU, BY THE WAY. AN ENTIRE NATION BOILED DOWN TO WHAT YOU CAN REMEMBER FROM THAT TIME YOU GOT HIGH AND WATCHED "CROCODILE DUNDEE."
GUESS I SHOULD BE GLAD I DIDN'T END UP SOME KINDA KANGAROO GUY.
FOR THE RECORD, I GOT NO IDEA WHO RATTED OUT THOSE JERKS. SERIOUSLY, WASN'T ME.
OH YEAH? FINE, SHOW ME THE TAPE, THEN.
EITHER WAY, I GOT TO KEEP MY GEAR, AND FROM THERE, I DID MY BEST TO KEEP THE STEADY JOBS COMING.
FELL IN WITH A FEW CREWS, WORKED MY WAY UP.
'TIL ONE DAY, I HAD ENOUGH STASHED FOR A DOWN PAYMENT ON A SWEET NEW COSTUME--



AND A CREW OF MY OWN.
SO WHAT DO WE GOT, YOU ASK? WELL, LET'S SEE--
THERE'S THE PRETTY BOY DRIVER-- OVERDRIVE.
A PRETTY GIRL THIEF-- BEETLE. THE NEW ONE.
AN ADVANCE GUY WHO SPECIALIZES IN BEING THE PAIN IN THE BUTT...
...IN A ROOM FULL OF PAINS IN THE BUTT. SPEED DEMON, OBVIOUSLY.
OH. RIGHT. AND A COWARD.
YOU ALWAYS GOTTA HAVE ONE OF THOSE. THANKS, SHOCKER.
TOGETHER, WE'RE THE NEW SINISTER SIX.
AND YES, I AM AWARE THERE ARE ONLY FIVE OF US. THANK YOU.



ALL THIS MEANS YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING THINGS ARE LOOKING UP FOR OLD FRED.
FRED--MY REAL NAME IS FRED. FRED MYERS. YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT MY REAL NAME WAS, DID YOU?
AND ANYWAY--
$
Z
--YOU'D BE WRONG.
SEE, HERE'S THE THING--
NO MATTER WHAT I DO, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, THIS SONG ALWAYS ENDS THE SAME WAY...
WEBBED UP, HANGING OFF A LIGHT POLE.
YOU PUT THAT ON INSTAGRAM, I'LL FIND YOU.
SLEEPING IT OFF IN A JAIL CELL--
TRYING TO GET SOMEONE TO FEED MY DAMN BIRDS.
I DUNNO, FRED--
(SEE? I DO HAVE PETS.)



I WOULD, IT'S JUST-- YOUR APARTMENT, IT'S REALLY FAR OUT-- QUEENS AND ALL--
IT'S CREEPY IS WHAT HE MEANS. IT SMELLS LIKE INTERNET PORNOGRAPHY. IT'S THE KIND OF APARTMENT SMART HOOKERS DON'T GO INTO.
AND WHAT KIND OF GUY HAS A BIRD ANYWAY?
A PIRATE?
THAT'S RIGHT--A PIRATE. YOU WORKING ON SOME COOL GUY PIRATE THING NOW, FRED?
"ARR."
HEH.
NO, JAMES-- I AM NOT A PIRATE.
GOOD-- 'CAUSE TAKE IT FROM THE GUY WHO USED TO BE THE WHIZZER--COSTUME CHANGE THIS LATE IN LIFE, IT'S BAD FOR THE PERSONAL BRAND.
BE THE GUY WHO WEARS A BOOMERANG ON HIS FACE.
OWN THAT.
+Sigh+--YOU GUYS GONNA HELP ME OUT, OR WHAT? YOU DON'T EVEN GOTTA FEED 'EM--LADY NEXT DOOR SAID SHE WOULD, YOU JUST GOTTA PICK UP THE SEED FROM THE PET STORE, PUT IT IN MY PLACE.
THING IS, HE COULD PULL OFF THE EYE-PATCH.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THOSE GUYS ARE WHAT I COUNT FOR FRIENDS.



WELL, AT LEAST THEY ACTUALLY MADE THE RUN.
THAT ONE, MOMMY!
YOU SURE, SWEETHEART?
YUP!
'S A GOOD DOG.
SURE IS.
Y'KNOW, I HAD A DOG JUST LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.
CALLED HIM SKIPPY. WE USED TO GO EVERYWHERE TOGETHER. EVERYWHERE I'D GO, I'D BE LIKE, "C'MON, SKIPPY!" AND THERE WE'D GO.
MISS THAT DAMN DOG.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
WELL, ONE DAY, MY MOMMY SOLD HIM. FOR DRUGS.
DUDE...
WHAT? TOO DARK?
BUT, HEY--MAYBE YOU COULD NAME YOUR DOG SKIPPY TOO, YEAH?
OH... UH--NO THANKS, MISTER--
HIS NAME'S INSPECTOR.
arf arf


...INSPECTOR?
?
KID... I MEAN, C'MON--
THAT IS A *STUPID* NAME FOR A DOG.
YOU'RE STUPID!
I'M--?! YOU'RE STUPID!
YOU ARE.
ALL RIGHT, OKAY, FINE, YOU KNOW-- MAYBE I *AM*. BUT GUESS WHAT?
I'M THE STUPID GUY THAT'S ROBBING YOU RIGHT NOW!


YOU SERIOUS?
OH YEAH. HE'S-- UH--HE'S SERIOUS.
THAT'S RIGHT, ! NOW GIMME WHAT'S IN THE REGISTER!
STOP CURSING SO MUCH.
YOU'RE UPSETTING THE CATS.
OH, AND... UH...CAN WE GET THE--hold on--THE *BLANTON'S FARM ORGANIC NO MESS BIRD SEED?* THE BULK BAG.
BUNNIES
I GOT THAT IN THE BACK.
YEAH.
YOU *DO*.
LIVER TREATS
AND THAT *DOG*.
OH, COME *ON*.
hruf
NOPE. SHE'S GOTTA *LEARN*.
I'M TAKIN' IT. CALL ME STUPID.
SORRY. SORRY.
MAYBE "FRIEND" ISN'T THE TERM I'M LOOKING FOR HERE.


DONUTS
INSPECTOR, SERIOUSLY, DUDE-- STOP.
GRRRR
UNFF-- WHATSITSTAIRS...
THIS DOG IS AN MAN. THINK I'M TAKIN' HIM BACK.
WHY... DOES...FFF... SOMEONE...LIVE UP SO HIGH-LIKE? S'CRAZY...
AIN'T THAT BAD, YA BIG BABY.
STUPID COSTUME... HFF...TOO MUCH PADDING, YOU KNOW? YOU...YOU GOT SUPER-SPEED... WHY DON'T YOU JUST...UHH...RUN IT UP--
HEY, DO THINGS GET LIGHTER FOR YOU IF YOU START RUNNING UP STAIRS WHILE YOU'RE HOLDING THEM? YEAH, ME EITHER--NO.
'SIDES, I GOT THE DOG.
RRRAF!
HUFF... SHOULDN'TA GOT THE BULK BAG.
RRRRRR
LOOK AT ALL THEM AMAZON NOTES. DELIVERY DUDE MUST BE , RIGHT? LUG ONE OF THEM JAPANESE ROBOT WIVES UP FIVE FLIGHTS, GUY DON'T EVEN ANSWER.


YOU GONNA?
BIRD
WHAT?
KEYS. YOU GOT THE--
YOU GOT THEM!
WELL, GREAT, WHAT NOW?
RUN GET THEM?
RUN--TO MANHATTAN? IN THIS TRAFFIC? NOOO.
I SAY WE JUST LEAVE IT HERE IN THE HALL. WHO'S GONNA STEAL BIRDSEED?
RIGHT.
PEW!
PSHEW... BQE, MAN, I AM TELLING YOU.
HEY, IT'S UNLOCKED!


'ELLO?
SOMEBODY'S HERE...
HEY, CRACKHEAD/ JUNKIE/ CONFUSED TEEN--
--WE KNOW YOU'RE HERE! COME ON OUT. DON'T BE FOOLED BY ALL THE UNDERWEAR LAYING AROUND, THIS IS A SERIOUS SUPER VILLAIN LAIR YOU'RE SQUATTING IN!
ANYBODY IN--
'EY!
CLOSE THE DAMN DOOR, WOULDYA?
DAILY BUGLE
KA CLICK
ZIP


WELL, AIN'T YOU BOYS THE PUNCTUAL TYPE.*
*HEY KIDS, IT'S HAMMERHEAD!
HAMMERHEAD, SIR--
YOU, UH, YOU FORGOT TO FLUSH.
YEAH, IT'LL SMELL LIKE CRUD IN HERE WHEN FREDDY GETS OUT, WON'T IT? HEH.
YOU GOT THE STUFF?
UH...FRED SAID AN OLD LADY WAS GONNA FEED THE BIRDS...
YUP, S'RIGHT--
I'M THE OLD LADY.
GOOD OL' PET SHOP PETE, ALWAYS COMES THROUGH.
RRRRRRIP
WE PROBABLY DIDN'T NEED TO ROB THAT GUY, THEN.
WELL, SUE ME FOR SHOWING A LITTLE INITIATIVE.
THIS LOOKS GOOD, FELLAS--REAL GOOD. NICE JOB.
NOW WHERE'S THE REST OF IT?
REST?
PEW


YYY SSSDDD MMTT!
HE SAYS YOU SOLD HIM OUT, FRED.
HE'LL GET OVER IT.
YY SSNN FFF BTCH!
I DUNNO--HE'S PRETTY UPSET. I THINK HE'S CRYING.
MM NT CRNGGG!
YOU'D'VE NEVER GONE UP THERE IF YOU'D KNOWN WHO WAS WAITING. AND I NEEDED YOU TO GO UP THERE--YOU GET HOW IT IS.
AW GOGGINS! AVA GON' BE PISSED WHEN SHE FINDS THAT OUT--
JAMES?
SORRY, SORRY--
THIS HOSPITAL IS BORING.
CENSORED
LOOK, I NEEDED TO KEEP HAMMER-HEAD ON THE LINE, OR ELSE THIS JOB--
JOB?
JB?


SIGH--YEAH, LOOK, I GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT? DOCK JOB. YOU SAW--JEWELS. RECESSION-PROOF STUFF. IT'S ON HAMMERHEAD'S TURF, THAT WAS HIS CUT.
THING IS, THE BIGGER SHIPMENT GOT DELAYED BY THE DAMN ORIGIN BOMB ATTACK, WON'T COME IN 'TIL NEXT WEEK. WHEN IT DOES...
AND YOU WAS GONNA CUT US OUT. JUST LIKE THAT.
BUT NOW YOU GOT A CHANCE TO GET IN, SEE? FIGURE YOU'VE EARNED IT JUST OFF THAT MULE RUN. AND I'D BE HAPPY TO BRING YOU GUYS ON BOARD.
YOUR GENEROSITY OVERWHELMS, FRED.
YEAH, SURE. BUT, SEE, THING IS--I'M THE ONLY ONE THE SHIP RAT WILL TALK TO, YOU FOLLOW? YOU FELLAS WANT THIS JOB--
LET ME GUESS...YOU'RE GONNA NEED BAIL.
YOU GOT IT. AND JAMES? I'D MOVE FAST IF I WERE YOU--
I HAVE DONE A POOR JOB MAKING FRIENDS HERE.
RULES
THAT'S NOT--THAT'S CODE FOR TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.
DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.


WHY AM I DOING THIS AGAIN?
I TOLD YOU, BEETLE--WE HAVE TO BAIL FRED OUT OF PRISON.
YEAH, NO, BUT WHY ARE WE BAILING OUT FRED? WE HATE FRED. FRED'S A PRICK.
AH, BUT HE'S GOT A JOB FOR US.
THIS IS A JOB.
I MEAN A REAL JOB.
SIGH--FINE.
SHE'S HOT, RIGHT?
EXTREMELY.
A-HEM.
YOU THINK I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER HERE?
I AM A PROFESSIONAL. I AM ROBBING YOU AT GUNPOINT RIGHT NOW. CAN WE MAYBE KEEP THE TOPICS OF CONVERSATION TO HOW TERRIFIED YOU ARE, OR HOW AMAZINGLY WELL PLANNED THIS WHOLE HEIST IS?
IS IT?
+SIGH+--OKAY, WHICH ONES OF THESE ARE VALUABLE?

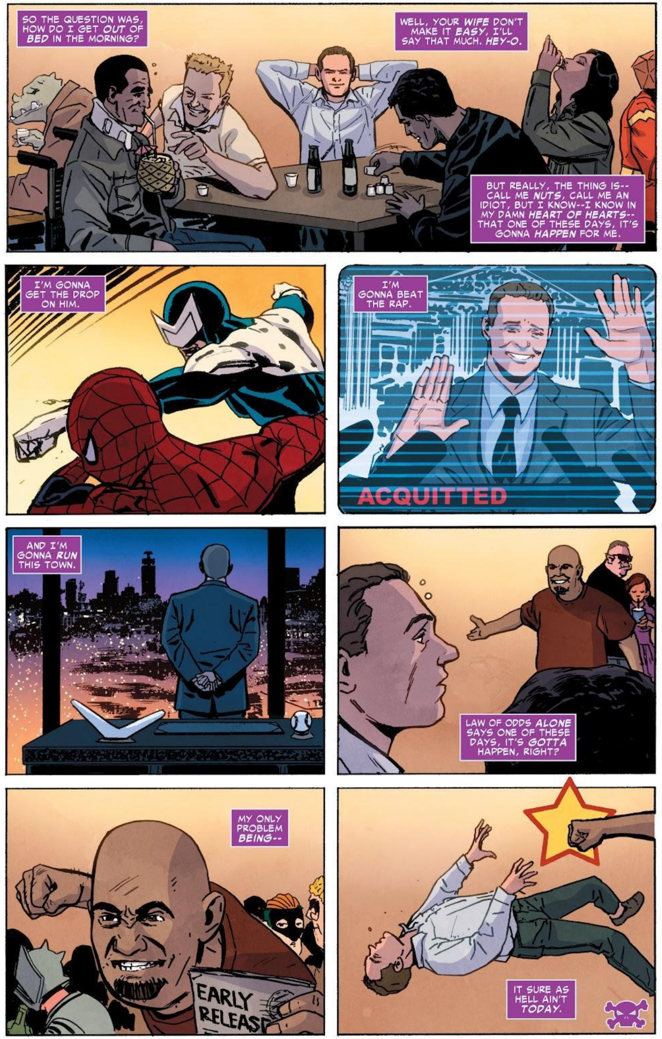

WELL, THAT DEPENDS--WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? ONE IN ONE HUNDRED VARIANTS? LOW PRINT RUN INDIE TITLES?
GAH!
THIS IS IMPENETRABLE.
OKAY, WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE? BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT'S PRETTY HOT ON THE OLD EBAY RIGHT NOW--
YEAH, BUT IT SUCKS.
YOU THINK EVERYTHING SUCKS.
BECAUSE EVERYTHING DOES!
OKAY! OKAY! YOU KNOW WHAT? JUST PUT THEM ALL IN A BOX FOR ME.
YEAH, OKAY. DO YOU NEED BAGS AND BOARDS?
C'MON, OVERDRIVE.
LET'S JUST GO, PLEASE.
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY STILL MADE THESE THINGS.
COMICS



HEY! MYERS! SOMEBODY WANTS A WORD WITH YOU.
WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS--FREDDY BOY! AIN'T YOU SIGHT!
SEE, YOU GOT THAT WRONG--HAMMERHEAD DOESN'T DO THE OLD GANGSTER VOICE ANYMORE.
MM. WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY, MISTER MYERS?
I TEND TO RESERVE THE FULL METHOD TREATMENT--
FOR MY PAYING CLIENTS.
YOU'RE GETTING YOUR PAYMENT, CHAMELEON.
HH. SO MANY PROMISES, SO FEW KEPT.
YOU MAY THINK, GIVEN MY ABILITIES, THAT COMING AND GOING FROM THIS FACILITY IS EASY. I CAN ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT. I ONLY DO SO--
WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING TO GAIN.



WELL, YOU DID GET TO BEAT UP SHOCKER. THAT WAS FUN, RIGHT? RIGHT?
YOU KNOW WHAT IS EXPECTED OF YOU NOW, MISTER MYERS. TO BEGIN, YOU AND YOUR CREW WILL SERVE ME, WITHOUT CHARGE.
OH YEAH. ABSOLUTELY. YOU JUST SUCCESSFULLY KICK-STARTERED A BUNCH OF CRIMINALS WITH SUPER-POWERS, DON'T YOU WORRY.
BUT I DO WORRY, FREDERICK. IT MAY BE A WEAKNESS, BUT I WORRY FOR YOU. AND WHAT THESE LACKEYS OF YOURS WILL DO TO YOU--
WHEN THEY FIND OUT THERE IS NO JOB FOR THEM.
CAN I GET MY FAKE DIAMONDS BACK?
OKAY, SO YEAH-- IF YOU WANTED TO FOCUS ON THE NEGATIVE, I AM ON THE HOOK TO A SHAPE-SHIFTING RUSSIAN MOB BOSS.
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THAT'S BAD.
IT'S NOT LOADED.
AND YES, I MAY HAVE TRICKED MY GANG INTO SPENDING THEIR OWN HARD-EARNED LOOT BAILING ME OUT--
ALL SO I CAN LAND THEM A HEIST THAT DOESN'T ACTUALLY EXIST, PER SE.
BUT I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT, I AM GETTING OUT OF JAIL.
AND LET'S FACE IT--JAIL SUCKS.



FOE-NING IT IN...

Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Face front, web-heads!

Tom Brennan here, and welcome to the first installment of THE SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN – your one-stop shop for the life and times of Spider-Man's most vile, vicious and vapid villains. We are thrilled to have you with us as we venture into the lives of some of Spider-Man's most fascinating felons. The whole team on Superior Foes – writer Nick Spencer, artist Steve Lieber, colorist Rachelle Rosenberg and letterer Joe Caramagna (of the VC Caramagnas!) -- is thrilled to be working on this book, and the five of us are going to be, like our Superior Foes in this book, scheming month in, month out, to bring you the darkest, edgiest and most unique comic on the stands, so thanks for joining us and strap in for the crimes of the century!

--Tom Brennan
6/6/2013

IT'S SUPERIOR SPIDER-MONTH!

Pick up this month's Spider-Books for more!



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #13



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #14



SUPERIOR CARNAGE #1



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN TEAM-UP #1

NEXT:



TARGETED FOR DEATH!

THE SUPERIOR FOES OF

SPIDER-MAN



MARVEL NOW!

SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG

002

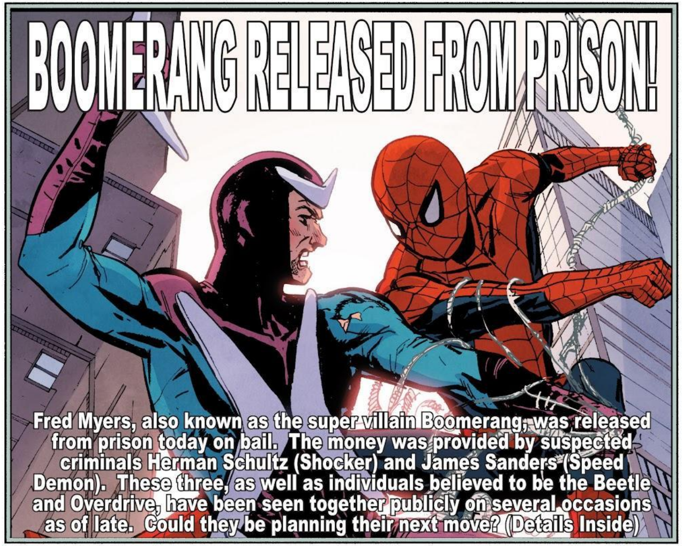
FINAL ☆☆☆☆

DAILY BUGLE

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: RAFT PRISON CONVERTED TO NEW SPIDEY BASE, NOVA SPOTTED IN NEW YORK, SERPENT SOCIETY INFILTRATES COURTHOUSE



BOOMERANG RELEASED FROM PRISON!

Fred Myers, also known as the super villain Boomerang, was released from prison today on bail. The money was provided by suspected criminals Herman Schultz (Shocker) and James Sanders (Speed Demon). These three, as well as individuals believed to be the Beetle and Overdrive, have been seen together publicly on several occasions as of late. Could they be planning their next move? (Details Inside)

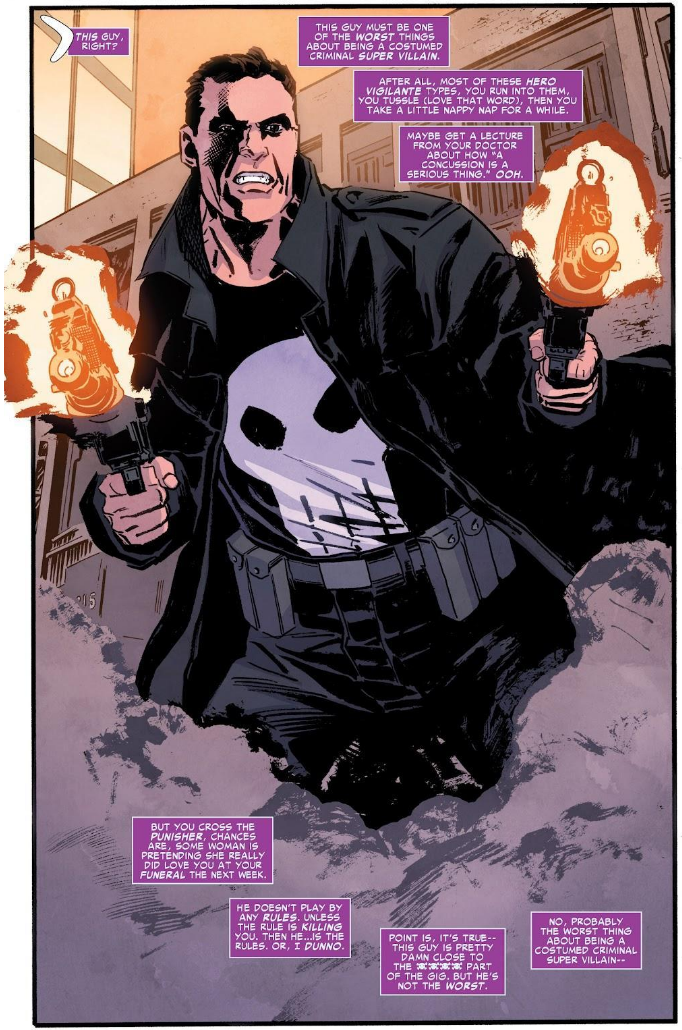


PUPPY STOLEN DURING ROBBERY

Shocker and Speed Demon suspected. Says witness, "Who does that?!"

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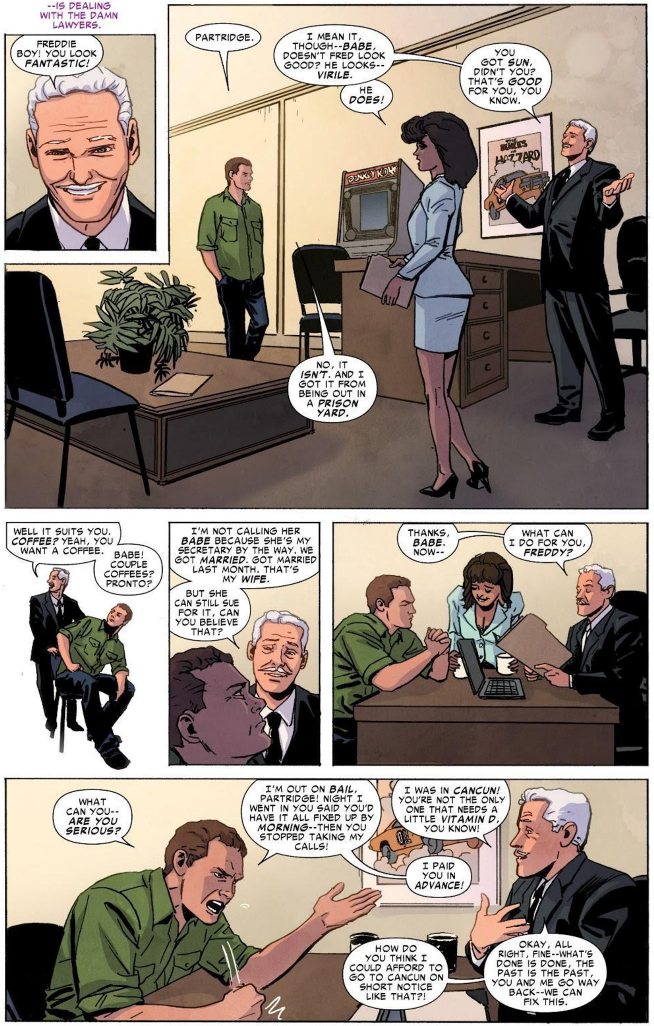



--IS ALL THE STUPID MEETINGS.
OKAY, THEN, BY A 4-1 VOTE, THE BATHROOM STAYS UNISEX.
NOW, ANY OTHER BUSINESS, OR CAN WE START DRINKING?
SORRY, SHOCKER.
NEVER STOPPED!
UH, YEAH, I HAVE SOMETHING--
CAN WE TALK ABOUT THE EMPTY CHAIR?
I MISS THE LIVING BRAIN.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE.
NO, OVERDRIVE'S RIGHT-- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SINISTER SIX.
YEAH, SO?
SO-- THERE'S FIVE OF US.
1
2
3
4
5
OH COME ON, BEETLE...
SERIOUSLY?
WHAT?

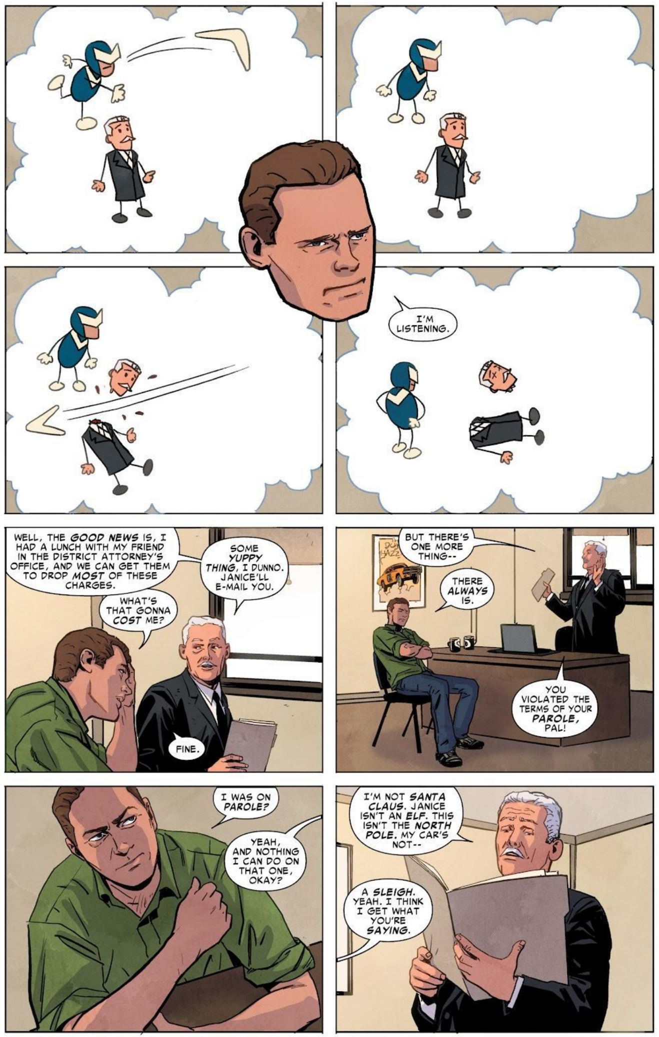

LOOK, WHAT'S A BETTER DEAL THAN BEING THE SINISTER SIX, BUT ONLY SPLITTING THE MONEY FIVE WAYS? HUH? HUH?
PLUS, OBAMACARE, YOU GO TO SIX EMPLOYEES-- IT'S TRICKY.
PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE CONFUSED.
NO THEY'RE NOT! DID WE NOT TALK ABOUT THE WHOLE "AIR OF MYSTERY" THING? PEOPLE SEE US, THEY'LL JUST THINK, "WHO'S THE SECRET SIXTH GUY," RIGHT?
I MEAN, THEN IT COULD BE ANYBODY! IT COULD BE DORMAMMU!
IT'S ALWAYS DORMAMMU WITH YOU...
I'M TELLING YOU, THAT'S WAY COOLER.
BOOMERANG--
THAT IS GENUINELY THE STUPIDEST THING I HAVE EVER HEARD A REAL PERSON SAY.
YOU'RE STUPID!
SORRY.



WE UH--WE COULD ALWAYS GO WITH "THE SINISTER SYNDICATE..."
NO!
BOO! SHUT UP!
THE SINISTER SYNDICATE WERE LOSERS! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WOULD SUGGEST THAT, HERMAN. FOR US.
HOLD ON, SPEED DEMON--WEREN'T YOU GUYS IN THE SINISTER SYNDICATE?
WELL, YEAH, RIGHT, SURE--BUT NOW WE'RE THE SINISTER SIX!
HOW DO YOU PEOPLE NOT GET THIS?
BEING AN EXECUTIVE IS HARD.
BUT YOU KNOW, I TAKE IT BACK. THAT'S NOT THE WORST PART OF BEING A COSTUMED SUPER VILLAIN. NO, WORST PART, MAYBE--



--IS DEALING WITH THE DAMN LAWYERS.
FREDDIE BOY! YOU LOOK FANTASTIC!
PARTRIDGE.
I MEAN IT, THOUGH--BABE, DOESN'T FRED LOOK GOOD? HE LOOKS--VIRILE.
HE DOES!
YOU GOT SUN, DIDN'T YOU? THAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU KNOW.
NO, IT ISN'T. AND I GOT IT FROM BEING OUT IN A PRISON YARD.
WELL IT SUITS YOU. COFFEE? YEAH, YOU WANT A COFFEE.
BABE! COUPLE COFFEES? PRONTO?
I'M NOT CALLING HER BABE BECAUSE SHE'S MY SECRETARY BY THE WAY. WE GOT MARRIED. GOT MARRIED LAST MONTH. THAT'S MY WIFE.
BUT SHE CAN STILL SUE FOR IT, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?
THANKS, BABE. NOW--
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, FREDDY?
WHAT CAN YOU--ARE YOU SERIOUS?
I'M OUT ON BAIL, PARTRIDGE! NIGHT I WENT IN YOU SAID YOU'D HAVE IT ALL FIXED UP BY MORNING--THEN YOU STOPPED TAKING MY CALLS!
I PAID YOU IN ADVANCE!
I WAS IN CANCUN! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT NEEDS A LITTLE VITAMIN D, YOU KNOW!
HOW DO YOU THINK I COULD AFFORD TO GO TO CANCUN ON SHORT NOTICE LIKE THAT?!
OKAY, ALL RIGHT, FINE--WHAT'S DONE IS DONE, THE PAST IS THE PAST, YOU AND ME GO WAY BACK--WE CAN FIX THIS.


I'M LISTENING.
WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS, I HAD A LUNCH WITH MY FRIEND IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, AND WE CAN GET THEM TO DROP MOST OF THESE CHARGES.
WHAT'S THAT GONNA COST ME?
SOME YUPPY THING, I DUNNO. JANICE'LL E-MAIL YOU.
FINE.
BUT THERE'S ONE MORE THING--
THERE ALWAYS IS.
YOU VIOLATED THE TERMS OF YOUR PAROLE, PAL!
I WAS ON PAROLE?
YEAH, AND NOTHING I CAN DO ON THAT ONE, OKAY?
I'M NOT SANTA CLAUS. JANICE ISN'T AN ELF. THIS ISN'T THE NORTH POLE. MY CAR'S NOT--
A SLEIGH. YEAH. I THINK I GET WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.


BESIDES IT'S AUGUST! CAN'T BE CHRISTMAS, RIGHT? BUT DON'T YOU WORRY--ODDS ARE, THEY JUST GIVE YOU A LITTLE SLAP ON THE WRIST.
HEY, WHERE DO YOU THINK THAT SAYING COMES FROM ANYWAY? I'VE NEVER BEEN SLAPPED ON MY WRIST!
I DON'T KNOW, PARTRIDGE.
EH, THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE, RIGHT?
ANYWAY, DON'T YOU SWEAT THIS, FREDDIE, OLD DADDY P IS GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU--YOU REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE IN WITH ME, YOU'RE IN--
--THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY!
LOOK, WE'LL GO MEET WITH YOUR PAROLE BOARD, PLAY NICE, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT YOU'LL BE ALL GOOD WITH THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
DONKEY KONG
WE'RE A TOWN THAT BELIEVES IN SECOND CHANCES! GOOD FOR US, RIGHT?
BUT ONE THING, FREDDY-- 'TIL THAT MEETING, WHATEVER YOU DO--
YOU KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, YOU HEAR ME?
WHAT?

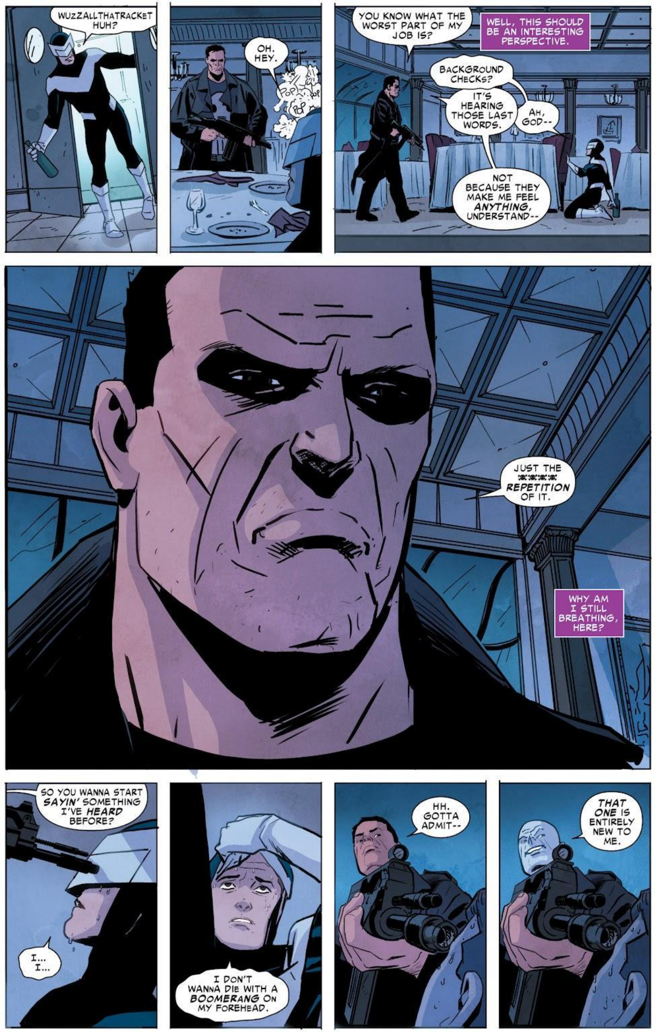

GIMME EVERYTHING YOU GOT!
GUY'S GOTTA EAT.
ZOLAR--
RICE
ZAGAT.
RIGHT. ZAGAT CALLS THIS PLACE "THE ULTIMATE IN ABSURDLY DECADENT MANHATTAN DINING."
STUFF LIKE THIRTY-FIVE GRAND FOR A SUNDAE WITH A DIAMOND IN IT. TEN GRAND FOR A MARTINI THAT COMES WITH A DIAMOND NECKLACE.
KINDA PLACE ALL THE WALL STREET GUYS GO WITH THEIR NOT-WIVES TO SHOW OFF THE MONEY THEY STOLE FROM THE GOVERNMENT TO MAKE UP FOR THE MONEY THEY LOST STEALING FROM POOR PEOPLE.
I MYSELF AM MORE OF A BURGER AND FRIES GUY.
BUT IT OPENED BIG--THE PLACE IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN. PROBLEM IS, LIKE EVERYTHING IN NEW YORK--
SOMEONE GOT HERE BEFORE YOU DID.
RESTAURANT ACROSS THE STREET WAS DEAD AS DISCO, SO WE WERE ABLE TO WORK OUT A DEAL.
WE COME IN, BUST THE PLACE UP FOR THEM, GET IT SHUT DOWN FOR A FEW WEEKS--WHICH IN THIS TOWN IS LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU OLD NEWS.
IN EXCHANGE, WE GET OUR FEE, PLUS WHATEVER WE WANT--
NO ACCESS
--FROM THE KITCHEN.
24K
NOT A BIG SCORE, MIND YOU, BUT WE NEED SOMETHING TO TIDE US OVER UNTIL THAT BIG SCORE THAT DOESN'T ACTUALLY EXIST. AND BESIDES--

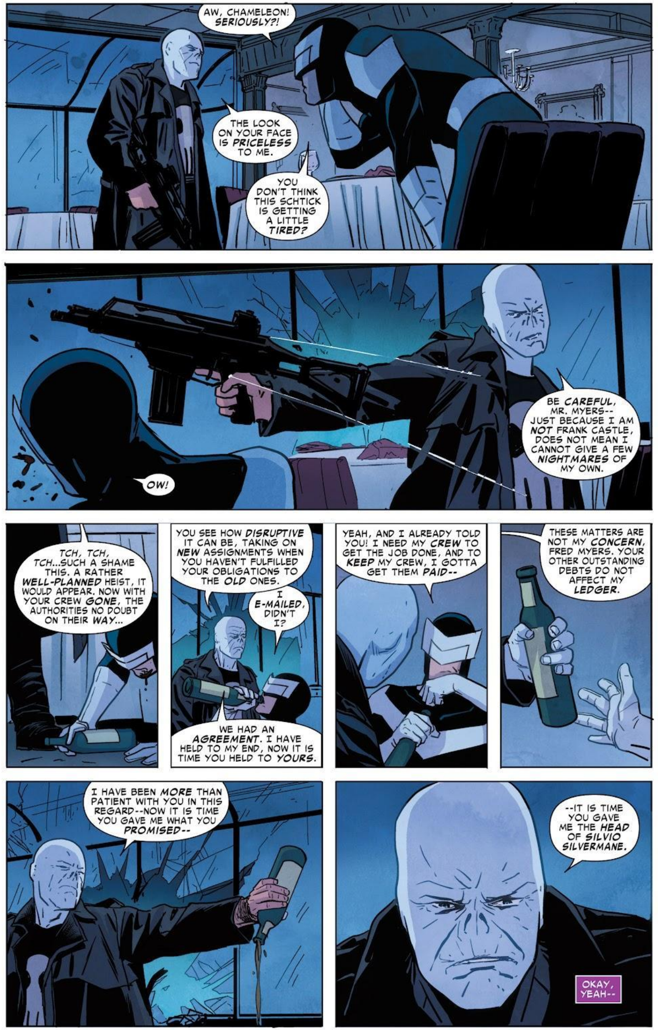

I FIGURED THE GANG COULD USE A TREAT.
I CAN'T PRONOUNCE ANY OF THIS STUFF.
I'LL HAVE WHATEVER'S THE MOST EXPENSIVE MEAT THING.
UGH. PHILISTINES. I'LL HAVE THE DUCK TERRINE, PLEASE.
Y-YES, MADAM.
AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! MY WRESTLING IS ON IN AN HOUR!
COULD YOU NOT, THIS ONCE, PLEASE?
WHAT?
GET A DVR.
SEE?
EVERYBODY WINS.
2006 WILLAMETTE VALLEY PINOT NOIR. US$450/BOTTLE. NOTES OF PEPPER, OAK, & CHERRY
DOES THIS LOOK MEDIUM TO YOU?
UH--WELL--WE'RE A BIT... UNDERSTAFFED, SIR--WITH THE ROBBERY? YOUR COLLEAGUE BROKE THE CHEF'S ARM--
RIGHT. THAT'S AN EXCUSE?
I--I'LL SEND IT BACK, SIR.
SOMEBODY'S NOT GETTING A TIP.

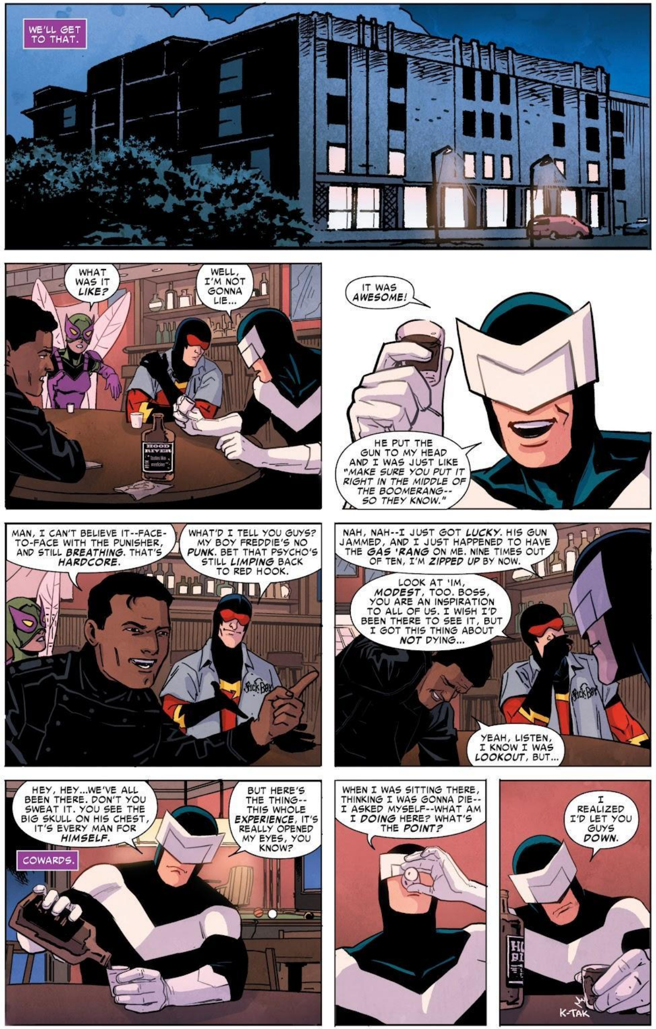

YOU SHOULD GO GET *OVERDRIVE*, LET HIM GET IN ON THIS.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE'S THE *LOOKOUT*. EMPHASIS ON *OUT*. THERE. NOT *HERE*.
SNUFF
PRETTY SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR.
WHAT DO YOU NEED WITH THAT WEIRD LEATHER GUY ANYHOW? I GOT *SUPER-SPEED, BABY!*
THANKS, BUT *NO*.
JUST SAYIN'--I KNOW YOUR DEAL. YOU'RE LOOKIN' TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELF IN THIS INDUSTRY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE YOU KNOW WE CAN GET THAT SEX TAPE DONE RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW.
OR WE CAN BUILD FROM A FOUNDATION OF *FRIENDSHIP* AND *TRUST*. WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU.
I'LL GO GET HIM.
YOU KNOW, IF THAT THING THEY SAY ABOUT GUYS WHO NEED NICE CARS IS *TRUE, HIS* HAS GOTTA BE *NONEXISTENT*.
OR PURPLE.
OVERDRIVE? HEY, DO YOU WANNA COME IN AND--
...OVERDRIVE?
SKREEET
AW, NERTZ!



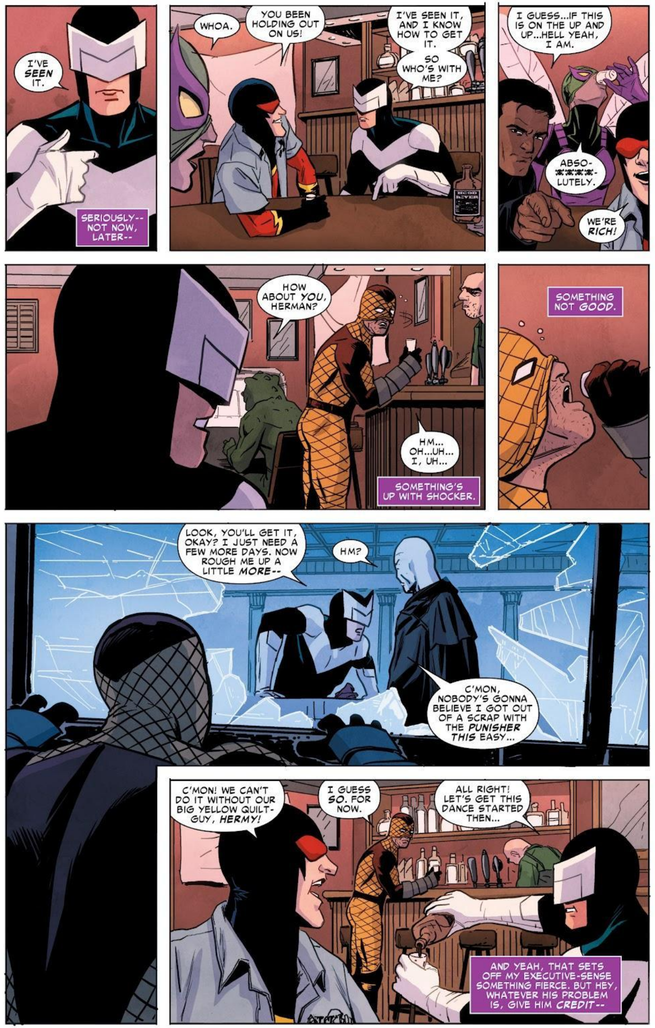

PEW
PEW

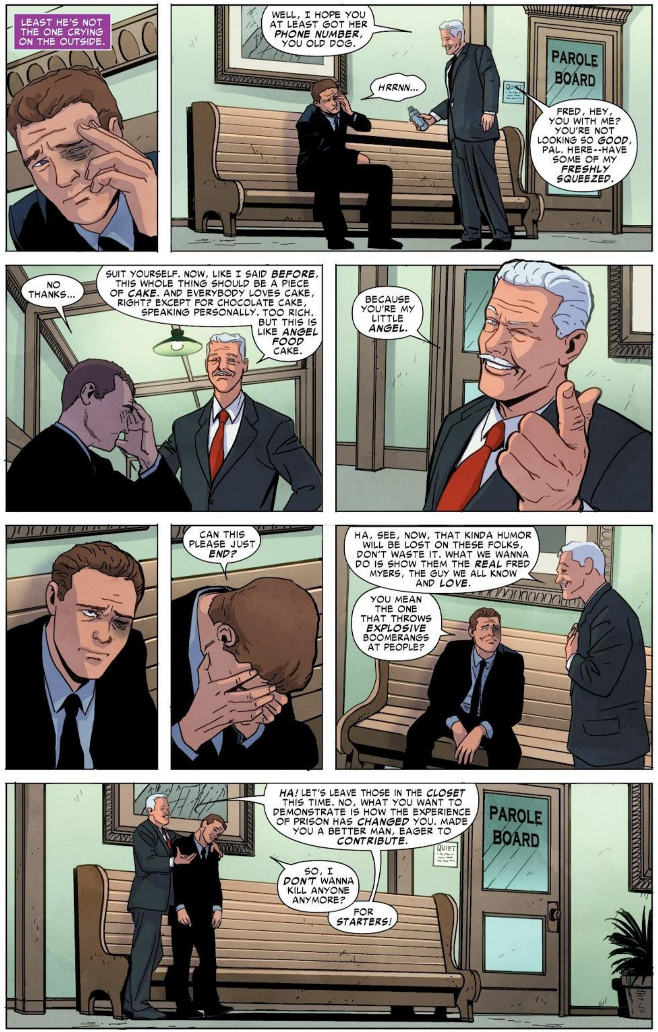

WUZZALLTHATRACKET HUH?
OH. HEY.
YOU KNOW WHAT THE WORST PART OF MY JOB IS?
WELL, THIS SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING PERSPECTIVE.
BACKGROUND CHECKS?
IT'S HEARING THOSE LAST WORDS.
AH, GOD--
NOT BECAUSE THEY MAKE ME FEEL *ANYTHING*, UNDERSTAND--
JUST THE *REPETITION* OF IT.
WHY AM I STILL BREATHING, HERE?
SO YOU WANNA START *SAYIN'* SOMETHING I'VE *HEARD* BEFORE?
I... I...
I DON'T WANNA DIE WITH A *BOOMERANG* ON MY FOREHEAD.
HH. GOTTA ADMIT--
THAT ONE IS ENTIRELY NEW TO ME.


AW, CHAMELEON! SERIOUSLY?!
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE IS PRICELESS TO ME.
YOU DON'T THINK THIS SCHTICK IS GETTING A LITTLE TIRED?
BE CAREFUL, MR. MYERS-- JUST BECAUSE I AM NOT FRANK CASTLE, DOES NOT MEAN I CANNOT GIVE A FEW NIGHTMARES OF MY OWN.
OW!
TCH, TCH, TCH...SUCH A SHAME THIS. A RATHER WELL-PLANNED HEIST, IT WOULD APPEAR. NOW WITH YOUR CREW GONE, THE AUTHORITIES NO DOUBT ON THEIR WAY...
YOU SEE HOW DISRUPTIVE IT CAN BE, TAKING ON NEW ASSIGNMENTS WHEN YOU HAVEN'T FULFILLED YOUR OBLIGATIONS TO THE OLD ONES.
I E-MAILED, DIDN'T I?
WE HAD AN AGREEMENT. I HAVE HELD TO MY END, NOW IT IS TIME YOU HELD TO YOURS.
YEAH, AND I ALREADY TOLD YOU! I NEED MY CREW TO GET THE JOB DONE, AND TO KEEP MY CREW, I GOTTA GET THEM PAID--
THESE MATTERS ARE NOT MY CONCERN, FRED MYERS. YOUR OTHER OUTSTANDING DEBTS DO NOT AFFECT MY LEDGER.
I HAVE BEEN MORE THAN PATIENT WITH YOU IN THIS REGARD--NOW IT IS TIME YOU GAVE ME WHAT YOU PROMISED--
--IT IS TIME YOU GAVE ME THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE.
OKAY, YEAH--

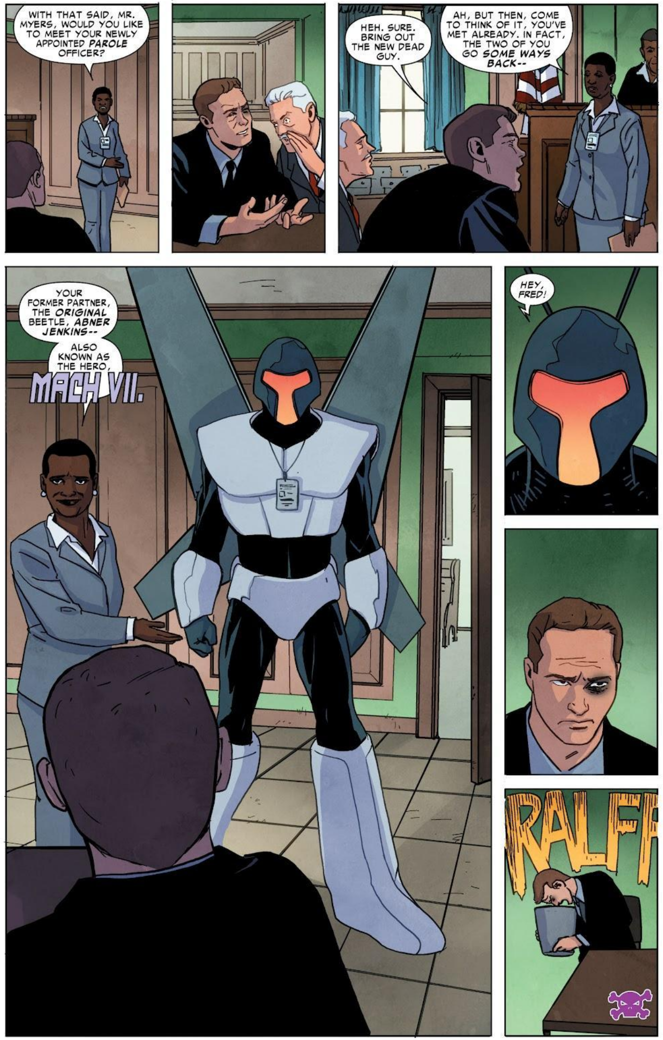

WE'LL GET TO THAT.
WHAT WAS IT LIKE?
WELL, I'M NOT GONNA LIE...
IT WAS AWESOME!
HE PUT THE GUN TO MY HEAD AND I WAS JUST LIKE "MAKE SURE YOU PUT IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOOMERANG-- SO THEY KNOW."
MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE PUNISHER, AND STILL BREATHING. THAT'S HARDCORE.
WHAT'D I TELL YOU GUYS? MY BOY FREDDIE'S NO PUNK. BET THAT PSYCHO'S STILL LIMPING BACK TO RED HOOK.
NAH, NAH--I JUST GOT LUCKY. HIS GUN JAMMED, AND I JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE THE GAS 'RANG ON ME. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, I'M ZIPPED UP BY NOW.
LOOK AT 'IM, MODEST, TOO. BOSS, YOU ARE AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US. I WISH I'D BEEN THERE TO SEE IT, BUT I GOT THIS THING ABOUT NOT DYING...
YEAH, LISTEN, I KNOW I WAS LOOKOUT, BUT...
HEY, HEY...WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. DON'T YOU SWEAT IT. YOU SEE THE BIG SKULL ON HIS CHEST, IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.
COWARDS.
BUT HERE'S THE THING-- THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE, IT'S REALLY OPENED MY EYES, YOU KNOW?
WHEN I WAS SITTING THERE, THINKING I WAS GONNA DIE-- I ASKED MYSELF--WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHAT'S THE POINT?
I REALIZED I'D LET YOU GUYS DOWN.
K-TAK


WHAT? NO...
THAT'S NOT TRUE...
FINALLY.
THING IS, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SINISTER SIX.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FEARED. RESPECTED.
AND WHAT DO I GOT YOU DOING? BUSTING UP RESTAURANTS?
THAT STEAK WAS FANTASTIC.
WE SHOULD BE RUNNING THIS TOWN! THINKING BIG, TAKING WHAT'S OURS!
SO FROM NOW, WE'RE GONNA DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY...FROM NOW, WE AIM HIGH. AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO PUT US ON THE MAP. HOW TO GET THE THING THAT GIVES US AN EMPIRE.
OOH. JOB.
S'RIGHT.
WHAT IS IT?
THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE.
AGAIN-- WE'LL GET TO THAT.
BUT THAT'S-- THAT'S A MYTH.
RIGHT-- THAT'S SOMETHING GANGSTERS TELL THEIR GANGSTER KIDS ABOUT BEFORE THEY GO TO BED. IT'S NOT A REAL THING.
BUT IT IS...


I'VE SEEN IT.
SERIOUSLY-- NOT NOW, LATER--
WHOA.
YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON US!
I'VE SEEN IT, AND I KNOW HOW TO GET IT.
SO WHO'S WITH ME?
I GUESS...IF THIS IS ON THE UP AND UP...HELL YEAH, I AM.
ABSO- -LUTELY.
WE'RE RICH!
HOW ABOUT YOU, HERMAN?
HM... OH...UH... I, UH...
SOMETHING'S UP WITH SHOCKER.
SOMETHING NOT GOOD.
LOOK, YOU'LL GET IT, OKAY? I JUST NEED A FEW MORE DAYS. NOW ROUGH ME UP A LITTLE MORE--
HM?
C'MON, NOBODY'S GONNA BELIEVE I GOT OUT OF A SCRAP WITH THE PUNISHER THIS EASY...
C'MON! WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT OUR BIG YELLOW QUILT-GUY, HERMY!
I GUESS SO. FOR NOW.
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET THIS DANCE STARTED THEN...
AND YEAH, THAT SETS OFF MY EXECUTIVE-SENSE SOMETHING FIERCE. BUT HEY, WHATEVER HIS PROBLEM IS, GIVE HIM CREDIT--


LEAST HE'S NOT THE ONE CRYING ON THE OUTSIDE.
WELL, I HOPE YOU AT LEAST GOT HER PHONE NUMBER, YOU OLD DOG.
HRRNN...
PAROLE BOARD
FRED, HEY, YOU WITH ME? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING SO GOOD, PAL. HERE--HAVE SOME OF MY FRESHLY SQUEEZED.
NO THANKS...
SUIT YOURSELF. NOW, LIKE I SAID BEFORE, THIS WHOLE THING SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE. AND EVERYBODY LOVES CAKE, RIGHT? EXCEPT FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE, SPEAKING PERSONALLY. TOO RICH. BUT THIS IS LIKE ANGEL FOOD CAKE.
BECAUSE YOU'RE MY LITTLE ANGEL.
CAN THIS PLEASE JUST END?
HA, SEE, NOW, THAT KINDA HUMOR WILL BE LOST ON THESE FOLKS, DON'T WASTE IT. WHAT WE WANNA DO IS SHOW THEM THE REAL FRED MYERS, THE GUY WE ALL KNOW AND LOVE.
YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT THROWS EXPLOSIVE BOOMERANGS AT PEOPLE?
HA! LET'S LEAVE THOSE IN THE CLOSET THIS TIME. NO, WHAT YOU WANT TO DEMONSTRATE IS HOW THE EXPERIENCE OF PRISON HAS CHANGED YOU. MADE YOU A BETTER MAN, EAGER TO CONTRIBUTE.
SO, I DON'T WANNA KILL ANYONE ANYMORE?
FOR STARTERS!
PAROLE BOARD


GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE. THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING IS TO HEAR TESTIMONY IN REGARDS TO A RECENT PAROLE VIOLATION ON THE PART OF MR. FRED MYERS, AKA BOOMERANG. MR. MYERS, I UNDERSTAND YOU'D LIKE TO ADDRESS THE BOARD PERSONALLY?
UH, YES, YOUR HONOR.
SEE, I...WELL, IT'S HARD TO SAY WHERE TO START HERE. I GUESS, BACK WHEN I WAS SIX...
...SO...WITH THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN...
...AND WHAT SCIENTOLOGY HAS TAUGHT ME...
...NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH I MISSED MY FATHER...
...AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY THERAPIST THINKS.
MM. WELL, THANK YOU MR. MYERS, THAT WAS--VERY ILLUMINATING.
AND I'M HAPPY TO INFORM YOU THAT, AFTER A BRIEF CONFERENCE WITH MY COLLEAGUES, WE ARE IN FACT WILLING TO LOOK PAST THIS VIOLATION OF YOUR TERMS--
YEAH! FEEL THAT!
A-HEM.
WITH A CAVEAT OF SORTS.
WUSAT?
YOU MEAN THE EXPLODING BOOMERANG THING.
FRED! CLOSET!
PRECISELY. AS SUCH, WE'VE RECENTLY INSTITUTED A PILOT PROGRAM TO CONTRACT OUT SERVICES FROM THOSE WHO MIGHT BE--BETTER-SUITED TO THE TASK. THUS FAR, THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN VERY ENCOURAGING.



FOE-NING IT IN...

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Greetings, Foe-Fans!
I don't have a ton of time to write this month, but you guys sure didn't have that problem! The reviews are in on Superior Foes #1 and you folks went CRAZY for it! So I'm gonna quit my blabbin' and let you guys go gabbin'.

Yes! I've been hoping for a funny Nick Spencer book for a while. Superior Foes is really fun. Great dialogue, great timing. My favorite moment was Speed Demon's "Pew!" when he sees Hammerhead getting angry. I love it. Thanks!

--Danny Horn
San Mateo CA

Now THAT'S how you do a villain team-up book. I love reading villains play off each other. Their dialogue amongst themselves, like Shocker and Speed Demon in the pet shop? Loved it. Nice to see a book with some proper costumed super villains bantering and angsting about getting their butts handed to them all the time by heroes. Reminds me of the Thunderbolts back when they first started. I really hope this book stays around for the long haul.

-Casey

Dear Superior Crew,
Deadly bad guys getting a chance to star in their own comic is a concept that I can't resist, so I had to pick up the first issue of The Superior Foes of Spider-Man! Of course, when you have Nick Spencer and Steve Lieber on your crew, you have the potential for the crime comic of the century, and Spencer and Lieber did not fail to deliver the goods in the first issue. One of my favorite villains is Boomerang, and I'm eager to see his leadership skills in action as he manages some very challenging personalities, particularly Speed Demon. Packed with cool characters handled by a great creative team, The Superior Foes of Spider-Man is so awesomely good, it should be illegal!

Reed Beebe
Kansas City, MO

And that's it for this month – we'll be back next month as the Superior Foes are on the hunt for the head...of SILVIO SILVERMANE!

See ya in 30,
Temerarious Tom

ON SALE!



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN TEAM-UP #2



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #15



SUPERIOR CARNAGE #2



SUPERIOR SPIDER-MAN #16



SCARLET SPIDER #20

NEXT:




THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
SERIES 2013
FRANKLIN
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LIEBER
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003

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE

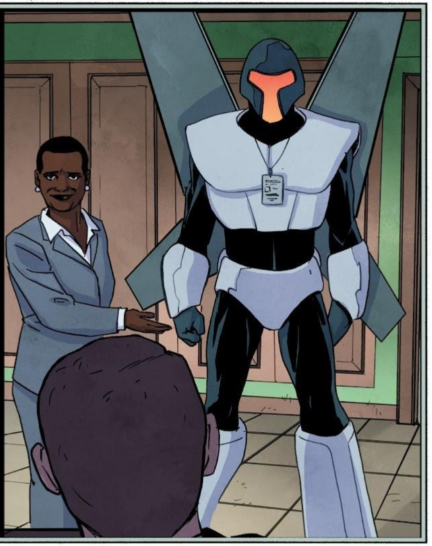
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NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: DAREDEVIL AND THE SILVER SURFER HANG TEN; STARK RETURNS TO EARTH; SCARLET SPIDER PAINTS THE TOWN RED

A NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN

Local justices today announced that the first man to don the identity of the super villain The Beetle, Abner Jenkins, has been hired as one of the city's newest parole officers. Jenkins, who now works as a super hero under the moniker MACH VII, will be handling FRED MYERS (BOOMERANG of the SINISTER SIX) as his first case. Myers had no comment upon this announcement, though he was spotted vomiting and cursing loudly outside of the courthouse.





SINISTER SIX RESTAURANT ROBBERY HALTED BY THE PUNISHER

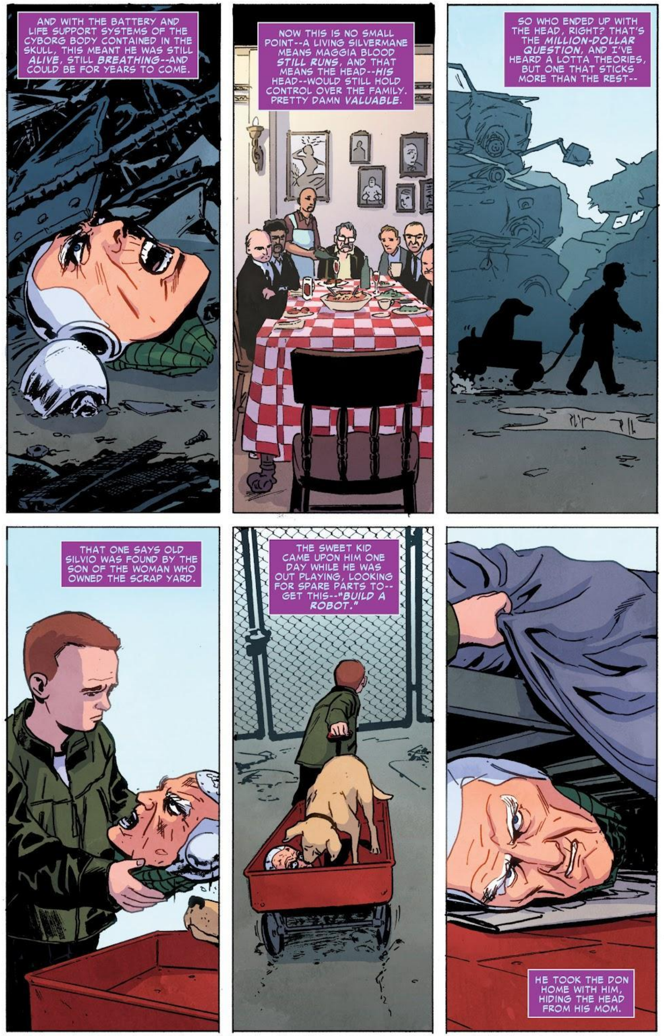
Did the vigilante give them their just desserts? Find out inside!

NICK SPENCER — WRITER
STEVE LIEBER — ARTIST
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ART
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA — LETTERER
MICHAEL DEL MUNDO — COVER ARTIST
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ANYWAY, HAMMERHEAD WAS TAKING HEAVY FIRE WHEN ANOTHER OF THE OWL'S GOONS GOT SILVERMANE ON ONE OF THOSE BIG MAGNET THINGS--
THEN DUMPED HIM IN A *GARBAGE COMPACTOR* AND PRESSED THE *BIG RED BUTTON.*
A BAD END FOR A GOOD DON.
BUT SOME SAY IT WASN'T THE END AT ALL...
NOW, NOBODY MAKES UP BEDTIME STORIES LIKE CRIMINALS. BUT STILL, THIS ONE SPREAD WITH A CERTAIN FERVOR.
SEE, SOME SAY BEFORE THE TRASH COMPACTOR WALLS CLOSED IN, OLD SILVIO HAD MANAGED TO PUSH HIS WAY BACK UP TO THE TOP, CLAWING AND FIGHTING THROUGH THE SCRAP LIKE A LION.
SO WHEN THEY SLAMMED SHUT, THE HEAD--*HIS* HEAD--POPPED RIGHT OFF AND WENT FLYING ACROSS THE YARD, COMPLETELY MISSED BY ALL THE GANGSTERS FIRING SHOTS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

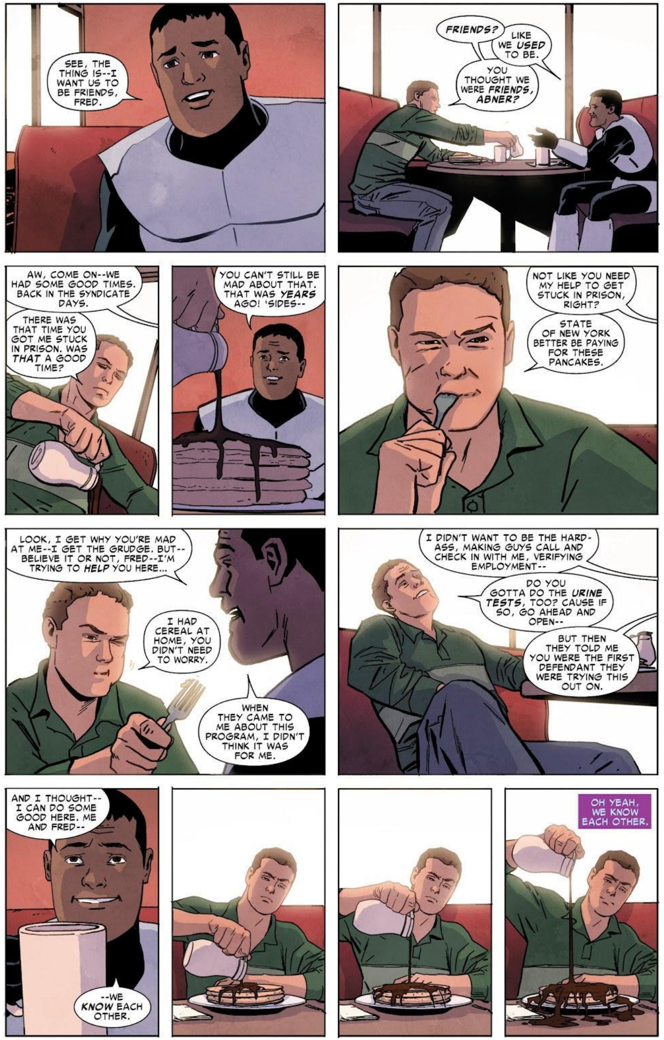


AND WITH THE BATTERY AND LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS OF THE CYBORG BODY CONTAINED IN THE SKULL, THIS MEANT HE WAS STILL *ALIVE*, STILL *BREATHING*--AND COULD BE FOR YEARS TO COME.
NOW THIS IS NO SMALL POINT--A LIVING SILVERMANE MEANS MAGGIA BLOOD *STILL RUNS*, AND THAT MEANS THE HEAD--*HIS* HEAD--WOULD STILL HOLD CONTROL OVER THE FAMILY. PRETTY DAMN *VALUABLE*.
SO WHO ENDED UP WITH THE HEAD, RIGHT? THAT'S THE *MILLION-DOLLAR QUESTION*, AND I'VE HEARD A LOTTA THEORIES, BUT ONE THAT STICKS MORE THAN THE REST--
THAT ONE SAYS OLD SILVIO WAS FOUND BY THE SON OF THE WOMAN WHO OWNED THE SCRAP YARD.
THE SWEET KID CAME UPON HIM ONE DAY WHILE HE WAS OUT PLAYING, LOOKING FOR SPARE PARTS TO--GET THIS--*"BUILD A ROBOT."*
HE TOOK THE DON HOME WITH HIM, HIDING THE HEAD FROM HIS MOM.


AT FIRST, SILVERMANE, HARDENED CRIMINAL THAT HE WAS, PLOTTED HIS ESCAPE, TRYING TO REACH HIS OLD CRONIES AND A RETURN TO THE GOOD LIFE.
HE EVEN TRIED TO BLOT OUT THE KID A FEW TIMES, THE OLD RASCAL. BUT THEN...
THEN SOMETHING CHANGED. A BOND FORMED BETWEEN THE KID AND THE CYBORG HEAD OF THE LEGENDARY CRIME LORD.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THEY BECAME...FRIENDS.
The Donfather
SILVERMANE SHOWED THE KID AND HIS MOM HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LOCAL TOUGHS WHO KEPT SHOWING UP AT THE YARD DEMANDING A TAKE.
AND IN RETURN, THE KID--WHO ACTUALLY WAS PRETTY GOOD AT ROBOTICS--BUILT THE DON A NEW BODY. KINDA.
POINT IS, IN THE END, THE OLD DON LEARNED SOMETHING--ABOUT HOW TO LIVE A DIFFERENT KIND OF LIFE. ONE WHERE HE WASN'T FEARED, HE WAS LOVED.
ONE WHERE HE WAS PART OF A REAL FAMILY.
AND HOPEFULLY YOU LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT HOW STUPID THE KIND OF PEOPLE I WORK WITH ARE.

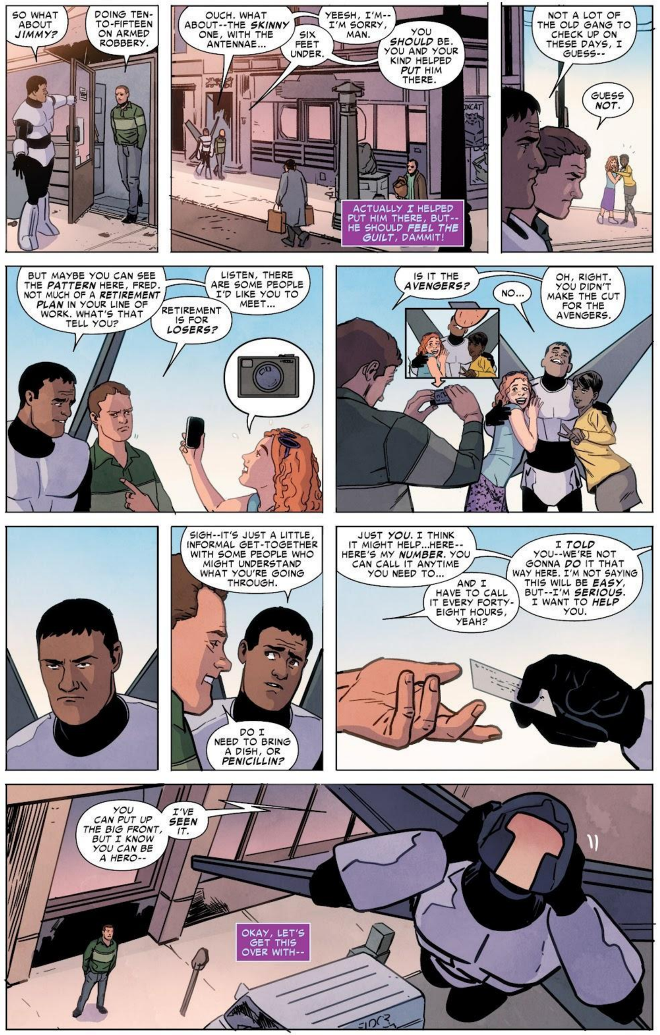

HERE'S THE PART THAT'S TRUE.
SILVERMANE'S HEAD DID POP LIKE A BAD ZIT WHEN THE DOORS SHUT, YEAH.
IT WAS THE OWL AND HIS GOONS, AFTER THE PARTY WHO FOUND HIM.
AND THERE WEREN'T ANY MERRY ADVENTURES. THE OWL HAD OTHER PLANS.
HE KEEPS THE HEAD AT A SECRET LOCATION, IN A LOCKED BACK ROOM--TORTURING IT, TAUNTING IT. PUNISHING IT.
A SECRET LOCATION ONLY HIS MOST TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS EVER KNEW ABOUT.
AND NO, I DO NOT GET HOW A GUY AS UNTRUSTWORTHY AS ME KEEPS GETTING HIRED AS A TRUSTED LIEUTENANT. I ASSUME IT'S BECAUSE NO ONE CHECKS REFERENCES ANYMORE.
BUT WHY, YOU'RE ASKING, WOULD THE OWL HIDE THE HEAD WHEN HE COULD'VE USED IT TO TAKE CONTROL OF NEW YORK'S BIGGEST FAMILY?
HERE'S WHY--SOME GUYS--GUYS LIKE THE OWL, IN FACT--AREN'T REALLY IN THIS FOR THE POWER, OR THE THRONE.
THEY'RE IN IT BECAUSE THEY LIKE THE SMELL OF BLOOD, AND THE SOUND OF THEIR OWN SICK LAUGH.
AND THESE ARE THE GUYS YOU REALLY GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR.
OH, AND ONE MORE THING--SILVIO SILVERMANE WASN'T SOME GREAT, MAGNANIMOUS DON THAT COMMANDED RESPECT.
HE WAS A MEAN, DEMENTED OLD GERIATRIC WHO'D PUT A HIT OUT ON THE WRONG GUY BECAUSE HE COULDN'T KEEP NAMES STRAIGHT ANYMORE. ALSO, WEIRDLY RACIST.
EVERYONE HATED THAT GUY TIL THE SECOND HE WAS DEAD. HOW IT ALWAYS IS, RIGHT? NOW, MOVING ON, SERIOUSLY--


THIS GUY, RIGHT?!! MACH VII.


SEE, THE THING IS--I WANT US TO BE FRIENDS, FRED.
FRIENDS?
LIKE WE *USED* TO BE.
YOU THOUGHT WE WERE *FRIENDS, ABNER?*
AW, COME ON--WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES. BACK IN THE SYNDICATE DAYS.
THERE WAS THAT TIME YOU GOT ME STUCK IN PRISON. WAS *THAT* A GOOD TIME?
YOU CAN'T STILL BE MAD ABOUT THAT. THAT WAS *YEARS* AGO! 'SIDES--
NOT LIKE YOU NEED MY HELP TO GET STUCK IN PRISON, RIGHT?
STATE OF NEW YORK BETTER BE PAYING FOR THESE PANCAKES.
LOOK, I GET WHY YOU'RE MAD AT ME--I GET THE GRUDGE. BUT--BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FRED--I'M TRYING TO *HELP* YOU HERE...
I HAD CEREAL AT HOME, YOU DIDN'T NEED TO WORRY.
WHEN THEY CAME TO ME ABOUT THIS PROGRAM, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FOR ME.
I DIDN'T WANT TO BE THE HARD-ASS, MAKING GUYS CALL AND CHECK IN WITH ME, VERIFYING EMPLOYMENT--
DO YOU GOTTA DO THE *URINE TESTS*, TOO? CAUSE IF SO, GO AHEAD AND OPEN--
BUT THEN THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE THE FIRST DEFENDANT THEY WERE TRYING THIS OUT ON.
AND I THOUGHT--I CAN DO SOME GOOD HERE. ME AND FRED--
--WE *KNOW* EACH OTHER.
OH YEAH, WE KNOW EACH OTHER.


ABNER HERE WAS THE BEETLE--THE ORIGINAL BEETLE. YOU PROBABLY DON'T NOTICE MUCH RESEMBLANCE.
AND YES, A WHILE BACK, WE WERE IN THE SAME CREW--CALLED OURSELVES THE SINISTER SYNDICATE.
I LIKE TO THINK I'VE GROWN PAST IT.
THING IS, ABNER WAS A PIECE OF ☠✱☠✱ EVEN THEN. DOUBLE-CROSSED ME MORE THAN TWICE--
LOL
BUT HEY, AT LEAST I COULD RESPECT THAT. A CROOK IS A CROOK.
THEN ONE DAY, HE GETS HIMSELF HOOKED INTO ANOTHER GANG--THE THUNDERBOLTS--A BUNCH OF COSTUMED BADDIES PRETENDING TO BE GOOD GUYS.
IT WAS A BRILLIANT, BEAUTIFUL LONG CON. LEAST IT WAS BEFORE ABNER SCREWED THE WHOLE THING UP--
BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A GOOD GUY.
NOBODY TOLD HIM TO GO METHOD.
ABNER!

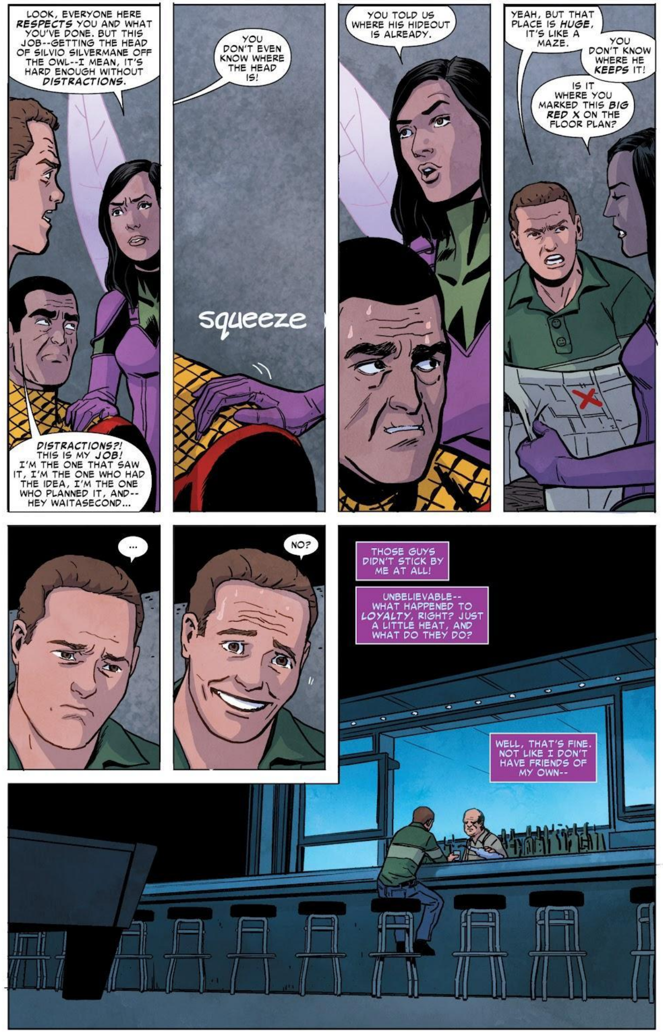

NOW, IN MY WORLD, EVERYBODY GETS THAT THIS IS A DANGEROUS GIG. SO IF YOU WANNA GO STRAIGHT, FIND JESUS, WHATEVER, NOBODY'S GONNA HOLD THAT AGAINST YOU.
MORE LOOT FOR THE REST OF US ANYHOW.
AND IF YOU GET PINCHED, AND DECIDE TO TURN STATE'S, GO RAT, WELL--IF YOU DO THAT, WE'LL PROBABLY KILL YOU. SURE.
BUT WE MIGHT FEEL BAD ABOUT IT. A TWINGE OF SYMPATHY. MAYBE MAKE IT QUICK.
YOU DECIDE TO TAKE YOUR JETPACK OR PET DRAGON OR WHATEVER, THOUGH, AND USE IT AGAINST YOUR OWN--
YOU DECIDE TO BECOME ONE OF THE GUYS WE SPEND OUR WHOLE LIVES GETTING CHASED DOWN BY, KNOCKED AROUND BY--
FOR THAT, THERE IS NO GET-OUT-OF-JAIL-FREE CARD.
I MEAN, SURE, YOU GOT OUT OF JAIL, I GUESS, BUT NOW WE'RE GONNA FIND YOU AND PUT YOU IN CRIMINAL JAIL. WHICH IS DIFFERENT FROM THE--
MY POINT IS ABNER JENKINS IS A TRAITOROUS, BACK-STABBING, TURNCOAT ☠✱☠✱☠ ALL RIGHT?!
BOXCAT
ALSO THAT NEW COSTUME MAKES HIM LOOK LIKE SOMETHING YOUR WIFE SAYS SHE DOESN'T OWN.

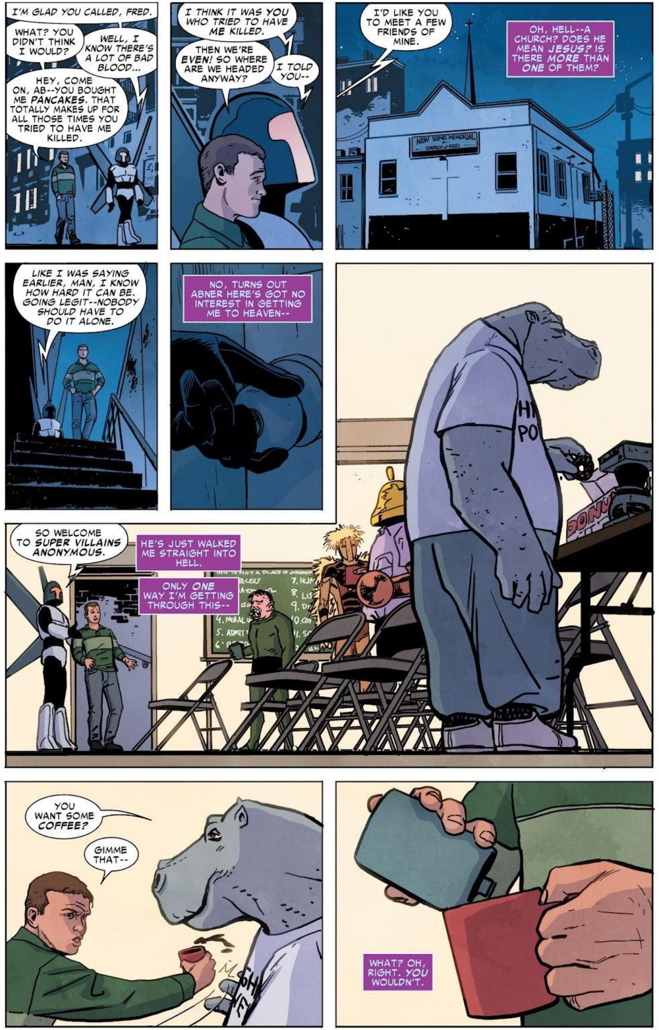

SO WHAT ABOUT JIMMY?
DOING TEN-TO-FIFTEEN ON ARMED ROBBERY.
OUCH. WHAT ABOUT--THE SKINNY ONE, WITH THE ANTENNAE...
SIX FEET UNDER.
YEESH, I'M-- I'M SORRY, MAN.
YOU SHOULD BE. YOU AND YOUR KIND HELPED PUT HIM THERE.
ACTUALLY I HELPED PUT HIM THERE, BUT-- HE SHOULD FEEL THE GUILT, DAMMIT!
NOT A LOT OF THE OLD GANG TO CHECK UP ON THESE DAYS, I GUESS--
GUESS NOT.
BUT MAYBE YOU CAN SEE THE PATTERN HERE, FRED. NOT MUCH OF A RETIREMENT PLAN IN YOUR LINE OF WORK. WHAT'S THAT TELL YOU?
RETIREMENT IS FOR LOSERS?
LISTEN, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET...
IS IT THE AVENGERS?
NO...
OH, RIGHT. YOU DIDN'T MAKE THE CUT FOR THE AVENGERS.
SIGH--IT'S JUST A LITTLE, INFORMAL GET-TOGETHER WITH SOME PEOPLE WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.
DO I NEED TO BRING A DISH, OR PENICILLIN?
JUST YOU. I THINK IT MIGHT HELP...HERE--HERE'S MY NUMBER. YOU CAN CALL IT ANYTIME YOU NEED TO...
AND I HAVE TO CALL IT EVERY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, YEAH?
I TOLD YOU--WE'RE NOT GONNA DO IT THAT WAY HERE. I'M NOT SAYING THIS WILL BE EASY, BUT--I'M SERIOUS. I WANT TO HELP YOU.
YOU CAN PUT UP THE BIG FRONT, BUT I KNOW YOU CAN BE A HERO--
I'VE SEEN IT.
OKAY, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH--


YES, I WAS IN THE THUNDERBOLTS TOO.
WELL, NOT EXACTLY THE SAME THUNDERBOLTS. AND THAT MATTERS! MY THUNDERBOLTS WERE THIS GOVERNMENT PROGRAM TO USE SUPER VILLAINS AS SUPER HEROES. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!
SEE, I WAS LOOKING AT TWENTY YEARS ON THE RAFT, AND THEY OFFERED TO COMMUTE MY SENTENCE IF I SIGNED UP. AND YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE JAIL.
SO, I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I ENJOYED IT OR ANYTHING--
IT'S NOT LIKE I'D HAD SOME BIG CHANGE OF HEART AND WANTED TO DO RIGHT SUDDENLY--
I WAS JUST LOOKING TO SAVE MY OWN ASS!
THAT MAKES IT TOTALLY OKAY! ANYBODY WOULD GET THAT, RIGHT?
WELL, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WOULD!
PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND ME. PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN THROUGH WHAT I BEEN THROUGH.
PEOPLE WHO'LL STICK BY ME.


YOU'RE *OUT*, FRED.
WHAT?!
SORRY, NO-LONGER-BOSS.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THIS IS MY *JOB!* MY *CREW!*
YOU DON'T *OWN* US, FRED. WE'RE *PEOPLE.*
YOU'RE REALLY NOT.
C'MON, MAN--YOU'RE BEING GHOSTED BY AN *AVENGER.*
OKAY, HE IS *NOT* AN AVENGER--
NOT ANYMORE.
THUNDERBOLT.
DEFENDER?
THEY'RE ALL *CHICKS* NOW.
SERIOUSLY?
S'HOT.
WHAT *IS* HE, THEN?
HE'S *NO ONE!* THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING--YOU THINK I CAN'T SHAKE A TAIL FROM FREAKIN' *MACH VII?!*
SEVEN, NOW? DID HE JUST SKIP SIX?
IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S TOO RISKY.
GUYS, COME ON--WE CAN WORK THIS OUT.
WE TOOK A VOTE BEFORE YOU GOT HERE. IT WAS *UNANIMOUS.*
THEY DID THIS TO DON DRAPER, *TOO,* YOU KNOW.
YO! SPOILERS!
CKK
WHAT?
NO, IT'S JUST, YOU AND--IT'S FINE. GO ON.
WAIT, HOLD ON--
YOU CAN'T BE THE SINISTER SIX IF THERE'S ONLY *FOUR* OF YOU!

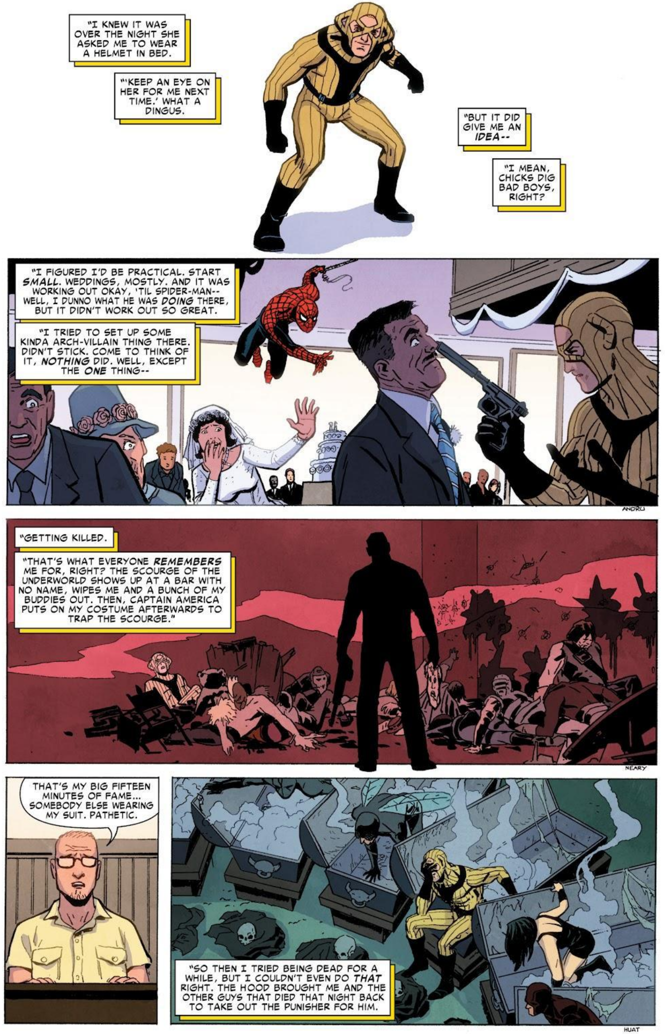

DUDE, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET, BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE--YOU COULD GO BE A HENCHMAN AGAIN! YOU *LIKED* THAT, RIGHT?
BEIN' A *HENCHMAN?*
YOU ALL THINK YOU'RE SO SMART... ESPECIALLY *YOU!*
I FIND IT INTERESTING IT'S *ME* YOU CHOOSE TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH.
YOU AND OVERDRIVE, YEAH--WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY? I BEEN PULLING OFF HEISTS LONGER THAN YOU--
SORRY, EXCUSE ME--WHICH ONES DID YOU *ACTUALLY* PULL OFF?
OH, SEE, THERE YOU GO--YOU THINK IT'S SO *EASY,* YEAH? WAIT 'TIL THE FIRST TIME YOU'RE OUT IN THE FIELD AND *THE PUNISHER* WALKS IN ON YOU--
DIDN'T THAT HAPPEN *LAST WEEK?*
UH... RIGHT. YEAH.
AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE? HUH? WHO STEPPED UP? *ME,* THAT'S WHO. WHILE YOU ALL WERE LOOKING FOR THE *EXITS.*
HRM...
YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, *SHOCKER?*
...FORGET IT.


LOOK, EVERYONE HERE RESPECTS YOU AND WHAT YOU'VE DONE. BUT THIS JOB--GETTING THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE OFF THE OWL--I MEAN, IT'S HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT DISTRACTIONS.
DISTRACTIONS?! THIS IS MY JOB! I'M THE ONE THAT SAW IT, I'M THE ONE WHO HAD THE IDEA, I'M THE ONE WHO PLANNED IT, AND-- HEY WAITASECOND...
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE HEAD IS!
squeeze
YOU TOLD US WHERE HIS HIDEOUT IS ALREADY.
YEAH, BUT THAT PLACE IS HUGE, IT'S LIKE A MAZE.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS IT!
IS IT WHERE YOU MARKED THIS BIG RED X ON THE FLOOR PLAN?
...
NO?
THOSE GUYS DIDN'T STICK BY ME AT ALL!
UNBELIEVABLE-- WHAT HAPPENED TO LOYALTY, RIGHT? JUST A LITTLE HEAT, AND WHAT DO THEY DO?
WELL, THAT'S FINE. NOT LIKE I DON'T HAVE FRIENDS OF MY OWN--

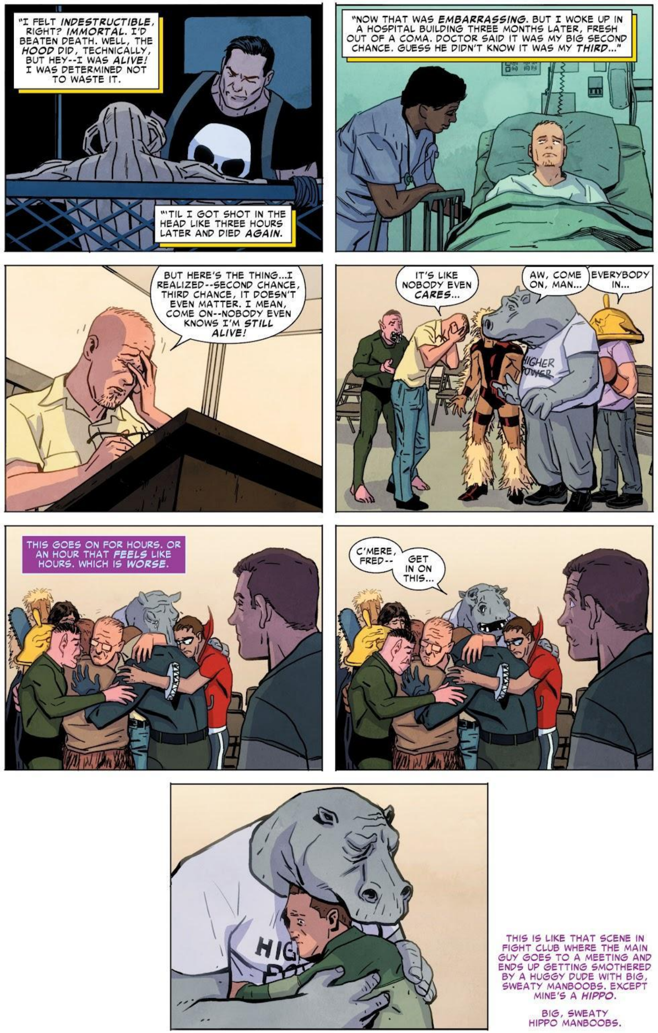

I'M GLAD YOU CALLED, FRED.
WHAT? YOU DIDN'T THINK I WOULD?
WELL, I KNOW THERE'S A LOT OF BAD BLOOD...
HEY, COME ON, AB--YOU BOUGHT ME PANCAKES. THAT TOTALLY MAKES UP FOR ALL THOSE TIMES YOU TRIED TO HAVE ME KILLED.
I THINK IT WAS YOU WHO TRIED TO HAVE ME KILLED.
THEN WE'RE EVEN! SO WHERE ARE WE HEADED ANYWAY?
I TOLD YOU--
I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET A FEW FRIENDS OF MINE.
OH, HELL--A CHURCH? DOES HE MEAN JESUS? IS THERE MORE THAN ONE OF THEM?
NEW SONG MEMORIAL CHURCH of GOD
LIKE I WAS SAYING EARLIER, MAN, I KNOW HOW HARD IT CAN BE. GOING LEGIT--NOBODY SHOULD HAVE TO DO IT ALONE.
NO, TURNS OUT ABNER HERE'S GOT NO INTEREST IN GETTING ME TO HEAVEN--
SO WELCOME TO SUPER VILLAINS ANONYMOUS.
HE'S JUST WALKED ME STRAIGHT INTO HELL.
ONLY ONE WAY I'M GETTING THROUGH THIS--
YOU WANT SOME COFFEE?
GIMME THAT--
WHAT? OH, RIGHT. YOU WOULDN'T.

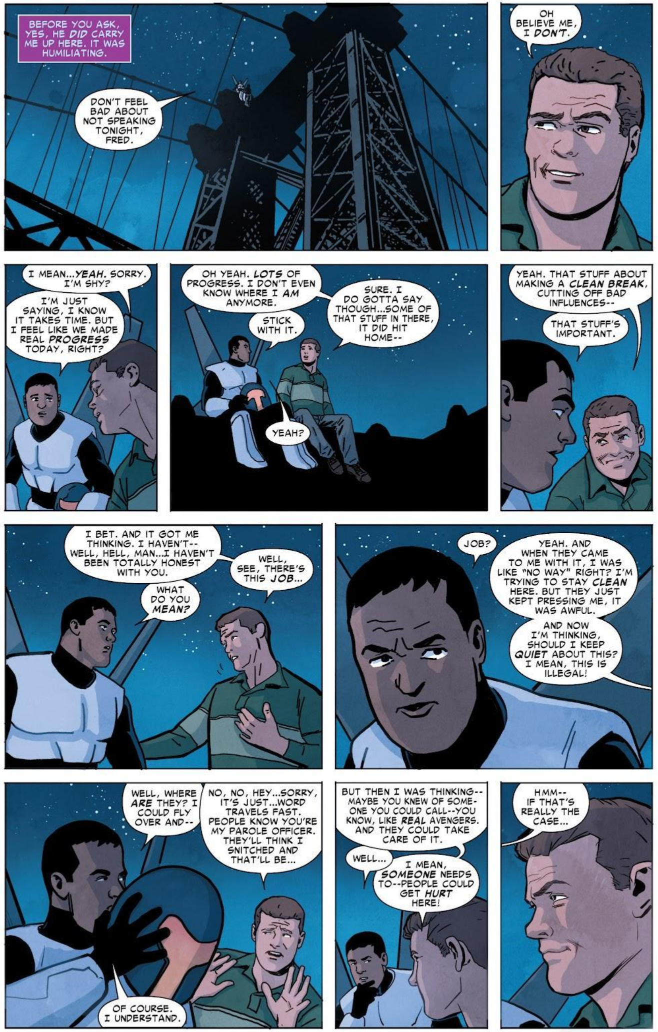


H-HI, MY NAME IS MIRAGE-- I MEAN, UH, DESMOND. AND I'M A SUPER VILLAIN.
HI, DESMOND.
HI, JERKWAD.
HIGHER POWER
WELL, UM, YOU GUYS SAY THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUT OF TROUBLE IS TO REALIZE HOW YOU GOT IN IT IN THE FIRST PLACE, RIGHT? SO I BEEN THINKING ABOUT DEANNA DELANEY.
"AMY AND I WERE IN LOVE, SEE. WE HAD A REAL GOOD THING GOING. OR AT LEAST, WE DID--
"'TIL HE SHOWED UP.
"NO, NOT HIM.
"BIG-ASS MONSTER INVADES NEW YORK, FINE. THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR BEING IN MIDTOWN ON SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, RIGHT? BUT THEN IRON MAN SWOOPS IN AND--AND--"
IT'S OKAY--I'VE GOT YOU, MISS.
KEEP AN EYE ON HER FOR ME NEXT TIME, YEAH, PAL?
"AS FAR AS AMY WAS CONCERNED, THAT WAS IT FOR ME. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN GIANT DRAGON DUDE HIMSELF.



"I KNEW IT WAS OVER THE NIGHT SHE ASKED ME TO WEAR A HELMET IN BED.
"'KEEP AN EYE ON HER FOR ME NEXT TIME.' WHAT A DINGUS.
"BUT IT DID GIVE ME AN IDEA--
"I MEAN, CHICKS DIG BAD BOYS, RIGHT?
"I FIGURED I'D BE PRACTICAL. START SMALL. WEDDINGS, MOSTLY. AND IT WAS WORKING OUT OKAY, 'TIL SPIDER-MAN-- WELL, I DUNNO WHAT HE WAS DOING THERE, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT SO GREAT.
"I TRIED TO SET UP SOME KINDA ARCH-VILLAIN THING THERE. DIDN'T STICK. COME TO THINK OF IT, NOTHING DID. WELL, EXCEPT THE ONE THING--
ANDRU
"GETTING KILLED.
"THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE REMEMBERS ME FOR, RIGHT? THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD SHOWS UP AT A BAR WITH NO NAME, WIPES ME AND A BUNCH OF MY BUDDIES OUT. THEN, CAPTAIN AMERICA PUTS ON MY COSTUME AFTERWARDS TO TRAP THE SCOURGE."
NEARY
THAT'S MY BIG FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME... SOMEBODY ELSE WEARING MY SUIT. PATHETIC.
"SO THEN I TRIED BEING DEAD FOR A WHILE, BUT I COULDN'T EVEN DO THAT RIGHT. THE HOOD BROUGHT ME AND THE OTHER GUYS THAT DIED THAT NIGHT BACK TO TAKE OUT THE PUNISHER FOR HIM.
HUAT


"I FELT INDESTRUCTIBLE, RIGHT? IMMORTAL. I'D BEATEN DEATH. WELL, THE HOOD DID, TECHNICALLY, BUT HEY--I WAS ALIVE! I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO WASTE IT.
"'TIL I GOT SHOT IN THE HEAD LIKE THREE HOURS LATER AND DIED AGAIN.
"NOW THAT WAS EMBARRASSING. BUT I WOKE UP IN A HOSPITAL BUILDING THREE MONTHS LATER, FRESH OUT OF A COMA. DOCTOR SAID IT WAS MY BIG SECOND CHANCE. GUESS HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MY THIRD..."
BUT HERE'S THE THING...I REALIZED--SECOND CHANCE, THIRD CHANCE, IT DOESN'T EVEN MATTER. I MEAN, COME ON--NOBODY EVEN KNOWS I'M STILL ALIVE!
IT'S LIKE NOBODY EVEN CARES...
AW, COME ON, MAN...
EVERYBODY IN...
HIGHER POWER
THIS GOES ON FOR HOURS. OR AN HOUR THAT FEELS LIKE HOURS. WHICH IS WORSE.
C'MERE, FRED--
GET IN ON THIS...
THIS IS LIKE THAT SCENE IN FIGHT CLUB WHERE THE MAIN GUY GOES TO A MEETING AND ENDS UP GETTING SMOTHERED BY A HUGGY DUDE WITH BIG, SWEATY MANBOOBS. EXCEPT MINE'S A HIPPO.
BIG, SWEATY HIPPO MANBOOBS.


BEFORE YOU ASK, YES, HE DID CARRY ME UP HERE. IT WAS HUMILIATING.
DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT NOT SPEAKING TONIGHT, FRED.
OH BELIEVE ME, I DON'T.
I MEAN...YEAH. SORRY. I'M SHY?
I'M JUST SAYING, I KNOW IT TAKES TIME. BUT I FEEL LIKE WE MADE REAL PROGRESS TODAY, RIGHT?
OH YEAH. LOTS OF PROGRESS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I AM ANYMORE.
STICK WITH IT.
SURE. I DO GOTTA SAY THOUGH...SOME OF THAT STUFF IN THERE, IT DID HIT HOME--
YEAH?
YEAH. THAT STUFF ABOUT MAKING A CLEAN BREAK, CUTTING OFF BAD INFLUENCES--
THAT STUFF'S IMPORTANT.
I BET. AND IT GOT ME THINKING. I HAVEN'T-- WELL, HELL, MAN...I HAVEN'T BEEN TOTALLY HONEST WITH YOU.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, SEE, THERE'S THIS JOB...
JOB?
YEAH. AND WHEN THEY CAME TO ME WITH IT, I WAS LIKE "NO WAY" RIGHT? I'M TRYING TO STAY CLEAN HERE. BUT THEY JUST KEPT PRESSING ME, IT WAS AWFUL.
AND NOW I'M THINKING, SHOULD I KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS? I MEAN, THIS IS ILLEGAL!
WELL, WHERE ARE THEY? I COULD FLY OVER AND--
NO, NO, HEY...SORRY, IT'S JUST...WORD TRAVELS FAST. PEOPLE KNOW YOU'RE MY PAROLE OFFICER. THEY'LL THINK I SNITCHED AND THAT'LL BE...
OF COURSE. I UNDERSTAND.
BUT THEN I WAS THINKING-- MAYBE YOU KNEW OF SOME-ONE YOU COULD CALL--YOU KNOW, LIKE REAL AVENGERS. AND THEY COULD TAKE CARE OF IT.
WELL...
I MEAN, SOMEONE NEEDS TO--PEOPLE COULD GET HURT HERE!
HMM-- IF THAT'S REALLY THE CASE...



FOE-NING IT IN...

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Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Tom Brennan here. Lots going on in the mighty Marvel offices this week, so I'm going to get to your letters sooner rather than later, but we want to say a special thanks to Steve Lieber, Rachelle Rosenberg and Joltin' Joe Caramagna for making a few last-second catches on this very issue of Foes before it went to print.
Now, your letters!

Foe-ning It In,
Kudos on your new series Superior Foes of Spider-Man! There was quite a buzz among my friends for this book, but I must confess to taking my time getting around to reading it. You guys publish too darn many books for me to keep up with, and I wasn't sure that I cared enough about Boomerang and the rest to pick up this book.
I was so wrong. The buzz on the book was so right. This book has its own distinctive voice and I can't wait to read as much of it as I can get my hands on.
Keep up the Superior work.

Ross Griswold
Des Moines, Iowa

This series...
In one word...
Superior.
I applaud Marvel's brave and savage move. Not just in releasing this offbeat title but placing heavy talent in the form of Spencer, Lieber, and Rosenberg as creative team. Bravo. You're giving us niche readers exactly what we crave: a fix of villainy that has sadly been missing since Parker's enjoyable Dark Avengers run ended.
The Superior Foes of Spider-Man is an altogether different hive of scum and villainy. Your book is an engrossing tale of street level crime; a frank glimpse into the lives of down and out B-list super villains, bored petty crooks, and inept buffoons. It's perfect. Why? The payoff: Engaging banter. Clever witticisms. And most recently - the palpable mix of tension and humour that leapt off the page as Punisher/ Chameleon made his move.
The last two issues have been great. You've managed to swiftly position a villainous legacy of Spider-Man into a brave new world of narrative craziness. Off to a brilliant start. Huzzah!

Craig Franklin
P.S Rachelle Rosenberg's colour art is simply fantastic.

They're Spider-Man's superior foes,
Taking names, spreading woes.
So awesome they're Six when there's really just five.
They're hard to miss in their flashy comic book jive.
Boomerang's lead. Overdrive's got leather.
Beetle can fly, light as a feather.
Shocker's quilt suit don't take from his stings.
Chameleon's somewhere pulling the strings.
Speed Demon took the puppy but left the cat.
Someone's left saying, "What's up with that?"
Spencer's star writer; he's the boss.
Lieber's art is pure awesome sauce.
Rosenberg, Caramagna, Brennan and Wacker Everything's tops, there ain't no slacker.
Pew! Skreet! Boom! Kapow!
Make mine, Marvel Now.

Okay to print? Most certainly.
Flip to the back, this is what I want to see.

Rachel Yu

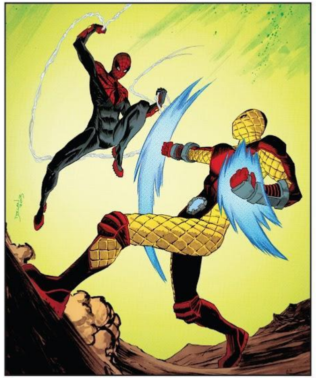
Loved having a poem to go out on, Rachel!
We'll be back in 30 days for more villainous ventures!

Temerarious Tom
8/9/2013

NEXT:



ON SALE



SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN #4 VARIANT


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
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INSIDE: THERE'S A TEEN VENOM IN PHILADELPHIA – AND *SHE'S* KICKING BUTT! HOUSTON ZOO HOSTAGE SITUATION AS THE SCARLET SPIDER FIGHTS KRAVEN! ALSO, HAS THANOS' INVASION AFFECTED YOUR DIET?

HEROES FIGHT LIARS!

Rumor has it the new four-person Sinister Six – Beetle, Speed Demon, Shocker and Overdrive – have been busted by super heroes Luke Cage and Iron Fist for their plan to steal the head of deceased crimelord Silvio Silvermane. But how exactly did the heroes get the drop on these fearsome foes? And who sold the foes out? Could it be a former teammate? That story inside!





BOOMER-OUT?

Underworld sources say the new Sinister Six have kicked their boss, Boomerang, to the curb. Boomerang, a.k.a. Fred Myers, was last seen talking about his situation with parole officer MACH-V, a.k.a. Abner Jenkins, and attending super villain rehab...

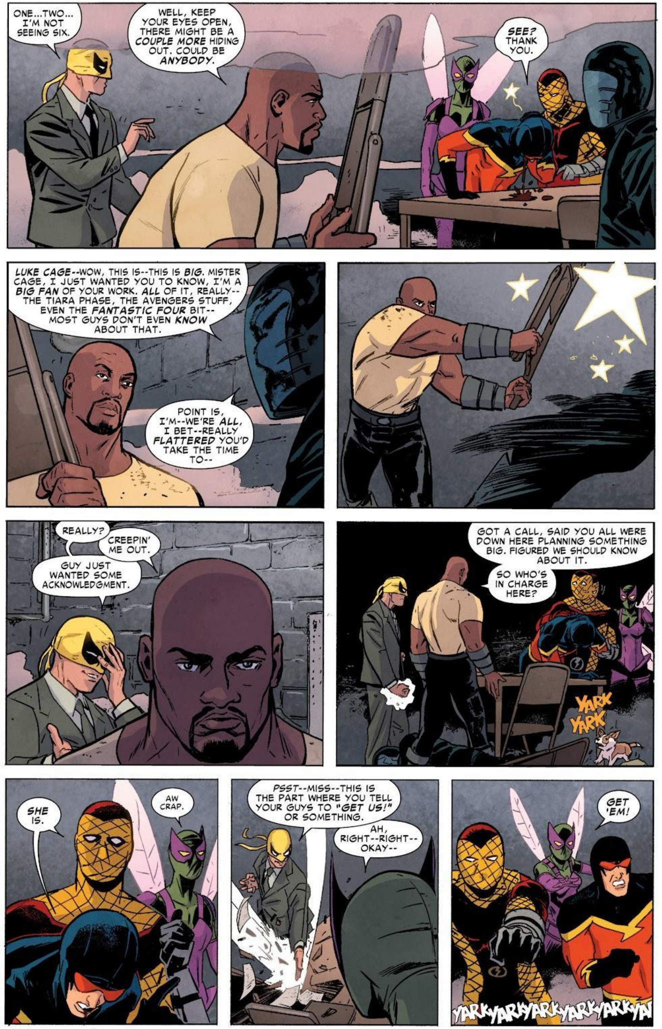
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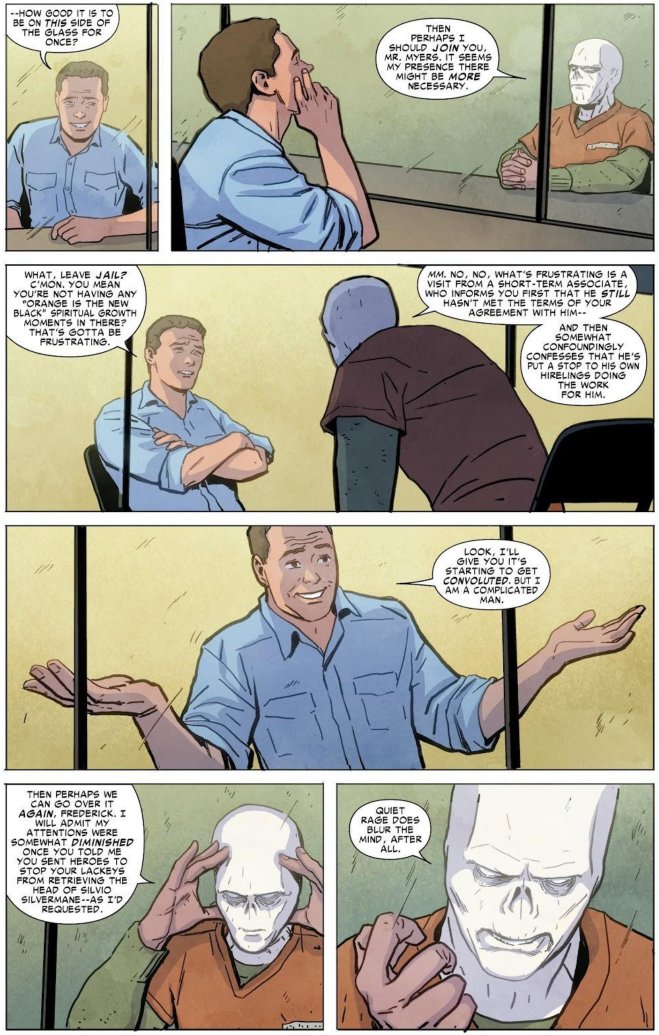

Now.
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT.
BUT WHAT I'M *REALLY* SAYING, GUYS--IS WHAT'S BETTER THAN BEING THE SINISTER *SIX* BUT ONLY SPLITTING THE MONEY *THREE* WAYS?
I DUNNO...
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
WE SHOULD AT LEAST TAKE A VOTE, OVERDRIVE.
HEY!
YOU GIRLS GONNA KEEP *JABBING*, OR ARE WE READY TO MOVE OUT?
I MISS FRED.
UM, ABOUT THAT... BEFORE WE GO, I THINK I SHOULD *TELL* YOU GUYS SOMETHING. ABOUT THE *JOB*.
UGH, HERMAN, WE ALREADY WENT OVER THIS--WE ALL KNOW ABOUT THE *"BLADDER SPASMS,"* WE ALREADY PROMISED NOT TO LAUGH--
NO, NOT *THAT*. IT'S JUST--BACK WHEN WE WERE AT THE RESTAURANT THE OTHER DAY, WHEN THE *PUNISHER* SHOWED UP--
AW HELL, DOES THE *PUNISHER* KNOW ABOUT THIS? I'M *OUT*. I... UH...GOT *STREP*.
NO, NO, IT'S NOT THE PUNISHER, IT'S--

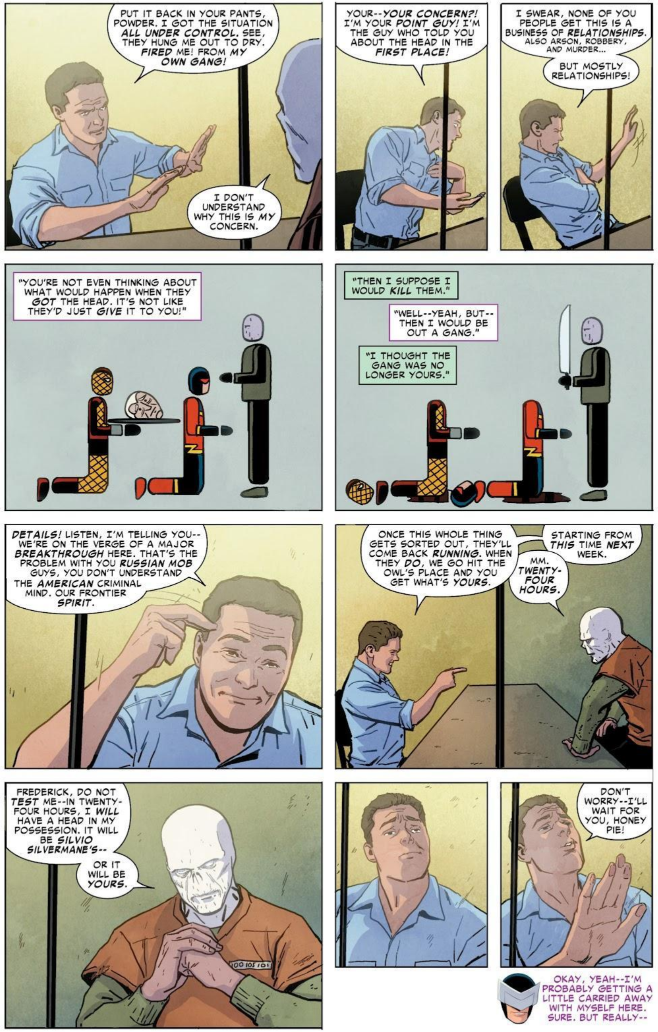

THESE GUYS, RIGHT?
LUKE CAGE AND *IRON FIST*.
HEROES FOR HIRE.
BUT I GOT 'EM FOR *FREE*.
SEE THE MIND OF A SUPER HERO IS A PRETTY EASY THING TO NAVIGATE.
"THIS GUY IS *BAD!* GO *PUNCH* HIM."
AND THEY'RE ON THAT LIKE SOMETHING FUNNY ON SOMETHING ELSE FUNNY.
PRETTY *CONVENIENT* WHEN YOU NEED TO TEACH THE CREW THAT DUMPED YOU A LESSON IN *KARMA*.
WHO ARE THESE GUYS SUPPOSED TO BE AGAIN?
THE SINISTER SIX.
OW...


ONE...TWO... I'M NOT SEEING SIX.
WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, THERE MIGHT BE A COUPLE MORE HIDING OUT. COULD BE ANYBODY.
SEE? THANK YOU.
LUKE CAGE--WOW, THIS IS--THIS IS BIG. MISTER CAGE, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW, I'M A BIG FAN OF YOUR WORK. ALL OF IT, REALLY--THE TIARA PHASE, THE AVENGERS STUFF, EVEN THE FANTASTIC FOUR BIT--MOST GUYS DON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THAT.
POINT IS, I'M--WE'RE ALL, I BET--REALLY FLATTERED YOU'D TAKE THE TIME TO--
REALLY?
CREEPIN' ME OUT.
GUY JUST WANTED SOME ACKNOWLEDGMENT.
GOT A CALL, SAID YOU ALL WERE DOWN HERE PLANNING SOMETHING BIG. FIGURED WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.
SO WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
YARK
YARK
SHE IS.
AW CRAP.
PSST--MISS--THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU TELL YOUR GUYS TO "GET US!" OR SOMETHING.
AH, RIGHT--RIGHT--OKAY--
GET 'EM!
YARKYARKYARKYARKYARKYA

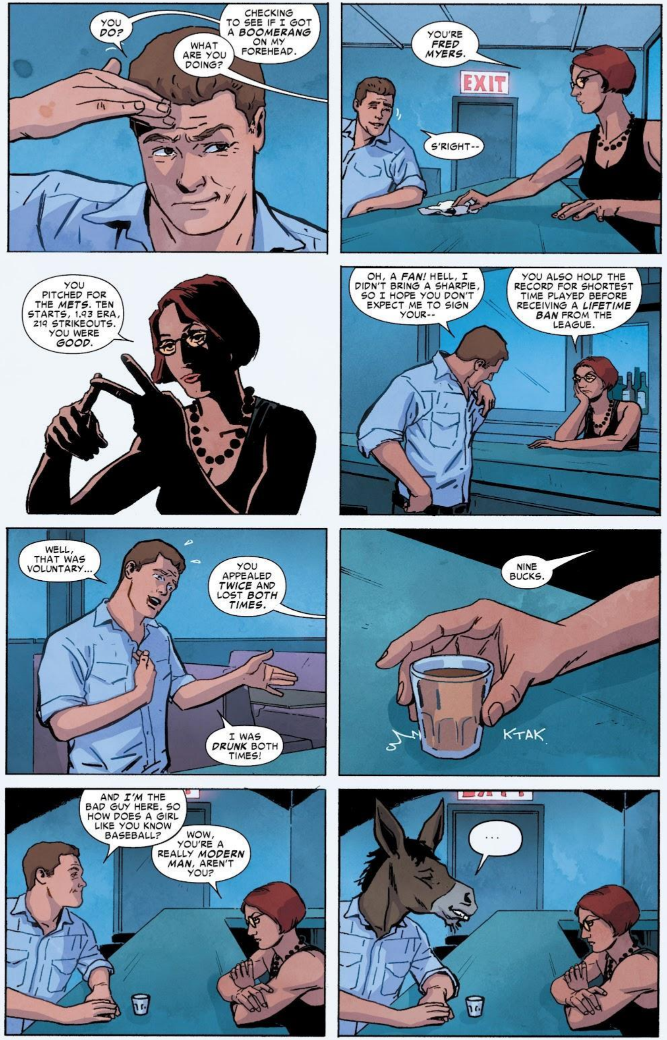


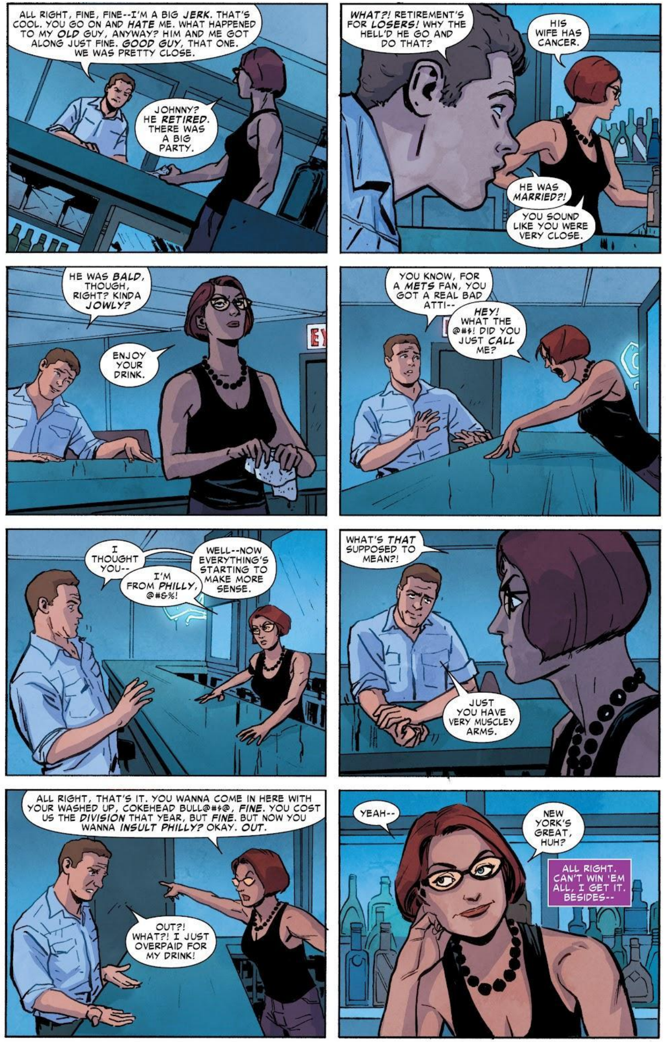

KLOK!
YO, NYPD, GET ME ALICE IN PETTY LARCENY.
...HEY, ALICE, IT'S LUKE CAGE.
AGAIN.
...YUP, CLEANUP. I'LL TEXT THE ADDRESS.
THAT DON'T BELONG TO YOU ANYMORE.
CUTE DOG, THOUGH.
RRAF RRAF
"OKAY, CAN I JUST SAY--"


--HOW GOOD IT IS TO BE ON THIS SIDE OF THE GLASS FOR ONCE?
THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD JOIN YOU, MR. MYERS. IT SEEMS MY PRESENCE THERE MIGHT BE MORE NECESSARY.
WHAT, LEAVE JAIL? C'MON. YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT HAVING ANY "ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK" SPIRITUAL GROWTH MOMENTS IN THERE? THAT'S GOTTA BE FRUSTRATING.
MM. NO, NO, WHAT'S FRUSTRATING IS A VISIT FROM A SHORT-TERM ASSOCIATE, WHO INFORMS YOU FIRST THAT HE STILL HASN'T MET THE TERMS OF YOUR AGREEMENT WITH HIM--
AND THEN SOMEWHAT CONFOUNDINGLY CONFESSES THAT HE'S PUT A STOP TO HIS OWN HIRELINGS DOING THE WORK FOR HIM.
LOOK, I'LL GIVE YOU IT'S STARTING TO GET CONVOLUTED. BUT I AM A COMPLICATED MAN.
THEN PERHAPS WE CAN GO OVER IT AGAIN, FREDERICK. I WILL ADMIT MY ATTENTIONS WERE SOMEWHAT DIMINISHED ONCE YOU TOLD ME YOU SENT HEROES TO STOP YOUR LACKEYS FROM RETRIEVING THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE--AS I'D REQUESTED.
QUIET RAGE DOES BLUR THE MIND, AFTER ALL.


PUT IT BACK IN YOUR PANTS, POWDER. I GOT THE SITUATION ALL UNDER CONTROL. SEE, THEY HUNG ME OUT TO DRY. FIRED ME! FROM MY OWN GANG!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS IS MY CONCERN.
YOUR--YOUR CONCERN?! I'M YOUR POINT GUY! I'M THE GUY WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THE HEAD IN THE FIRST PLACE!
I SWEAR, NONE OF YOU PEOPLE GET THIS IS A BUSINESS OF RELATIONSHIPS. ALSO ARSON, ROBBERY, AND MURDER...
BUT MOSTLY RELATIONSHIPS!
"YOU'RE NOT EVEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN THEY GOT THE HEAD. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY'D JUST GIVE IT TO YOU!"
"THEN I SUPPOSE I WOULD KILL THEM."
"WELL--YEAH, BUT--THEN I WOULD BE OUT A GANG."
"I THOUGHT THE GANG WAS NO LONGER YOURS."
DETAILS! LISTEN, I'M TELLING YOU--WE'RE ON THE VERGE OF A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH HERE. THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU RUSSIAN MOB GUYS, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE AMERICAN CRIMINAL MIND. OUR FRONTIER SPIRIT.
ONCE THIS WHOLE THING GETS SORTED OUT, THEY'LL COME BACK RUNNING. WHEN THEY DO, WE GO HIT THE OWL'S PLACE AND YOU GET WHAT'S YOURS.
STARTING FROM THIS TIME NEXT WEEK.
MM. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
FREDERICK, DO NOT TEST ME--IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, I WILL HAVE A HEAD IN MY POSSESSION. IT WILL BE SILVIO SILVERMANE'S--
OR IT WILL BE YOURS.
DON'T WORRY--I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, HONEY PIE!
OKAY, YEAH--I'M PROBABLY GETTING A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY WITH MYSELF HERE. SURE. BUT REALLY--

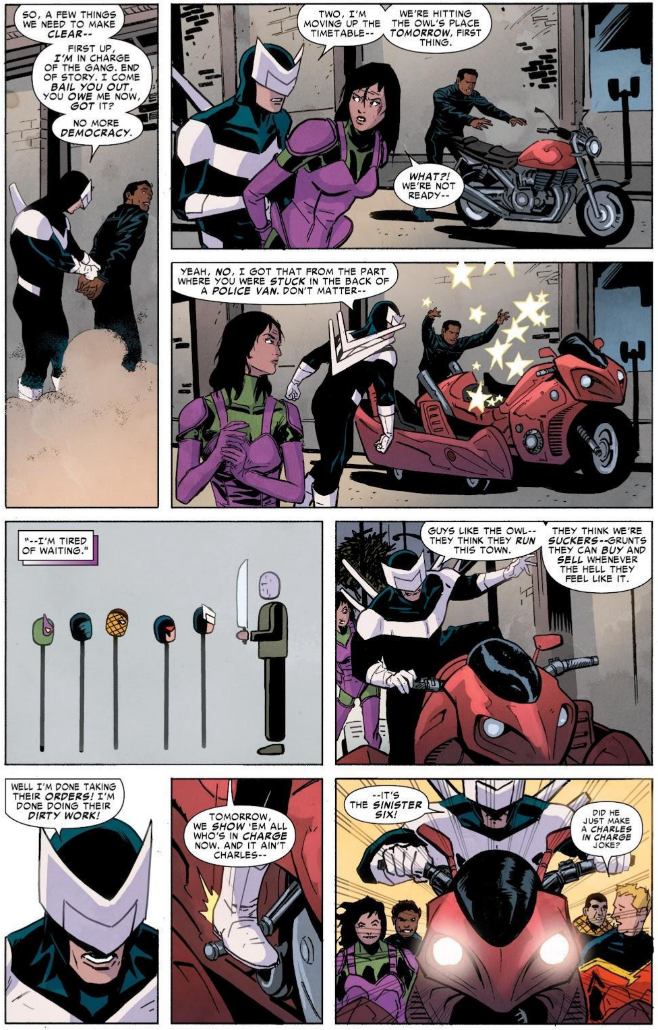

--YOU GOTTA TAKE IT WHEN IT'S GIVEN TO YOU, YOU KNOW?
BARTENDER! POUR ME A TALL GLASS OF--
--RHYMES?
HEY.
UH, HEEEY.
HELP YOU?
EXIT
SORRY, IT'S JUST, MY USUAL BARTENDER HERE, HE HAD ONE OF THEM--YOU KNOW, ONE OF THEM THINGS.
UH-HUH.
NOT THE--THOSE.
I ALSO POUR DRINKS.
EXIT
WHICH JUST MAKES YOU PERFECT, DON'T IT?
PLEASE ORDER.
AH, RIGHT--BOURBON, NEAT. LOOK, WE'RE GETTING OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT HERE, I THINK. I'M--
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.


YOU DO?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CHECKING TO SEE IF I GOT A BOOMERANG ON MY FOREHEAD.
YOU'RE FRED MYERS.
EXIT
S'RIGHT--
YOU PITCHED FOR THE METS. TEN STARTS, 1.93 ERA, 219 STRIKEOUTS. YOU WERE GOOD.
OH, A FAN! HELL, I DIDN'T BRING A SHARPIE, SO I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO SIGN YOUR--
YOU ALSO HOLD THE RECORD FOR SHORTEST TIME PLAYED BEFORE RECEIVING A LIFETIME BAN FROM THE LEAGUE.
WELL, THAT WAS VOLUNTARY...
YOU APPEALED TWICE AND LOST BOTH TIMES.
I WAS DRUNK BOTH TIMES!
NINE BUCKS.
KTAK
AND I'M THE BAD GUY HERE. SO HOW DOES A GIRL LIKE YOU KNOW BASEBALL?
WOW, YOU'RE A REALLY MODERN MAN, AREN'T YOU?
...


ALL RIGHT, FINE, FINE--I'M A BIG JERK. THAT'S COOL. YOU GO ON AND HATE ME. WHAT HAPPENED TO MY OLD GUY, ANYWAY? HIM AND ME GOT ALONG JUST FINE. GOOD GUY, THAT ONE. WE WAS PRETTY CLOSE.
JOHNNY? HE RETIRED. THERE WAS A BIG PARTY.
WHAT?! RETIREMENT'S FOR LOSERS! WHY THE HELL'D HE GO AND DO THAT?
HIS WIFE HAS CANCER.
HE WAS MARRIED?!
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU WERE VERY CLOSE.
HE WAS BALD, THOUGH, RIGHT? KINDA JOWLY?
ENJOY YOUR DRINK.
YOU KNOW, FOR A METS FAN, YOU GOT A REAL BAD ATTI--
HEY! WHAT THE @#$! DID YOU JUST CALL ME?
I THOUGHT YOU--
I'M FROM PHILLY, @#&%!
WELL--NOW EVERYTHING'S STARTING TO MAKE MORE SENSE.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!
JUST YOU HAVE VERY MUSCLEY ARMS.
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT. YOU WANNA COME IN HERE WITH YOUR WASHED UP, COKEHEAD BULL@#$@, FINE. YOU COST US THE DIVISION THAT YEAR, BUT FINE. BUT NOW YOU WANNA INSULT PHILLY? OKAY. OUT.
OUT?! WHAT?! I JUST OVERPAID FOR MY DRINK!
YEAH--
NEW YORK'S GREAT, HUH?
ALL RIGHT. CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL, I GET IT. BESIDES--


NOT LIKE I DON'T HAVE PLACES TO BE.
MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT. LUKE CAGE AND IRON FIST. THEY WERE RIGHT THERE--
WILL YOU KNOCK IT OFF WITH THAT?!
WHAT? THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO KEEP THE CITY SAFE--
FROM US!
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE--
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF-- BANDANA MAN BACK THERE BROKE MY ANKLE, I THINK--I NEED ME SOME OF THAT PRISON HEALTH CARE.
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.
WHAT?
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SOLD OUT FRED.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, HERMAN? THAT GUY--
HE WAS OUR BOSS. MAYBE HE WASN'T THE BEST AT IT, AND MAYBE HE WAS A JERK, AND HE MAYBE HE WAS GONNA GET US ALL KILLED--
UM--WAIT, WHERE WAS I GOING WITH THIS?
BOOM!

TOTAL HEISENBERG MOMENT.
SHOULD WE TAKE A VOTE?


SO, A FEW THINGS WE NEED TO MAKE CLEAR--
FIRST UP, I'M IN CHARGE OF THE GANG. END OF STORY. I COME BAIL YOU OUT, YOU OWE ME NOW, GOT IT?
NO MORE DEMOCRACY.
TWO, I'M MOVING UP THE TIMETABLE--
WE'RE HITTING THE OWL'S PLACE TOMORROW, FIRST THING.
WHAT?! WE'RE NOT READY--
YEAH, NO, I GOT THAT FROM THE PART WHERE YOU WERE STUCK IN THE BACK OF A POLICE VAN. DON'T MATTER--
"--I'M TIRED OF WAITING."
GUYS LIKE THE OWL-- THEY THINK THEY RUN THIS TOWN.
THEY THINK WE'RE SUCKERS--GRUNTS THEY CAN BUY AND SELL WHENEVER THE HELL THEY FEEL LIKE IT.
WELL I'M DONE TAKING THEIR ORDERS! I'M DONE DOING THEIR DIRTY WORK!
TOMORROW, WE SHOW 'EM ALL WHO'S IN CHARGE NOW. AND IT AIN'T CHARLES--
--IT'S THE SINISTER SIX!
DID HE JUST MAKE A CHARLES IN CHARGE JOKE?

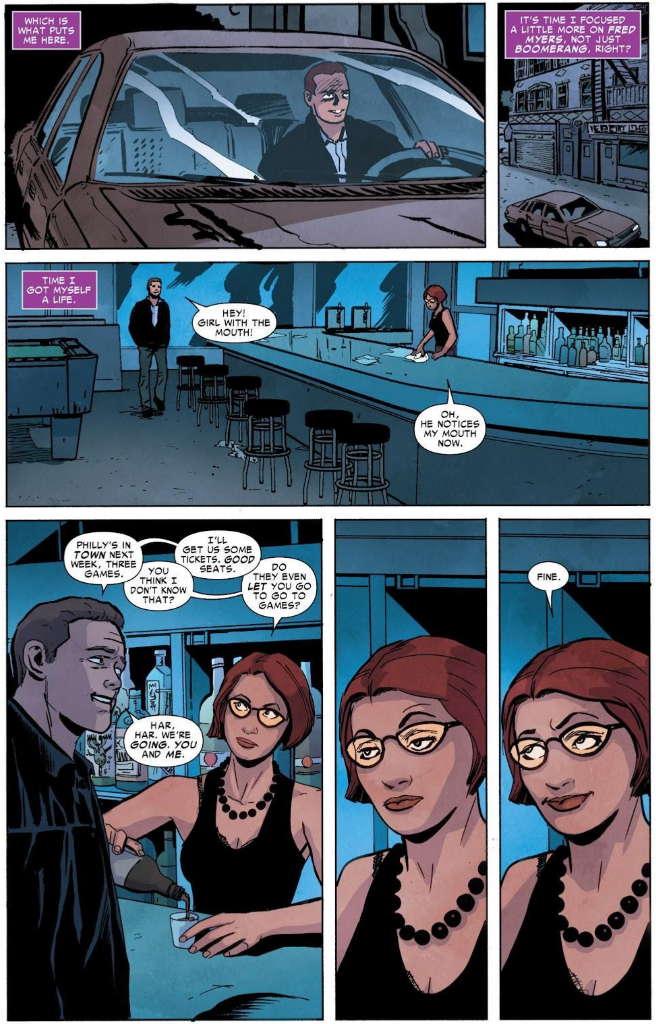

HE DOES GIVE A GOOD SPEECH, I'LL ADMIT THAT.
I'M JUST GLAD WE'RE NOT IN JAIL.
OH, CAUSE YOU'RE SOOO PRETTY.
TOP SIRLOIN, FROZEN. $5.99/LB
FRED-- UH, CAN WE TALK A SECOND?
YEAH, SURE-- HERMAN.
OUTSIDE?
NEVER GOOD, RIGHT?
WHAT'S UP, THEN?
I KNOW ABOUT THE CHAMELEON.
DONTPANICTHINKFAST
UH... WHAT?
FASTERFASTERFASTERSTUPID
I SAW YOU TWO AT THE RESTAURANT. HE WAS PRETENDING TO BE THE PUNISHER.
WHAT?
NOT HAMMER-HEAD?
NOTHIN'. YOU UH, YOU SAW THAT?
I DON'T GET IT-- WHY'D YOU LIE TO US?
WHY-- HERMAN, WHEN YOU SAW US, WHAT'D I SAY?
"RIGHT! YEAH, WELL--SEE, IT'S ACTUALLY PRETTY EASY TO EXPLAIN..."
HERE IT COMES--

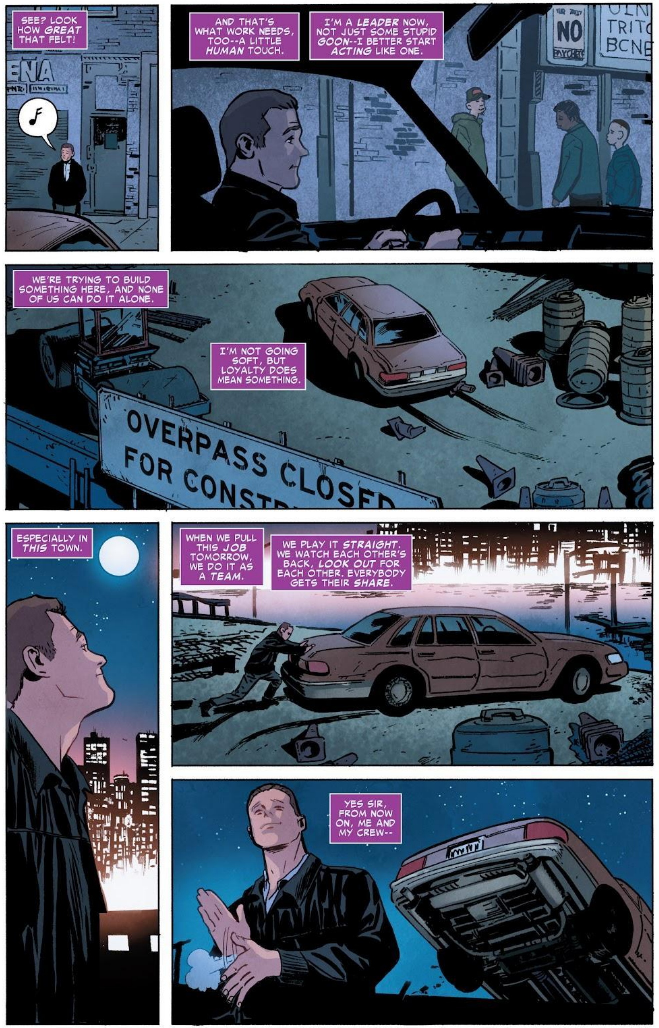


I JUST WANTED TO IMPRESS YOU GUYS.
IMPRESS US?
YEAH...I MEAN, I KNOW EVERYONE IN THERE THINKS I'M A SCREWUP--ESPECIALLY THAT BEETLE AND HER STUPID ORGANIZATIONAL SKILLS... SO I FIGURED--WELL, I FIGURED YOU'D ALL BE IMPRESSED--
IF I SURVIVED A RUN-IN WITH THE PUNISHER.
AW, FRED--
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD CONVINCE YOU ALL TO GO FOR THE SILVERMANE HEIST! NOBODY TAKES ME SERIOUSLY, SO I THOUGHT--
BUT THEN--WHAT WAS THAT STUFF ABOUT GETTING A FEW MORE DAYS?
HIS APPEARANCE FEE! LEMME TELL YA MAN, DON'T GET THAT GUY TO PLAY THE THING AT YOUR KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. OUTRAGEOUS.
I GUESS THAT MAKES SENSE...
SURE IT DOES. LISTEN, THOUGH--DO ME A SOLID--DON'T TELL THE REST OF THE GANG ABOUT THIS, YEAH? IT'S KINDA EMBARRASSING.
SURE, FRED.
THANKS, HERMAN. YOU KNOW, YOU AND ME--I KNOW IT HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN EASY, BUT WE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER.
THAT'S FOR SURE--
WE GET THESE MERCENARIES ON THE WAY UP--THEY THINK THEY KNOW HOW TO DO EVERYTHING BETTER--BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN WHAT WE'VE SEEN. WHAT MAKES A GANG A GANG.
GOT THAT RIGHT.
I'M SORRY I DON'T TELL YOU THIS ENOUGH, BUDDY, BUT...
PAT PAT PAT PAT
PAT PAT PAT
...I'M GLAD WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM, HERMAN.
NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--WHAT A LOAD, RIGHT? BUT TRUTH IS--



I KINDA MEANT THAT LAST PART.
NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M A HARDENED CRIMINAL.
I'VE DONE MY SHARE OF STABBING IN THE BACK, STABBING IN THE FRONT, STABBING IN THE NECK. WHEREVER. STILL STABBING AS WE SPEAK.
BUT IF THE LAST TWENTY-FOURS HAVE TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THAT THIS REALLY IS A BUSINESS OF RELATIONSHIPS.
GUYS LIKE ME, WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR THE NEXT JOB. THE NEXT SCORE--ALWAYS CHASING THAT DREAM--
AND WE LOSE SIGHT OF WHY WE'RE TRYING TO GET THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE IN A CREW.
IN MY CASE, I THINK THE PROBLEM IS I WORK TOO MUCH. GOTTA TAKE SOME ME TIME--


WHICH IS WHAT PUTS ME HERE.
IT'S TIME I FOCUSED A LITTLE MORE ON FRED MYERS, NOT JUST BOOMERANG, RIGHT?
TIME I GOT MYSELF A LIFE.
HEY! GIRL WITH THE MOUTH!
OH, HE NOTICES MY MOUTH NOW.
PHILLY'S IN TOWN NEXT WEEK, THREE GAMES.
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?
I'LL GET US SOME TICKETS. GOOD SEATS.
DO THEY EVEN LET YOU GO TO GO TO GAMES?
HAR, HAR. WE'RE GOING. YOU AND ME.
FINE.


SEE? LOOK HOW GREAT THAT FELT!
AND THAT'S WHAT WORK NEEDS, TOO--A LITTLE HUMAN TOUCH.
I'M A LEADER NOW, NOT JUST SOME STUPID GOON--I BETTER START ACTING LIKE ONE.
NO
WE'RE TRYING TO BUILD SOMETHING HERE, AND NONE OF US CAN DO IT ALONE.
I'M NOT GOING SOFT, BUT LOYALTY DOES MEAN SOMETHING.
OVERPASS CLOSED FOR CONST
ESPECIALLY IN THIS TOWN.
WHEN WE PULL THIS JOB TOMORROW, WE DO IT AS A TEAM.
WE PLAY IT STRAIGHT. WE WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACK, LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER. EVERYBODY GETS THEIR SHARE.
YES SIR, FROM NOW ON, ME AND MY CREW--



FOE-NING IT IN...

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Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Happy Halloween, Foe-Natics!
Sucks to be the Shocker this month – let's hope he's a strong swimmer. August just wrapped up summer as this goes to press, but you'll be reading it as the countdown to Halloween begins.
You know what'd make this column great next month? And I mean GREAT? If fans of this book dressed up as their favorite foes for the Holiday. The folks who cosplay as one of our Fab Five will get their pictures run in this magazine in an upcoming letters page.
Now, on with the mailbag!

Dear Foe-ning it in,
I'll confess that Superior Foes #1 left me a bit nonplussed. It wasn't bad, but didn't blow me away. But #2 was really good, and it feels that the comic has hit its stride, so well done! It's a great sequel to the (years ago) titles of the Deadly Foes of Spider-Man and the Lethal Foes of Spider-Man.
Speaking of which... Abe Jenkins!??! Really? The founder of the Sinister Syndicate, the original Beetle, who put Boomerang and Shocker and Speed Demon all on a team together? And they all served as TBolts together? Brilliant ending!!! Thankfully I didn't have my coffee in hand, or I would have spit it everywhere and ruined my issue. Seriously, the absolute best and most unexpected ending that I have read in years, and had me desperate to see what happens next. But one MAJOR question: what on earth happened to Mach VI??? Last we saw Abe in the pages of the Dark Avengers he was Mach V. You can't do this to us! We have to know what happened to Mach VI. Why did we skip to Mach VII?
On a request note... this got me pulling out Deadly foes, and seeing the new female Beetle got me remembering Hardcase/Beetle/Leila Davis. I know she wasn't around for long as Abe's successor, and I may be the only one that remembers her, but in Marvel, anyone can eventually come back from the dead, and it doesn't feel like a "... Foes of Spider-Man" comic without her. Any chance of maybe a time-travel episode to rescue her (and Meteorite and Charlie while you are at it)? At some point Abe is going to have to go back and rescue Fixer from that temporal loop that Centurius put him in. Maybe they can grab Leila on their way? Stranger things have happened in the Marvel Universe, right?

Jason Brandon
Murphysboro IL

Dear Superior Foes,
I'm loving Superior Foes right now! This Shocker/Speed Demon duo is great, and I would love to see more of Overdrive. A team of dysfunctional villains with a deceiving leader is definitely going to lead to some good stories. I'm interested in how Mach VII's appearance will affect the story. Looking forward to issue 3!

Austin Ripley
Las Vegas, NV

Dear Foe-Nation,
Loving the book! The story, the art, its all fantastic. I do have two questions. (1) Are we going to see things from other character's points of view? Or is the whole story going to be told by Fred? (2) Is there the chance that other super-criminals might be asked to join the group? I'd love to see Hydro-Man offered another shot at "the big time."
Thanks for the great comic and keep it up,

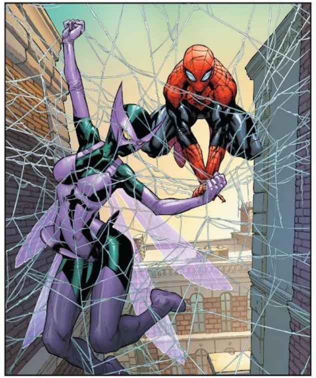
John Bailey
St. Charles, MO

Thanks, John ! In terms of your questions, we're definitely going to be getting into the heads of the other Foes... although Shocker's head will probably be a bit harder to find than others. In terms of your second question, we'll certainly see other villains popping up. Stay tuned.
Nick, Steve, Rachelle and Joe will be back in 30 days for more villainous ventures with the Superior Foes of Spider-Man!

Temerious Tom
9/6/2013

NEXT:





SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN #5 VARIANT


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
STEVE LIEBER
MARVEL
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
005

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NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: GOBLINS VS. SPIDERS? NEW YORK CITY IS PRIMED FOR A WAR BETWEEN CRIME'S GREATEST GLIDING GHOUL AND ITS SWINGING SUPER HERO!; X-MEN FROM THE PAST AND FUTURE?! WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WESTCHESTER?; LASTLY, IS YOUR HUSBAND AN INHUMAN?

THE FOES ARE BACK!

After briefly being thrown off his new five-person Sinister Six, Boomerang reunited with his old crew after rescuing them from prison (although it looks like he might have set them up in the first place). Their plan to steal the head of deceased crimelord Silvermane remains on the table – but other crimebosses like the Owl might have some objections!





SHOCKING END?

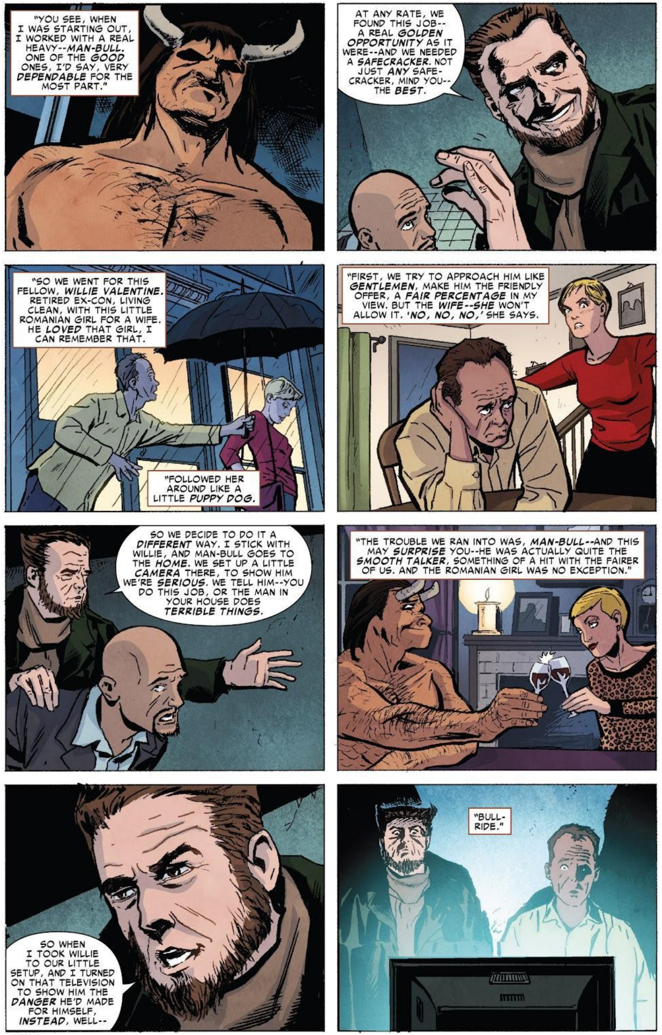
Underworld sources say Spider-Man's longtime nemesis Shocker may have met a grisly end this past week at the hands of old friend Boomerang. Is this the end of the yellow menace?

NICK SPENCER & STEVE LIEBER — STORYTELLERS
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ART
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA — LETTERER
STEVE LIEBER — COVER ARTIST

CARLO BARBERI & EDGAR DELGADO — VARIANT COVER
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AXEL ALONSO — EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA — CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER




M--MISTER OWL, PLEASE--
PROBLEM I HAVE IS KEEPING THE RATS FED. THESE THINGS GO AT IT LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN. THEY SAY, IF YOU PUT TWO OF THEM IN A ROOM TOGETHER, THERE'LL BE TWO THOUSAND OF 'EM IN A YEAR. THAT'S SCIENCE. AND A BURDEN ON ME.
P-PLEASE, SIR...
THE OTHER DILEMMA IS THIS--THEIR TEETH, THEY NEVER STOP GROWING. HALF A FOOT A YEAR THEY GROW. DID YOU KNOW THAT? THEY WILL CHEW YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME, JUST TO KEEP GRINDING 'EM DOWN.
BUT THEY ARE PRECIOUS LITTLE CREATURES, I HAVE TO GIVE THEM THAT.
SO, TOMMY, IT SEEMS WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME, NOW DO WE? BEST WE GET DOWN TO THE OLD BRASS TACKS OF IT, YEAH?
YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT WITH YOUR HAND IN MOMMY'S KNICKER DRAWER.
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, SIR--I SWEAR TO GOD, I DIDN'T KNOW!
BUT YOU DO NOW, DON'T YOU, TOMMY? YOU ARE AWARE OF THIS SORRY STATE OF AFFAIRS WE NOW FIND OURSELVES IN.
I DO, I DO--I JUST--I CAN FIX IT--I SWEAR TO YOU--
NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR. THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING FOR. THAT YOU CAN RETURN THE MONEY YOU TOOK FROM ME, ALONG WITH A HEALTHY LITTLE RETURN ON INVESTMENT. NOTHING TOO EXTRAORDINARY.
SEE, IF YOU COULD DO THAT, I MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER DOING MORE BUSINESS WITH YOU IN THE FUTURE. I'M A VERY FORGIVING MAN THAT WAY.
CAN YOU DO THAT, THEN, TOMMY?
I DON'T--I DON'T HAVE IT RIGHT NOW...
OF COURSE YOU DON'T HAVE IT, TOMMY. YOU BEEN PARTYING ALL OVER TOWN WITH IT. YOU'VE BEEN LEAVING IT ON EVERY NIGHTSTAND FROM HERE TO MIAMI. THAT'S HOW YOU CAME TO MY ATTENTION. IT'S THE VICIOUS CYCLE OF IT.
BUT, WAIT-- WAIT! I HAVE SOMETHING--I CAN SHOW YOU--I CAN SHOW YOU HOW I DID IT.
I CAN SHOW YOU HOW I TOOK IT WITHOUT YOU FINDING ME OUT FOR SO LONG. I CAN SHOW YOU THE WEAK SPOTS IN YOUR BOOKS. AND YOU COULD--YOU COULD APPLY IT TO YOUR OWN CLIENTS. YOU COULD MAKE A LOT MORE THAN I TOOK!
MM. YOU'LL SHOW ME, YEAH? HOW YOU PULLED THE WOOL OVER THESE EYES?
YES! YES!
NOW THAT IS AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION THERE, TOMMY. BUT IT DOES REMIND ME OF A STORY FROM BACK IN THE OLD DAYS. I CAN TELL IT TO YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE.
OH, GOD...

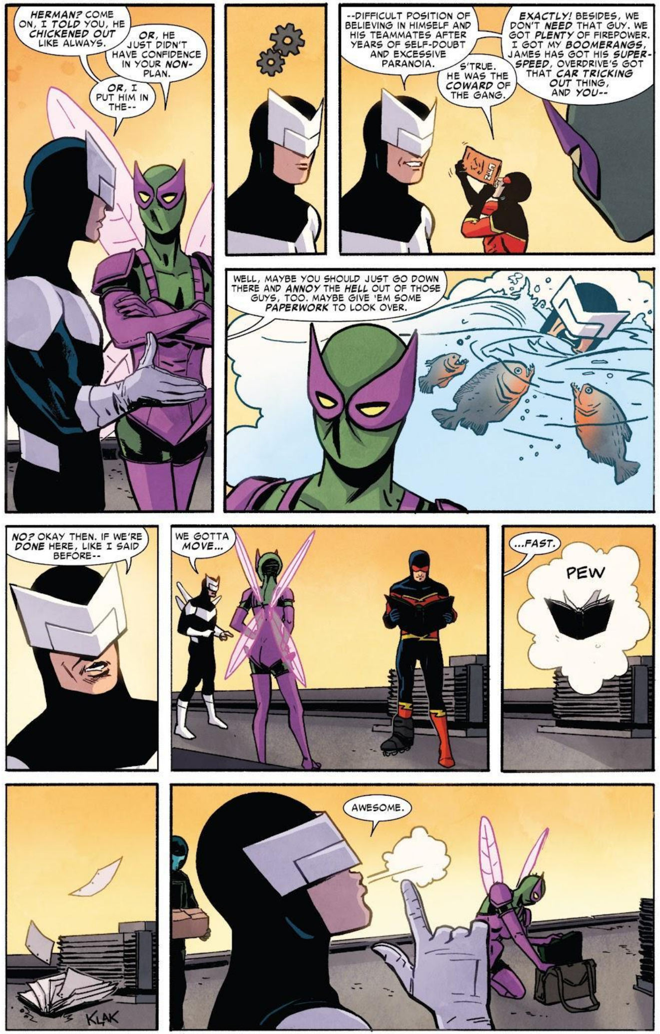

"YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS STARTING OUT, I WORKED WITH A REAL HEAVY--MAN-BULL. ONE OF THE GOOD ONES, I'D SAY, VERY DEPENDABLE FOR THE MOST PART."
AT ANY RATE, WE FOUND THIS JOB-- A REAL GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY AS IT WERE--AND WE NEEDED A SAFECRACKER. NOT JUST ANY SAFE-CRACKER, MIND YOU-- THE BEST.
"SO WE WENT FOR THIS FELLOW, WILLIE VALENTINE. RETIRED EX-CON, LIVING CLEAN, WITH THIS LITTLE ROMANIAN GIRL FOR A WIFE. HE LOVED THAT GIRL, I CAN REMEMBER THAT.
"FOLLOWED HER AROUND LIKE A LITTLE PUPPY DOG.
"FIRST, WE TRY TO APPROACH HIM LIKE GENTLEMEN, MAKE HIM THE FRIENDLY OFFER, A FAIR PERCENTAGE IN MY VIEW. BUT THE WIFE--SHE WON'T ALLOW IT. 'NO, NO, NO,' SHE SAYS.
SO WE DECIDE TO DO IT A DIFFERENT WAY. I STICK WITH WILLIE, AND MAN-BULL GOES TO THE HOME. WE SET UP A LITTLE CAMERA THERE, TO SHOW HIM WE'RE SERIOUS. WE TELL HIM--YOU DO THIS JOB, OR THE MAN IN YOUR HOUSE DOES TERRIBLE THINGS.
"THE TROUBLE WE RAN INTO WAS, MAN-BULL--AND THIS MAY SURPRISE YOU--HE WAS ACTUALLY QUITE THE SMOOTH TALKER, SOMETHING OF A HIT WITH THE FAIRER OF US. AND THE ROMANIAN GIRL WAS NO EXCEPTION."
SO WHEN I TOOK WILLIE TO OUR LITTLE SETUP, AND I TURNED ON THAT TELEVISION TO SHOW HIM THE DANGER HE'D MADE FOR HIMSELF, INSTEAD, WELL--
"BULL-RIDE."


NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS LEFT US WITHOUT OUR *LEVERAGE*, AND PUT ME IN SOMETHING OF AN *AWKWARD SPOT*, AS YOU CAN IMAGINE.
BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT I *DID* LEARN THAT DAY, TOMMY?
N-NO...
I LEARNED IF YOU WANT TO GET A MAN TO *DO* SOMETHING FOR YOU, BEST *NOT* SHOW HIM A TAPE OF A BULL **** HIS *WIFE*.
SNAP!
AHHHHHHH
MAKE SURE TO GRAB ME A FEW WHEN HE'S DONE, HENRY--
I'M STARVING.


SO, YEAH--
THIS GUY, RIGHT?
LET'S ROB HIM.


SHIFT CHANGE IS STARTING. THEY'LL HAVE ABOUT HALF AS MANY GUARDS ON SITE FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR--
Airplane Mode
UTZ
SO WE GOTTA MOVE... FAST.
...SPEED DEMON?
HUH?
WE GOTTA MOVE... FAST.
UH-HUH.
THAT'S YOU. I WAS GIVING YOU A GREAT OPENER THERE--"MOVE... FAST" THEN YOU'D BE LIKE "PEW!"
PEW? OH. OH, RIGHT. SORRY. I'M A LITTLE OFF, I GUESS...
THE INJURY N'ALL.
YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN WORK ON THAT THING?
AW, YEAH. YOU KNOW, IT'S A LITTLE DUCT TAPE, GOT MY WHEELS--
YOU LOOK LIKE THE WRONG HALF OF DAZZLER.
ARE YOU TWO ABOUT DONE?


WE'VE GOT A LOT TO GO OVER.
WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S JUST SOMETHING I PUT TOGETHER LAST NIGHT, AFTER YOU INSISTED ON RUSHING THIS JOB--INDIVIDUALIZED ASSIGNMENTS, MAPS, FAIL-SAFES, ALIBIS--
IT'S COLOR CODED!
THERE'S A GLOSSARY OF TERMS IN THE BACK IN CASE YOU'RE CONFUSED BY ANY BIG WORDS.
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME--
GUYS, IF YOU LOOK IT OVER, IT'S ACTUALLY REALLY HELPFUL...
Mission Statement
Personal Goals
Financial Goals
Branding Goals
GIMME THAT!
I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE, LADY! I GIVE THE ORDERS--
WELL, MAYBE IF YOU GAVE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST INDICATION YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING, I WOULDN'T HAVE A PROBLEM FOLLOWING THEM!
UTZ
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! THIS IS A SIMPLE SMASH-AND-GRAB OPERATION. I GOT EXPLODING BOOMERANGS, AND I PLAN TO USE 'EM!
OOH, BIG MAN, MAKE THINGS GO BOOM. I'M SO IMPRESSED. BUT IF YOU'RE SUCH A GREAT LEADER, TELL ME--
"--WHERE'S SHOCKER?"


HERMAN? COME ON, I TOLD YOU, HE CHICKENED OUT LIKE ALWAYS.
OR, HE JUST DIDN'T HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR NON-PLAN.
OR, I PUT HIM IN THE--
--DIFFICULT POSITION OF BELIEVING IN HIMSELF AND HIS TEAMMATES AFTER YEARS OF SELF-DOUBT AND EXCESSIVE PARANOIA.
EXACTLY! BESIDES, WE DON'T NEED THAT GUY. WE GOT PLENTY OF FIREPOWER. I GOT MY BOOMERANGS, JAMES HAS GOT HIS SUPER-SPEED, OVERDRIVE'S GOT THAT CAR TRICKING OUT THING, AND YOU--
S'TRUE. HE WAS THE COWARD OF THE GANG.
WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST GO DOWN THERE AND ANNOY THE HELL OUT OF THOSE GUYS, TOO. MAYBE GIVE 'EM SOME PAPERWORK TO LOOK OVER.
NO? OKAY THEN. IF WE'RE DONE HERE, LIKE I SAID BEFORE--
WE GOTTA MOVE...
...FAST.
PEW
AWESOME.


PEW
PEW
I'M GOOD! I'M GOOD!
SIGH-- OVERDRIVE, YOU'RE UP.
UH, SURE...
ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE WHEN I WAS A KID...


PWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPW


WELL, ALL RIGHT. PERIMETER SECURE. SEE?
YES, CONGRATULATIONS ON MASTERING THE EASY PART.
NOW WHAT?
EASY?
HATE TO SAY IT, BUT SHE'S RIGHT--WE PROBABLY GOT ABOUT 10 SECONDS BEFORE THE FIRST WAVE OF GUARDS COMES--
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
LOOK, WE'LL BE FINE. WE'RE THE SINISTER SIX. WE STICK TOGETHER, AND WE COVER EACH OTHER'S BACKS. THIS'LL BE A CAKEWALK--AND REMEMBER, IT'S THE SECOND HALLWAY ON THE--
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
RIGHT. SECOND HALLWAY ON THE RIGHT!
HOLD ON.
LEFT. IT'S THE SECOND ONE ON THE LEFT.
+SIGH+.
HERE. THIS MIGHT HELP.
OOH, THERE IT IS!


THIS'LL BE A PIECE OF CAKE, GANG!
OUT OF SERVICE
EXIT



WELL, THIS IS IT, RIGHT?
MY LAST SHOT AT THE *BIG TIME*. ALL THE *PREPARATION*, ALL THE *SCHEMING*-- IT'S ALL BEEN BUILDING TO THIS.
EITHER WE SCORE HERE--
OR WE MIGHT AS WELL HANG UP THE TIGHTS RIGHT NOW.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? CRAZY THING IS--*I'M NOT WORRIED*.
THIS IS A GOOD CREW. WE *DESERVE* TO BE CALLED THE SINISTER SIX. *SCREW* MATH.
THIS TIME IS GONNA BE *DIFFERENT*.
THIS TIME WE HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.
GO ON! GET TO THE *HEAD! I'LL* HOLD 'EM OFF!

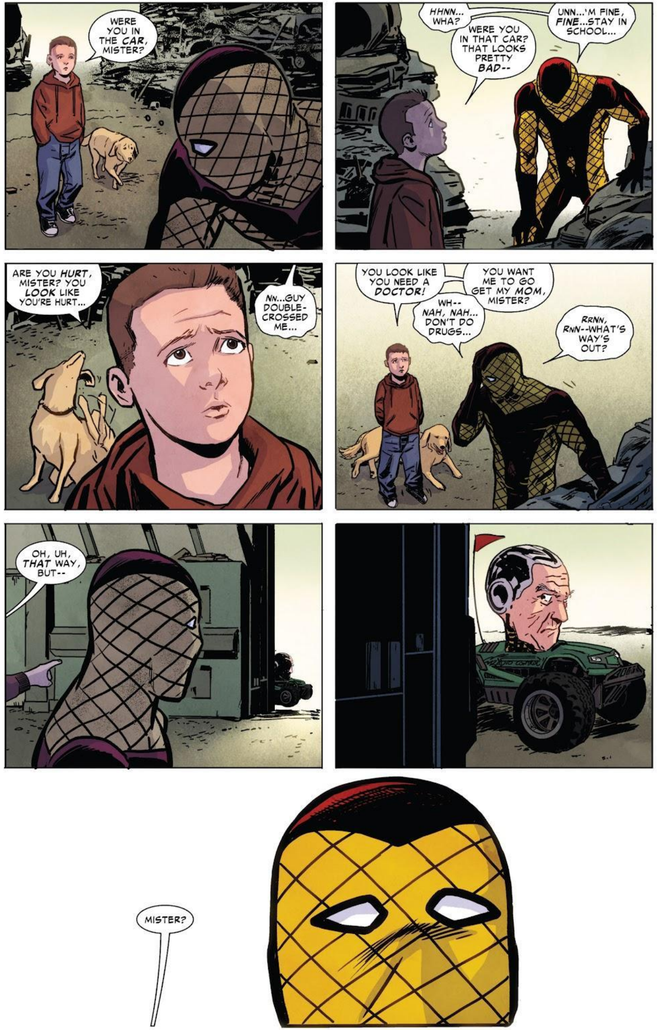


YEP, THIS IS *OUR* MOMENT--
AND I'M GONNA ENJOY EVERY *SECOND* OF IT. ALL *60* SECONDS OF OUR MOMENT.
I MEAN, *COME ON*--
I WORKED *PRETTY HARD* FOR THIS.
OH, HEY, *LOOK!* THE ELEVATOR WORKS AFTER ALL!
ding
PEW
PEW
PEW
BET THE GANG WOULD'VE LIKED TO HAVE *KNOWN* THAT--
BUT HEY, I'M SURE THEY'RE DOING *FINE*, REGARDLESS.
♪


THEY ARE PROFESSIONALS, AFTER ALL.
WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!
THEY DON'T SCARE EASY.
PEED.
THEY STAY FOCUSED--
GAAH! MOMMY!
AND KEEP THEIR EYES ON THE PRIZE. ICE-COLD CRIMINALS.
YES SIR, FOR MY CREW, NONE OF THIS IS A GAME. STRICTLY BUSINESS, PLAIN AND SIMPLE.
TARGET THE MESOSOMA!
WHAT PART'S THE MESOSOMA?!
WE HAVE A JOB TO DO, AND WE DAMN WELL DO IT.
HELL, I BET EVEN THE OWL DOESN'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.
BOOMERANG... YOU SON OF A--
NOW IT'S PERSONAL!
GET MY PRIUS READY, DUNCAN.


CALL OUR FRIEND IN DENVER--
LET HIM KNOW I HAVE A JOB FOR HIM--
THE KIND I SUSPECT HE'LL ENJOY.
LISTEN TO THAT. YOU CAN BARELY HEAR THE ENGINE.
LOVE THE PRIUS.
AND JUST LIKE THAT, WE'VE REACHED OUR FINAL DESTINATION. IN THIS ROOM, THE THING WE'VE (OKAY, THEY'VE) BEEN FIGHTING AND RISKING OUR (OKAY, THEIR) LIVES FOR THIS WHOLE TIME--
THE MOST VALUABLE AND SOUGHT AFTER PIECE OF ART ON THIS EARTH--
"THE TRUE FACE OF VICTOR VON DOOM."
SORRY, WHAT? THE HEAD OF SILVERMANE?
OH, COME ON--
UNITED STATES TREASURY


DID YOU SERIOUSLY THINK THAT WAS A REAL THING?
LADY SAID JUST DROP IT OVER HERE.
ANYTHING WORTH LIFTIN'?
YOU KIDDIN'? LOOK AT THIS THING. WHOEVER TORCHED IT, THEY DID A DAMN THOROUGH JOB.
VATE PERTY SPASSING
AIN'T NUTHIN IN THERE WORTH DIGGIN' FOR.
thud
thud
THUD
PCHUNCK
YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?


WERE YOU IN THE CAR, MISTER?
HHNN... WHA?
WERE YOU IN THAT CAR? THAT LOOKS PRETTY BAD--
UNN...'M FINE, FINE...STAY IN SCHOOL...
ARE YOU HURT, MISTER? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE HURT...
NN...GUY DOUBLE-CROSSED ME...
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A DOCTOR!
YOU WANT ME TO GO GET MY MOM, MISTER?
WH-- NAH, NAH... DON'T DO DRUGS...
RRNN, RNN--WHAT'S WAY'S OUT?
OH, UH, THAT WAY, BUT--
MISTER?



FOE-NING IT IN...

TOM BRENNAN EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER SENIOR EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

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INSIDE: DAREDEVIL GOES TO MIAMI – MISTY KNIGHT FINDS HIM THERE! VENOM LEAVES PHILADELPHIA... BUT FOR WHERE? AND LASTLY, IS MARVEL NOW WHAT FUNNIER THAN THIS COMIC? NO. NO IT'S NOT.

TRAPPED LIKE RATS!



Boomerang led his new five-person Sinister Six to attack the headquarters of crime boss the Owl and steal the head of Silvermane — only to leave them to be captured by the Owl's forces and steal his true trophy — a portrait of Victor von Doom with his mask off. What a jerk, right?



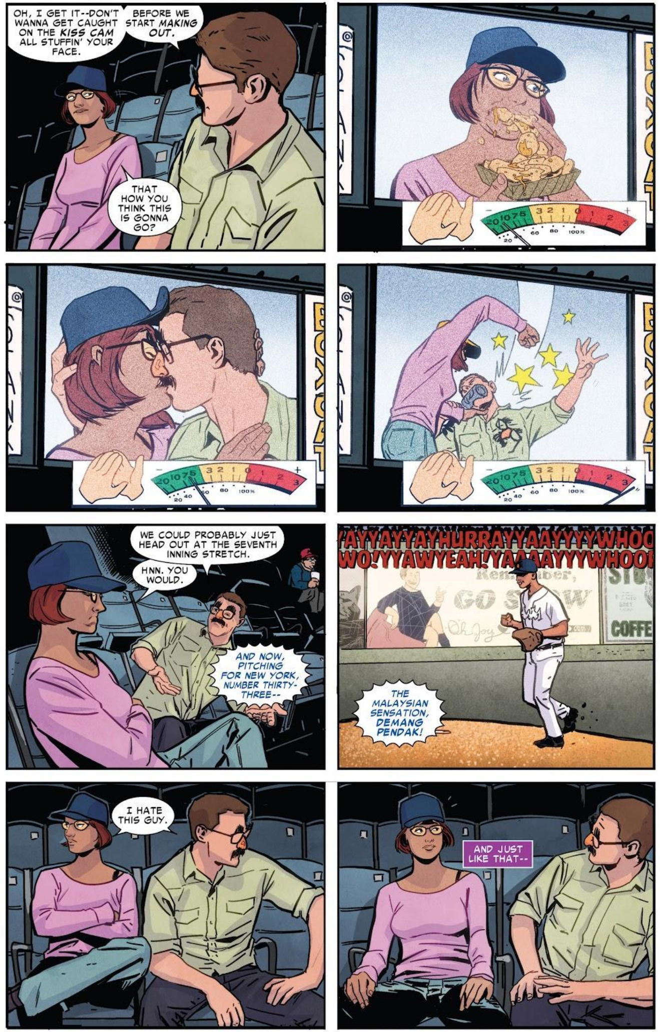
DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS!

Spidey villain the Shocker, thought dead, resurfaced at a local junkyard — with a valuable body part of a mob boss in hand.

NICK SPENCER & STEVE LIEBER — STORYTELLERS
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ART
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA — LETTERER

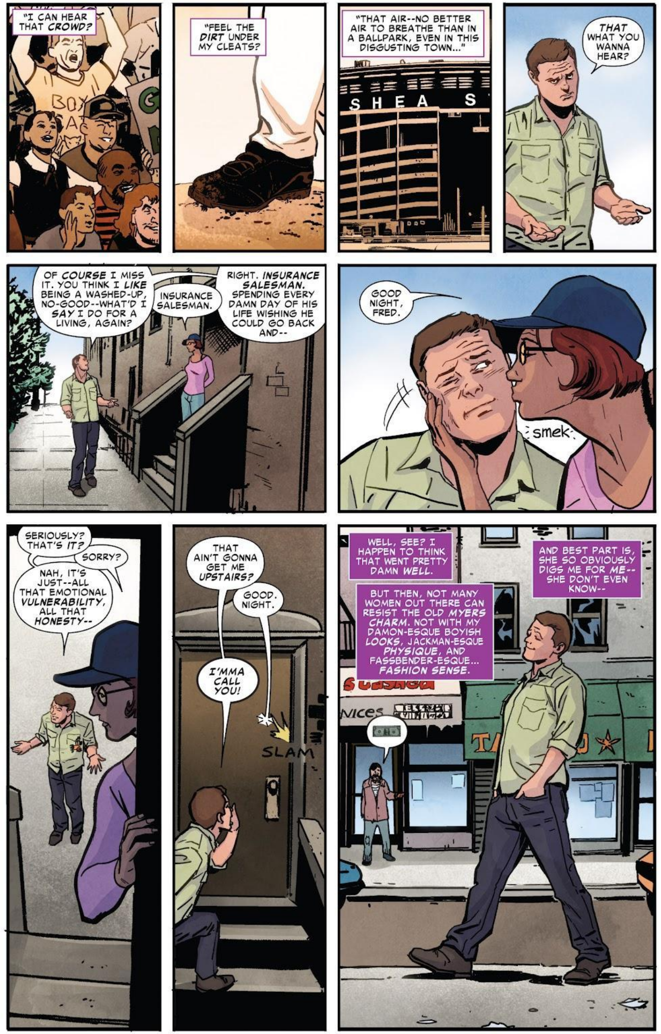
STEVE LIEBER & RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COVER ART
TOM BRENNAN — EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER — NOT RESPONSIBLE
AXEL ALONSO — EDITOR IN CHIEF
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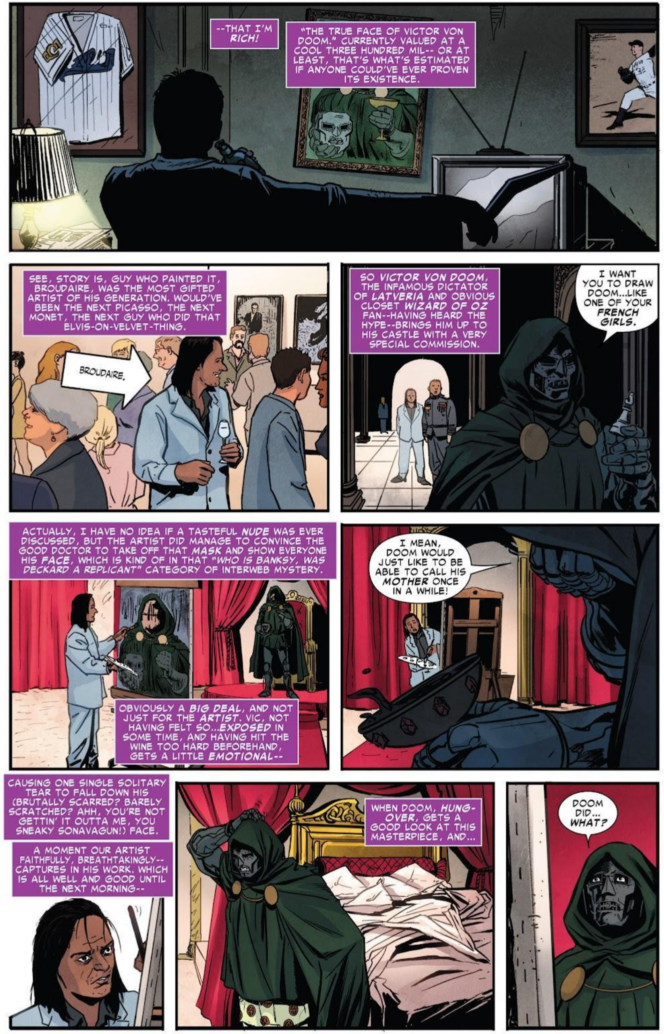



OH, I GET IT--DON'T WANNA GET CAUGHT ON THE KISS CAM ALL STUFFIN' YOUR FACE.
BEFORE WE START MAKING OUT.
THAT HOW YOU THINK THIS IS GONNA GO?
WE COULD PROBABLY JUST HEAD OUT AT THE SEVENTH INNING STRETCH.
HNN. YOU WOULD.
AND NOW, PITCHING FOR NEW YORK, NUMBER THIRTY-THREE--
YAYYAYYAYHURRAYYAAYYYYWHOO
WO!YYAWYEAH!YAAAAYYYWHOO
THE MALAYSIAN SENSATION, DEMANG PENDAK!
I HATE THIS GUY.
AND JUST LIKE THAT--

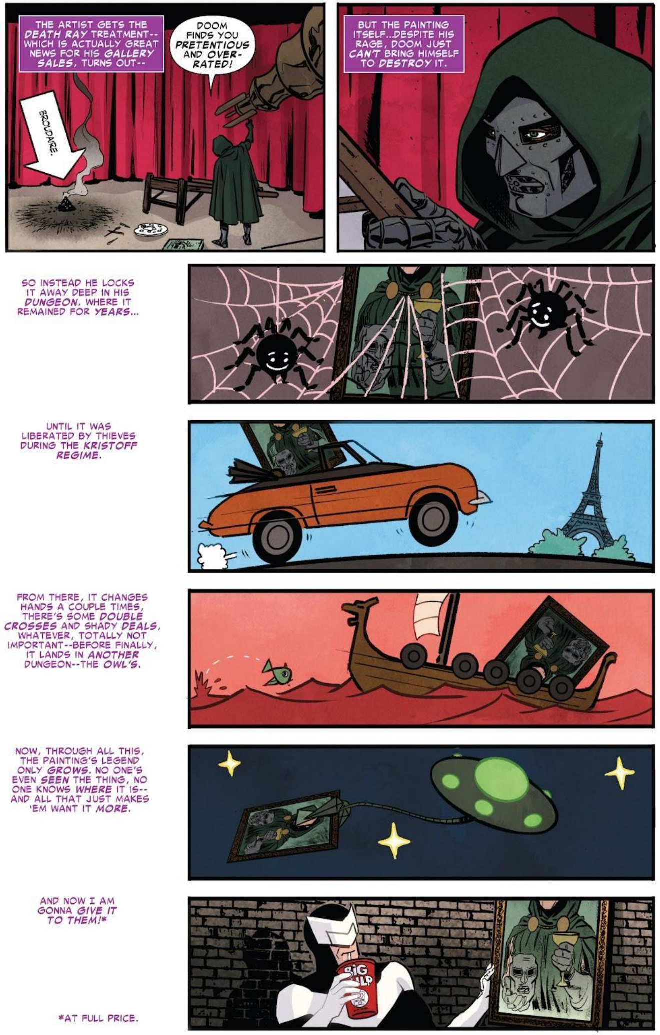

I'M IN LOVE.


PENDAK--GOD, THAT GUY IS THE WORST. HE'S GONNA BREAK MY RECORD, YOU KNOW.
HE'S ON COKE?
NOT THAT RECORD--THE FASTEST TO TWO HUNDRED STRIKEOUTS.
PRETTY SURE THEY STRUCK THAT ONE FROM THE BOOKS.
BUT NOT FROM OUR HEARTS! THE PEOPLE STILL KNOW.
THE PEOPLE STILL BURN YOUR ROOKIE CARD.
ALL RIGHT, FINE, FINE--I STILL KNOW.
YOU EVER MISS IT?
MISS WHAT?
C'MON.
WHAT, BASEBALL? YOU KIDDING ME? HELL, NO.
GOOD NIGHT, FRED.
AW, C'MON--
NIGHT.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY, HUH?
THAT I MISS IT ALL THE DAMN TIME? THAT IF I CLOSE MY EYES REAL TIGHT--

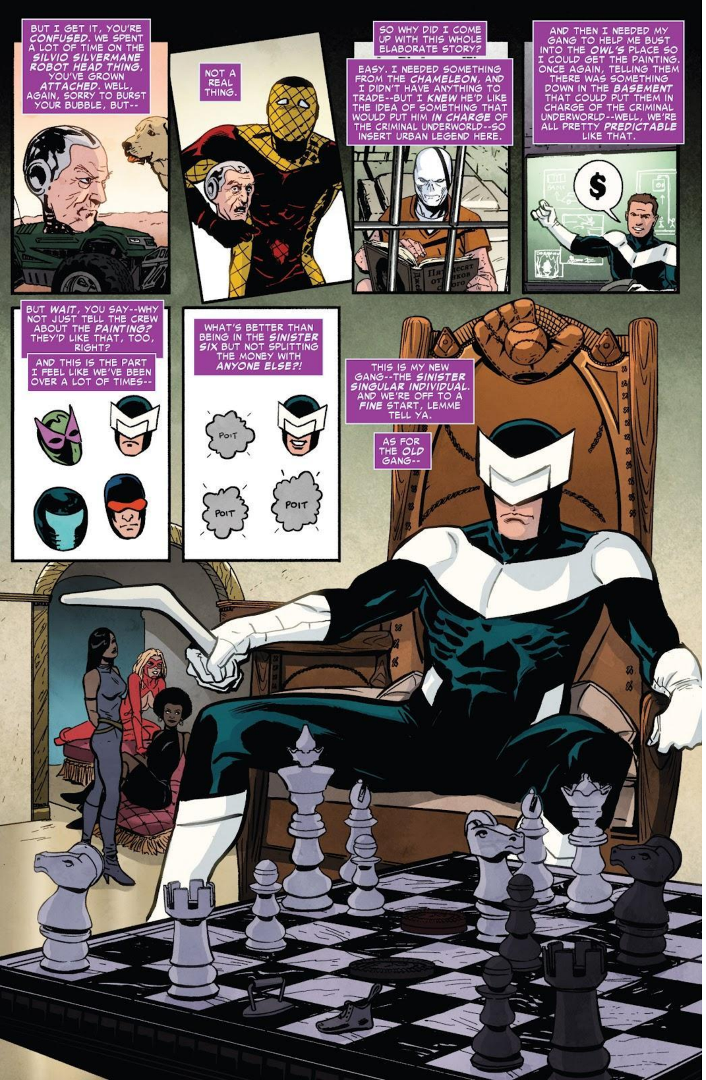

"I CAN HEAR THAT CROWD?
"FEEL THE DIRT UNDER MY CLEATS?
"THAT AIR--NO BETTER AIR TO BREATHE THAN IN A BALLPARK, EVEN IN THIS DISGUSTING TOWN..."
THAT WHAT YOU WANNA HEAR?
OF COURSE I MISS IT. YOU THINK I LIKE BEING A WASHED-UP, NO-GOOD--WHAT'D I SAY I DO FOR A LIVING, AGAIN?
INSURANCE SALESMAN.
RIGHT. INSURANCE SALESMAN. SPENDING EVERY DAMN DAY OF HIS LIFE WISHING HE COULD GO BACK AND--
GOOD NIGHT, FRED.
smek
SERIOUSLY? THAT'S IT?
SORRY?
NAH, IT'S JUST--ALL THAT EMOTIONAL VULNERABILITY, ALL THAT HONESTY--
THAT AIN'T GONNA GET ME UPSTAIRS?
GOOD. NIGHT.
I'MMA CALL YOU!
SLAM
WELL, SEE? I HAPPEN TO THINK THAT WENT PRETTY DAMN WELL.
BUT THEN, NOT MANY WOMEN OUT THERE CAN RESIST THE OLD MYERS CHARM. NOT WITH MY DAMON-ESQUE BOYISH LOOKS, JACKMAN-ESQUE PHYSIQUE, AND FASSBENDER-ESQUE... FASHION SENSE.
AND BEST PART IS, SHE SO OBVIOUSLY DIGS ME FOR ME--SHE DON'T EVEN KNOW--

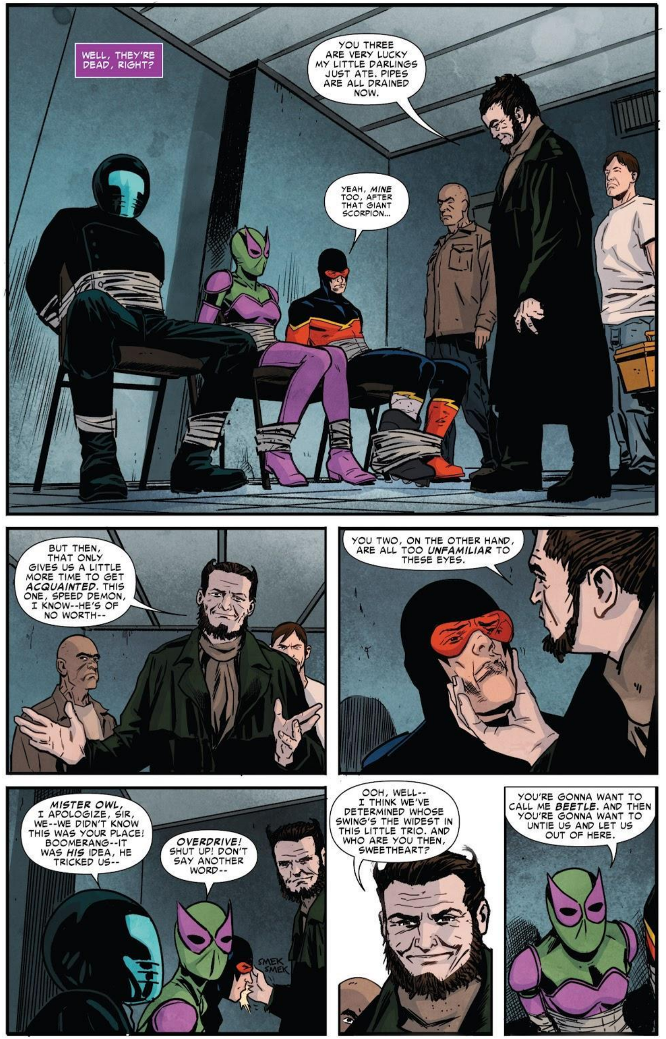


--THAT I'M RICH!
"THE TRUE FACE OF VICTOR VON DOOM." CURRENTLY VALUED AT A COOL THREE HUNDRED MIL-- OR AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT'S ESTIMATED IF ANYONE COULD'VE EVER PROVEN ITS EXISTENCE.
SEE, STORY IS, GUY WHO PAINTED IT, BROUDAIRE, WAS THE MOST GIFTED ARTIST OF HIS GENERATION. WOULD'VE BEEN THE NEXT PICASSO, THE NEXT MONET, THE NEXT GUY WHO DID THAT ELVIS-ON-VELVET-THING.
BROUDAIRE.
SO VICTOR VON DOOM, THE INFAMOUS DICTATOR OF LATVERIA AND OBVIOUS CLOSET WIZARD OF OZ FAN--HAVING HEARD THE HYPE--BRINGS HIM UP TO HIS CASTLE WITH A VERY SPECIAL COMMISSION.
I WANT YOU TO DRAW DOOM...LIKE ONE OF YOUR FRENCH GIRLS.
ACTUALLY, I HAVE NO IDEA IF A TASTEFUL NUDE WAS EVER DISCUSSED, BUT THE ARTIST DID MANAGE TO CONVINCE THE GOOD DOCTOR TO TAKE OFF THAT MASK AND SHOW EVERYONE HIS FACE, WHICH IS KIND OF IN THAT "WHO IS BANKSY, WAS DECKARD A REPLICANT" CATEGORY OF INTERWEB MYSTERY.
OBVIOUSLY A BIG DEAL, AND NOT JUST FOR THE ARTIST. VIC, NOT HAVING FELT SO...EXPOSED IN SOME TIME, AND HAVING HIT THE WINE TOO HARD BEFOREHAND, GETS A LITTLE EMOTIONAL--
I MEAN, DOOM WOULD JUST LIKE TO BE ABLE TO CALL HIS MOTHER ONCE IN A WHILE!
CAUSING ONE SINGLE SOLITARY TEAR TO FALL DOWN HIS (BRUTALLY SCARRED? BARELY SCRATCHED? AHH, YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' IT OUTTA ME, YOU SNEAKY SONAVAGUN!) FACE.
A MOMENT OUR ARTIST FAITHFULLY, BREATHTAKINGLY-- CAPTURES IN HIS WORK. WHICH IS ALL WELL AND GOOD UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING--
WHEN DOOM, HUNG-OVER, GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THIS MASTERPIECE, AND...
DOOM DID... WHAT?



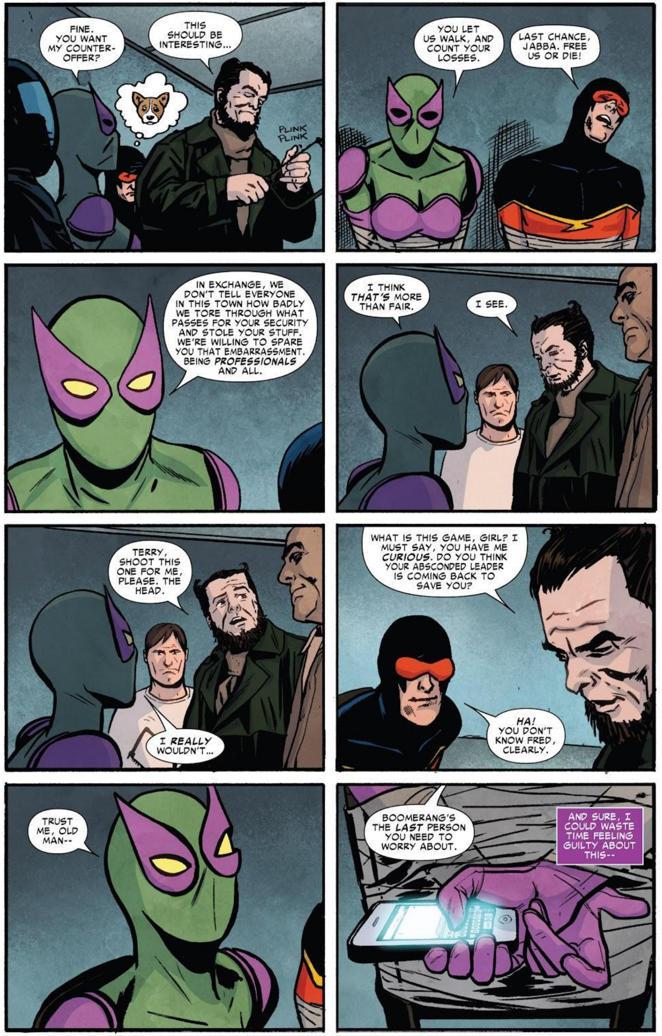
THE ARTIST GETS THE DEATH RAY TREATMENT-- WHICH IS ACTUALLY GREAT NEWS FOR HIS GALLERY SALES, TURNS OUT--
DOOM FINDS YOU PRETENTIOUS AND OVER-RATED!
BROUDAIRE.
BUT THE PAINTING ITSELF...DESPITE HIS RAGE, DOOM JUST CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO DESTROY IT.
SO INSTEAD HE LOCKS IT AWAY DEEP IN HIS DUNGEON, WHERE IT REMAINED FOR YEARS...
UNTIL IT WAS LIBERATED BY THIEVES DURING THE KRISTOFF REGIME.
FROM THERE, IT CHANGES HANDS A COUPLE TIMES, THERE'S SOME DOUBLE CROSSES AND SHADY DEALS, WHATEVER, TOTALLY NOT IMPORTANT--BEFORE FINALLY, IT LANDS IN ANOTHER DUNGEON--THE OWL'S.
NOW, THROUGH ALL THIS, THE PAINTING'S LEGEND ONLY GROWS. NO ONE'S EVEN SEEN THE THING, NO ONE KNOWS WHERE IT IS-- AND ALL THAT JUST MAKES 'EM WANT IT MORE.
AND NOW I AM GONNA GIVE IT TO THEM!*
BIG SLP
*AT FULL PRICE.


BUT I GET IT, YOU'RE *CONFUSED*. WE SPENT A LOT OF TIME ON THE *SILVIO SILVERMANE ROBOT HEAD THING*. YOU'VE GROWN *ATTACHED*. WELL, AGAIN, SORRY TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, BUT--
NOT A REAL THING.
SO WHY DID I COME UP WITH THIS WHOLE ELABORATE STORY?
EASY. I NEEDED SOMETHING FROM THE *CHAMELEON*, AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO TRADE--BUT I *KNEW* HE'D LIKE THE IDEA OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD PUT HIM *IN CHARGE* OF THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD--SO INSERT URBAN LEGEND HERE.
AND THEN I NEEDED MY GANG TO HELP ME BUST INTO THE *OWL'S* PLACE SO I COULD GET THE PAINTING. ONCE AGAIN, TELLING THEM THERE WAS SOMETHING DOWN IN THE *BASEMENT* THAT COULD PUT THEM IN CHARGE OF THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD--WELL, WE'RE ALL PRETTY *PREDICTABLE* LIKE THAT.
$
BUT *WAIT*, YOU SAY--WHY NOT JUST TELL THE CREW ABOUT THE *PAINTING?* THEY'D LIKE THAT, TOO, RIGHT?
AND THIS IS THE PART I FEEL LIKE WE'VE BEEN OVER A LOT OF TIMES--
WHAT'S BETTER THAN BEING IN THE *SINISTER SIX* BUT NOT SPLITTING THE MONEY WITH *ANYONE ELSE?!*
POIT
POIT
POIT
POIT
THIS IS MY NEW GANG--THE *SINISTER SINGULAR INDIVIDUAL*. AND WE'RE OFF TO A *FINE* START, LEMME TELL YA.
AS FOR THE *OLD* GANG--


WELL, THEY'RE DEAD, RIGHT?
YOU THREE ARE VERY LUCKY MY LITTLE DARLINGS JUST ATE. PIPES ARE ALL DRAINED NOW.
YEAH, *MINE* TOO, AFTER THAT GIANT SCORPION...
BUT THEN, THAT ONLY GIVES US A LITTLE MORE TIME TO GET *ACQUAINTED*. THIS ONE, SPEED DEMON, I KNOW--HE'S OF NO WORTH--
YOU TWO, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE ALL TOO *UNFAMILIAR* TO THESE EYES.
MISTER OWL, I APOLOGIZE, SIR, WE--WE DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR PLACE! BOOMERANG--IT WAS *HIS* IDEA, HE TRICKED US--
OVERDRIVE! SHUT UP! DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD--
SMEK SMEK
OOH, WELL-- I THINK WE'VE DETERMINED WHOSE SWING'S THE WIDEST IN THIS LITTLE TRIO. AND WHO ARE YOU THEN, SWEETHEART?
YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO CALL ME *BEETLE*. AND THEN YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO UNTIE US AND LET US OUT OF HERE.



HA! MY, MY, YOU TAKE NO GUFF, DO YOU, GIRL? THAT'S ADMIRABLE. YOUR CHOICE OF BATTLE LEAVES SOMETHING TO BE *DESIRED*, HOWEVER. I'M AFRAID THERE'S A TERRIBLE PRICE TO BE PAID FOR TAKING WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY *MINE*.
SORRY?
YOU'VE VENTURED ONTO THE OWL'S SOIL, ATTACKED HIS MEN, AND LIBERATED HIS POSSESSIONS. THEN ALL BUT ONE OF YOU MADE THE FOOLISH ERROR OF GETTING CAUGHT ON YOUR WAY OUT THE BACK DOOR.
YOU HEAR THAT? HE GOT IT.
AND WE'RE VERY SORRY ABOUT THAT!
I'M AFRAID WE'RE BEYOND APOLOGIES NOW, CHILDREN, AND ON TO THE INK THAT'S DRIED. HOWEVER, I AM A BUSINESSMAN, AND NOT AN *UNREASONABLE* ONE.
SO I DO HAVE AN OFFER FOR YOU--I'M WILLING TO LOOK PAST YOUR FLAGRANT ASSAULT, YOUR INEXCUSABLE TRESPASS, IN EXCHANGE FOR SIMPLE *INFORMATION*.
YOUR CURRENT ASSOCIATE, MY FORMER--*BOOMERANG*--HE HAS WHAT'S NOT YOURS. IF ONE OF YOU WERE TO TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO *LOCATE* HIM--
WELL, THAT ONE OF YOU MIGHT LIVE PAST THE NIGHT. SANS *LEGS*, OF COURSE, BUT STILL LIVING.
I THINK THAT'S MORE THAN FAIR.
I AGREE!

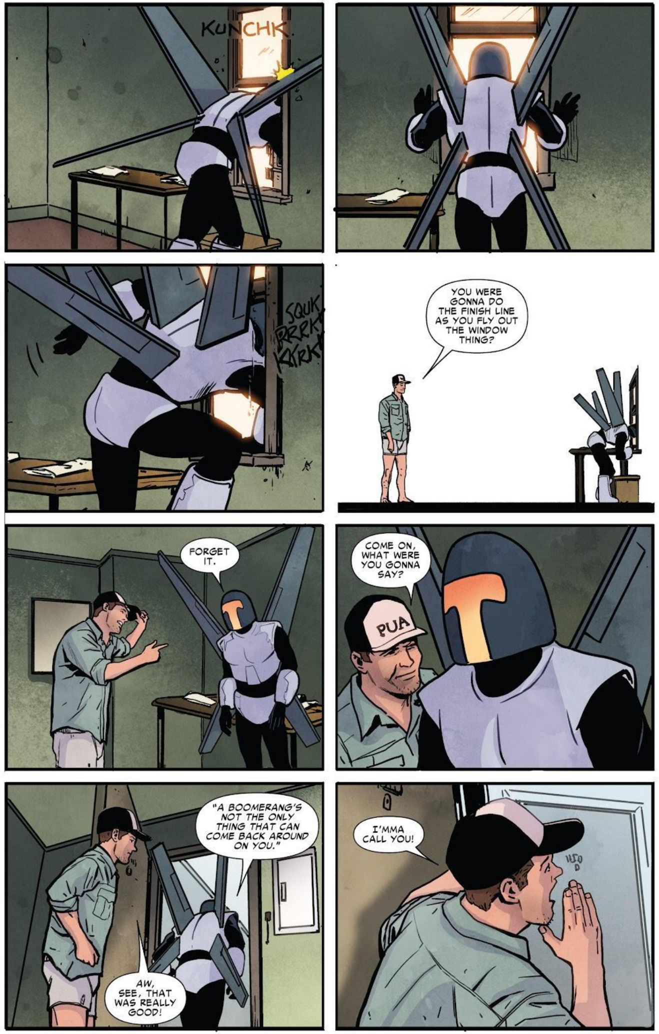


FINE. YOU WANT MY COUNTER-OFFER?
THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING...
PLINK PLINK
YOU LET US WALK, AND COUNT YOUR LOSSES.
LAST CHANCE, JABBA. FREE US OR DIE!
IN EXCHANGE, WE DON'T TELL EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN HOW BADLY WE TORE THROUGH WHAT PASSES FOR YOUR SECURITY AND STOLE YOUR STUFF. WE'RE WILLING TO SPARE YOU THAT EMBARRASSMENT. BEING *PROFESSIONALS* AND ALL.
I THINK *THAT'S* MORE THAN FAIR.
I SEE.
TERRY, SHOOT THIS ONE FOR ME, PLEASE. THE HEAD.
I *REALLY* WOULDN'T...
WHAT IS THIS GAME, GIRL? I MUST SAY, YOU HAVE ME *CURIOUS*. DO YOU THINK YOUR ABSCONDED LEADER IS COMING BACK TO SAVE YOU?
HA! YOU DON'T KNOW FRED, CLEARLY.
TRUST ME, OLD MAN--
BOOMERANG'S THE *LAST* PERSON YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT.
AND SURE, I COULD WASTE TIME FEELING GUILTY ABOUT THIS--

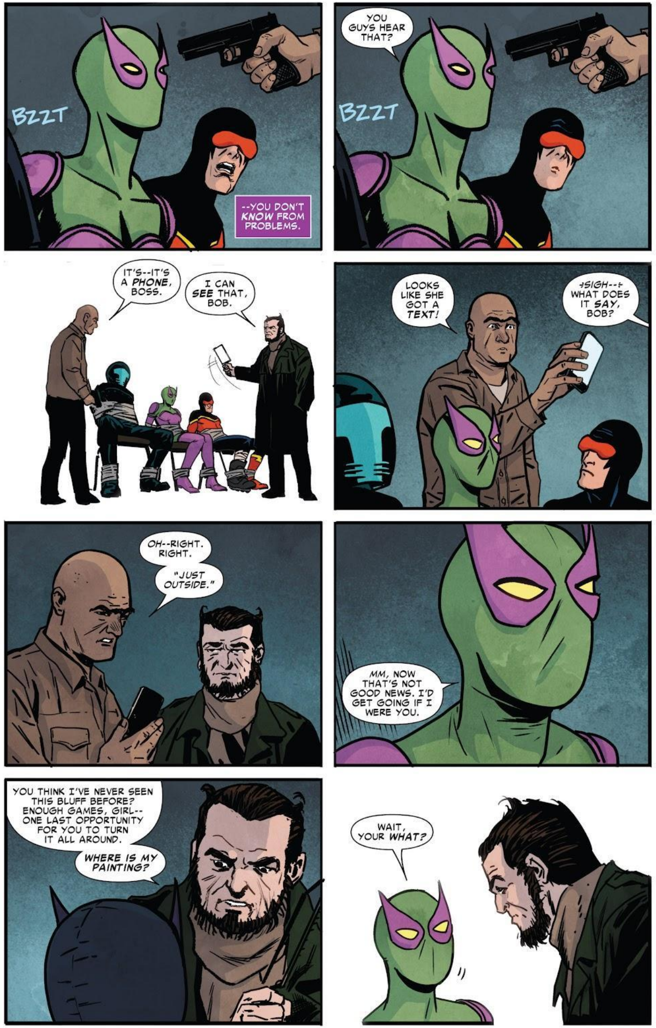

BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T GOT PROBLEMS OF MY OWN.
BANG BANG BANG
BANG BANG BANG
UHHH... NOBODY'S HOME!
MINE.
MULTIPLEX LOOT
OPEN UP, FRED!
SORRY, WE'RE UH...WE'RE ALREADY UP TO OUR EARS IN COOKIES AND RELIGIOUS TRACTS IN HERE, THANKS!
MINE
NOW, FRED!
FRED LIVES NEXT DOOR! HE'S A MODEL NEIGHBOR!
LAST WARNING, AND THEN THE DOOR COMES DOWN!
YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME LOSE MY DEPOSIT?


YOU DIDN'T REPORT IN.
HUH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING THE SOFT SELL, "SEMI-RETIRED MANAGER OF A SURF SHOP VIBE" ON THIS THING.
MM, YOU'RE RIGHT, I WAS. I WANTED TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOU COULD BE TRUSTED HERE--
BUT THEN I GOT A CALL FROM A BUDDY AT THE NYPD.
MAHONEY?
AND HE SAID JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY PICKED UP YOUR FORMER SINISTER SIX CRONIES--CRONIES YOU SOLD OUT TO ME--THEY GOT BUSTED OUT OF THEIR HOLDING VAN--
BY A GUY WIELDING EXPLOSIVE BOOMERANGS.
OH MY GOD... YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?
THERE'S A NEW BOOMERANG OUT THERE!
FRED...
I MEAN, I CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED...THE LEGACY, THE REPUTATION IN THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD THAT IDENTITY COMES WITH...
THERE'S PROBABLY MORE THAN ONE EVEN--ONE'S A CYBORG, ANOTHER'S A TEENAGER, MAYBE A BLACK GUY...
‹SIGH--›


WELL, DON'T WORRY, ABNER... I'M GONNA HELP YOU FIND HIM. NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO CATCH A GUY WITH A BOOMERANG ON HIS FACE LIKE ANOTHER GUY WITH A BOOMERANG ON HIS FACE. I'M THE HANNIBAL LECTER OF THAT @#$!.
ONE PLACE I CAN TELL YOU FOR SURE HE'D NEVER BE IS HERE.
SO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS?
PUA
ME? WHAT?! YOU WERE WITH ME THE WHOLE TIME!
NO, I WASN'T.
IN MY HEART! YOU WERE WITH ME IN MY HEART!
ABNER, I'M ON THE PROGRAM! GOING CLEAN! I CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT A BOOMERANG, I'M STRICTLY A FRISBEE GUY THESE DAYS!
I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, FRED, BUT--
WHAT?
IS THERE A REASON YOU HAVE A POSTER FOR "THE UGLY TRUTH" STARRING KATHERINE HEIGL ON YOUR WALL?
Katherine HEIGL
Gerard BUTLER
I JUST-- I FIND HER DELIGHTFUL.
YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS--
A GUY'S NOT ALLOWED TO ENJOY A SOLID ROMANTIC COMEDY NOW?
JOKE ALL YOU WANT, BUT WE'RE THROUGH WITH THE NICE GUY APPROACH. I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, AND WHEN I DO, YOU'LL LEARN--


KUNCHK
SQUK
YOU WERE GONNA DO THE FINISH LINE AS YOU FLY OUT THE WINDOW THING?
FORGET IT.
COME ON, WHAT WERE YOU GONNA SAY?
PUA
"A BOOMERANG'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT CAN COME BACK AROUND ON YOU."
AW, SEE, THAT WAS REALLY GOOD!
I'MMA CALL YOU!


NOW, BASED ON THIS, YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING I'M GETTING OFF LIGHT HERE.
FOOMPF!
KNOCK KNOCK
WHAT HAPPENED, AB?
YOU THINK OF ANOTHER ONE? 'CAUSE I CAN PUT DOWN THE BLINDS--
YOU'D BE WRONG.
HELLO, MISTER MYERS.
TIME TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS.
SEE?


BZZT
--YOU DON'T *KNOW* FROM PROBLEMS.
YOU GUYS HEAR THAT?
BZZT
IT'S--IT'S A *PHONE*, BOSS.
I CAN *SEE* THAT, BOB.
LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT A *TEXT!*
-SIGH-- WHAT DOES IT *SAY*, BOB?
OH--RIGHT. RIGHT.
"JUST OUTSIDE."
MM, NOW THAT'S NOT GOOD NEWS. I'D GET GOING IF I WERE YOU.
YOU THINK I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BLUFF BEFORE? ENOUGH GAMES, GIRL-- ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO TURN IT ALL AROUND.
WHERE IS MY PAINTING?
WAIT, YOUR *WHAT?*


BOOOOMM!!
BLAM
BLAM
GOT A TEXT FROM A REAL IMPORTANT NUMBER, TELLING ME TO GET DOWN HERE, LIFE AND DEATH STUFF. *I ANSWERED.* NOW--


WHO WANTS TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?!
HEY KIDS, IT'S TOMBSTONE!
I--I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN...
HI, DADDY.
SO YEAH--
JANICE?!
THIS GUY, RIGHT?


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
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ROSENBERG
007

FINAL ☆☆☆☆

DAILY BUGLE

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: S.H.I.E.L.D. ATTACKS THE JEAN GREY SCHOOL IN WESTCHESTER – WHY? RUMOR HAS IT THE SCHOOL'S HEADMASTER, LOGAN, IS "KILLABLE"; THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL IN HOUSTON EXPLODES – WAS A SPIDER-MAN ON THE SCENE?

BEETLEMANIA!

Little is known about the new Beetle – she first hopped on the scene in battle with Captain America and The Black Widow. After an inauspicious debut, she joined with Boomerang's new Sinister Six – but who is she? And how did she end up in a life of crime?





IT'S TOMBSTONE

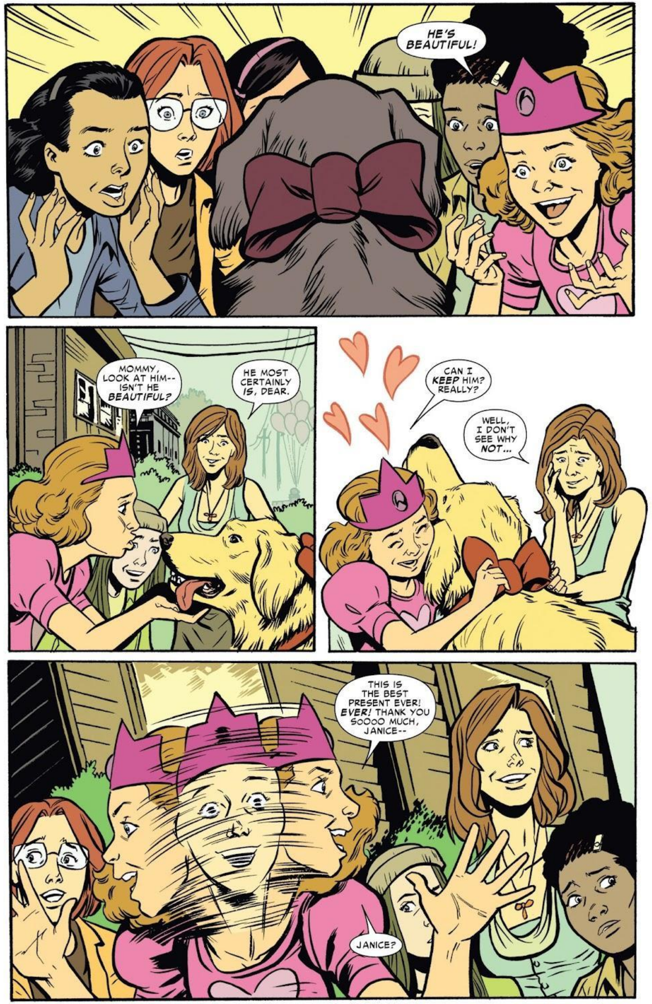
Super crime boss Tombstone is back on the scene – the seemingly unkillable, superstrong mobster was spotted at Owl's headquarters on "family matters."

NICK SPENCER WRITER · RICH ELLIS ARTIST · LEE LOUGHRIDGE COLOR ART · VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER · IN-HYUK LEE COVER ART

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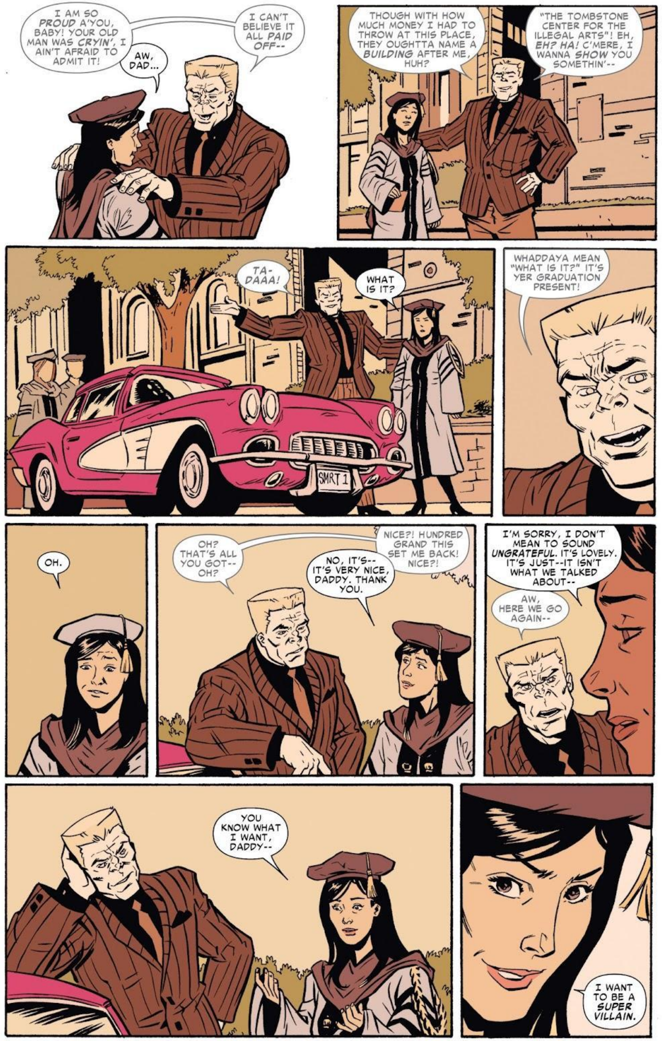


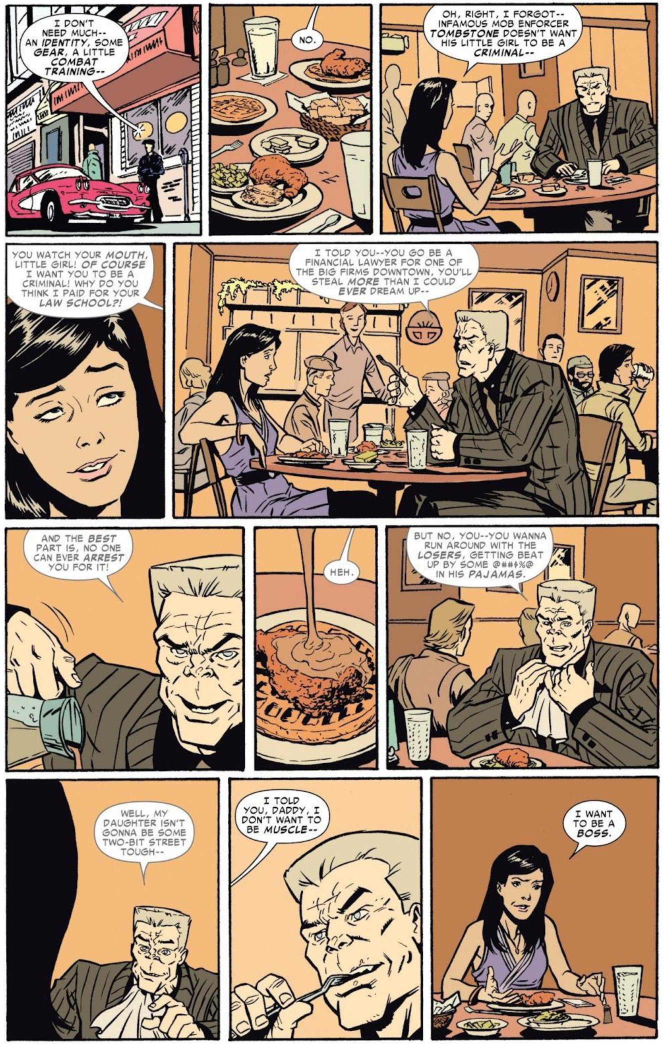

LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!
AYYEEEEEE!
ARF!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
IT'S A DOG! MOMMY, IT'S A DOG!
OH--OH MY. OH DEAR. IS IT--MALLORY, WAIT--

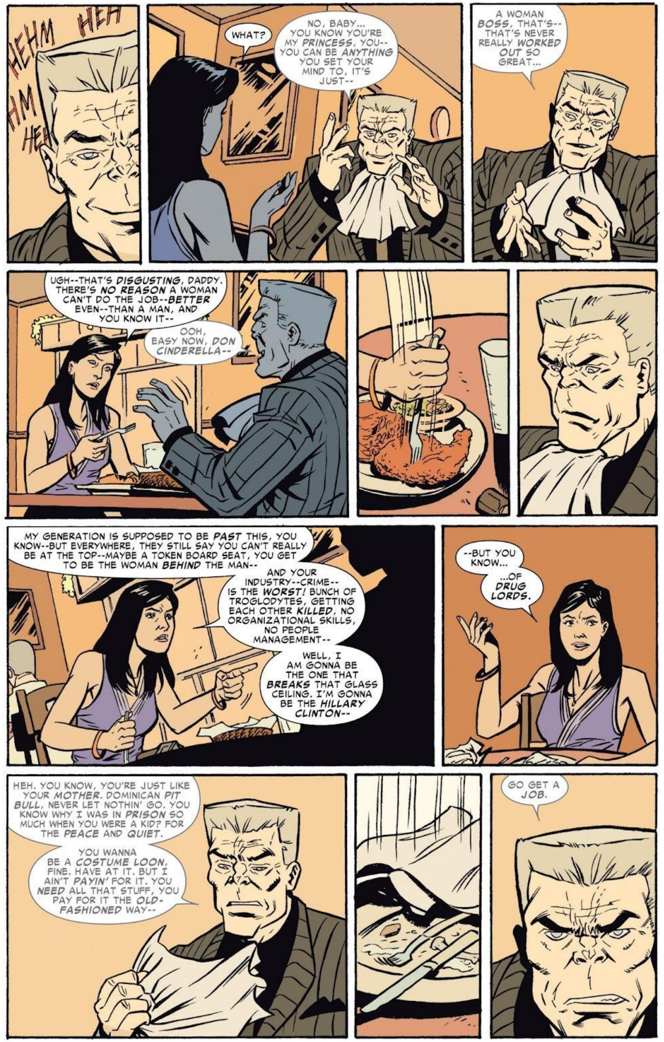

HE'S BEAUTIFUL!
MOMMY, LOOK AT HIM--ISN'T HE *BEAUTIFUL?*
HE MOST CERTAINLY *IS*, DEAR.
CAN I *KEEP* HIM? REALLY?
WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY *NOT*...
THIS IS THE BEST PRESENT EVER! *EVER!* THANK YOU SOOOO MUCH, JANICE--
JANICE?

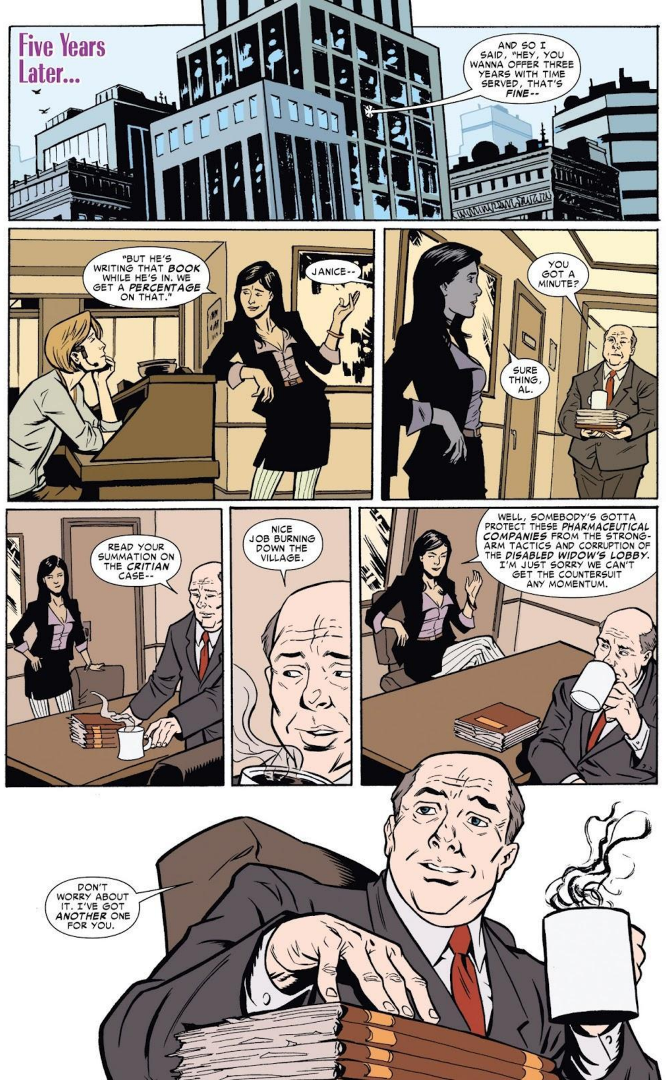

JANICE!
THANKS FOR THE CAKE, SUCKER!
BUT...BUT... BUT...
C'MERE!
HH-- THAT'S MY GIRL.
WHO'S THAT?! TOMBSTONE! THAT'S WHO!


Twenty Years Later...
AND ONE LAST ROUND OF APPLAUSE-- THIS YEAR'S COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS!
GREAT SPEECH, JANICE!
THANKS!
HEY, JANICE?
OH, PATRICIA-- CONGRATULATIONS!
MM, NO, CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU, JANICE. VALEDICTORIAN. I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU.
WELL, I THINK WE ALL KNOW IT WOULD'VE BEEN YOURS IF NOT FOR YOUR... ACCIDENT.
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
HM?
WHY DID YOU PAUSE BEFORE YOU SAID ACCIDENT?
OH, LOOK, THERE'S MY FATHER-- EXCUSE ME, PATRICIA--
!
THERE'S MY GIRL! C'MERE!
DADDY!
RIP

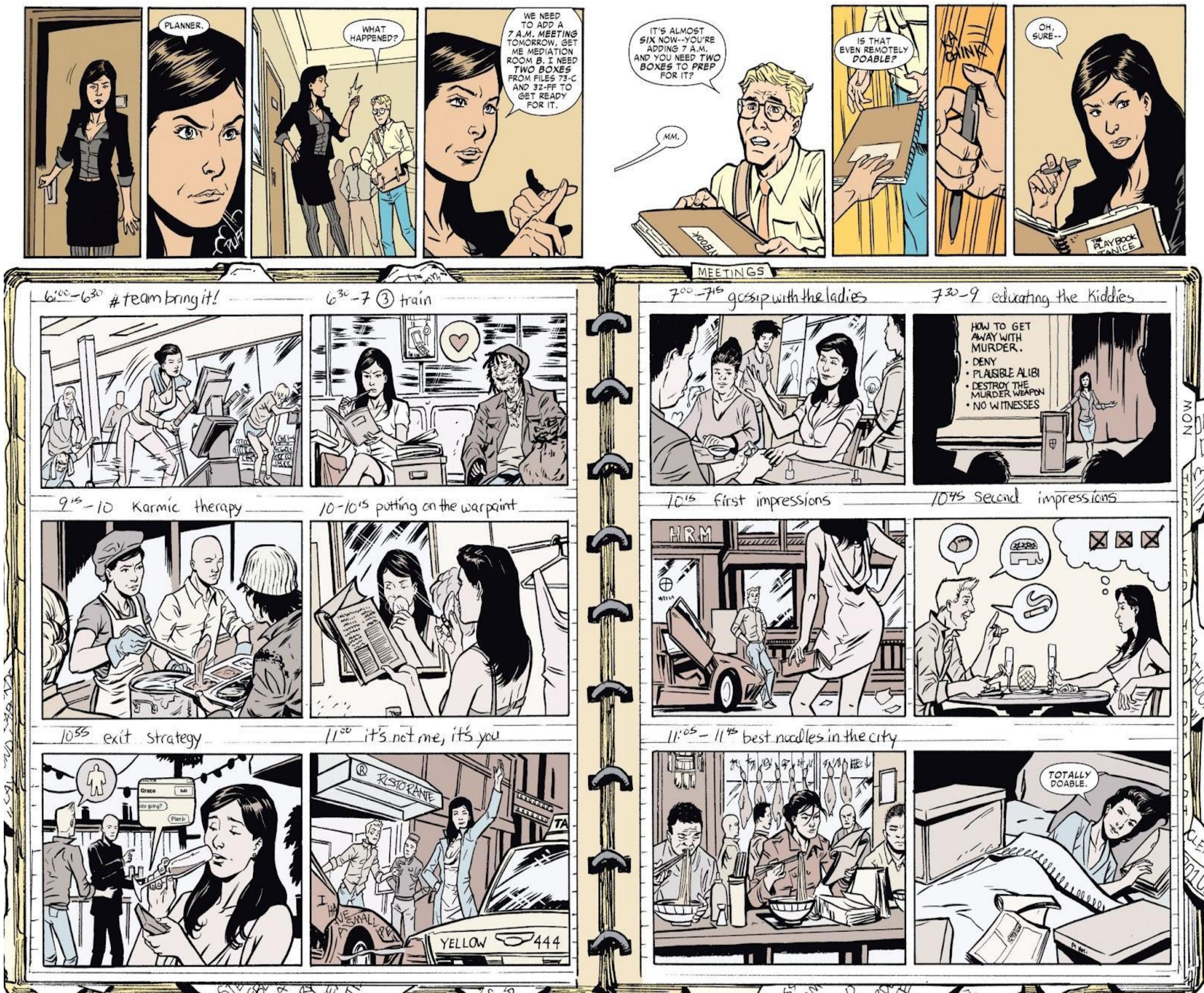

I AM SO *PROUD* A'YOU, BABY! YOUR OLD MAN WAS *CRYIN'*, I AIN'T AFRAID TO ADMIT IT!
AW, DAD...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT ALL *PAID OFF*--
THOUGH WITH HOW MUCH MONEY I HAD TO THROW AT THIS PLACE, THEY OUGHTTA NAME A *BUILDING* AFTER ME, HUH?
"THE TOMBSTONE CENTER FOR THE ILLEGAL ARTS"! EH, *EH? HA!* C'MERE, I WANNA *SHOW* YOU SOMETHIN'--
TA-DAAA!
WHAT IS IT?
SMRT 1
WHADDAYA MEAN "WHAT IS IT?" IT'S YER GRADUATION PRESENT!
OH.
OH? THAT'S ALL YOU GOT-- OH?
NO, IT'S-- IT'S VERY NICE, DADDY. THANK YOU.
NICE?! HUNDRED GRAND THIS SET ME BACK! NICE?!
I'M SORRY, I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND *UNGRATEFUL*. IT'S LOVELY. IT'S JUST--IT ISN'T WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT--
AW, HERE WE GO AGAIN--
YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT, DADDY--
I WANT TO BE A *SUPER VILLAIN.*


I DON'T NEED MUCH-- AN *IDENTITY*, SOME *GEAR*, A LITTLE *COMBAT TRAINING*--
NO.
OH, RIGHT, I FORGOT-- INFAMOUS MOB ENFORCER *TOMBSTONE* DOESN'T WANT HIS LITTLE GIRL TO BE A *CRIMINAL*--
YOU WATCH YOUR *MOUTH*, LITTLE GIRL! *OF COURSE* I WANT YOU TO BE A CRIMINAL! WHY DO YOU THINK I PAID FOR YOUR *LAW SCHOOL?!*
I TOLD YOU--YOU GO BE A FINANCIAL LAWYER FOR ONE OF THE BIG FIRMS DOWNTOWN, YOU'LL STEAL *MORE* THAN I COULD *EVER* DREAM UP--
AND THE *BEST* PART IS, NO ONE CAN EVER *ARREST* YOU FOR IT!
HEH.
BUT NO, YOU--YOU WANNA RUN AROUND WITH THE *LOSERS*, GETTING BEAT UP BY SOME @##$%@ IN HIS *PAJAMAS*.
WELL, MY DAUGHTER ISN'T GONNA BE SOME TWO-BIT STREET TOUGH--
I TOLD YOU, DADDY, I DON'T WANT TO BE *MUSCLE*--
I WANT TO BE A *BOSS*.


HEHM HEH HM HEH
WHAT?
NO, BABY... YOU KNOW YOU'RE MY PRINCESS, YOU--YOU CAN BE ANYTHING YOU SET YOUR MIND TO, IT'S JUST--
A WOMAN BOSS, THAT'S--THAT'S NEVER REALLY WORKED OUT SO GREAT...
UGH--THAT'S DISGUSTING, DADDY. THERE'S NO REASON A WOMAN CAN'T DO THE JOB--BETTER EVEN--THAN A MAN, AND YOU KNOW IT--
OOH, EASY NOW, DON CINDERELLA--
MY GENERATION IS SUPPOSED TO BE PAST THIS, YOU KNOW--BUT EVERYWHERE, THEY STILL SAY YOU CAN'T REALLY BE AT THE TOP--MAYBE A TOKEN BOARD SEAT, YOU GET TO BE THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MAN--
AND YOUR INDUSTRY--CRIME--IS THE WORST! BUNCH OF TROGLODYTES, GETTING EACH OTHER KILLED, NO ORGANIZATIONAL SKILLS, NO PEOPLE MANAGEMENT--
WELL, I AM GONNA BE THE ONE THAT BREAKS THAT GLASS CEILING. I'M GONNA BE THE HILLARY CLINTON--
--BUT YOU KNOW...
...OF DRUG LORDS.
HEH. YOU KNOW, YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER. DOMINICAN PIT BULL, NEVER LET NOTHIN' GO. YOU KNOW WHY I WAS IN PRISON SO MUCH WHEN YOU WERE A KID? FOR THE PEACE AND QUIET.
YOU WANNA BE A COSTUME LOON, FINE. HAVE AT IT. BUT I AIN'T PAYIN' FOR IT. YOU NEED ALL THAT STUFF, YOU PAY FOR IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY--
GO GET A JOB.


Five Years Later...
AND SO I SAID, "HEY, YOU WANNA OFFER THREE YEARS WITH TIME SERVED, THAT'S FINE--
"BUT HE'S WRITING THAT BOOK WHILE HE'S IN. WE GET A PERCENTAGE ON THAT."
JANICE--
YOU GOT A MINUTE?
SURE THING, AL.
READ YOUR SUMMATION ON THE CRITIAN CASE--
NICE JOB BURNING DOWN THE VILLAGE.
WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA PROTECT THESE PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANIES FROM THE STRONG-ARM TACTICS AND CORRUPTION OF THE DISABLED WIDOW'S LOBBY. I'M JUST SORRY WE CAN'T GET THE COUNTERSUIT ANY MOMENTUM.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU.


ONE OF OUR OLDEST AND MOST LUCRATIVE CLIENTS IS EXPERIENCING SOME DIFFICULTIES WITH A FINANCIAL TRANSACTION. WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO ACT AS A GO-BETWEEN.
SO GET A RUNNER TO DO IT, I'VE GOT A CASELOAD--
THIS IS A VERY SENSITIVE MATTER. WE'D LIKE TO KEEP IT CLOSE WITHIN THE FAMILY.
THIS CLIENT GOT SUMMONS OUT OR SOMETHING?
THE ISSUES ARE MORE OF A...POLITICAL NATURE.
LIKE, CARLOS DANGER POLITICAL OR SEASON THREE OF HOMELAND POLITICAL?
TAKE A LOOK.
PPP--
THIS IS-- THIS IS BARON ZEMO.
HELMUT ZEMO, SURE.
THE NAZI BARON ZEMO.
JANICE, COME ON--
THE NAZIS WERE A LONG TIME AGO.

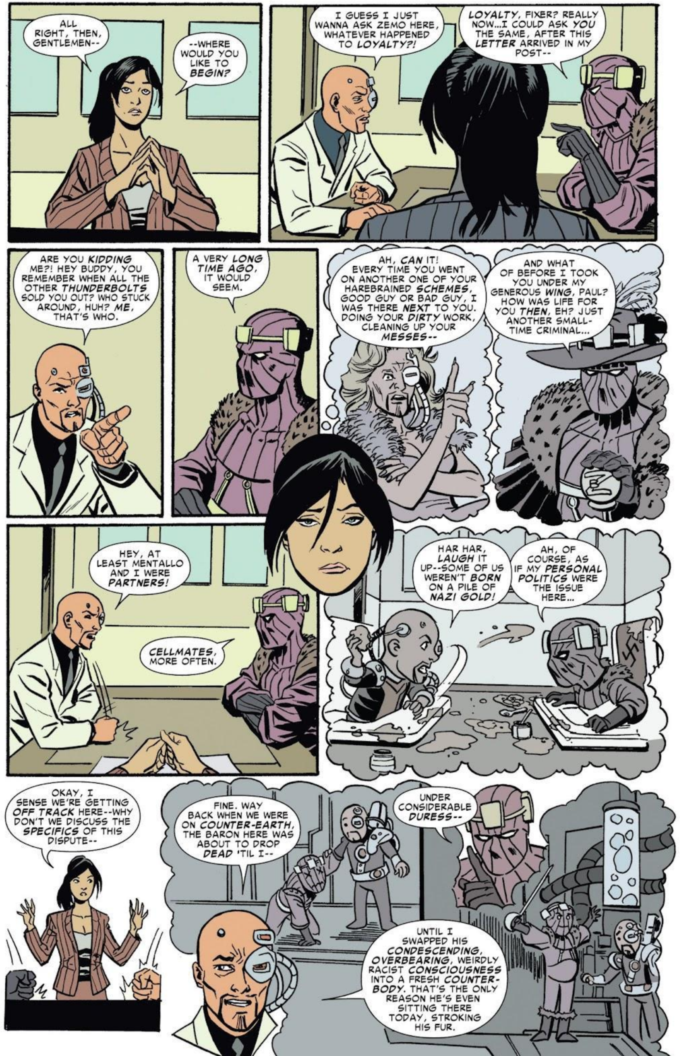

PLANNER.
WHAT HAPPENED?
WE NEED TO ADD A 7 A.M. MEETING TOMORROW. GET ME MEDIATION ROOM B. I NEED TWO BOXES FROM FILES 73-C AND 32-FF TO GET READY FOR IT.
IT'S ALMOST SIX NOW--YOU'RE ADDING 7 A.M. AND YOU NEED TWO BOXES TO PREP FOR IT?
MM.
IS THAT EVEN REMOTELY DOABLE?
KA CHINK
OH, SURE--
THE PLAYBOOK JANICE
MEETINGS
6:00-6:30 #team bring it!
6:30-7 ③ train
7:00-7:15 gossip with the ladies
7:30-9 educating the Kiddies
HOW TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER.
• DENY
• PLAUSIBLE ALIBI
• DESTROY THE MURDER WEAPON
• NO WITNESSES
9:15-10 Karmic therapy
10-10:15 putting on the warpaint
10:15 first impressions
10:45 second impressions
HRM
10:55 exit strategy
11:00 it's not me, it's you
RISTORANTE
YELLOW 444
11:05-11:45 best noodles in the city
TOTALLY DOABLE.
MON

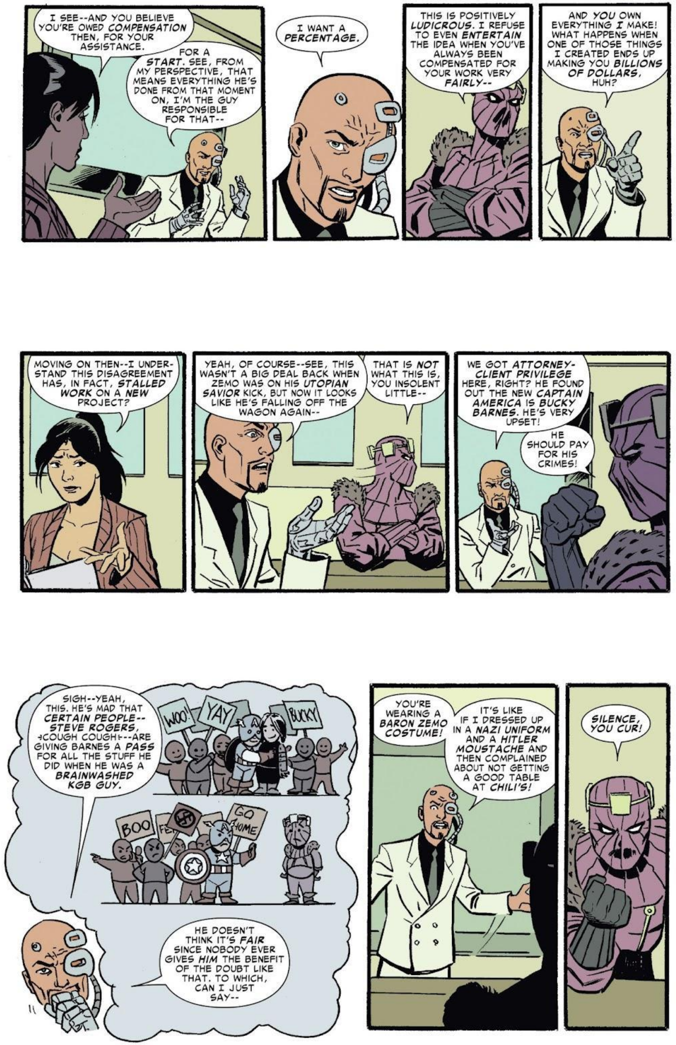


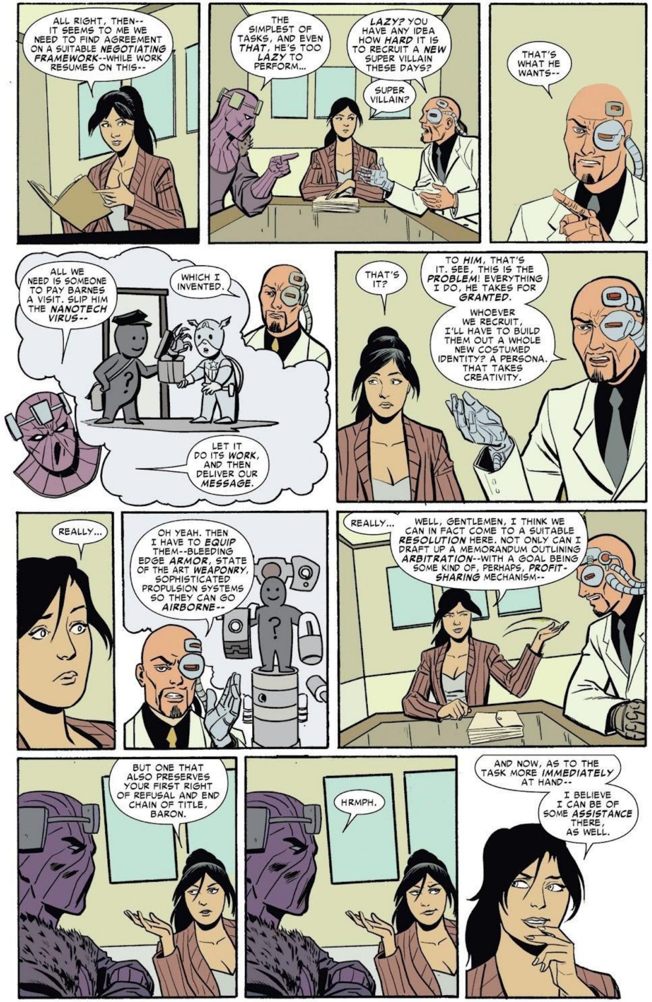
SO YOU FEEL READY FOR THIS?
CAKEWALK.
JANICE! JANICE!
IT'S YOUR FATHER.
TELL HIM I'M IN A MEETING.
I TRIED THAT--
--HE SAID HE'D FIND MY GRANDMOTHER AND STRANGLE HER TO DEATH.
SNATCH
WHAT DO YOU NEED, DADDY? I'M BUSY--
THERE SHE IS! THERE'S MY LITTLE GIRL!
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE YOU EVEN STILL UP?
ROOM 01
YOU THINK I'D MISS MY DAUGHTER'S BIG ANNIVERSARY?! WHAT KIND OF A GUY YOU TAKE ME FOR?
ANNIVERSARY?
AW, DON'T TELL ME, MY JANICE'S THING WITH CALENDARS, AND STILL SHE FORGETS THIS ONE--
FORGETS WHAT? SERIOUSLY NOT FOLLOWING--
WELL, IT MEANS SOMETHIN' TO ME, ANYWAY. SEE, TWENTY-FIVE BIG ONES AGO TODAY--
--MY LITTLE GIRL PULLED HER FIRST JOB.

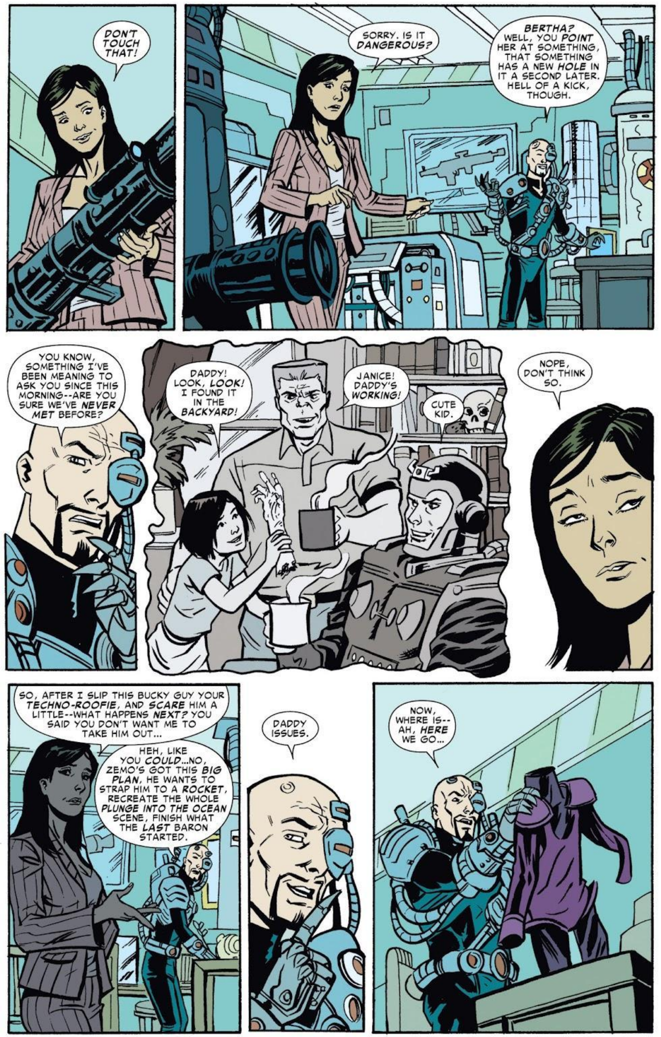


THAT WAS... TODAY?
YOU BET.
HH...DID YOU KNOW MALLORY AIMES IS IN REHAB NOW?
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, BABY.
LISTEN, I KNOW I WASN'T ALWAYS THERE FOR YOU, WHEN YOU WAS A KID...AND I KNOW--MAYBE THINGS DIDN'T TURN OUT EXACTLY THE WAY YOU WANTED.
I JUST--I HOPE YOU GET WHY I PUT MY FOOT DOWN. AND IT AIN'T, 'CAUSE YOU'RE A WOMAN, AND IT AIN'T 'CAUSE YOU COULDN'T DO IT--HELL, IF ANYONE COULD, IT'S MY JANICE...
THIS GAME IS FOR LOWLIFES. DANGEROUS PEOPLE WHO DON'T DESERVE TO KEEP GOIN' ANYWAY.
AND THAT SURE AS HELL DON'T APPLY TO THE SMARTEST, PRETTIEST, CONNIVINGEST GAL IN THE WORLD. MY JANICE.
BUT SEE, EVERYTHING I EVER DONE IN LIFE, THE ONLY THING I EVER BEEN PROUD OF IS KEEPING YOU SAFE. AND I JUST COULDN'T GIVE THAT UP. SO, YOU KNOW, SUE ME FOR BEIN' SELFISH--YOU'RE THE HOT SHOT LAWYER NOW--
BUT ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO YOU, BABY...
I KNOW, DADDY. I KNOW. DON'T WORRY--
--NOTHING'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME.


ALL RIGHT, THEN, GENTLEMEN--
--WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO BEGIN?
I GUESS I JUST WANNA ASK ZEMO HERE, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LOYALTY?!
LOYALTY, FIXER? REALLY NOW...I COULD ASK YOU THE SAME, AFTER THIS LETTER ARRIVED IN MY POST--
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! HEY BUDDY, YOU REMEMBER WHEN ALL THE OTHER THUNDERBOLTS SOLD YOU OUT? WHO STUCK AROUND, HUH? ME, THAT'S WHO.
A VERY LONG TIME AGO, IT WOULD SEEM.
AH, CAN IT! EVERY TIME YOU WENT ON ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR HAREBRAINED SCHEMES, GOOD GUY OR BAD GUY, I WAS THERE NEXT TO YOU. DOING YOUR DIRTY WORK, CLEANING UP YOUR MESSES--
AND WHAT OF BEFORE I TOOK YOU UNDER MY GENEROUS WING, PAUL? HOW WAS LIFE FOR YOU THEN, EH? JUST ANOTHER SMALL-TIME CRIMINAL...
HEY, AT LEAST MENTALLO AND I WERE PARTNERS!
CELLMATES, MORE OFTEN.
HAR HAR, LAUGH IT UP--SOME OF US WEREN'T BORN ON A PILE OF NAZI GOLD!
AH, OF COURSE, AS IF MY PERSONAL POLITICS WERE THE ISSUE HERE...
OKAY, I SENSE WE'RE GETTING OFF TRACK HERE--WHY DON'T WE DISCUSS THE SPECIFICS OF THIS DISPUTE--
FINE. WAY BACK WHEN WE WERE ON COUNTER-EARTH, THE BARON HERE WAS ABOUT TO DROP DEAD 'TIL I--
UNDER CONSIDERABLE DURESS--
UNTIL I SWAPPED HIS CONDESCENDING, OVERBEARING, WEIRDLY RACIST CONSCIOUSNESS INTO A FRESH COUNTER-BODY. THAT'S THE ONLY REASON HE'S EVEN SITTING THERE TODAY, STROKING HIS FUR.


I SEE--AND YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE OWED COMPENSATION THEN, FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE.
FOR A START. SEE, FROM MY PERSPECTIVE, THAT MEANS EVERYTHING HE'S DONE FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I'M THE GUY RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT--
I WANT A PERCENTAGE.
THIS IS POSITIVELY LUDICROUS. I REFUSE TO EVEN ENTERTAIN THE IDEA WHEN YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN COMPENSATED FOR YOUR WORK VERY FAIRLY--
AND YOU OWN EVERYTHING I MAKE! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE OF THOSE THINGS I CREATED ENDS UP MAKING YOU BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, HUH?
MOVING ON THEN--I UNDERSTAND THIS DISAGREEMENT HAS, IN FACT, STALLED WORK ON A NEW PROJECT?
YEAH, OF COURSE--SEE, THIS WASN'T A BIG DEAL BACK WHEN ZEMO WAS ON HIS UTOPIAN SAVIOR KICK, BUT NOW IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S FALLING OFF THE WAGON AGAIN--
THAT IS NOT WHAT THIS IS, YOU INSOLENT LITTLE--
WE GOT ATTORNEY-CLIENT PRIVILEGE HERE, RIGHT? HE FOUND OUT THE NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA IS BUCKY BARNES. HE'S VERY UPSET!
HE SHOULD PAY FOR HIS CRIMES!
SIGH--YEAH, THIS. HE'S MAD THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE--STEVE ROGERS, *COUGH COUGH*--ARE GIVING BARNES A PASS FOR ALL THE STUFF HE DID WHEN HE WAS A BRAINWASHED KGB GUY.
WOO
YAY
BUCKY
BOO
GO HOME
HE DOESN'T THINK IT'S FAIR SINCE NOBODY EVER GIVES HIM THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT LIKE THAT. TO WHICH, CAN I JUST SAY--
YOU'RE WEARING A BARON ZEMO COSTUME!
IT'S LIKE IF I DRESSED UP IN A NAZI UNIFORM AND A HITLER MOUSTACHE AND THEN COMPLAINED ABOUT NOT GETTING A GOOD TABLE AT CHILI'S!
SILENCE, YOU CUR!


ALL RIGHT, THEN-- IT SEEMS TO ME WE NEED TO FIND AGREEMENT ON A SUITABLE NEGOTIATING FRAMEWORK--WHILE WORK RESUMES ON THIS--
THE SIMPLEST OF TASKS, AND EVEN THAT, HE'S TOO LAZY TO PERFORM...
LAZY? YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO RECRUIT A NEW SUPER VILLAIN THESE DAYS?
SUPER VILLAIN?
THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS--
ALL WE NEED IS SOMEONE TO PAY BARNES A VISIT, SLIP HIM THE NANOTECH VIRUS--
WHICH I INVENTED.
LET IT DO ITS WORK, AND THEN DELIVER OUR MESSAGE.
THAT'S IT?
TO HIM, THAT'S IT. SEE, THIS IS THE PROBLEM! EVERYTHING I DO, HE TAKES FOR GRANTED.
WHOEVER WE RECRUIT, I'LL HAVE TO BUILD THEM OUT A WHOLE NEW COSTUMED IDENTITY? A PERSONA. THAT TAKES CREATIVITY.
REALLY...
OH YEAH. THEN I HAVE TO EQUIP THEM--BLEEDING EDGE ARMOR, STATE OF THE ART WEAPONRY, SOPHISTICATED PROPULSION SYSTEMS SO THEY CAN GO AIRBORNE--
REALLY...
WELL, GENTLEMEN, I THINK WE CAN IN FACT COME TO A SUITABLE RESOLUTION HERE. NOT ONLY CAN I DRAFT UP A MEMORANDUM OUTLINING ARBITRATION--WITH A GOAL BEING SOME KIND OF, PERHAPS, PROFIT-SHARING MECHANISM--
BUT ONE THAT ALSO PRESERVES YOUR FIRST RIGHT OF REFUSAL AND END CHAIN OF TITLE, BARON.
HRMPH.
AND NOW, AS TO THE TASK MORE IMMEDIATELY AT HAND--
I BELIEVE I CAN BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE THERE, AS WELL.


DON'T TOUCH THAT!
SORRY. IS IT DANGEROUS?
BERTHA? WELL, YOU POINT HER AT SOMETHING, THAT SOMETHING HAS A NEW HOLE IN IT A SECOND LATER. HELL OF A KICK, THOUGH.
YOU KNOW, SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU SINCE THIS MORNING--ARE YOU SURE WE'VE NEVER MET BEFORE?
DADDY! LOOK, LOOK! I FOUND IT IN THE BACKYARD!
JANICE! DADDY'S WORKING!
CUTE KID.
NOPE, DON'T THINK SO.
SO, AFTER I SLIP THIS BUCKY GUY YOUR TECHNO-ROOFIE, AND SCARE HIM A LITTLE--WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? YOU SAID YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TAKE HIM OUT...
HEH, LIKE YOU COULD...NO, ZEMO'S GOT THIS BIG PLAN. HE WANTS TO STRAP HIM TO A ROCKET, RECREATE THE WHOLE PLUNGE INTO THE OCEAN SCENE, FINISH WHAT THE LAST BARON STARTED.
DADDY ISSUES.
NOW, WHERE IS-- AH, HERE WE GO...


WHAT'S THIS?
SMART ARMOR. LIGHT, VERSATILE, FORM-FITTING, BUT THE EXOSKELETON AUGMENTS STRENGTH AND IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH TO TAKE A REPULSOR BLAST FROM IRON MAN.
AND SPEAKING OF--
MINI-REPULSORS. NOTHING TOO SERIOUS, BUT GREAT AT CLOSE RANGE. WE'LL SUPPLEMENT THAT--
--WITH A LITTLE EXTRA FIREPOWER.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
WHAT?
WHY ARE YOU GIVING ME THE GIRL GUN?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THIS IS A FINE WEAPON!
IT LOOKS LIKE IT SHOOTS BUBBLES.
I WANT THAT ONE.
BERTHA? BUT...
FINE, FINE. HAVE IT YOUR WAY. NOW, ONE QUESTION BEFORE WE GET TO THE WINGS--
WHAT'S YOUR MASK SIZE?




THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
008

FINAL ☆☆☆☆

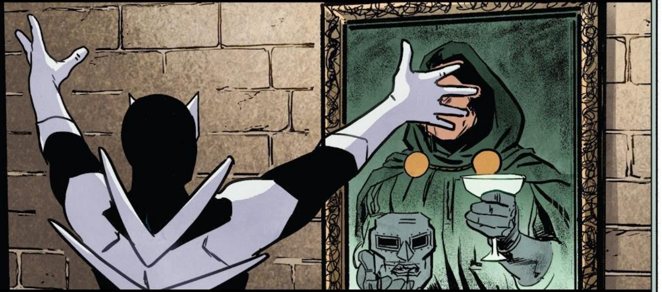
DAILY BUGLE

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: S.H.I.E.L.D. ATTACKS THE JEAN GREY SCHOOL IN WESTCHESTER – WHY? RUMOR HAS IT THE SCHOOL'S HEADMASTER, LOGAN, IS "KILLABLE"; THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL IN HOUSTON EXPLODES – WAS A SPIDER-MAN ON THE SCENE?

TRAPPED LIKE RATS!



Boomerang led his new five-person Sinister Six to attack the headquarters of crime boss the Owl and steal the head of Silvermane — only to leave them to be captured by the Owl's forces and steal his true trophy — a portrait of Victor von Doom with his mask off. What a jerk, right?

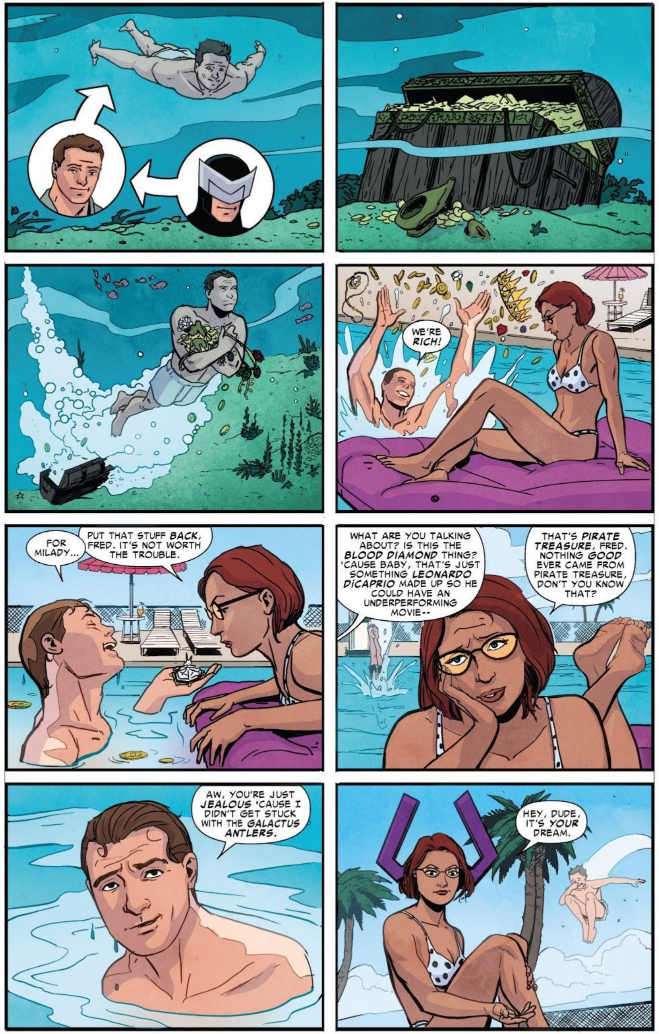


IT'S TOMBSTONE

Super crime boss Tombstone is back on the scene – the seemingly unkillable, superstrong mobster was spotted at Owl's headquarters on "family matters."

NICK SPENCER & STEVE LIEBER STORYTELLERS · RACHELLE ROSENBERG COLOR ART · VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER · IN-HYUK LEE COVER ART

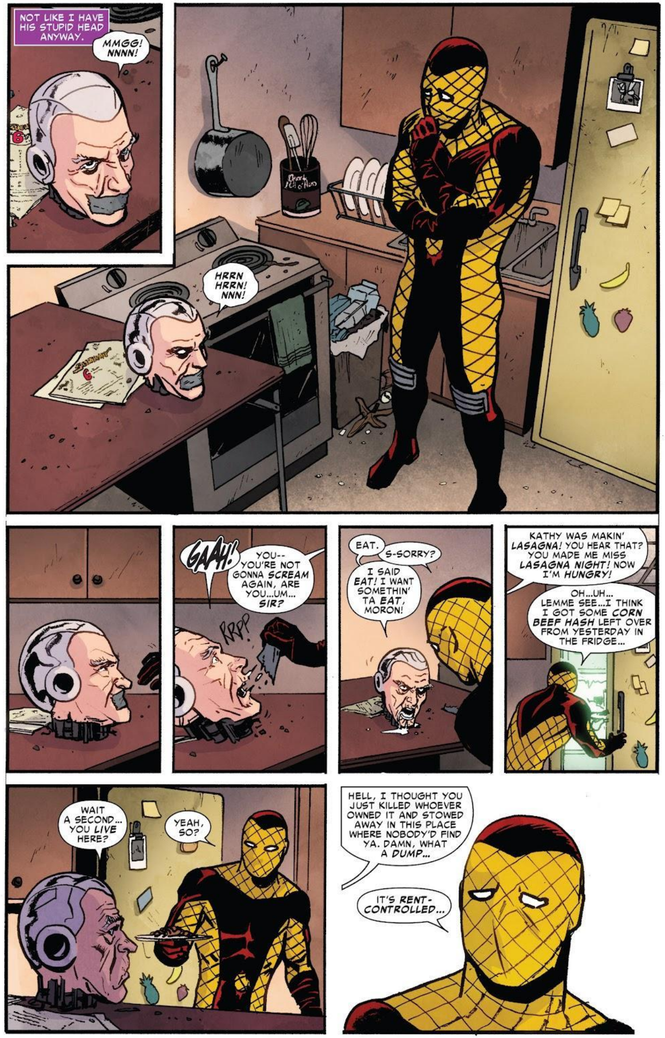
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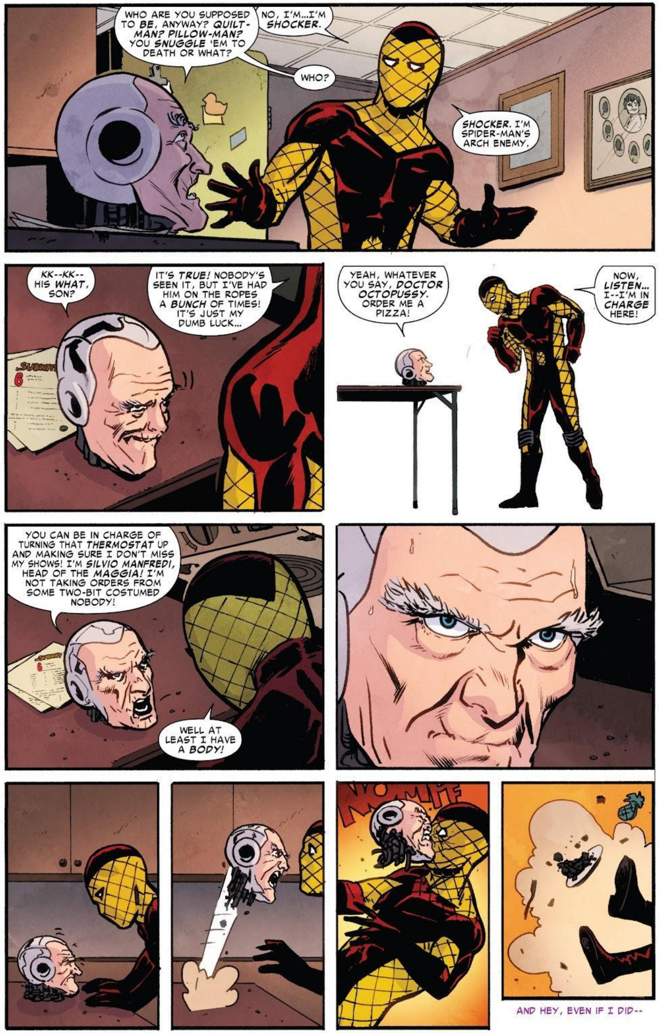


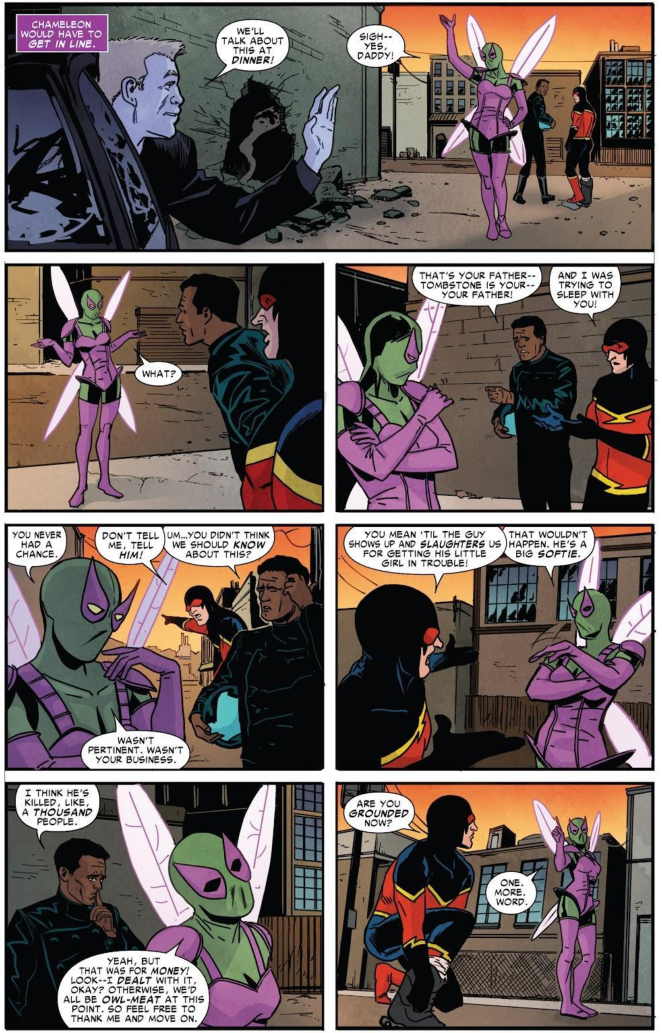

YEAH! I AM DREAMING, RIGHT? 'CAUSE WHILE I WAS DOWN THERE TALKING TO HIM, I WAS LIKE, I DIDN'T THINK FLOUNDER FROM THE LITTLE MERMAID WAS A REAL FISH...
WELL, GREAT. I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE PIRATE THING, THEN. PRETTY WORTHLESS.
SORRY.
THANKS, OBAMA.
YOU'RE WELCOME!
ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
WAKE UP, @#$%@#$!
SOPRANOS DID IT BETTER.


HE IS AWAKE, SIR.
SM'BODY...PFFT...REMIND ME TO PICK UP ONE A'THEM PURPLE BOWL CLEANER THINGS...
I WAITED FOR YOU, MR. MYERS.
DID I SEND YOU A TEXT REMINDER? I AM TERRIBLE IF I DON'T GET THOSE TEXT REMINDERS...
I HEARD THE REPORTS-- OF AN ATTACK ON THE OWL'S COMPOUND. AND MY HEART WAS WARMED BY THE WHISPERS THAT YOU HAD IN FACT COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE.
TOLD 'EM-- PIECE OF CAKE...
AND I PREPARED A WONDERFUL MEAL, TO CELEBRATE THIS JOYOUS OCCASION.
YOU COOKED? FOR ME? I DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE AT THAT STAGE...
BUT NOW ALL THE FOOD HAS SPOILT--AND I AM SO VERY TIRED OF WAITING. SO YOU WILL TELL ME--

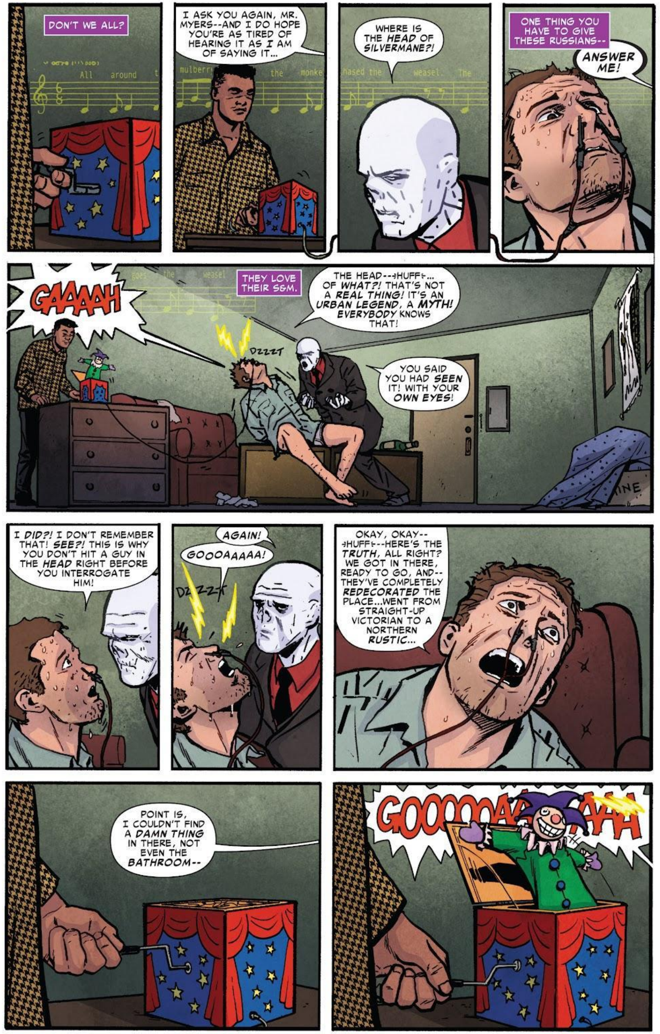

WHERE IS THE *HEAD* OF *SILVIO SILVERMANE?*
THIS GUY, RIGHT?
WAIT--DID WE ALREADY *DO* HIM?
OH, I REMEMBER-- WHEN WE THOUGHT HE WAS *THE PUNISHER*, YEAH...
I DON'T THINK THAT COUNTS.
NO? DON'T COUNT IT? COUNT IT?
FINE. DOESN'T MATTER.

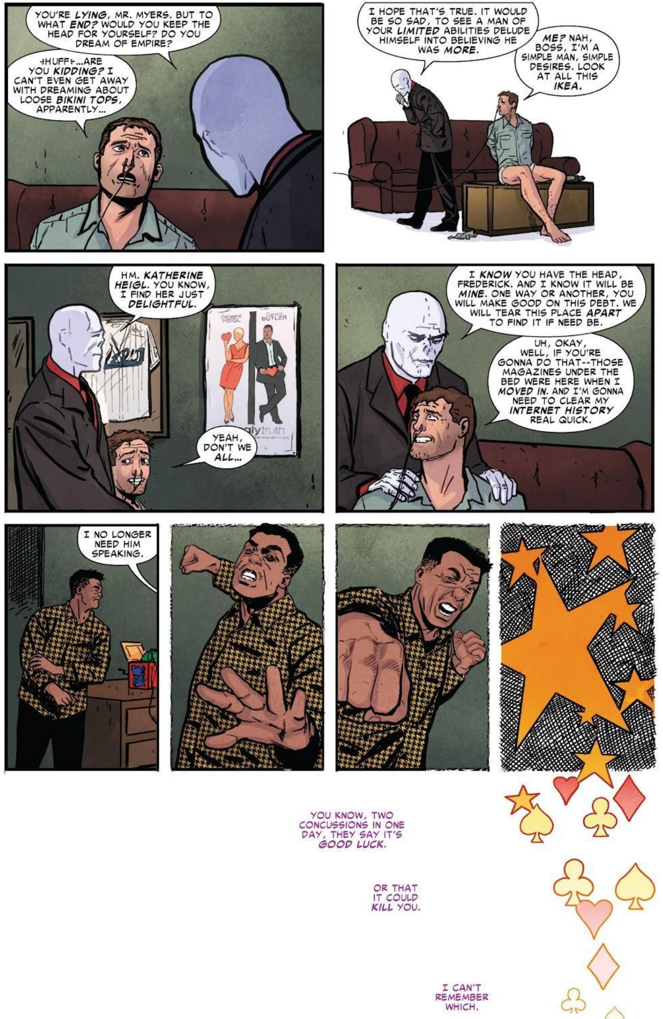

NOT LIKE I HAVE HIS STUPID HEAD ANYWAY.
MMGG! NNNN!
HRRN HRRN! NNN!
GAAH!
YOU-- YOU'RE NOT GONNA *SCREAM* AGAIN, ARE YOU...UM... *SIR?*
EAT.
S-SORRY?
I SAID *EAT!* I WANT SOMETHIN' TA *EAT*, MORON!
KATHY WAS MAKIN' *LASAGNA!* YOU HEAR THAT? YOU MADE ME MISS *LASAGNA NIGHT!* NOW I'M *HUNGRY!*
OH...UH... LEMME SEE...I THINK I GOT SOME *CORN BEEF HASH* LEFT OVER FROM YESTERDAY IN THE FRIDGE...
WAIT A SECOND... YOU *LIVE* HERE?
YEAH, SO?
HELL, I THOUGHT YOU JUST KILLED WHOEVER OWNED IT AND STOWED AWAY IN THIS PLACE WHERE NOBODY'D FIND YA. DAMN, WHAT A *DUMP*...
IT'S *RENT-CONTROLLED*...

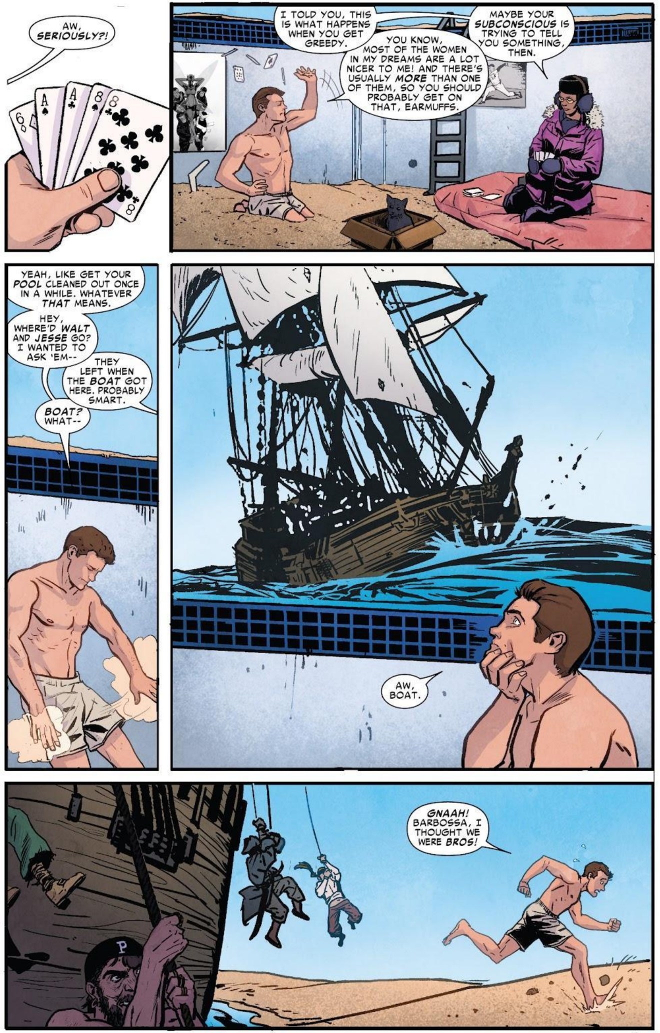

WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, ANYWAY? QUILT-MAN? PILLOW-MAN? YOU SNUGGLE 'EM TO DEATH OR WHAT?
NO, I'M...I'M SHOCKER.
WHO?
SHOCKER. I'M SPIDER-MAN'S ARCH ENEMY.
KK--KK-- HIS WHAT, SON?
IT'S TRUE! NOBODY'S SEEN IT, BUT I'VE HAD HIM ON THE ROPES A BUNCH OF TIMES! IT'S JUST MY DUMB LUCK...
YEAH, WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOCTOR OCTOPUSSY. ORDER ME A PIZZA!
NOW, LISTEN... I--I'M IN CHARGE HERE!
YOU CAN BE IN CHARGE OF TURNING THAT THERMOSTAT UP AND MAKING SURE I DON'T MISS MY SHOWS! I'M SILVIO MANFREDI, HEAD OF THE MAGGIA! I'M NOT TAKING ORDERS FROM SOME TWO-BIT COSTUMED NOBODY!
WELL AT LEAST I HAVE A BODY!
AND HEY, EVEN IF I DID--


CHAMELEON WOULD HAVE TO GET IN LINE.
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS AT DINNER!
SIGH-- YES, DADDY!
WHAT?
THAT'S YOUR FATHER-- TOMBSTONE IS YOUR-- YOUR FATHER!
AND I WAS TRYING TO SLEEP WITH YOU!
YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE.
DON'T TELL ME, TELL HIM!
UM...YOU DIDN'T THINK WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS?
WASN'T PERTINENT. WASN'T YOUR BUSINESS.
YOU MEAN 'TIL THE GUY SHOWS UP AND SLAUGHTERS US FOR GETTING HIS LITTLE GIRL IN TROUBLE!
THAT WOULDN'T HAPPEN. HE'S A BIG SOFTIE.
I THINK HE'S KILLED, LIKE, A THOUSAND PEOPLE.
YEAH, BUT THAT WAS FOR MONEY! LOOK--I DEALT WITH IT, OKAY? OTHERWISE, WE'D ALL BE OWL-MEAT AT THIS POINT. SO FEEL FREE TO THANK ME AND MOVE ON.
ARE YOU GROUNDED NOW?
ONE. MORE. WORD.


OKAY, THEN MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THERE? BECAUSE I'M CONFUSED--DID WE WIN, OR NOT?
WE GOT PLAYED.
WHATEVER BOOMERANG TOOK, IT WASN'T THE HEAD OF SILVERMANE. THE OWL MENTIONED A PAINTING. WE WERE OBVIOUSLY SENT IN HERE AS CANNON FODDER WHILE FRED MADE OFF WITH THE LOOT.
I WOULD SAY I CAN'T BELIEVE HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US, BUT I CAN TOTALLY BELIEVE HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A GOOD MANAGE-MENT STRUCTURE IN PLACE--NO CHECKS AND BALANCES. I TOLD YOU ALL THIS WOULD HAPPEN.
SO... WHAT NOW?
SO NOW WE FIND HIM. WE SPLIT UP, AND COVER ALL HIS USUAL HAUNTS.
RIGHT--YOU TWO COVER THE STORAGE FACILITIES AND LAWYER'S OFFICES, I'LL GET THE STRIP CLUBS AND BARS!
I'M SERIOUS HERE--I DON'T CARE HOW LONG IT TAKES--
SO LONG AS YOU DON'T GO PAST CURFEW.
WE DON'T STOP 'TIL WE FIND FRED. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER--
WE'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO US.
TO WHICH I CAN ONLY SAY--


DON'T WE ALL?
I ASK YOU AGAIN, MR. MYERS--AND I DO HOPE YOU'RE AS TIRED OF HEARING IT AS I AM OF SAYING IT...
WHERE IS THE HEAD OF SILVERMANE?!
ONE THING YOU HAVE TO GIVE THESE RUSSIANS--
ANSWER ME!
GAAAAH
THEY LOVE THEIR S&M.
DZZZT
THE HEAD--HUFF--... OF WHAT?! THAT'S NOT A REAL THING! IT'S AN URBAN LEGEND, A MYTH! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!
YOU SAID YOU HAD SEEN IT! WITH YOUR OWN EYES!
I DID?! I DON'T REMEMBER THAT! SEE?! THIS IS WHY YOU DON'T HIT A GUY IN THE HEAD RIGHT BEFORE YOU INTERROGATE HIM!
AGAIN!
GOOOAAAAA!
DZ-Z-Z-T
OKAY, OKAY-- HUFF--HERE'S THE TRUTH, ALL RIGHT? WE GOT IN THERE, READY TO GO, AND-- THEY'VE COMPLETELY REDECORATED THE PLACE...WENT FROM STRAIGHT-UP VICTORIAN TO A NORTHERN RUSTIC...
POINT IS, I COULDN'T FIND A DAMN THING IN THERE, NOT EVEN THE BATHROOM--


YOU'RE LYING, MR. MYERS. BUT TO WHAT END? WOULD YOU KEEP THE HEAD FOR YOURSELF? DO YOU DREAM OF EMPIRE?
HUFF...ARE YOU KIDDING? I CAN'T EVEN GET AWAY WITH DREAMING ABOUT LOOSE BIKINI TOPS, APPARENTLY...
I HOPE THAT'S TRUE. IT WOULD BE SO SAD, TO SEE A MAN OF YOUR LIMITED ABILITIES DELUDE HIMSELF INTO BELIEVING HE WAS MORE.
ME? NAH, BOSS, I'M A SIMPLE MAN, SIMPLE DESIRES. LOOK AT ALL THIS IKEA.
HM. KATHERINE HEIGL. YOU KNOW, I FIND HER JUST DELIGHTFUL.
YEAH, DON'T WE ALL...
I KNOW YOU HAVE THE HEAD, FREDERICK. AND I KNOW IT WILL BE MINE. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU WILL MAKE GOOD ON THIS DEBT. WE WILL TEAR THIS PLACE APART TO FIND IT IF NEED BE.
UH, OKAY, WELL, IF YOU'RE GONNA DO THAT--THOSE MAGAZINES UNDER THE BED WERE HERE WHEN I MOVED IN. AND I'M GONNA NEED TO CLEAR MY INTERNET HISTORY REAL QUICK.
I NO LONGER NEED HIM SPEAKING.
YOU KNOW, TWO CONCUSSIONS IN ONE DAY, THEY SAY IT'S GOOD LUCK.
OR THAT IT COULD KILL YOU.
I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH.


AW, SERIOUSLY?!
I TOLD YOU, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET GREEDY.
YOU KNOW, MOST OF THE WOMEN IN MY DREAMS ARE A LOT NICER TO ME! AND THERE'S USUALLY MORE THAN ONE OF THEM, SO YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET ON THAT, EARMUFFS.
MAYBE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS IS TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, THEN.
YEAH, LIKE GET YOUR POOL CLEANED OUT ONCE IN A WHILE. WHATEVER THAT MEANS.
HEY, WHERE'D WALT AND JESSE GO? I WANTED TO ASK 'EM--
THEY LEFT WHEN THE BOAT GOT HERE. PROBABLY SMART.
BOAT? WHAT--
AW, BOAT.
GNAAH! BARBOSSA, I THOUGHT WE WERE BROS!

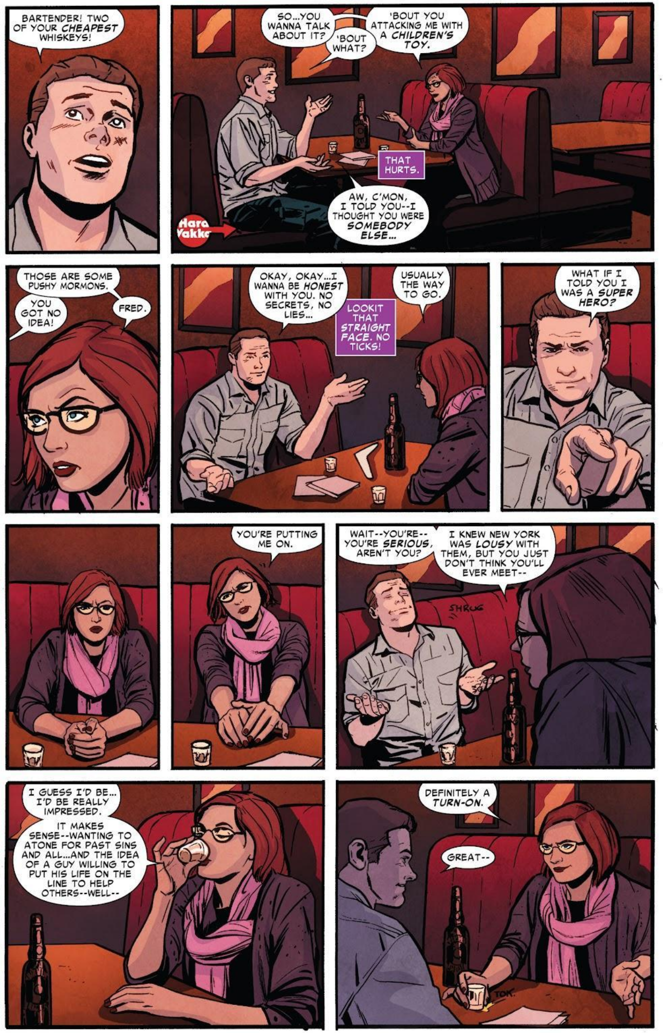


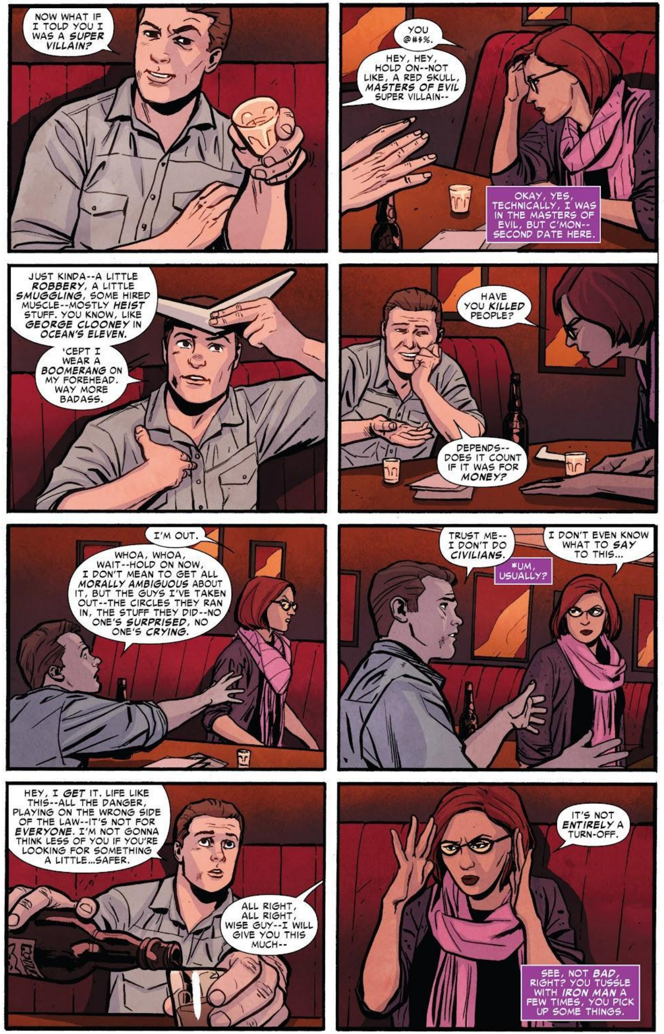
THIS SUCKS!
I THOUGHT THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED--
BEIN' A PIRATE.
ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED TO BE WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY?
WHAT? HELL, NO! I WANTED TO PLAY BASEBALL!
SWAWK!
YOU ARE SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT.
SHE GOT THAT RIGHT.
I'M TELLING YOU--

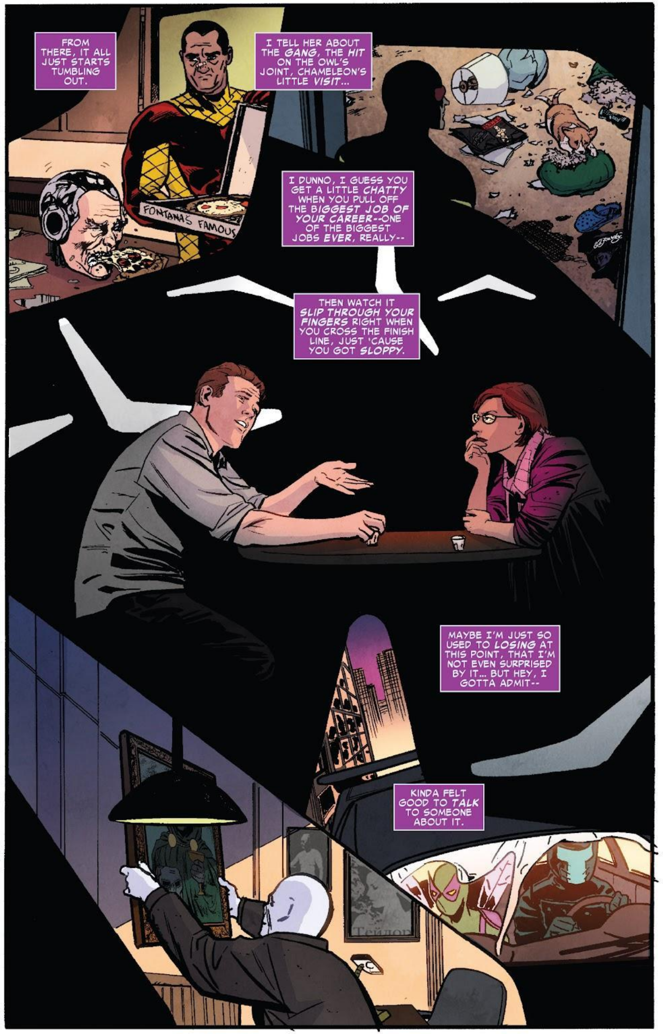


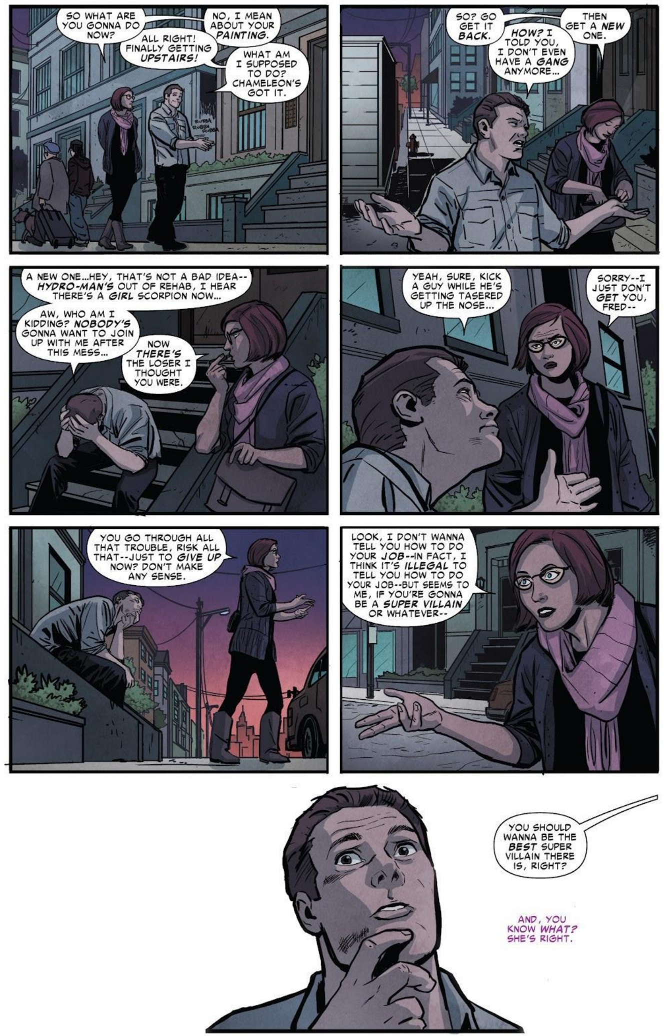
DREAM SEQUENCES ARE THE WORST.
DEAR MR MYERS,
WHILE NOT AT ALL WHAT I WAS EXPECTING, YOUR ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF PAYMENT WILL MORE THAN SUFFICE. CONSIDER OUR ~~BUYS~~ BUSINESS COMPLETE.
-DK
NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING--
PROBABLY SHOULDA HID THAT SOMEPLACE SAFER.
KNOCK KNOCK
BUT HEY, AT LEAST--
AWW...WHAT NOW?
THESE GUYS MUST THINK I'M SOME KINDA IDIOT--
WANT SOME MORE, HUH?!


MOMMY.
WHAT THE HELL, MAN?!
WHAT THE HELL YOU! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO DO THAT?
YOU THINK I NEVER TOOK SELF-DEFENSE? YOU KNOW I'M FROM PHILLY!
FAIR POINT...NN...SORRY, THOUGHT YOU WAS SOMEBODY ELSE...WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING HERE, ANYWAY?
SERIOUSLY? YOU FORGOT, #$@%?
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GET A DRINK.
I SHOULD PUT SOME PANTS ON IS WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?
OR THE OPPOSITE OF THAT.
WINK!
YOU'RE BUYING.


BARTENDER! TWO OF YOUR CHEAPEST WHISKEYS!
SO...YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?
'BOUT WHAT?
'BOUT YOU ATTACKING ME WITH A CHILDREN'S TOY.
THAT HURTS.
AW, C'MON. I TOLD YOU--I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE...
Hara Vakko
THOSE ARE SOME PUSHY MORMONS.
YOU GOT NO IDEA!
FRED.
OKAY, OKAY...I WANNA BE HONEST WITH YOU. NO SECRETS, NO LIES...
USUALLY THE WAY TO GO.
LOOKIT THAT STRAIGHT FACE. NO TICKS!
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU I WAS A SUPER HERO?
YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON.
WAIT--YOU'RE--YOU'RE SERIOUS, AREN'T YOU?
SHRUG
I KNEW NEW YORK WAS LOUSY WITH THEM, BUT YOU JUST DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER MEET--
I GUESS I'D BE... I'D BE REALLY IMPRESSED.
IT MAKES SENSE--WANTING TO ATONE FOR PAST SINS AND ALL...AND THE IDEA OF A GUY WILLING TO PUT HIS LIFE ON THE LINE TO HELP OTHERS--WELL--
DEFINITELY A TURN-ON.
GREAT--
TOK


NOW WHAT IF I TOLD YOU I WAS A SUPER VILLAIN?
YOU @#$%.
HEY, HEY, HOLD ON--NOT LIKE, A RED SKULL, MASTERS OF EVIL SUPER VILLAIN--
OKAY, YES, TECHNICALLY, I WAS IN THE MASTERS OF EVIL, BUT C'MON-- SECOND DATE HERE.
JUST KINDA--A LITTLE ROBBERY, A LITTLE SMUGGLING, SOME HIRED MUSCLE--MOSTLY HEIST STUFF. YOU KNOW, LIKE GEORGE CLOONEY IN OCEAN'S ELEVEN.
'CEPT I WEAR A BOOMERANG ON MY FOREHEAD. WAY MORE BADASS.
HAVE YOU KILLED PEOPLE?
DEPENDS-- DOES IT COUNT IF IT WAS FOR MONEY?
I'M OUT.
WHOA, WHOA, WAIT--HOLD ON NOW, I DON'T MEAN TO GET ALL MORALLY AMBIGUOUS ABOUT IT, BUT THE GUYS I'VE TAKEN OUT--THE CIRCLES THEY RAN IN, THE STUFF THEY DID--NO ONE'S SURPRISED, NO ONE'S CRYING.
TRUST ME-- I DON'T DO CIVILIANS.
*UM, USUALLY?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO THIS...
HEY, I GET IT. LIFE LIKE THIS--ALL THE DANGER, PLAYING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW--IT'S NOT FOR EVERYONE. I'M NOT GONNA THINK LESS OF YOU IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE...SAFER.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY--I WILL GIVE YOU THIS MUCH--
IT'S NOT ENTIRELY A TURN-OFF.
SEE, NOT BAD, RIGHT? YOU TUSSLE WITH IRON MAN A FEW TIMES, YOU PICK UP SOME THINGS.


FROM THERE, IT ALL JUST STARTS TUMBLING OUT.
I TELL HER ABOUT THE GANG, THE HIT ON THE OWL'S JOINT, CHAMELEON'S LITTLE VISIT...
FONTANA'S FAMOUS
I DUNNO, I GUESS YOU GET A LITTLE CHATTY WHEN YOU PULL OFF THE BIGGEST JOB OF YOUR CAREER--ONE OF THE BIGGEST JOBS EVER, REALLY--
THEN WATCH IT SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS RIGHT WHEN YOU CROSS THE FINISH LINE, JUST 'CAUSE YOU GOT SLOPPY.
MAYBE I'M JUST SO USED TO LOSING AT THIS POINT, THAT I'M NOT EVEN SURPRISED BY IT... BUT HEY, I GOTTA ADMIT--
KINDA FELT GOOD TO TALK TO SOMEONE ABOUT IT.


SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO NOW?
ALL RIGHT! FINALLY GETTING UPSTAIRS!
NO, I MEAN ABOUT YOUR PAINTING.
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? CHAMELEON'S GOT IT.
SO? GO GET IT BACK.
HOW? I TOLD YOU, I DON'T EVEN HAVE A GANG ANYMORE...
THEN GET A NEW ONE.
A NEW ONE...HEY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA--HYDRO-MAN'S OUT OF REHAB, I HEAR THERE'S A GIRL SCORPION NOW...
AW, WHO AM I KIDDING? NOBODY'S GONNA WANT TO JOIN UP WITH ME AFTER THIS MESS...
NOW THERE'S THE LOSER I THOUGHT YOU WERE.
YEAH, SURE, KICK A GUY WHILE HE'S GETTING TASERED UP THE NOSE...
SORRY--I JUST DON'T GET YOU, FRED--
YOU GO THROUGH ALL THAT TROUBLE, RISK ALL THAT--JUST TO GIVE UP NOW? DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
LOOK, I DON'T WANNA TELL YOU HOW TO DO YOUR JOB--IN FACT, I THINK IT'S ILLEGAL TO TELL YOU HOW TO DO YOUR JOB--BUT SEEMS TO ME, IF YOU'RE GONNA BE A SUPER VILLAIN OR WHATEVER--
YOU SHOULD WANNA BE THE BEST SUPER VILLAIN THERE IS, RIGHT?
AND, YOU KNOW WHAT? SHE'S RIGHT.


I'M FREAKIN' BOOMERANG! (FORMER) LEADER OF THE (PRESUMED DEAD) SINISTER SIX!
I DUPED THE CHAMELEON INTO GETTING ME OUT OF JAIL!
Loading H.U.D.
DUCKED THAT JERKWAD WASH-UP MACH VII!
H.U.D. is online
Acquiring data
BUSTED INTO THE OWL'S LAIR AND STOLE HIS MOST PRIZED POSSESSION!
Magnification 4.8x
Wind: .24 SSW
I GOT A SERIOUS BAD GUY THING GOING ON THESE DAYS, AND I'M NOT GONNA LET ONE LITTLE SETBACK RUIN ALL THAT!
Fujikawa E-spotter®: Off
Load reticle? Y/N
THIS IS MY SHOT AT GREATNESS, AND I AM NOT GONNA LET IT SLIP AWAY--


NOT WHEN I'VE GOT IT IN MY SIGHTS.


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
009

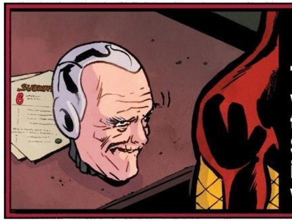
FINAL ☆☆☆☆
DAILY BUGLE
SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆☆
$1.00 (in NYC)
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NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: Bad Wolf? Why is the Avenger Wolverine working with super villains? Giant Robot attacks NYC -- the X-Men save the day, but can they be trusted? Legal Eagle She-Hulk opens her own practice in Brooklyn!

BULLSEYE!



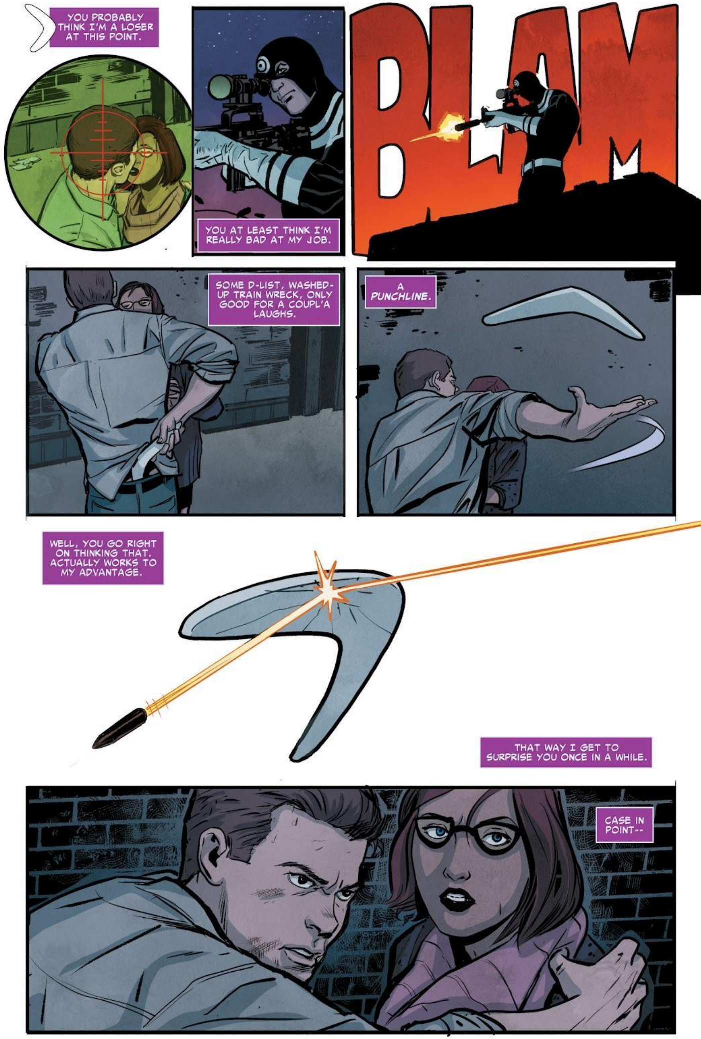
After ditching his Sinister Six colleagues in a ploy to steal a portrait of Victor Von Doom with his mask off, Boomerang's on top of the world! He even went on a date with a certain bartender. Too bad Bullseye's about to kill him.

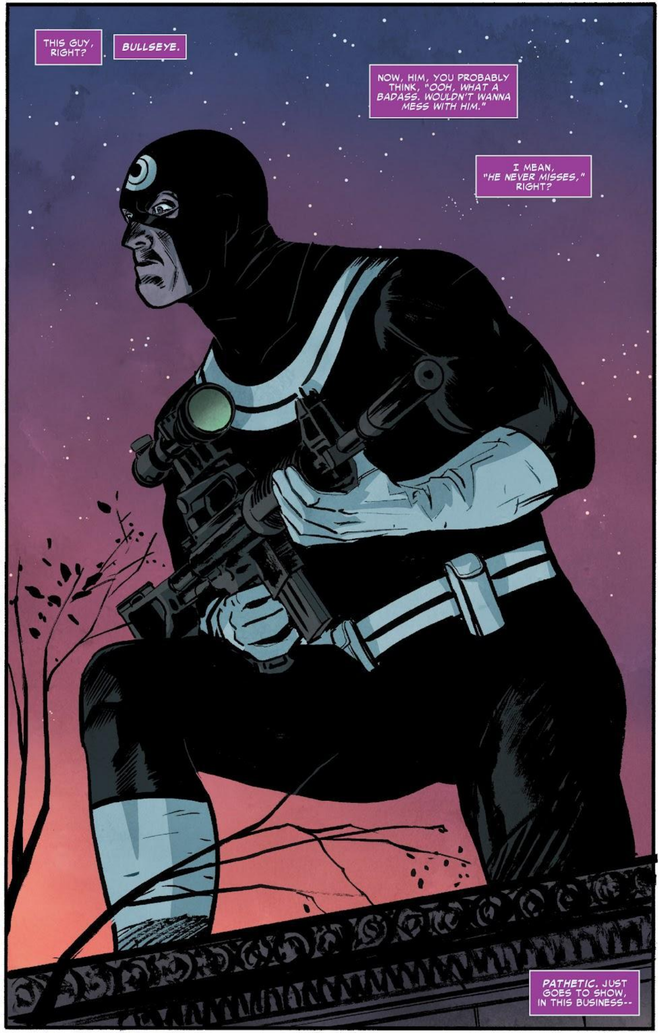


HEADS' UP!

The famed head of Silvermane was considered an urban legend in the super villain community -- but Shocker has it -- and the old man isn't happy to be keeping company with someone like the Shocker.

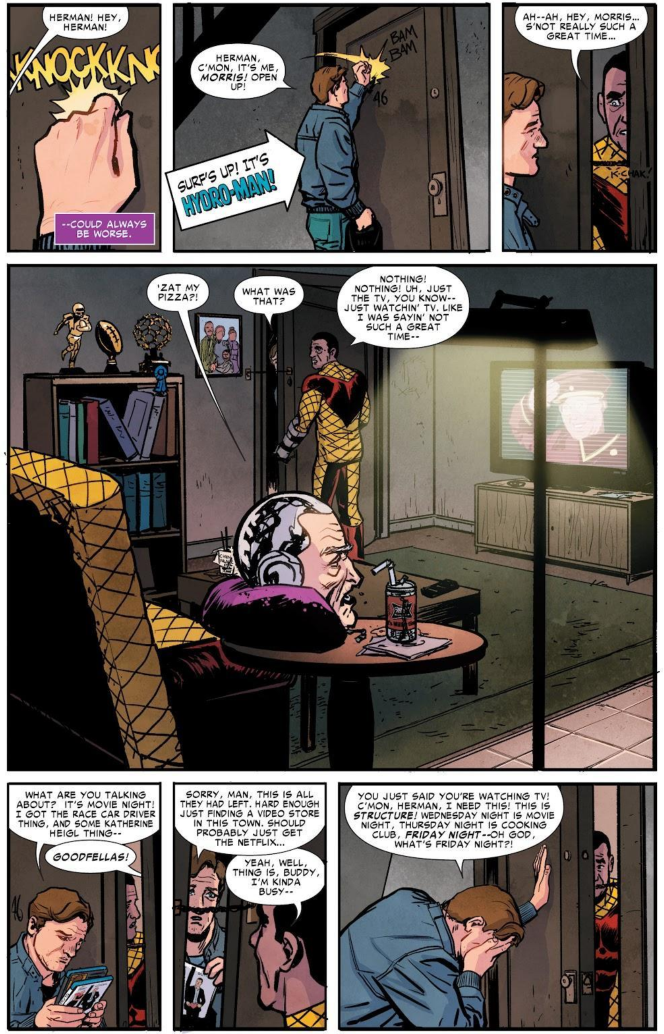
NICK SPENCER & STEVE LIEBER — STORYTELLERS
RICH ELLIS — ADDITIONAL ART
ROSENBERG w/ REDMOND & ELLIS — COLOR ART
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES — LETTERER
LIEBER & ROSENBERG — COVER ARTISTS
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JOE QUESADA — CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER
SPECIAL THANKS TO ZACH FISCHER




THIS GUY, RIGHT?
BULLSEYE.
NOW, HIM, YOU PROBABLY THINK, "OOH, WHAT A BADASS. WOULDN'T WANNA MESS WITH HIM."
I MEAN, "HE NEVER MISSES," RIGHT?
PATHETIC. JUST GOES TO SHOW, IN THIS BUSINESS--


IT'S ALL ABOUT BRANDING.
FOR AS LONG AS I'VE BEEN DOING THIS, I BEEN LOSING GIGS TO THIS GUY. DRIVES ME NUTS.
Team Bullseye
SIGHTED: Fighting Wolverine, in Madripoor! pic.twitter.com/c7OEf6xY6K
1,000,000,000 hits!
Boomerang Fan
SIGHTED: Sampling BK Value Meal, in Queens. pic.twitter.com/V9Ao9salFK
0 hits
KINGPIN, I INTERVIEWED. SAID HE WAS GOING WITH SOMEONE WITH MORE "PERSONALITY."
FISK STAFFING SOLUTIONS
COSTUMES GOTTA BE THE ONLY JOB WHERE THE TEACHER GIVES YOU A GOLD STAR FOR BEING A HOMICIDAL MANIAC.
HERE I AM, ACTING ALL PROFESSIONAL, O TRYING TO TAKE THIS @#$! SERIOUSLY--
AND THERE HE IS, ALL KILLING GIRLFRIENDS AND STUFF.
YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I TRIED TO GET AN ARCH NEMESIS THING GOING WITH DAREDEVIL? BET HE WISHES HE'D THOUGHT THAT ONE THROUGH A LITTLE MORE NOW! STILL BE HOOKING UP WITH A HOT GREEK CHICK.
IT'S ALL JUST MARKETING, IS WHAT I'M SAYING. WHO YOU KNOW. I AM LIKE, TWICE THE ASSASSIN FOR HIRE THIS GUY IS, I JUST NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO PROVE IT.


SO, ON THE ONE HAND, YEAH, SURE, I BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS--
GAAAH!
BUT THEN, THE CIRCUMSTANCES AT HAND ARE A LITTLE LESS THAN IDEAL.
WHAT DO WE DO?!
RUN!
GOOD START.
WE'RE GONNA DIE, AREN'T WE?
WHAT? NO-- NO, BABY...I TOLD YOU, I'M A SUPER VILLAIN!
YEAH, BUT THAT'S *BULLSEYE!* HE'S A REAL SUPER VILLAIN!
SEE? EVEN KNEW HIS NAME. I GOTTA GET ME A PUBLICIST.
SIGH--COME ON IN HERE! AND DON'T WORRY--
I'M SURE EVERYTHING'S GONNA WORK OUT JUST FINE.
ALL RIGHT, I MAY BE DOWN TO ONE BOOMERANG AND TRAPPED IN A CHURCH BEING HUNTED BY A PSYCHO-KILLER, SURE--I WILL GIVE YOU ALL THAT--


HERMAN! HEY, HERMAN!
--COULD ALWAYS BE WORSE.
HERMAN, C'MON, IT'S ME, *MORRIS!* OPEN UP!
BAM BAM
SURF'S UP! IT'S HYDRO-MAN!
AH--AH, HEY, MORRIS... S'NOT REALLY SUCH A GREAT TIME...
K-CHAK!
'ZAT MY PIZZA?!
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING! NOTHING! UH, JUST THE TV, YOU KNOW-- JUST WATCHIN' TV. LIKE I WAS SAYIN' NOT SUCH A GREAT TIME--
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IT'S MOVIE NIGHT! I GOT THE RACE CAR DRIVER THING, AND SOME KATHERINE HEIGL THING--
GOODFELLAS!
SORRY, MAN, THIS IS ALL THEY HAD LEFT. HARD ENOUGH JUST FINDING A VIDEO STORE IN THIS TOWN. SHOULD PROBABLY JUST GET THE NETFLIX...
YEAH, WELL, THING IS, BUDDY, I'M KINDA BUSY--
YOU JUST SAID YOU'RE WATCHING TV! C'MON, HERMAN, I NEED THIS! THIS IS *STRUCTURE!* WEDNESDAY NIGHT IS MOVIE NIGHT, THURSDAY NIGHT IS COOKING CLUB, *FRIDAY NIGHT*--OH GOD, WHAT'S FRIDAY NIGHT?!


YOU SEE? THIS IS HOW I STAY CLEAN! OTHERWISE, I END UP AT THE BAR. THEN, IT'S SOME ALLEYWAY. THEN IT'S THE BACK OF A TRUCK, AND THERE'S A CAMERA, AND I'M SUPPOSED TO DANCE--
I'M NOT GOING BACK THERE, HERMAN!
OKAY...UM... OKAY...JUST GIVE ME A SECOND--
KA CHKKK
GET YOUR HANDS OFFA' ME, BOY!
HEY, YOU GOT SOMEBODY IN THERE WITH YOU?
NO--I MEAN, YEAH, IT'S--IT'S JUST MY POPS! HE GETS CRANKY IF HIS OATMEAL'S COLD. I'M JUST GONNA PUT HIM IN THE CLOSET--
RRRNN--
OW, STOP BITING!
THE CLOSET? WHY WOULD YOU PUT YOUR OLD MAN IN THE--
CLOSET?
MY TV!
MY SHOWS!
ZZZT!
OH, YEAH, SORRY, BUT--HERMAN, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO'S IN THERE?
HRR--WHO'S THIS ONE SUPPOSED TO BE? CRYBABY MAN? THEM PRINCESS TEARS YOU GOT ALL OVER MY PICTURE BOX, BOY?
HERMAN...
WHAT'D YOU DO?
YES, SIR--


--WE'RE STILL INCHES FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS.
LOOSE LIPS!
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!
YOU'VE BEEN A VERY TALKATIVE BOY, FREDDIE. ALL AROUND THE WHOLE DAMN TOWN...
TELLING EVERYONE YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME!
TELLING 'EM HOW YOU'RE THE BIG BAD KILLER!
SHRUG
HA! LET'S SEE THAT LOSER BULLSEYE DO THAT!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU SEE, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ME. THE CLIENT ADMITTED THEY COULDN'T AFFORD ME, AND INSTEAD SETTLED FOR THE SECOND-BEST HIRED ASSASSIN IN NEW YORK CITY.
AND WHO IS THAT?
BULLSEYE. OBVIOUSLY.
OH YEAH, BABY, IT'S DEFINITELY BIGGER THAN--
YOU'VE BEEN TELLING LIIIIEES, FREDDIE!



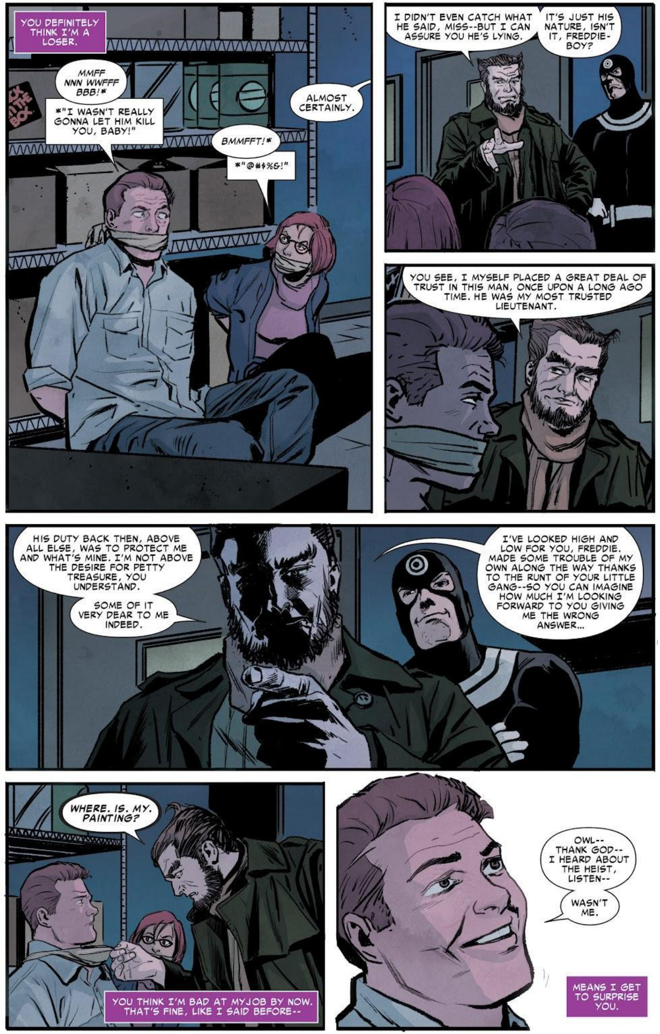
SO WHEN THEY CALLED ME ABOUT THIS JOB, I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF MUCH, MUCH MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS--
UGH, DUDE, JUST SHOW DAREDEVIL THE HAIRDOLL YOU MADE HIM ALREADY...
BUT I WANTED TO GIVE YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT.
TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING YOU COULD REALLY BRAG ABOUT!
CHRISTINA HENDRICKS?
SO COME ON, THEN! SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT!
HE'S RIGHT--NO POINT HIDING, IF I GOT WHAT IT TAKES--
AND I DAMN WELL DO!
DAMN WELL DO WHAT?
I WAS--I WAS FINISHING A THOUGHT. IN MY HEAD. OUT LOUD.
PROBABLY MADE YOU MISS.
PROBABLY.
MM. YOU SEE, THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THOUGH, PALLY--
RIGHT, EYES ON ME, JERKWAD.
I DON'T--
ONE SECOND.



RRRRRRRK
clank
WOW, HE REALLY IS GOOD.
GOTTA DIG DEEP. TIME FOR ONE LAST PLAY...
OKAY, OKAY--YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU COULD KILL ME, I GUESS...THAT WOULD BE BAD...BUT--WHATEVER YOU DO...
JUST DON'T KILL THE WOMAN I LOVE!
WHAT?!
DON'T MAKE ME WATCH YOU KILL HER INSTEAD OF ME, AND MAKE ME LIVE WITH THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE UNTIL I'M AN OLD AND FRAIL MAN, SLOWLY EATEN AWAY BY REGRET!
THIS IS JUST EMBARRASSING...
THAT WOULD BE SO MUCH WORSE! DON'T DO THAT TOTALLY AWESOME THING THAT YOU DID TO DAREDEVIL THAT YOU'RE SO PROUD OF! ANYTHING BUT THAT!
OH, YOU PATHETIC @#$%@*!
OOFFF!
HEY, HOW'S IT GOING? I'M BULLSEYE.
PLEASE DON'T BE A DREAM SEQUENCE PLEASE DON'T BE A DREAM SEQUENCE PLEASE DON'T--


HERMAN, THAT'S-- THAT'S THE HEAD OF--
THE HEAD OF THE MAGGIA!
SILVERMANE, YEAH.
YEAH, S'HIM.
DON'T YOU GET WHAT THIS MEANS?!
I--I DUNNO--
HERMAN--YOU COULD BE A BOSS!
I GUESS... I NEVER REALLY WANTED TO BE A BOSS, THOUGH. ALL THAT RESPONSIBILITY...
FORGET RESPONSIBILITY! ALL THAT MONEY! YOU COULD BE SET FOR LIFE!
AW, THAT'S NEVER HOW IT WORKS OUT, MORRIS, YOU KNOW THAT. THEM GUYS ALWAYS END UP DEAD OR IN JAIL. THE FEDS, THE AVENGERS, THE KINGPIN...WHO WANTS ALL THAT RAINING DOWN ON 'EM?
I GUESS...
TRYIN' TO LAND ON TOP, THAT WAS ALWAYS FRED'S THING-- ME, I ALWAYS JUST WANTED TO TREAT THIS LIKE A REAL JOB. KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MAKE A LIVING, GET OUT EARLY.
EVERYBODY THINKS THAT MAKES ME A COWARD, BUT THAT'S FINE. I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT ALL THAT. MY REPUTATION-- LOOK AT ME, I WEAR A QUILT! WHAT KINDA REPUTATION AM I GONNA HAVE?
I WAS STARTING TO GET A LITTLE SAVED UP, WAS LOOKING AT PLACES IN HOBOKEN--PLACES WITH YARDS, EVEN! BUT NOW--NOW THIS HAPPENS...
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I TOOK 'IM IN THE FIRST PLACE.


HEY, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT TALK! IT'S LIKE THEY SAY IN GROUP, "TAKE A PERSONAL INVENTORY"-- AND YOU GOT A HELLUVA INVENTORY HERE.
YOUR PROBLEM IS YOU GOT NO CONFIDENCE. YOU'RE THE FREAKIN' SHOCKER, MAN! DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU ALMOST KILLED SPIDER-MAN?
YEAH--A COUPLE TIMES, EVEN...
SEE? WHAT KIND OF A REP YOU THINK YOU'D HAVE IF PEOPLE HAD SEEN THAT, HUH? I'M TELLING YOU, THIS HAPPENED FOR A REASON, HERMAN--
THIS IS GONNA MEAN BIG THINGS.
REAL BIG THINGS...
THANKS, MORRIS. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT--AND HEY, I'M SORRY FOR NOT TELLING YOU ABOUT THIS SOONER. THE STUFF WITH THE GANG, I KINDA FELT LIKE I COULDN'T TRUST ANYONE ANYMORE...
'EY, NO WORRIES, PAL! I OWE YOU BIG FOR BEING THERE FOR ME WHILE I TRY AN' GET CLEAN! WHAT KINDA FRIEND WOULD I BE IF I DIDN'T RETURN THE FAVOR?
JUST GONNA USE THE JOHN REAL QUICK, THEN WE'LL FIGURE THIS THING OUT TOGETHER.
SOUNDS GOO--HEY WAIT, WHAT NUMBER ARE YOU DOING? CAUSE THE FLUSH DON'T--
MORRIS?
knock knock
BOY, YOU SURE ARE STUPID.

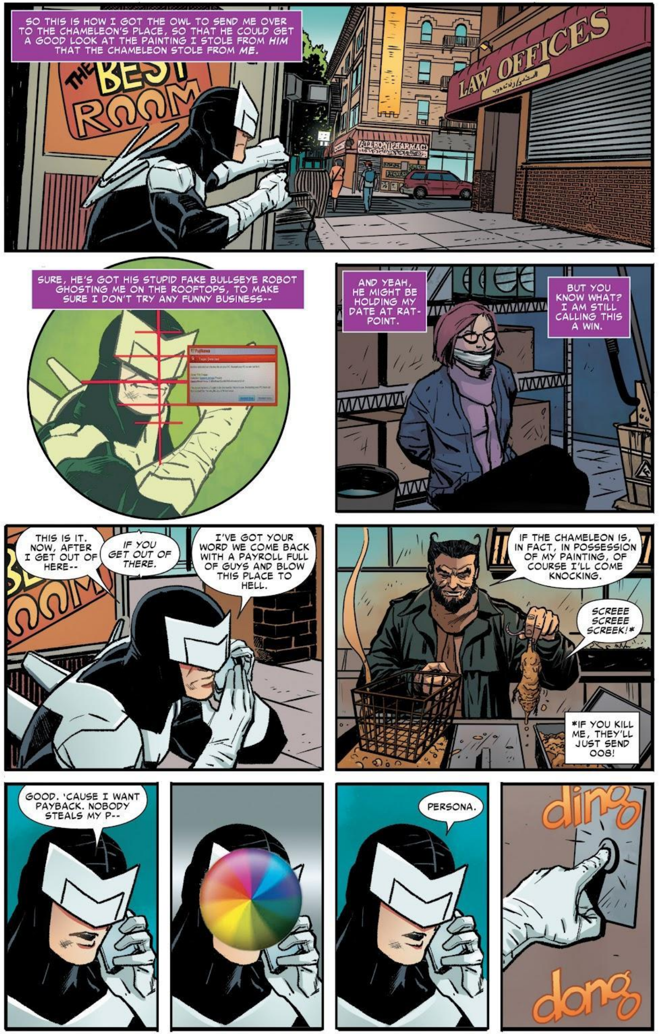


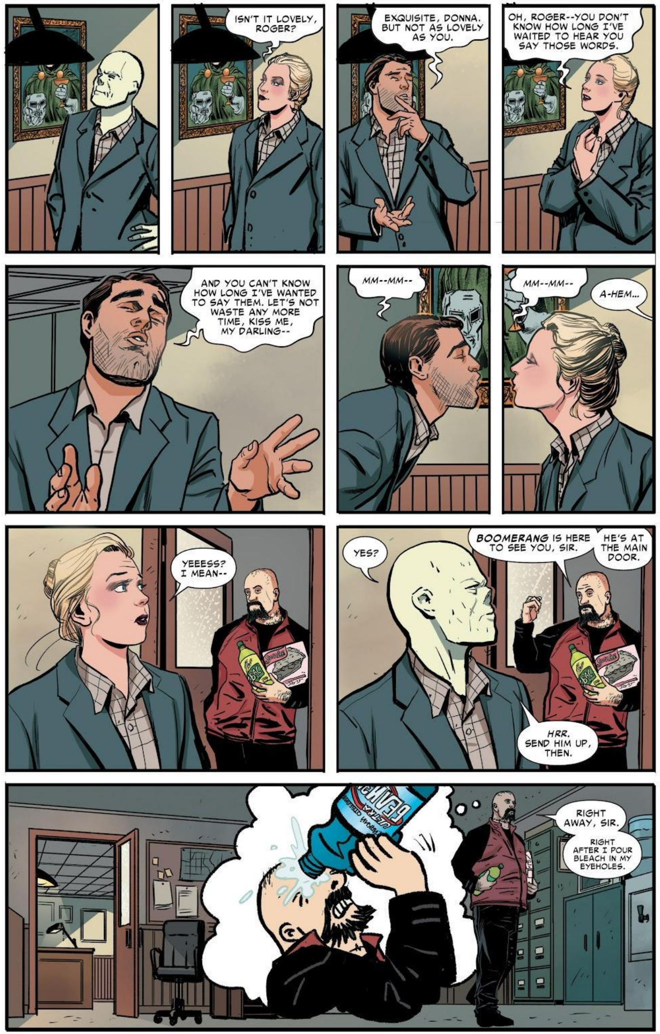
YOU DEFINITELY THINK I'M A LOSER.
MMFF NNN WWFFF BBB!*
*"I WASN'T REALLY GONNA LET HIM KILL YOU, BABY!"
ALMOST CERTAINLY.
BMMFFT!*
*"@#$%&!"
I DIDN'T EVEN CATCH WHAT HE SAID, MISS--BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU HE'S LYING.
IT'S JUST HIS NATURE, ISN'T IT, FREDDIE-BOY?
YOU SEE, I MYSELF PLACED A GREAT DEAL OF TRUST IN THIS MAN, ONCE UPON A LONG AGO TIME. HE WAS MY MOST TRUSTED LIEUTENANT.
HIS DUTY BACK THEN, ABOVE ALL ELSE, WAS TO PROTECT ME AND WHAT'S MINE. I'M NOT ABOVE THE DESIRE FOR PETTY TREASURE, YOU UNDERSTAND.
SOME OF IT VERY DEAR TO ME INDEED.
I'VE LOOKED HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU, FREDDIE. MADE SOME TROUBLE OF MY OWN ALONG THE WAY THANKS TO THE RUNT OF YOUR LITTLE GANG--SO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW MUCH I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO YOU GIVING ME THE WRONG ANSWER...
WHERE. IS. MY. PAINTING?
YOU THINK I'M BAD AT MYJOB BY NOW. THAT'S FINE, LIKE I SAID BEFORE--
OWL-- THANK GOD-- I HEARD ABOUT THE HEIST, LISTEN--
WASN'T ME.
MEANS I GET TO SURPRISE YOU.



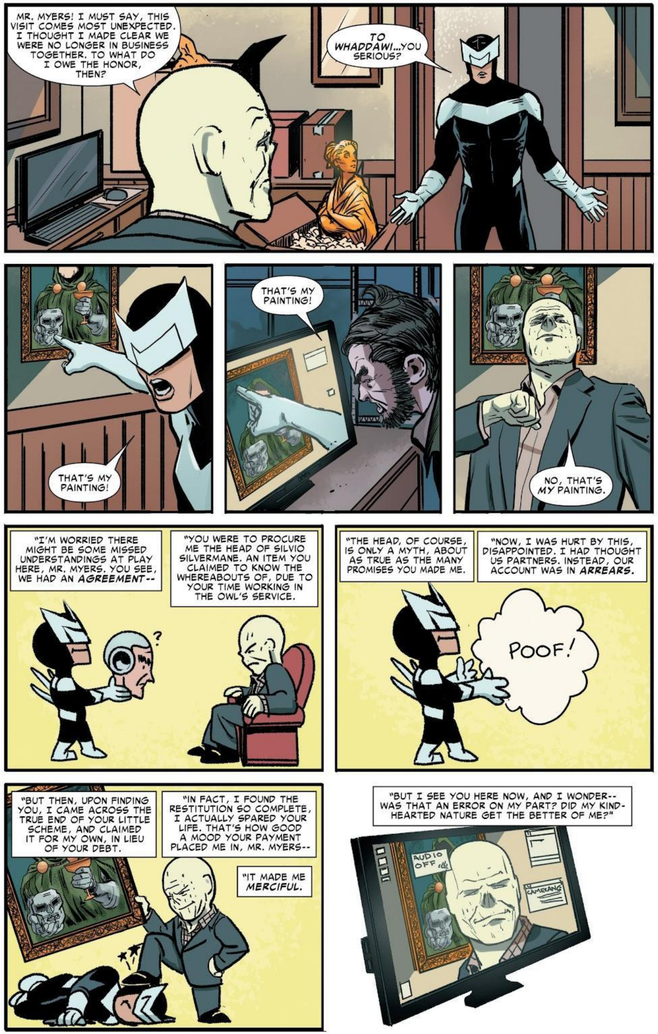
OH, DEAR...
I'M SERIOUS! JUST--JUST HEAR ME OUT, LEMME ASK YOU SOMETHING--WHAT'S THE FASTEST GROWING SECTOR IN CRIME THESE DAYS?
HITS OUT ON YOU?
IDENTITY THEFT.
OH, PLEASE, FREDDIE--YOU DON'T TRULY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE...
I KNOW WHO IT WAS! I BEEN HEARING THINGS--YOU KNOW, AROUND TOWN--ME BEING PLACES I DIDN'T REMEMBER. FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST BLACKOUT DRUNK STUFF, BUT--
IT WAS THE CHAMELEON.
THE CHAMELEON.
S'RIGHT.
WHY WOULD THE CHAMELEON...?
"THINK ABOUT IT, IT'S THE PERFECT CRIME! HE PRETENDS TO BE ME, DUPES MY GANG INTO ROBBING YOU--YOU COME FIND AND KILL ME, THINKING IT MUST BE TRUE SINCE I KNOW WHERE ALL YOUR STUFF IS STASHED--EVERYBODY WINS!"
OR--HE WINS, I MEAN. I'M JUST THE PATSY! COME ON, ME STEAL ART? THAT DOESN'T SOUND A LITTLE...PRETENTIOUS TO YOU? AND FROM YOU--THE "DUMP A PIPE FULL OF RATS ON DUDES" GUY?
I KNOW I DIDN'T GIVE NOTICE OR WHATEVER, BUT I THOUGHT WE LEFT IT ON BETTER TERMS THAN THAT, OWL.
IT DID STRIKE ME AS SOMEWHAT AMBITIOUS FOR SOMEONE OF SUCH LOW STOCK, I'LL ADMIT...BUT STILL, THIS IS LUDICROUS...
OH, YEAH? I CAN PROVE IT!


AND JUST HOW WOULD YOU DO THAT?
CAMERA-RANG.
OH GOD, NOT THE NOVELTY BOOMERANGS AGAIN...
THIS'LL WORK! I'LL GO OVER TO THE CHAMELEON'S PLACE, TELL HIM I'M FEELING ALL VIOLATED BY THE COPYCAT ACT. BUT THE WHOLE TIME, YOU'LL BE WATCHING THE VIDEO FEED--
"AND IF I KNOW THAT GUY, HE'LL HAVE YOUR STUPID PAINTING HANGING UP RIGHT OVER HIS DESK."
MM. AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL. BUT EVEN IF I WERE TO INDULGE THIS FARCE, I HAVE TO POINT OUT--YOU'D BE TRADING ONE DEATH FOR THE NEXT, TRYING TO MAKE IT OUT OF THE CHAMELEON'S IN ONE PIECE.
HEY, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.
CLEARLY.
AW, COME ON! BULLSEYE'S LIKE THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE ASSASSIN!
HE'S A ROBOT. L.M.D. BROUGHT IN FROM DENVER BY OUR OLD FRIEND...
SLRRRT BZZZZZT KZZZ-KRRRT!*
*GOT YOU GOOD, SUCKER!
...THE TINKERER.
HEY-O, FRED!
WELL THAT IS JUST INSULTING.


SO THIS IS HOW I GOT THE OWL TO SEND ME OVER TO THE CHAMELEON'S PLACE, SO THAT HE COULD GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE PAINTING I STOLE FROM *HIM* THAT THE CHAMELEON STOLE FROM *ME*.
THE BEST ROOM
LAW OFFICES
SURE, HE'S GOT HIS STUPID FAKE BULLSEYE ROBOT GHOSTING ME ON THE ROOFTOPS, TO MAKE SURE I DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS--
AND YEAH, HE MIGHT BE HOLDING MY DATE AT RAT-POINT.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I AM STILL CALLING THIS A WIN.
THIS IS IT. NOW, AFTER I GET OUT OF HERE--
IF YOU GET OUT OF THERE.
I'VE GOT YOUR WORD WE COME BACK WITH A PAYROLL FULL OF GUYS AND BLOW THIS PLACE TO HELL.
IF THE CHAMELEON IS, IN FACT, IN POSSESSION OF MY PAINTING, OF COURSE I'LL COME KNOCKING.
SCREEE SCREEE SCREEK!*
*IF YOU KILL ME, THEY'LL JUST SEND 008!
GOOD. 'CAUSE I WANT PAYBACK. NOBODY STEALS MY P--
PERSONA.
ding
dong



ISN'T IT LOVELY, ROGER?
EXQUISITE, DONNA. BUT NOT AS LOVELY AS YOU.
OH, ROGER--YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO HEAR YOU SAY THOSE WORDS.
AND YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE WANTED TO SAY THEM. LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME, KISS ME, MY DARLING--
MM--MM--
MM--MM--
A-HEM...
YEEESS? I MEAN--
YES?
BOOMERANG IS HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.
HE'S AT THE MAIN DOOR.
HRR. SEND HIM UP, THEN.
RIGHT AWAY, SIR.
RIGHT AFTER I POUR BLEACH IN MY EYEHOLES.



MR. MYERS! I MUST SAY, THIS VISIT COMES MOST UNEXPECTED. I THOUGHT I MADE CLEAR WE WERE NO LONGER IN BUSINESS TOGETHER. TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR, THEN?
TO WHADDAWI...YOU SERIOUS?
THAT'S MY PAINTING!
THAT'S MY PAINTING!
NO, THAT'S MY PAINTING.
"I'M WORRIED THERE MIGHT BE SOME MISSED UNDERSTANDINGS AT PLAY HERE, MR. MYERS. YOU SEE, WE HAD AN AGREEMENT--
"YOU WERE TO PROCURE ME THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE. AN ITEM YOU CLAIMED TO KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF, DUE TO YOUR TIME WORKING IN THE OWL'S SERVICE.
?
"THE HEAD, OF COURSE, IS ONLY A MYTH, ABOUT AS TRUE AS THE MANY PROMISES YOU MADE ME.
"NOW, I WAS HURT BY THIS, DISAPPOINTED. I HAD THOUGHT US PARTNERS. INSTEAD, OUR ACCOUNT WAS IN ARREARS.
POOF!
"BUT THEN, UPON FINDING YOU, I CAME ACROSS THE TRUE END OF YOUR LITTLE SCHEME, AND CLAIMED IT FOR MY OWN, IN LIEU OF YOUR DEBT.
"IN FACT, I FOUND THE RESTITUTION SO COMPLETE, I ACTUALLY SPARED YOUR LIFE. THAT'S HOW GOOD A MOOD YOUR PAYMENT PLACED ME IN, MR. MYERS--
"IT MADE ME MERCIFUL.
"BUT I SEE YOU HERE NOW, AND I WONDER--WAS THAT AN ERROR ON MY PART? DID MY KIND-HEARTED NATURE GET THE BETTER OF ME?"
AUDIO OFF


NOW, LISTEN-- I GET I SCAMMED YOU, BUT THAT PAINTING IS WORTH MORE THAN ANY STUPID GANGSTER HEAD! I WANT MY SHARE!
OH, FREDERICK. PERHAPS I'LL LET YOU LIVE AFTER ALL. SO HARMLESS, SO SAD.
AW, YEAH? THEN HOW'D I PULL ONE OVER ON YOU, THEN? I'M THE ONE WHO HIT THE OWL AND GOT THE PAINTING! YOU'RE NOT FIT TO WEAR MY ROCKET BOOTS, PAL!
ON THE CONTRARY--
C'MON, GO FOR THE CLICHÉ... THAT'S IT...
ONE FOR THE CAMERA.
THEY FIT QUITE WELL.
MINE! MINE MINE MINE!
FRY CHART
THAT OUGHTA DO THE TRICK.


I TRUST THIS FINALLY CONCLUDES OUR BUSINESS, MR. MYERS. BEST OF LUCK IN ALL FUTURE ENDEAVORS! PLEASE DON'T STAY IN TOUCH!
LAW OFFICES
THE BEST
OH, YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME AGAIN, @#$!%&. YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT.
ME AND ALL MY FRIENDS. MY DUMB IMPOSTER ROBOT FRIENDS.
YES SIR, I DO LOVE WHEN A GOOD PLAN COMES TOGETHER.
IT'S BEEN A LONG, TOUGH ROAD GETTING HERE, BUT HEY, THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST.
THINGS ARE FINALLY GOING MY WAY--
HERE'S TO NO MORE LOOSE ENDS.
HEY, FRED...

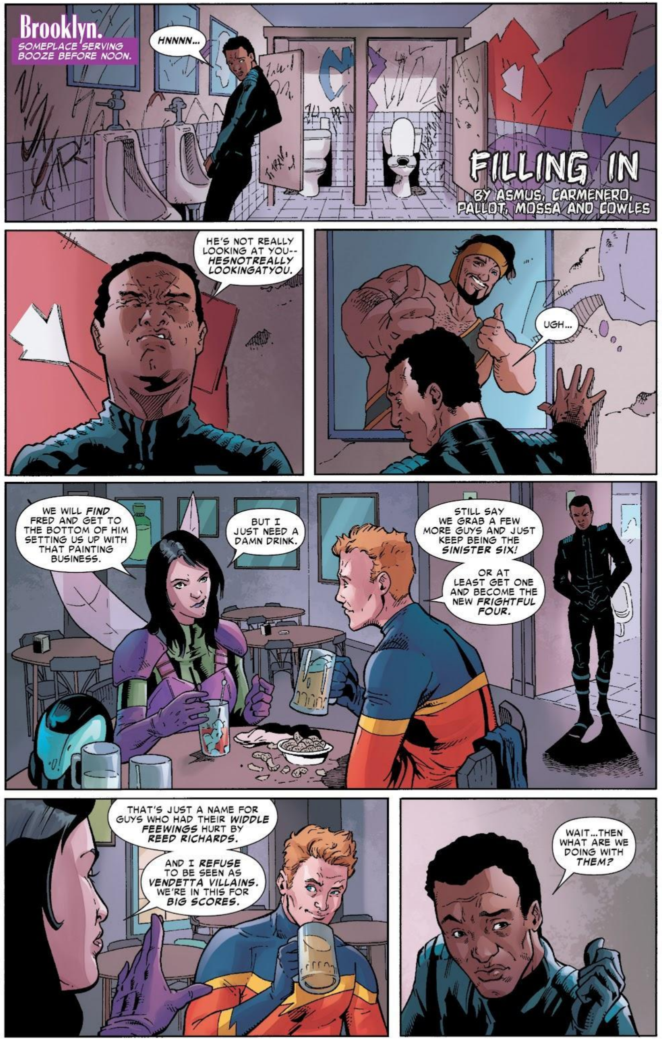

GET IN.


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL
010

Who are the Superior Foes of Spider-Man?

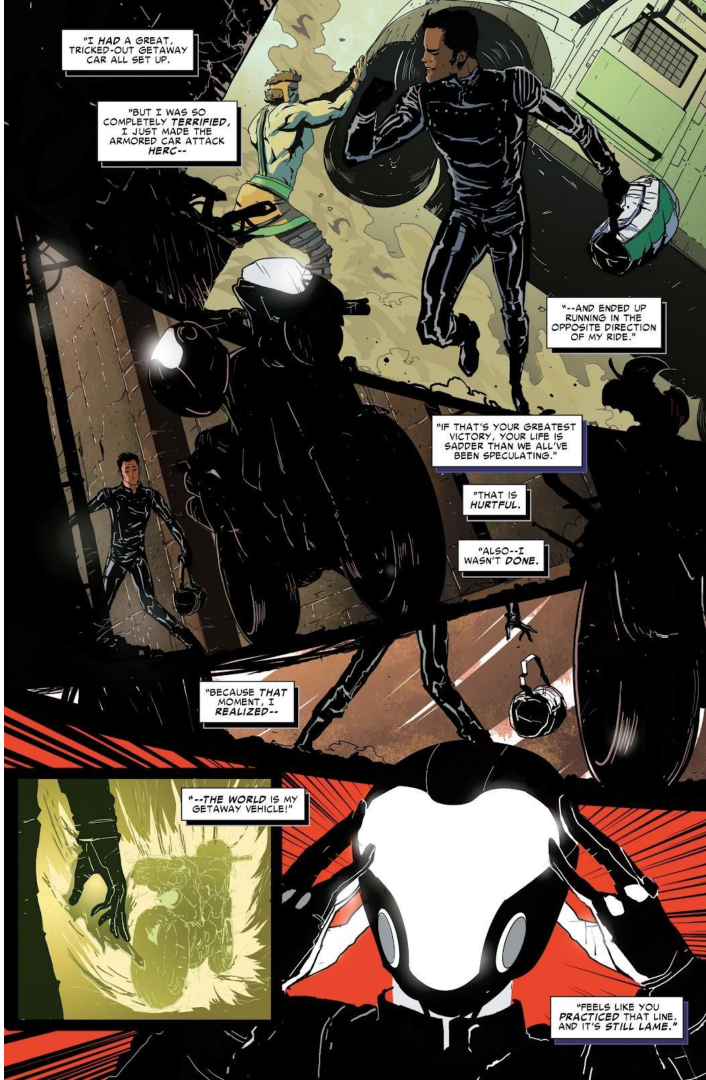


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Brooklyn.
SOMEPLACE SERVING BOOZE BEFORE NOON.
HNNNN...
FILLING IN
BY ASMUS, CARMENERO, PALLOT, MOSSA AND COWLES
HE'S NOT REALLY LOOKING AT YOU-- HESNOTREALLY LOOKINGATYOU.
UGH...
WE WILL FIND FRED AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF HIM SETTING US UP WITH THAT PAINTING BUSINESS.
BUT I JUST NEED A DAMN DRINK.
STILL SAY WE GRAB A FEW MORE GUYS AND JUST KEEP BEING THE SINISTER SIX!
OR AT LEAST GET ONE AND BECOME THE NEW FRIGHTFUL FOUR.
THAT'S JUST A NAME FOR GUYS WHO HAD THEIR WIDDLE FEEWINGS HURT BY REED RICHARDS.
AND I REFUSE TO BE SEEN AS VENDETTA VILLAINS. WE'RE IN THIS FOR BIG SCORES.
WAIT...THEN WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH THEM?

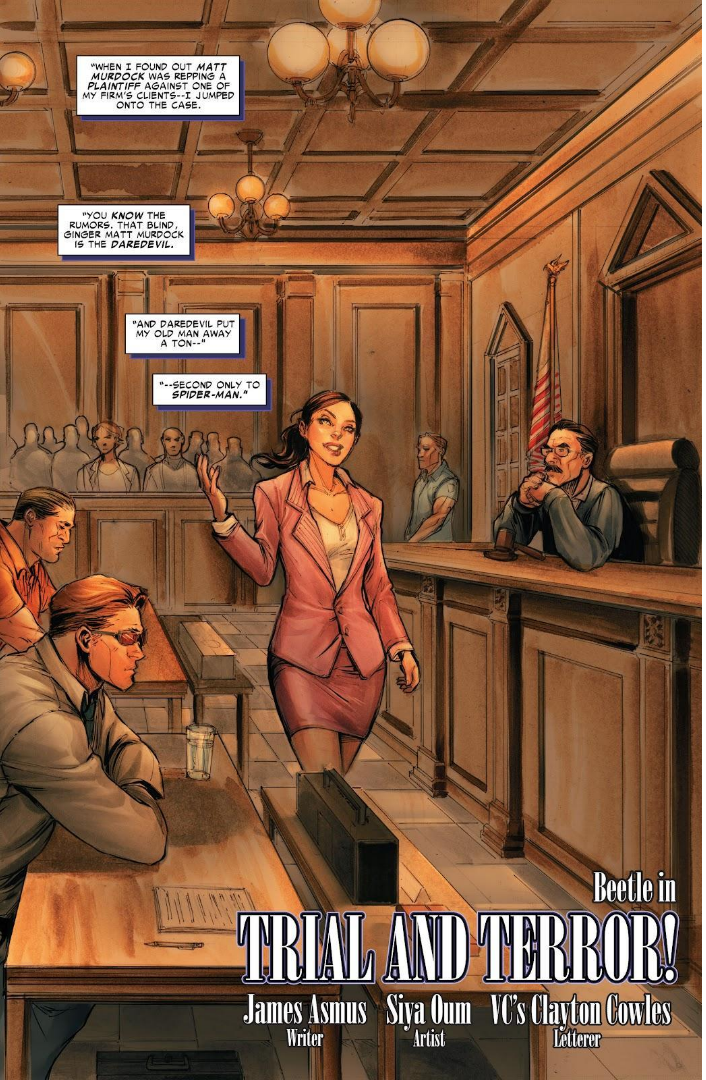

WE'RE HERE, RIGHT? WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THEIR MONEY.
BUT THE SAFE IS ON A TIMER, SO RELAX. ENJOY YOUR DRINK.
I ASSUMED YOU'RE A 7&7 GUY.
MOJITOS!
WOW. ALL THAT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS IN THE BATHROOM?
WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M EFFICIENT, SPEED DEMON'S FAST, AND YOU TOOK A WEIRDLY LONG TIME.
I'M NOT GOOD WITH PUBLIC RESTROOMS.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? LIKE, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THEY WORK?
OHMYGOD-- DO YOU HAVE A BIDET AT HOME?! AND CAN I TRY IT?!
HEY--WHO'S THE MOST IMPRESSIVE GUY YOU EVER BEAT?
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
I GOT THE BETTER OF HERCULES ONCE.


"IT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST JOBS I PULLED WHEN I GOT MY POWERS. BEFORE I WAS 'OVERDRIVE.'
"I USED MY NANO-BACTERIA TO SEAL THE GUARDS IN THE CAB, AND POP OPEN THE MONEY--
"I EVEN WAITED TILL SPIDER-MAN WAS TIED UP ACROSS TOWN.
"BACK WHEN I THOUGHT ALL THE GUYS LIKE HERCULES ONLY WENT AFTER YOUR THANOS-ES, ULTRONS, OR...THE LATEST RETURN OF SUPER-HITLER."
NE WAY
NE WAY
WHOEVER YOU ARE IN THERE--COME OUT AND RECEIVE YOUR GIFT!
THE GIFT OF BATTLE!
OVERDRIVE in
DRIVEN
JAMES ASMUS writer
NUNO PLATI artist
VC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer


"I HAD A GREAT, TRICKED-OUT GETAWAY CAR ALL SET UP.
"BUT I WAS SO COMPLETELY TERRIFIED, I JUST MADE THE ARMORED CAR ATTACK HERC--
"--AND ENDED UP RUNNING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION OF MY RIDE."
"IF THAT'S YOUR GREATEST VICTORY, YOUR LIFE IS SADDER THAN WE ALL'VE BEEN SPECULATING."
"THAT IS HURTFUL.
"ALSO--I WASN'T DONE.
"BECAUSE THAT MOMENT, I REALIZED--
"--THE WORLD IS MY GETAWAY VEHICLE!"
"FEELS LIKE YOU PRACTICED THAT LINE. AND IT'S STILL LAME."

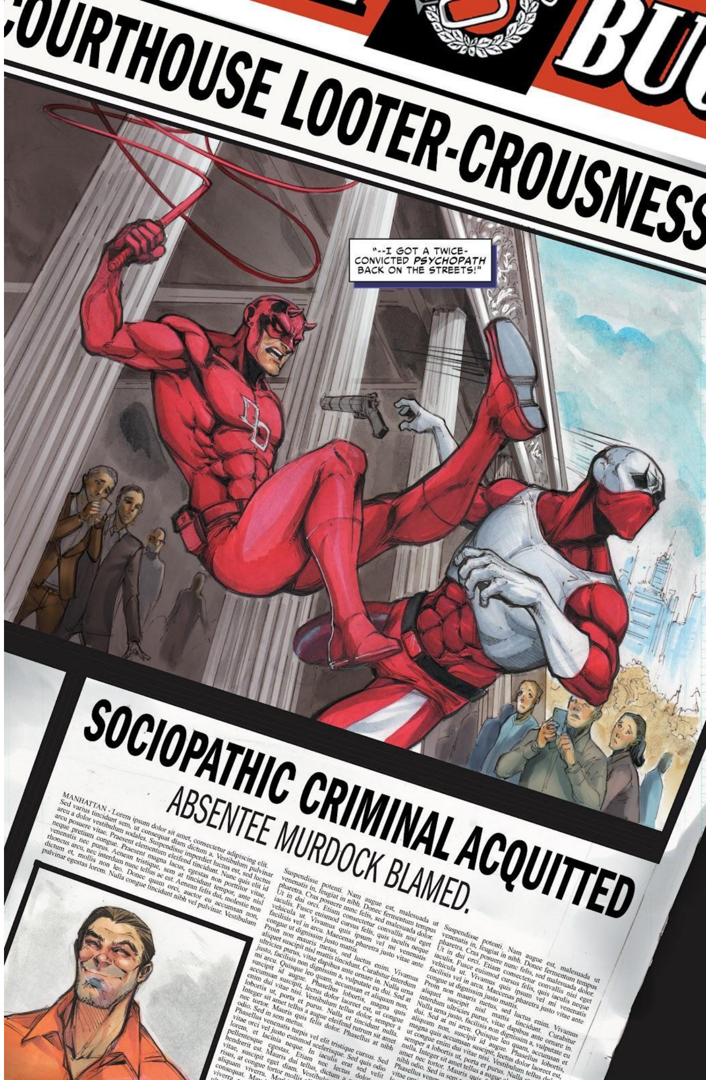

"WELL, LAME OR NOT-- I FACED DOWN HERCULES THAT DAY AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT!"
"I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU RAN--?"
HALT YOUR STEED!
"YEAH...BUT HE CAUGHT UP."
I GOT ROLLED BY A MOST UNDERHANDED VILLAIN...
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
...SERIOUSLY?
AYE!
THEN...HE... WENT DOWN THE ALLEY?
MUCH APPRECIATED!
I WILL TELL HIM THIS GIFT IS FROM US BOTH, GOOD MAN!


THAT'S WHY I KEEP WEARING THE HELMET.
AND DARK PANTS.
HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU--BUT THAT'S LESS A "VICTORY" AND MORE "CONFUSING AN IDIOT."
SO YOU KEPT IT BECAUSE--WHAT? YOU THINK THAT'S YOUR "LUCKY HELMET"?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. IT'S JUST--
--IF I TAKE THE HELMET OFF IN PUBLIC, WHAT IF HERCULES RECOGNIZES ME?!
WHY WOULD HE--?
HE PROBABLY ASSUMES THAT JUST BECAUSE I HAVE A WEIRD POWER THAT I'M SUPERSTRONG! HE'D SHATTER MY RIBCAGE WITH ONE PUNCH!
BECAUSE EVERYONE ASSUMES EVERYBODY IN THIS BUSINESS HAS SUPER-STRENGTH!
THAT'S TRUE. YOU READ A RUNDOWN OF MOST GUYS AND IT'S JUST--
"HEIGHTENED STRENGTH, DURABILITY, AGILITY, STRENGTH, FLYING, STRENGTH..."
HRRRIP
OW--!
I MEAN-- THAT'S THE PUBLIC PERCEPTION, AMIRITE?
YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.
BUT ALSO--WHY DON'T YOU JUST CRACK THE SAFE OPEN AND GO?!
SEE?! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT MY PAL THERE WAS TALKING ABOUT!
YOU AIN'T LOOKIN' AT A BUNCH OF RHINOS, HERE.
WAIT! DON'T YOU HAVE WEAPONS IN YOUR BEETLE SUIT THAT COULD...CUT THE SAFE OPEN?
I DON'T RISK CARRYING WEAPONS UNLESS I NEED TO. PAROLE.
CAN'T YOU... WHAMMY THE SAFE LIKE YOU DO CARS?
UM...DOES IT HAVE WHEELS?
FORGET IT. WE MIGHT AS WELL WAIT THE REST OF THE HOUR.
I'LL TELL YOU HOW I WON AGAINST DAREDEVIL--
NO WAY YOU COULD TAKE THAT GUY! HE'S A NINJA!
BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO WIN...


"WHEN I FOUND OUT MATT MURDOCK WAS REPPING A PLAINTIFF AGAINST ONE OF MY FIRM'S CLIENTS--I JUMPED ONTO THE CASE.
"YOU KNOW THE RUMORS. THAT BLIND, GINGER MATT MURDOCK IS THE DAREDEVIL.
"AND DAREDEVIL PUT MY OLD MAN AWAY A TON--"
"--SECOND ONLY TO SPIDER-MAN."
Beetle in
TRIAL AND TERROR!
James Asmus Writer
Siya Oum Artist
VC's Clayton Cowles Letterer


"WITH WHAT POPS HAD TAUGHT ME, I THOUGHT I COULD PROVE THE RUMORS--
"--OR AT LEAST USE IT AGAINST HIM.
"DAD ALWAYS SAID THAT MR. DOUBLE-DS HAD SOME SORT OF... HEIGHTENED SENSES.
"WHETHER HE'S REALLY BLIND OR NOT--
Exhibit B
"--IF TOMBSTONE SET SOME TRAP--DAREDEVIL COULD SMELL, HEAR, TASTE SIGNS A NORMAL PERSON SHOULDN'T.
OOPS...
"BUT MURDOCK NEVER SLIPPED. NEVER LET HIS FAÇADE CRACK.
"EVENTUALLY, IT WAS CLEAR THAT IF MURDOCK IS SOME KIND OF... BUBBLE-BOY--
"--HE'S TOO PRACTICED AT HIDING IT TO BALK AT SIMPLE ANNOYANCES.
"AND I REALIZED I DIDN'T NEED TO TORTURE DAREDEVIL OUT OF HIDING--
"--WHEN HE CAN'T RESIST COMING OUT FOR PLAY-DATES."


DROP YOUR VALUABLES, YOU SUE-HAPPY STUFFED-SUITS!
OR THE LOOTER WILL GIVE YOU A FACE-FULL OF SPACE GAS!
...
OH FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD...
"I DON'T KNOW IF HE HEARD THE SHOUTING OR SMELLED THE... SPACE GAS--
"--BUT MURDOCK ALL BUT SHUT DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF QUESTIONING.
"HE MADE UP SOME TERRIBLE EXCUSE TO DUCK OUT.
"SECRET IDENTITY OR NO--AS A LAWYER, I THOUGHT HE'D BE A MUCH BETTER LIAR.
"AND WITH A RESENTFUL JUDGE, AND NO OPPOSING COUNSEL--


COURTHOUSE LOOTER-CROUSNESS
"--I GOT A TWICE-CONVICTED PSYCHOPATH BACK ON THE STREETS!"
SOCIOPATHIC CRIMINAL ACQUITTED
ABSENTEE MURDOCK BLAMED.


SNAP
WAIT--YOU'RE TIGHT WITH THE LOOTER?
MAYBE YOU COULD GET HIM TO JOIN UP WITH US?
I... DON'T THINK SO.
Two Months Ago.
THE CLUB WITH NO NAME.
LOOTER! HEY! IT'S JANICE LINCOLN!
I'M THE ALL-NEW BEETLE NOW!
STILL A DEFENSE ATTORNEY?
NO, I GAVE THAT UUMPH--
THEN YOU'RE THE COMPETITION, TOOTS.
"HE'S NOT INTERESTED."
PLUS, HE'S ONE OF THOSE LAME OLD-SCHOOL, SCIENTIST-HAD-A-LAB-ACCIDENT GUYS.
YEAH? WELL HE HAS SUPERSTRENGTH! MEANWHILE, WE'RE BASICALLY THE SINISTER TWO-AND-A-HALF-MEN.
AND I'M COUNTING YOU AS THE OTHER MAN.
HEY!
YOU'RE LUCKY I'M STILL STICKING AROUND AFTER HEARING THOSE SORRY EXCUSES FOR "GLORY DAYS."
OH, LIKE YOU'VE DONE ANY--
BETTER?
WELL, I WASN'T GONNA BRAG...
BUT THOSE STORIES WERE SO PATHETIC, I FEEL I HAVE TO SHARE MINE JUST TO BUOY THE ROOM.


THE SUPERIOR ADVENTURES OF THE
SPEED DEMON!
JAMES ASMUS WRITER
PEPE LARRAZ &
ANDRES MOSSA ARTISTS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER



"I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I BROUGHT THE THING TO HIS KNEES AND HE BEGGED ME TO LET UP!"
HA HA HA HA HA
PLEASE! STOP--!
IT'S STARTIN' TA TICKLE!
"OR HOW I FOUGHT THE X-MEN TO A STAND-STILL!"
GUYS? ANYONE NEED BACKUP?
MINE TOOK, LIKE, TWO SECONDS.
"OR MAYBE ABOUT THE TIME I...DUSTED THE AVENGERS!"
YOU WON'T EVEN LET ME DO THIS...FAST?
NOT IF JARVIS NO SAY GO FAST.
HOPEFULLY, THIS WAY YOU WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE CAUSING A MESS IN ANOTHER MAN'S MANSION.
"BUT THE ONE THAT WAS MOST GRATIFYING WAS ACTUALLY AFTER I GOT TAKEN DOWN--
"--BY YOUR PAL, HERCULES!"
HA! TOO SLOW!
"HE SUCKER PUNCHED ME. BUT I SWORE IT WASN'T OVER...
"I SWORE I'D HAVE MY REVENGE!"



SO I GAVE HIM THE CLAP.
YOU ARE A CHILD.
YOU HAD SEX WITH HIM?!
I DIDN'T DO IT PERSONALLY.
"THIS MASK-CHASER I HOOKED-UP WITH ONCE CALLED ME A WEEK EARLIER SAYING SHE GOT A BAD TEST RESULT AND HAD TO TELL ANY RECENT PARTNERS TO GET TESTED."
SO I FOUND OUT WHERE THAT HAIRY, SKIRT-WEARING APE OF AN AVENGER GETS HIS DRINK ON--AND I TIPPED THE GIRL OFF ON WHERE TO FIND HIM!
THAT'S YOUR BIG REVENGE STORY?
YOU GOT HIM LAID?
HERCULES IS SOME SORT OF GOD, THOUGH, RIGHT?
ARE YOU SURE HE CAN EVEN CONTRACT A VENEREAL DISEASE?
...WELL... NO.
BUT I'M PRETTY SURE I SAW HIM SCRATCHING HIMSELF DURING THAT WHOLE SPIDER-ISLAND THING.
THANK HERA AND YELP! A TAVERN THAT POURS BEFORE MIDDAY!


EITHER THIS IS A VERY SAD BONDAGE PARLOR...
...OR VILLAINY IS AT HAND.
R.I.P
OH GOD! DID HE SEE MY FACE?!
HE TOTALLY SAW MY FACE!
YOU--YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT ALL THIS "EVIDENCE" IS MERELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL.
NOT TO MENTION THAT DUE PROCESS--
PEW
I BRING YOU THE GIFT-- OF BATTLE!
RUN TO THE-- WHOA!
WHY'S THE FLOOR WET?!
...THAT WAS ME.

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THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
YOU'VE MET THE BEST,
NOW MEET THE REST!
MARVEL
011

DON'T FEEL BAD,

YOU CAN BE GOOD!



THERE IS POWER IN NUMBERS.

JOIN SUPER VILLAINS ANONYMOUS TODAY!

Fridays in the St. Jude's Basement.

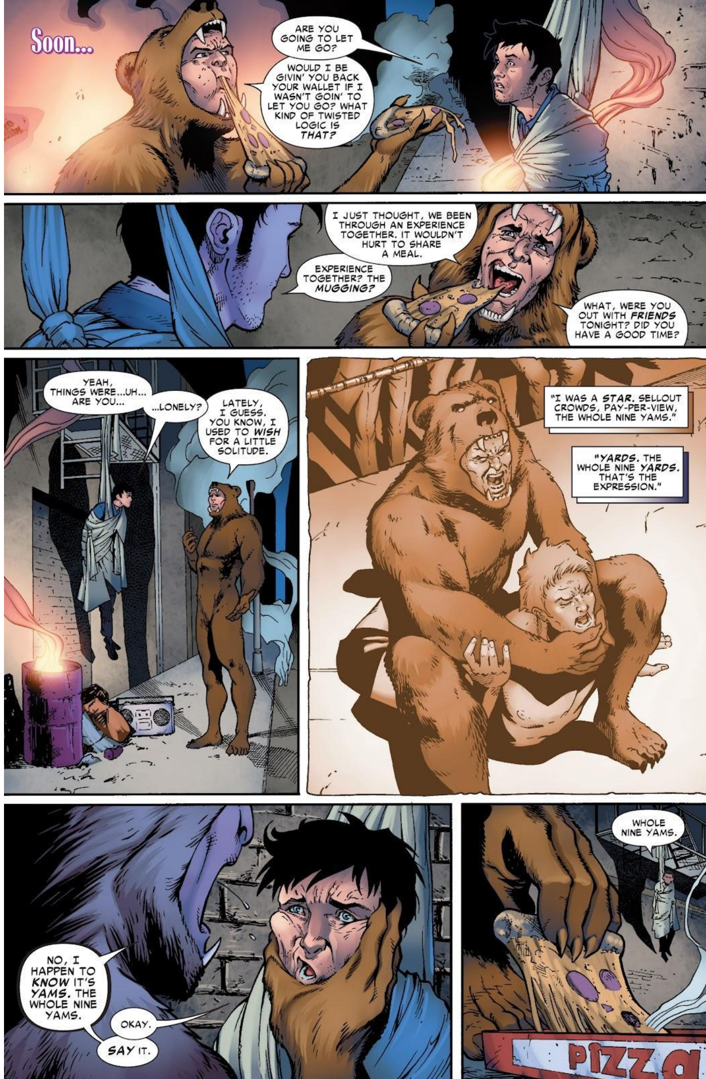
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"IF THEY'RE DRUNK ENOUGH."
NIGHT, ALL. GOOD ONE.
SEE YA, GABE.
YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY TO WALK?
I BEEN OKAY TO WALK FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.
MALONE'S
HAPPY HOUR MONDAY–FRIDAY 4PM–6PM
One Week Ago...
A GRIZZLY SITUATION
TOM PEYER--WRITER CARMEN CARNERO--PENCILS
TERRY PALLOT--INKS CHRIS SOTOMAYOR--COLORS
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES--LETTERS TOM BRENNAN--EDITOR
WASSTHAT?
THAT SONG. I LOVE IT. FROM WHEN I WAS A KID.
WHAT'S THE NAME, I ALMOST HAVE IT--
"TEDDY BEAR'S PICNIC!"
HEY!
WHO'S THAT PLAYIN' TEDDY BEAR'S--


GRAAAAH!
AAAAAH!
NO!


WAKE UP.
AAH!
ARE YOU THROUGH?
HERE'S YOUR WALLET BACK. CARDS AND STUFF ARE ALL IN THERE. I JUST NEEDED A LITTLE CASH TO GET ME THROUGH THE--
DON'T KILL ME.
WOULD I BE GIVIN' YOU BACK YOUR WALLET IF I WERE GOIN' TO KILL YOU? NOW THAT DOESN'T MAKE A WHOLE LOT OF SENSE, DOES IT?
THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.
GOIN' FOR SLICES.
WHAT? +WHUFF+
ANTICIPATE, ALL RIGHT? YOU WILL GET HUNGRY.
I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFF.


Soon...
ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME GO?
WOULD I BE GIVIN' YOU BACK YOUR WALLET IF I WASN'T GOIN' TO LET YOU GO? WHAT KIND OF TWISTED LOGIC IS THAT?
I JUST THOUGHT, WE BEEN THROUGH AN EXPERIENCE TOGETHER. IT WOULDN'T HURT TO SHARE A MEAL.
EXPERIENCE TOGETHER? THE MUGGING?
WHAT, WERE YOU OUT WITH FRIENDS TONIGHT? DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?
YEAH, THINGS WERE...UH... ARE YOU...
...LONELY?
LATELY, I GUESS. YOU KNOW, I USED TO WISH FOR A LITTLE SOLITUDE.
"I WAS A STAR. SELLOUT CROWDS, PAY-PER-VIEW, THE WHOLE NINE YAMS."
"YARDS. THE WHOLE NINE YARDS. THAT'S THE EXPRESSION."
NO, I HAPPEN TO KNOW IT'S YAMS. THE WHOLE NINE YAMS.
OKAY.
SAY IT.
WHOLE NINE YAMS.



THEY BOUNCED ME. SAID I WAS TOO VIOLENT, FOR WRESTLING, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I THOUGHT VIOLENCE WAS THE POINT.
IT'S OKAY, THOUGH. CRIME'S BETTER. SAY YOU COMMIT AN ASSAULT? VIOLENCE IS THE POINT, NO ARGUMENT.
"SOMETIMES WHEN I'M WORKIN', I LIKE TO IMAGINE I'M BACK IN THE RING, PERFORMIN' FOR A SELLOUT CROWD THAT HATES MY GUTS.
"LIKE WHEN I DID THAT ONE-MAN SHOCK-AND-AWE CAMPAIGN IN THE BUGLE NEWSROOM. YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THAT?"
NO.
SO WHAT CHANGED?
I JUST TOLD YOU WHAT CHANGED.
NO, I MEAN AFTER SHOCK-AND-AWE.
YOU'RE MORE STEALTH NOW.
I'M NO COWARD!
SLICE



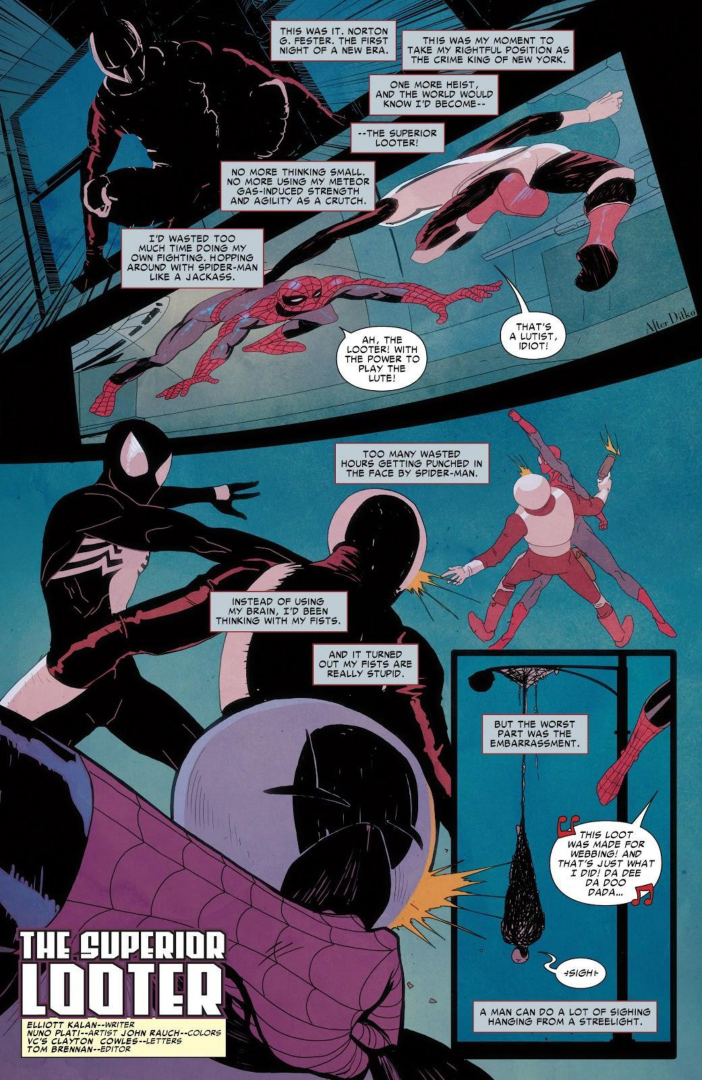
LEAVE.
REALLY? SURE, YEAH.
WAIT!
AAH!
I CAN'T LIE TO YOU.
IT'S OKAY, I DON'T MIND...
NO. IT'S BAD ENOUGH BEIN' A COWARD. IT'S WORSE TO BE A COWARD ABOUT BEIN' A COWARD. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
NO.
I GOTTA MAN UP AN' ADMIT IT.
SPIDER-MAN USED TO BE A FUN MATCH. WE'D WORK UP A SWEAT, HE'D WIN, WHATEVER. I EVEN HAD A TOUGH TIME KEEPIN' A STRAIGHT FACE. HIS JOKES...
WHY ARE WE TALKING ABOUT SPIDER-MAN?
'CAUSE HE'S WHAT CHANGED.
IT AIN'T JUST GRAPPLIN' WITH HIM NO MORE. IT GOT TOO SERIOUS. LIKE HE COULD KILL YOU.
AN' THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO SHOCK AN' AWE. THAT'S WHY I ROB ONE GUY AT A TIME. IT'S WHY I HIDE, IN ALLEYS AND SEWERS, LIKE A RAT.
SPIDER-MAN CHANGED...
...AND HE SCARES ME NOW.
NOW... LEAVE!


PEW
...WHAT'S THAT SONG?
I LOVED THAT WHEN I WAS A KID.
THE NAME'S GONNA DRIVE ME CRAZY. TIP OF MY TONGUE. IT'S--
ITSY--
BITSY--

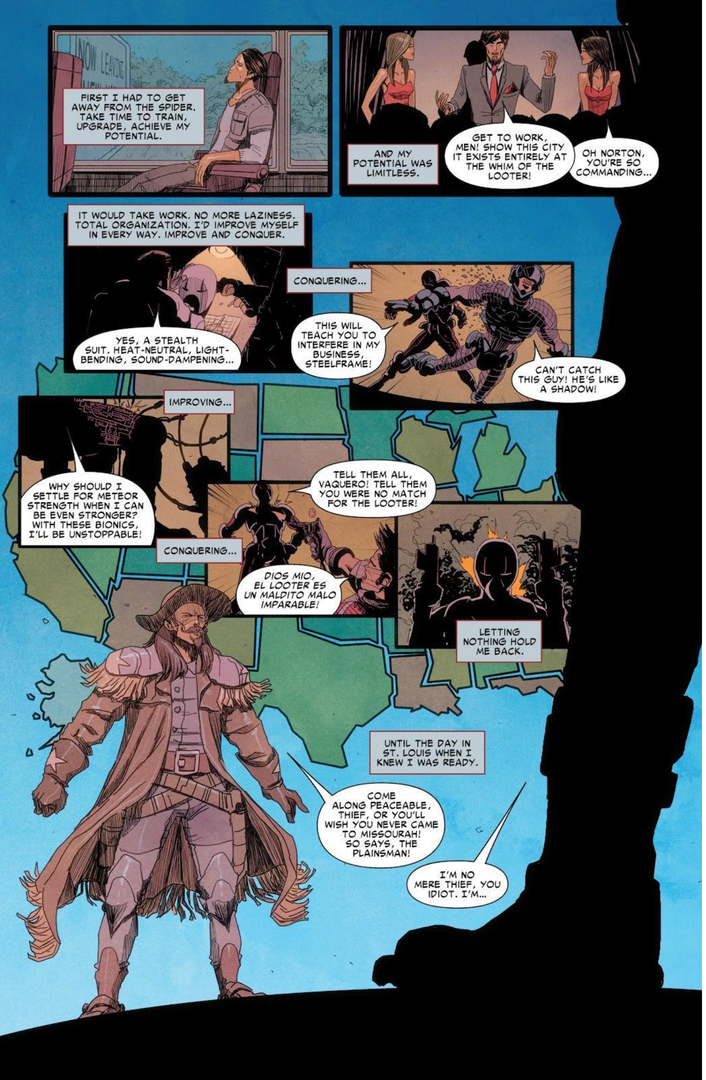

AAAAAAHHHH!
SPIDER.
NOOOO!
NEVERGONNA DRINKAGAINNEVER GONNADRINKAGAIN NEVERGONNA DRINKAGAIN...
AAAH!
EVER.
"SO WHAT HAPPENED THEN? GIVE US A BLOW-BY-BLOW."


YEAH. DID SPIDER-MAN KILL YOU? HEH.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
I'M SURE DR. BONG MEANS NO OFFENSE. HE DOES BRING US TO A POINT WORTH PURSUING.
GRIZZLY, YOU ALLOWED YOUR FEAR OF A CONFRONTATION WITH SPIDER-MAN TO RULE YOUR BEHAVIOR. YET, IT HAPPENED ANYWAY...
...AND YOU SURVIVED IT.
I...GUESS I DID.
PERHAPS THAT MAKES YOU A LITTLE LESS AFRAID?
YEAH, I...
I DON'T WANT TO TALK NO MORE.


HELLO. MY NAME IS NORTON, AND I AM A SUPER VILLAIN.
HI, NORTON.
HI, NORTON.
HI, NORTON.
HI, NORTON.
HI, NORTON.
THEY SAY THAT WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LIVE HAPPY EVER AFTER, RIGHT?
WELL, I GOT THE DOLLAR STORE VERSION. A METEORITE FULL OF PRESSURIZED GAS. A FLATULENT WISHING STAR.
A REAL FAIRY GODMOTHER, IF YOUR HEART'S DESIRE WAS TO GET BEATEN UP BY SUPER HEROES AND LEFT TO ROT BEHIND BARS.
I BEEN HEARING SOME OF YOU GO ON ABOUT HOW SPIDER-MAN'S CHANGED, THAT HE'S BECOME OUR BOGEY-MAN, THE MONSTER UNDER OUR BEDS.
WELL, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THAT.


THIS WAS IT. NORTON G. FESTER. THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW ERA.
THIS WAS MY MOMENT TO TAKE MY RIGHTFUL POSITION AS THE CRIME KING OF NEW YORK.
ONE MORE HEIST, AND THE WORLD WOULD KNOW I'D BECOME--
--THE SUPERIOR LOOTER!
NO MORE THINKING SMALL. NO MORE USING MY METEOR GAS-INDUCED STRENGTH AND AGILITY AS A CRUTCH.
I'D WASTED TOO MUCH TIME DOING MY OWN FIGHTING. HOPPING AROUND WITH SPIDER-MAN LIKE A JACKASS.
AH, THE LOOTER! WITH THE POWER TO PLAY THE LUTE!
THAT'S A LUTIST, IDIOT!
After Ditko
TOO MANY WASTED HOURS GETTING PUNCHED IN THE FACE BY SPIDER-MAN.
INSTEAD OF USING MY BRAIN, I'D BEEN THINKING WITH MY FISTS.
AND IT TURNED OUT MY FISTS ARE REALLY STUPID.
BUT THE WORST PART WAS THE EMBARRASSMENT.
THIS LOOT WAS MADE FOR WEBBING! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID! DA DEE DA DOO DADA...
SIGH
A MAN CAN DO A LOT OF SIGHING HANGING FROM A STREETLIGHT.
THE SUPERIOR LOOTER
ELLIOTT KALAN--WRITER
NUNO PLATI--ARTIST JOHN RAUCH--COLORS
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES--LETTERS
TOM BRENNAN--EDITOR


ANOTHER JAIL SENTENCE, ANOTHER LECTURE FROM MY BROTHER.
NORTON, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS OBSESSION WITH PETTY THEFT WHEN YOU COULD HAVE AN ACTUAL HUMAN LIFE WORKING IN MY LAB! YOU'RE A SCIENTIST, NOT DR. OCTOPUS!
DR. OCTOPUS IS A SCIENTIST, YOU IDIOT!
BUT WHY SHOULD I BUST MY HUMP MAKING THINGS, WHEN TAKING THINGS IS SO MUCH EASIER?!
OR AT LEAST, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.
BASIL, WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?
BECAUSE HYDRA'S PAYING US 800 GRAND TO STEAL THEM AN ELLSWORTH SONIC REDUCER. AND I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I FEEL LIKE PUTTING AWAY A NEST EGG BEFORE I GET LOCKED UP OR KILLED. AGAIN.
BUT WHY AREN'T WE THE GUYS PAYING OTHER GUYS TO GRAB THINGS FOR US? WHO SAID WE HAD TO SWEAT ALL DAY WHEN WE COULD BE CALLING THE SHOTS?
FACE IT, SOME MEN ARE KINGS AND SOME ARE PAWNS. A TIME COMES WHEN YOU HAVE TO RECOGNIZE YOUR PLACE IN THE PECKING ORDER.
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY AMBITION?
DING-DONG! AVON SWINGING! SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR LOOTY CALL!
TALE AS OLD AS TIMMMMEEE... LOOTY AND THE BASILISK....
HEY, ARE YOU GUYS EVEN LISTENING TO ME?
CAN'T CHASE DREAMS YOUR WHOLE LIFE.
WELL THAT WAS WEIRD...
MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE UP ON YOURSELF. I KNOW THERE'S MORE FOR ME OUT THERE.



FIRST I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THE SPIDER. TAKE TIME TO TRAIN, UPGRADE, ACHIEVE MY POTENTIAL.
AND MY POTENTIAL WAS LIMITLESS.
GET TO WORK, MEN! SHOW THIS CITY IT EXISTS ENTIRELY AT THE WHIM OF THE LOOTER!
OH NORTON, YOU'RE SO COMMANDING...
IT WOULD TAKE WORK. NO MORE LAZINESS. TOTAL ORGANIZATION. I'D IMPROVE MYSELF IN EVERY WAY. IMPROVE AND CONQUER.
YES, A STEALTH SUIT. HEAT-NEUTRAL, LIGHT-BENDING, SOUND-DAMPENING...
CONQUERING...
THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE IN MY BUSINESS, STEELFRAME!
CAN'T CATCH THIS GUY! HE'S LIKE A SHADOW!
IMPROVING...
WHY SHOULD I SETTLE FOR METEOR STRENGTH WHEN I CAN BE EVEN STRONGER? WITH THESE BIONICS, I'LL BE UNSTOPPABLE!
CONQUERING...
TELL THEM ALL, VAQUERO! TELL THEM YOU WERE NO MATCH FOR THE LOOTER!
DIOS MIO, EL LOOTER ES UN MALDITO MALO IMPARABLE!
LETTING NOTHING HOLD ME BACK.
UNTIL THE DAY IN ST. LOUIS WHEN I KNEW I WAS READY.
COME ALONG PEACEABLE, THIEF, OR YOU'LL WISH YOU NEVER CAME TO MISSOURAH! SO SAYS, THE PLAINSMAN!
I'M NO MERE THIEF, YOU IDIOT. I'M...



THE LOOTER!
I RECKON I DON'T LIKE YOUR--
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU RECKON.
I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE RECKONS.
I'M THE LOOTER. I TAKE WHAT I LIKE.
NOW THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK.
NOT THAT I EVER WANTED TO.



IT WAS TIME FOR NEW YORK TO MEET THE NEW BOSS.
HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU? ANYONE ELSE DOUBT THE LOOTER'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE THE GANGLORD OF NEW YORK?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, LOOTER. THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE YOU LEFT TOWN.
SPIDER-MAN'S DIFFERENT, MAN!
IT'S DANGEROUS OUT THERE. CRIMINALS ARE GETTING HURT.
SO YOU'RE SAYING...IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF MONEY TO GET YOU ON BOARD.
A *LOT* OF MONEY.
THE MOMENT WAS HERE. ALL MY TRAINING, ALL MY PLANNING, ALL MY IMPROVING.
A MASTER HEIST OF THE ENTIRE DIAMOND DISTRICT. THAT'D MAKE THE CITY SIT UP AND NOTICE. AND GET ME ENOUGH CASH TO BUILD AN ARMY.
AFTER THAT NIGHT, THIS CITY WOULD BE *MINE*.
NOT EVEN SPIDER-MAN COULD STOP ME!



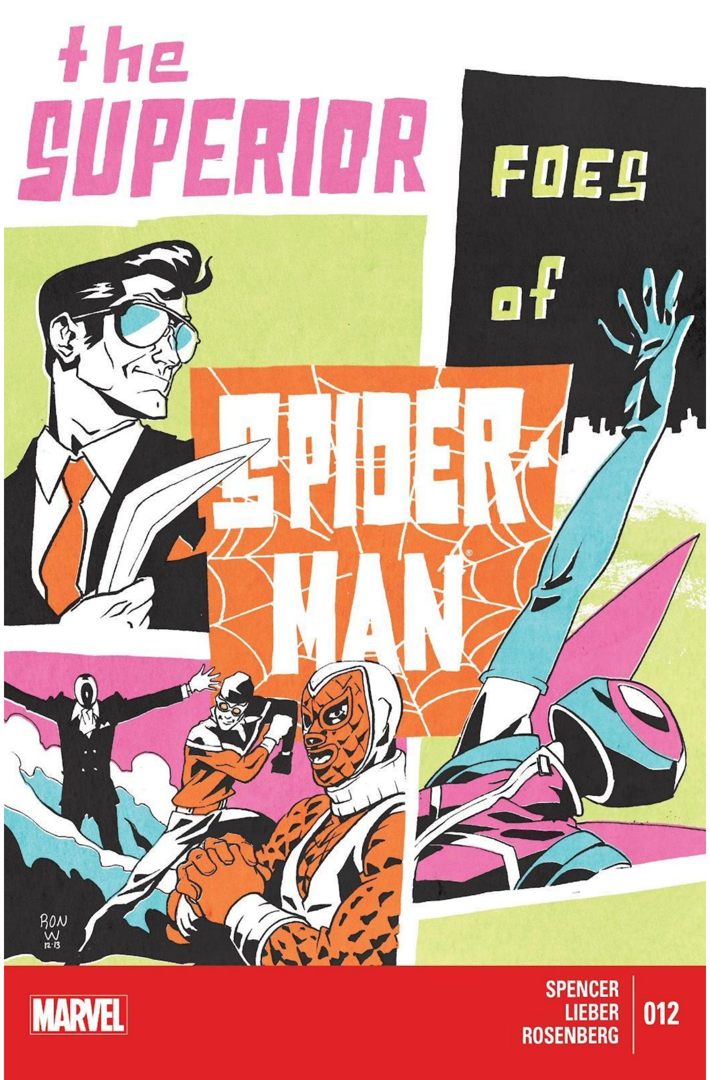
OOG--!
NORTON G. FESTER.
THAT IS WHAT YOU DO, ISN'T IT?
FESTER.
MY SPIDER-BOTS RECOGNIZED YOUR FESTERING THE MOMENT YOU ARRIVED IN NEW YORK.
AAH--!
WATCHED YOU FESTER ALONG WITH YOUR PATHETIC, FESTERING LITTLE PLANS.
GEH--!
DISGUSTING. PATHETIC.
ARGH!
MY FACE!


AH, GOD. MY KNEE! MY RIBS! YOU HURT ME!
SUCH WAS MY INTENTION. BEFORE I BECAME BORED OF TOYING WITH A NOBODY.
NOT A NOBODY! I'VE CHANGED. GONE THE DISTANCE!
YOU'RE NOT WEBBING ME UP FOR THE COPS THIS TIME, SPIDER!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, THEN.
I'LL SHOW YOU MERCY.
ARGH!
AND LEAVE ONE ARM UNBROKEN.
DRAG YOURSELF TO THE POLICE.


I WAS SO STUPID. STUPID TO COME BACK TO NEW YORK!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO HIM? SPIDER-MAN COULD HAVE KILLED ME!
HE DIDN'T EVEN TELL ANY JOKES!
HE'S NOT HERE, IS HE?! NO. CALM DOWN, NORTON.
JUST NEED TO MAKE IT ON TO THE TRAIN.
THEN I'M OUT. I'LL NEVER LOOT AGAIN.
I MADE IT!
MADE IT! I MADE IT! CAN'T TOUCH ME, SPIDER-MAN, I'M OUT!
WHY DON'T WE MOVE TO ANOTHER CAR?
EH, HE'S JUST SOME NOBODY.
THANK GOD SPIDER-MAN DIDN'T SEE ME ESCAPE.
I HOPE MY BROTHER'S STILL HIRING.
HE WASN'T HIRING.



SO TAKE A GOOD LOOK.
THIS IS WHAT SPIDER-MAN'S CAPABLE OF.
THIS IS WHY I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED FOR SNEAKING BACK INTO NEW YORK JUST TO TALK TO YOU.
BUT SPIDER-MAN'S NOT THE THING I'M RISKING MY NECK TO WARN YOU ABOUT.
NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES TO ME, NO MATTER HOW MUCH PAIN AND PUNISHMENT AND DISABILITY THAT MAN BRINGS, I STILL WAKE UP IN THE MORNING--
--AND THINK ABOUT STEALING. KIDNAPPING. ASSAULT. YOU NAME IT. I KNOW I'M BETTER THAN OTHER PEOPLE, AND I WANT TO PROVE IT.
THAT'S THE SADISTIC CREATURE THAT'LL KILL YOU ONE DAY. NOT THE SPIDER-MAN IN THE SUIT--
--BUT THE CRAZY, VIOLENT, OUT-OF-CONTROL SPIDER-MAN--
--INSIDE.
A PEYER, SLINEY, SOTO, COWLES & BRENNAN PROGRAM.


the SUPERIOR
FOES
of
SPIDER-MAN
MARVEL
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
012

FINAL ☆☆☆☆

DAILY BUGLE

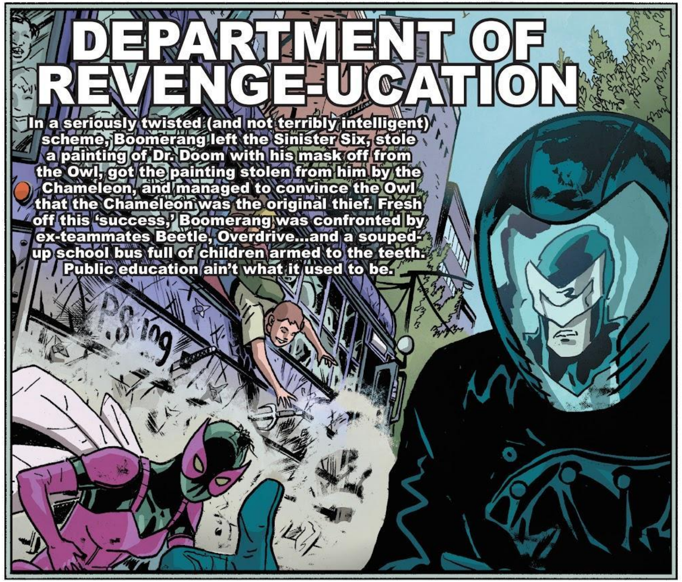
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

INSIDE: LUNAR LUNACY - WHAT ARE THE EARTH'S HEROES DOING ON THE MOON? BULL IN THE BOARDROOM – HOW ROXXON'S CEO DARIO AGGER PLANS TO CHANGE THE WORLD! GAME OVER – OUR EXPERTS WEIGH IN ON THE FOOTAGE OF ARCADE'S MURDER!

DEPARTMENT OF REVENGE-UCATION

In a seriously twisted (and not terribly intelligent) scheme, Boomerang left the Sinister Six, stole a painting of Dr. Doom with his mask off from the Owl, got the painting stolen from him by the Chameleon, and managed to convince the Owl that the Chameleon was the original thief. Fresh off this 'success,' Boomerang was confronted by ex-teammates Beetle, Overdrive...and a souped-up school bus full of children armed to the teeth. Public education ain't what it used to be.

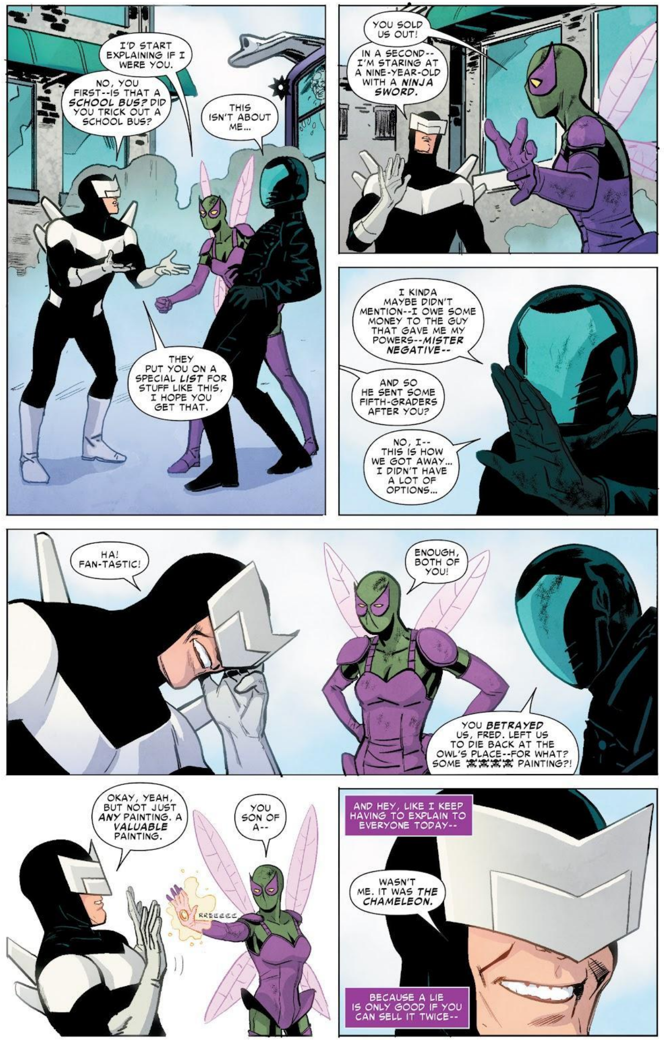


SHOCKED!



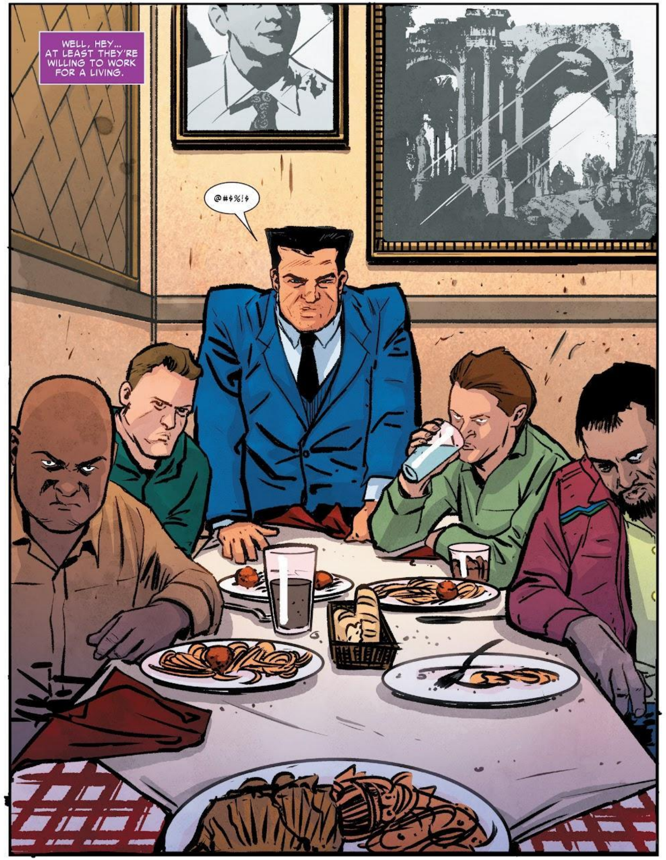
Unbeknownst to pretty much everyone, The Shocker has the cybernetic head of Maggia don Silvermane in his possession... and he was able to keep the mechanical curmudgeon a secret until Hydro-Man showed up for movie night. Looks like this urban legend is about to become a known fact!




I'D START EXPLAINING IF I WERE YOU.
NO, YOU FIRST--IS THAT A *SCHOOL BUS?* DID YOU TRICK OUT A SCHOOL BUS?
THIS ISN'T ABOUT ME...
THEY PUT YOU ON A SPECIAL *LIST* FOR STUFF LIKE THIS, I HOPE YOU GET THAT.
YOU SOLD US OUT!
IN A SECOND--I'M STARING AT A NINE-YEAR-OLD WITH A *NINJA SWORD.*
I KINDA MAYBE DIDN'T MENTION--I OWE SOME MONEY TO THE GUY THAT GAVE ME MY POWERS--*MISTER NEGATIVE*--
AND SO HE SENT SOME FIFTH-GRADERS AFTER YOU?
NO, I-- THIS IS HOW WE GOT AWAY... I DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF OPTIONS...
HA! FAN-TASTIC!
ENOUGH, BOTH OF YOU!
YOU *BETRAYED* US, FRED. LEFT US TO DIE BACK AT THE OWL'S PLACE--FOR WHAT? SOME ☠☠☠☠ PAINTING?!
OKAY, YEAH, BUT NOT JUST *ANY* PAINTING. A *VALUABLE* PAINTING.
YOU SON OF A--
AND HEY, LIKE I KEEP HAVING TO EXPLAIN TO EVERYONE TODAY--
WASN'T ME. IT WAS *THE CHAMELEON.*
BECAUSE A LIE IS ONLY GOOD IF YOU CAN SELL IT TWICE--


YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
DUDE...YOU CANNOT THINK THAT'S GONNA WORK.
"I'M SERIOUS! LOOK, HE GOT ME WHILE I WAS IN JAIL. YOU CAN CHECK--HE WAS IN THERE WITH ME.
ZZZZZ
КРОКОДИЛ
"WE DIDN'T GET ALONG GREAT. HE WAS VERY MESSY.
"WHEN YOU GUYS--VERY GENEROUSLY, I MUST SAY--CAME TO BAIL ME OUT, BOOM! *SUCKER PUNCH!*
ZIP
POW
"WHEN I WOKE UP, I WAS ON A BARGE, AND THERE WAS THIS OLD GUY, HE FOUND THE I.D. CHIP IN MY BACK--"
THAT'S *THE BOURNE IDENTITY,* FRED.
IS IT?
"ANYWAY, POINT IS--I GOT BACK HERE, I FIND OUT HE'S PRETENDING TO BE ME, MAKING OUT WITH MY GIRLFRIEND, LEADING MY GANG--THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST *GROSS.*
"SO I FIGURED, HEY, I'LL LAY LOW, COME UP WITH A PLAN, BUT THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE OWL'S ALL LIKE, *'RAAAR, YOU STOLE MY FAVORITE PAINTING'* AND I'M LIKE *'WASN'T ME, MAN!'*"
SO, SEE? THE WHOLE THING'S A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING.
YOU *CAN'T* EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT.
'COURSE I DO! COME ON, YOU GUYS REALLY THINK I'D *KILL* SHOCKER?
YOU SAID HE CHICKENED OUT AND QUIT!
I DID? I MEAN--*CHAMELEON* DID?
I'M GONNA INCINERATE YOU NOW.
BLAM





HAMMERHEAD OF THE FAMILY

NICK SPENCER — WRITER
STEVE LIEBER — ARTIST
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ARTIST
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES — LETTERER

RON WIMBERLY — COVER ARTIST
JON MOISAN — ASSISTANT EDITOR
LAUREN SANKOVITCH — EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO — EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA — CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER


HEY, I'M JUST TELLING YOU WHAT I SAW--
I CAN'T STOP EATING THIS HAM.
HANG TEN! IT'S HYDRO-MAN!
YOU SAW DON SILVIO MANFREDI, THE DEPARTED HEAD OF THIS GREAT MAGGIA, ALIVE?
KAFF.
WELL, KINDA--
KIND OF?
I DIDN'T SEE ALL OF HIM, HAMMERHEAD. JUST, YOU KNOW--
THE HEAD. BUT IT--HE--WAS ALIVE AND ALL THAT. WOULDN'T SHUT UP, ACTUALLY.
WHAT'D YOU SAY?! YOU--YOU DIRTY RAT!
CAGNEY
BOSS? ARE YOU ALL--
I'M FINE! I'M--
YOU'RE FINE, EVERYTHING'S FINE, THIS ISN'T REAL HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID ANYMORE--


HEY, SO CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS FINDER'S FEE? I MEAN, IF YOU WANNA TAKE MY MEAL OFF THE TOP THAT'S FINE, BUT I'M NOT GETTING THE WHOLE TABLE--
YOU'RE A LYING LITTLE NO-GOOD DEWDROPPER, SEE?!
DEWDROPPER?
HIS STORY'S ALL FULLA HOLES, SEE? HE'S JUST AFTER OUR STASH!
OH, I GET IT--YOU'RE DOING THAT JAMES CAGNEY THING. I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T DO THAT ANYMORE--
I DON'T--
--WISEGUY.
LOOK, YOU GUYS DON'T GOTTA TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. SHOCKER'S GOT HIM STASHED IN HIS CLOSET--I GOT THE ADDRESS, I CAN TAKE YOU THERE MYSELF ONCE I KNOW WE GOT A DEAL. HE CAN'T HAVE GOT TOO FAR.
WHAT DO YOU WANNA DO, BOSS? IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT...
WE CHECK IT OUT. BUT KEEP 'IM CLOSE IN CASE THERE'S ANY FUNNY BUSINESS. NO TOILET TRIPS--
AND GET ME MY THERAPIST. TELL 'IM IT'S AN EMERGENCY.

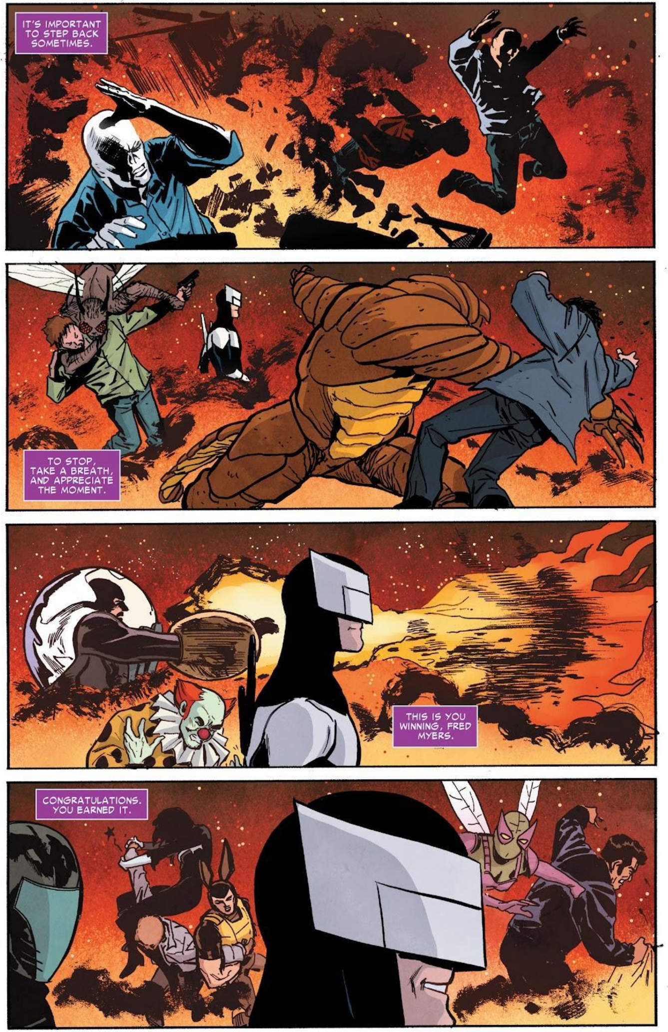

THIS'LL BE A PIECE OF CAKE, GANG!
Caution
Out of Order
WAIT, NO, HOLD ON--


NO WAY ARE WE FALLING FOR THIS AGAIN.
UM...AGAIN? I'M SORRY, I WASN'T HERE FOR--
JUST...STOP. YOU KNOW WHAT? THIS IS A BAD IDEA.
YOU'VE ALREADY SCREWED US OVER MORE THAN ONCE, FRED--AND WORKING FOR THE OWL? WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO KILL US A COUPLE HOURS AGO? NO--
HEY, HEY, I HEAR YOU--A CRIMINAL'S LIFE IS FRAUGHT WITH PERIL. BUT HEAR ME OUT--THIS PAINTING WE'RE GOING AFTER FOR THE OWL...LET'S JUST SAY WE WEREN'T GOING AFTER IT FOR THE OWL.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, WHAT IF WE GET THERE WITH THE OWL AND HIS FIREPOWER, BUST THE PLACE UP, BUT THEN WHEN WE GET TO THE GOODS--WE GO OUR OWN WAY.
YOU MEAN EXACTLY LIKE YOU DID TO US BACK AT THE OWL'S?
EXCEPT THIS TIME, TOGETHER! NOT AT ALL LIKE LAST TIME. WE'RE A TEAM, REMEMBER?
YOU'RE PATHOLOGICAL.
HEY, MAYBE SO, BUT YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THIS THING IS WORTH? I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH--
ENOUGH TO BUILD YOUR OWN EMPIRE.
CERTAINLY MORE THAN ENOUGH TO PAY OFF ANY BAD DEBTS.
AND FOR JAMES--WAIT A SECOND, WHERE IS SPEED DEMON?
TEXTING HIM NOW.
#PEW
SNIFF *SNIFF*--OH, HEY, GUYS.
HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?
SNIFF... NO...
WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?
SHAKE SHAKE


WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER AGAIN.
NOT SO FAST-- I DIDN'T AGREE TO ANYTHING YET--
OH, THANK GOD! I HATE IT WHEN MOM AND DAD FIGHT.
WELL, I'D RECOMMEND MAKING A DECISION SOON, DEARIE--
AND DO UNDERSTAND, ANY PARTIES WHO DECLINE WILL BE CONSIDERED REAL RISKS FOR VIOLATING THE TERMS OF THEIR NONDISCLOSURE. APPROPRIATE ANTICIPATORY ACTIONS, ETC.
AND DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING DIALING FOR DADDY WOULD WORK THE SECOND TIME, WITH ME NO LONGER CAUGHT UNAWARES.
OWL, COME ON--WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE ROOM TO OURSELVES FOR THE HOUR. FOR PLANNING. YOU GOTTA RESPECT OUR PROCESS.
OH, OF COURSE, MR. MYERS--BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE WHO WANTED TO SPEAK WITH YOU--
AH, GREAT, BABY, YOU'RE OUT! GANG, I WANT YOU TO MEET--
DON'T EVER CALL ME AGAIN,
ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE IT'S A LITTLE EARLY TO BE INTRODUCING HER TO MY FRIENDS...
AND SEEING AS FRIENDS WERE IN SUCH SHORT SUPPLY FOR YOU, FREDDIE--
I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF BUYING YOU SOME NEW ONES.
YOU SAID YOU NEEDED ELEVEN MORE MEN. WHY?
IT'S--IT'S BEAUTIFUL... IS IT REALLY FOR ME?


BECAUSE WE'RE THE *SINISTER SIXTEEN.*


DING DONG
THE DOOR PLEASE, SERGEI.
UH... BOSS?
IS IT MY AMAZON ORDER?
DO I NEED TO SIGN?


IT'S IMPORTANT TO STEP BACK SOMETIMES.
TO STOP, TAKE A BREATH, AND APPRECIATE THE MOMENT.
THIS IS YOU WINNING, FRED MYERS.
CONGRATULATIONS. YOU EARNED IT.


NOT SO FAST, BOOMERANG!
HUH? OH, RIGHT, SURE. FOLLOW ME, THEN, LOYAL GANG!
WHAT ABOUT--
AW, I'M SURE THEY'LL BE FINE.
ding
THIS IS THE JOB AFTER ALL.
ding
I'LL GO FIRST.
NOW, FAITHFUL COMPADRES, YOU WANNA WATCH OUT--
--FOR THAT.



BOOMERANG, HEY! I MEAN, BOSS! OVER HERE!
HUH?
I SAW IT--THE PAINTING! CHAMELEON'S GUYS TOOK IT, I GUESS THEY'RE TRYING TO SNEAK IT OUT!
BUT THAT'S MY P--
MY PATRON FROM THE SECRET EMPIRE
MY POST-PARTUM DEPRESSION TREATMENT
MY PAINFUL MEMORY OF A TROUBLED TIME
MY PARTY ROCK DANCE JAM FOR 2005.
MY HUMPS MY HUMPS MY LOVELY LADY LUM
MY MY MY I YI WOO. M M M MY SHARONA
MY PALEO-FRIENDLY PROTEIN MILKSHAKE
MY MILKSHAKE BRINGS ALL THE BOYS TO TH
MY PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION ON THE LINE
MY EGO. MY EGGO. LEGGO MY EGGO.
I SKIPPED BREAKFAST, WISH I HAD A MUFFI
SOMETHING WITH BERRIES. MARIONBERRY?
IS THAT A REAL BERRY? STOP. THINK. GAH.
THE OWL'S PAINTING. GOOD WORK, MIRAGE!
THANKS, THEY WENT THIS WAY--I'LL SHOW YOU.
GREAT. ONE THING FIRST--
YOU ALWAYS WERE A ☠✱☠✱ ACTOR, CHAMELEON.
NOW IT'S TIME TO GET WHAT'S MINE.
BOOMERANG! STOP RIGHT THERE!
NO PROBLEM-- I CAN WAIT.
BETTER BELIEVE YOU CAN. NO WAY IS THIS GONNA PLAY OUT LIKE LAST TIME.
HEY, WHAT'D I TELL YOU? TEAM EFFORT THIS TIME--



EYES ON THE PRIZE.
IT'S REAL-- IT'S REALLY REAL...
SURE IS.
I'M TAKING IT.
BE MY GUEST.
LATER, LOSER!
AT THIS POINT, YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY THE HELL I'M LETTING THAT HACK RUN OFF WITH MY BIG SCORE, BUT THEN--
YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A FAKE.
BESIDES--WASN'T WHAT I CAME HERE FOR TO BEGIN WITH.
I GUESS IT WAS KINDA LIKE THE LAST TIME, AFTER ALL. OH, RIGHT, EXCEPT ONE THING--



NONE OF THAT DUMB SILVERMANE'S HEAD STUFF.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO?! WHAT AM I GONNA DO?!
"YOU CAN ACT LIKE A MAN!" HEH. LOVE THAT BIT.
STOP IT! YOU'RE NOT HELPING!
WHY WOULD MORRIS DO THIS TO ME? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDS!
THIS LIKE YOUR LAST BUDDY? ONE THAT SHOVED YOU IN A TRUNK AND PUSHED YOU OFF A BRIDGE? YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM, SPARKLER...
SMAK
SHOCKER!
EH. SAY, YOU EVER NOTICE THESE FELLAS YOU THINK LIKE YOU SO MUCH ARE ACTUALLY...CRIMINALS?
BUT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A CODE! GANGS STICK TOGETHER! YOU'RE HEAD OF A FAMILY, YOU OUGHTTA KNOW THAT--
HA! YOU THINK I'D A'TRUSTED ANY ONE OF THOSE NO-GOOD GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS? THAT FAMILY STUFF'S JUST ONE MORE WAY YOU KEEP 'EM IN LINE. ONLY THE SAPS BUY IT.
YOU WANT REWARDS FOR LOYALTY, GET YOURSELF ONE OF THEM WEGMANS CARDS. YOU WANNA STAY ALIVE IN THIS BIZ--YOU MAKE 'EM FEAR YOU.
YES SIR, SOMETIMES I'D KILL ONE OF 'EM JUST TO KEEP THE REST ON THEIR TOES. MAKE 'EM THINK THE OLD MAN'S CRAZY! BUT THEN, LOOK AT YOU--
WHO'D EVER BE AFRAID OF A NOBODY LIKE YOU?



PROLLY COULD GET A NEW GIG AS A FLOTATION DEVICE IN THAT GETUP, THOUGH.
HNN
HEY, WHAT YOU DOIN' NOW?
NOW--NOW YOU HOLD ON THERE--I'M AN OLD MAN--
GAH! SMELLS LIKE BUTTCHEEKS IN HERE!
NOT GONNA LET THEM ☠☠☠ ME OVER AGAIN...
YOU MAKIN' A RUN FOR IT, MEMORY FOAM? PICK ME UP SOME CHEETOS ON THE WAY!
ZZZP
MNNN-MNNN!
TRIED BEIN' A NICE GUY...TRIED BEIN' A TEAM PLAYER... THEY DON'T WANT THAT? FINE--



NEXT:
[SOMETHING WITTY ABOUT COSPLAY]




SPENCER · LIEBER · ROSENBERG
THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
LIEBER

MARVEL

013

FINAL ☆☆☆☆

DAILY BUGLE

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: DIRTY RAT – JAMES CAGNEY MUSEUM FUND RECEIVES LARGE, MYSTERIOUS DONATION. EYE OPENING – WHAT WAS THE VILLAINOUS ORB DOING IN MANHATTAN RECENTLY? BROXTON BLASTED – HOW DID A GANG OF TROLLS DESTROY THIS SMALL OKLAHOMA TOWN?

UNWANTED HOUSEGUESTS



Keeping up with the bright ideas, Boomerang, after having stolen a priceless painting of Doctor Doom from The Owl, places the blame on the Chameleon, leading the Owl to recruit a team of criminals to assist in stealing it back from the (relatively) innocent Chameleon. The Sinister Sixteen raid the Chameleon's complex, with Overdrive running off with the painting and Boomerang keeping his eyes on a larger prize. A criminal can't make a dishonest living anymore.



STRIKE!

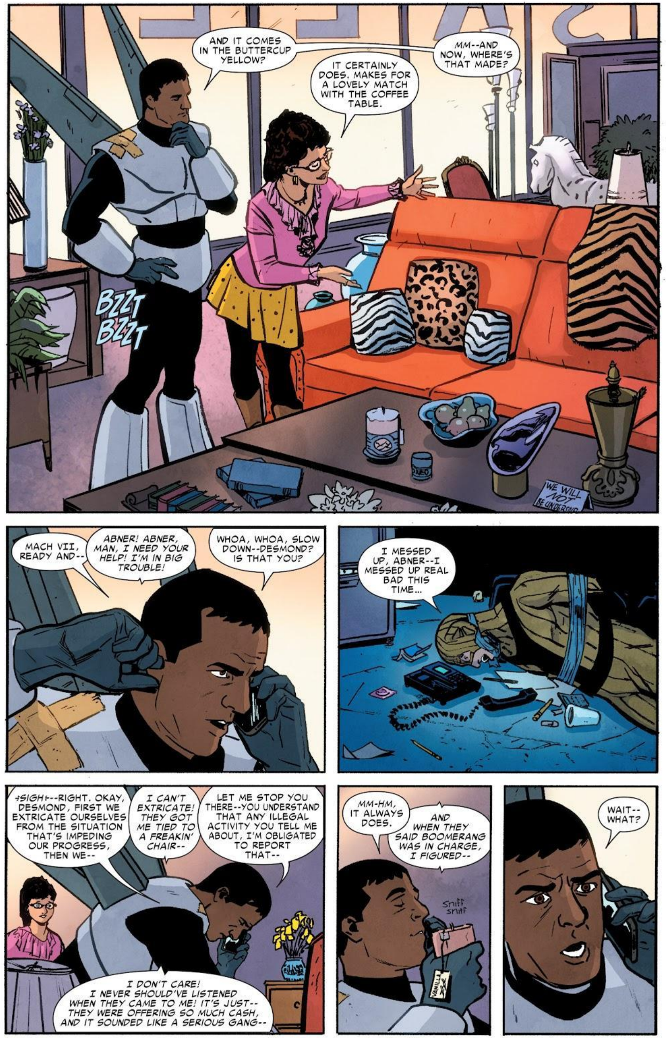
Shocker was surrounded by Hammerhead's men, ready to storm his apartment after receiving a tip from Hydro-Man that Shocker had the cybernetic head of Maggia don Silvermane. Shocker, unaware of the danger outside his apartment, stuffed the head in a bowling bag as he readied himself for revenge against the criminals who tried to kill him. Seriously, who would have thought that Shocker bowled regularly enough that he has a bowling bag?

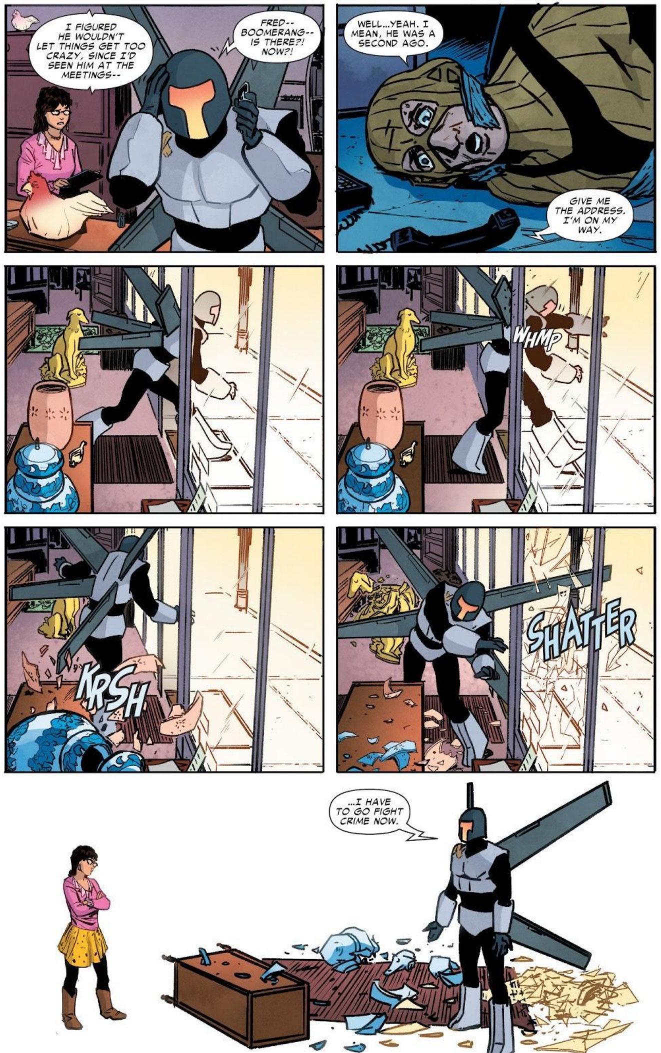


SUPPOSED TO BE ART

NICK SPENCER WRITER · STEVE LIEBER ARTIST · RACHELLE ROSENBERG COLOR ARTIST · VC'S CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER

LIEBER & ROSENBERG COVER ARTISTS · JON MOISAN ASSISTANT EDITOR · LAUREN SANKOVITCH EDITOR · AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF · JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER · DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER · ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER


AND IT COMES IN THE BUTTERCUP YELLOW?
IT CERTAINLY DOES. MAKES FOR A LOVELY MATCH WITH THE COFFEE TABLE.
MM--AND NOW, WHERE'S THAT MADE?
BZZT BZZT
MACH VII, READY AND--
ABNER! ABNER, MAN, I NEED YOUR HELP! I'M IN BIG TROUBLE!
WHOA, WHOA, SLOW DOWN--DESMOND? IS THAT YOU?
I MESSED UP, ABNER--I MESSED UP REAL BAD THIS TIME...
SIGH--RIGHT. OKAY, DESMOND, FIRST WE EXTRICATE OURSELVES FROM THE SITUATION THAT'S IMPEDING OUR PROGRESS, THEN WE--
I CAN'T EXTRICATE! THEY GOT ME TIED TO A FREAKIN' CHAIR--
LET ME STOP YOU THERE--YOU UNDERSTAND THAT ANY ILLEGAL ACTIVITY YOU TELL ME ABOUT, I'M OBLIGATED TO REPORT THAT--
I DON'T CARE! I NEVER SHOULD'VE LISTENED WHEN THEY CAME TO ME! IT'S JUST--THEY WERE OFFERING SO MUCH CASH, AND IT SOUNDED LIKE A SERIOUS GANG--
MM-HM, IT ALWAYS DOES.
AND WHEN THEY SAID BOOMERANG WAS IN CHARGE, I FIGURED--
SNIFF SNIFF
WAIT--WHAT?

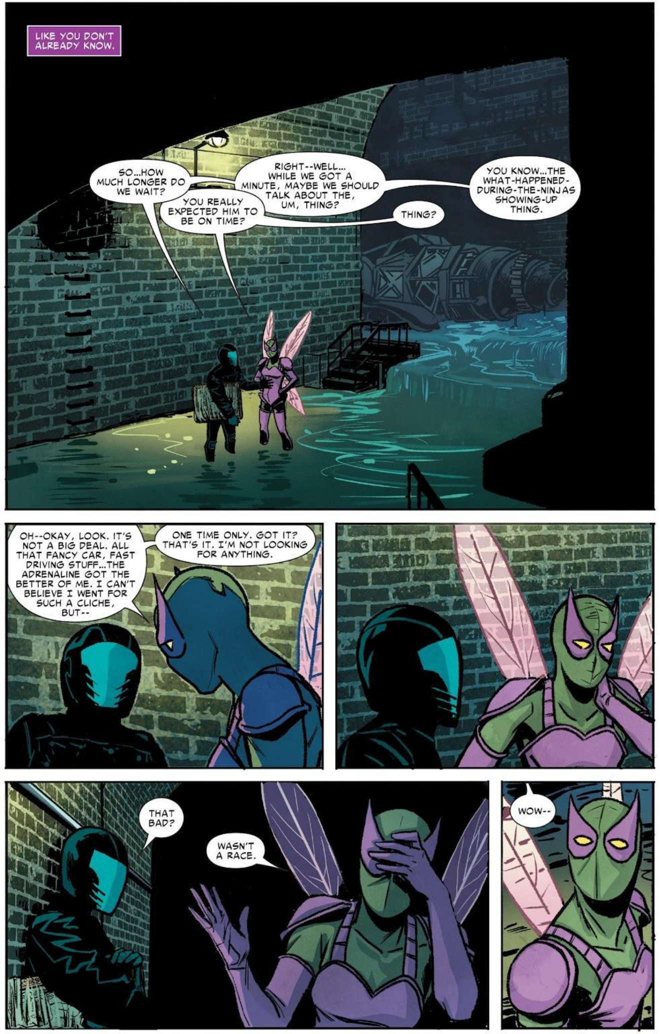

I FIGURED HE WOULDN'T LET THINGS GET TOO CRAZY, SINCE I'D SEEN HIM AT THE MEETINGS--
FRED--BOOMERANG--IS THERE?! NOW?!
WELL...YEAH. I MEAN, HE WAS A SECOND AGO.
GIVE ME THE ADDRESS. I'M ON MY WAY.
WHMP
KRSH
SHATTER
...I HAVE TO GO FIGHT CRIME NOW.


Fifteen Minutes Later.
BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, OFFICER?
AH, FINALLY! WE BEEN CALLING EVERYBODY--THE FANTASTIC FOUR, AVENGERS, WHOEVER... GOOD THING YOU SHOWED UP, MISTER...UH... MISTER...
HOLD ON...I KNOW IT...
NIGHTHAWK!
SIGH... NO.
YOU SURE?
BUT DID YA USED TO BE NIGHTHAWK OR SOMETHING?
IT'S MACH VII. NOW, WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
OFFICER!
WELL, LOOK--NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE TO US.
WE GET A CALL FROM INSIDE THE PLACE, ALL KINDS OF GUNFIRE AND WHATNOT.
WE LOOK THE PLACE UP--TURNS IT OUT IT'S OWNED BY DMITRI SMERDYAKOV--
--A.K.A. THE CHAMELEON.


NOW NORMALLY THESE MOB TYPES DON'T REALLY LIKE TO INVOLVE US IN THEIR ACTIVITIES, SO WE FIGURE IT MUSTA BEEN A WRONG NUMBER. THAT OR SOMEBODY ON THE INSIDE GOT SOME COLD FEET.
HOW MANY ARE IN THERE?
COSTUME TYPES? MORE THAN A DOZEN, LESS THAN TWENTY?
SERIOUSLY?
THAT A PROBLEM?
NO, JUST-- S'A LOT.
WELL, HARD TO SAY FOR SURE, WE BEEN KEEPING OUR DISTANCE--
--WAITIN' FOR OUR BIG HERO MAN.
UNION CONTRACT'S REAL CLEAR ON THESE THINGS.
FINE, FINE...
PAT PAT
HEY, THEY'RE COMING OUT!
THANK JEEBUS.

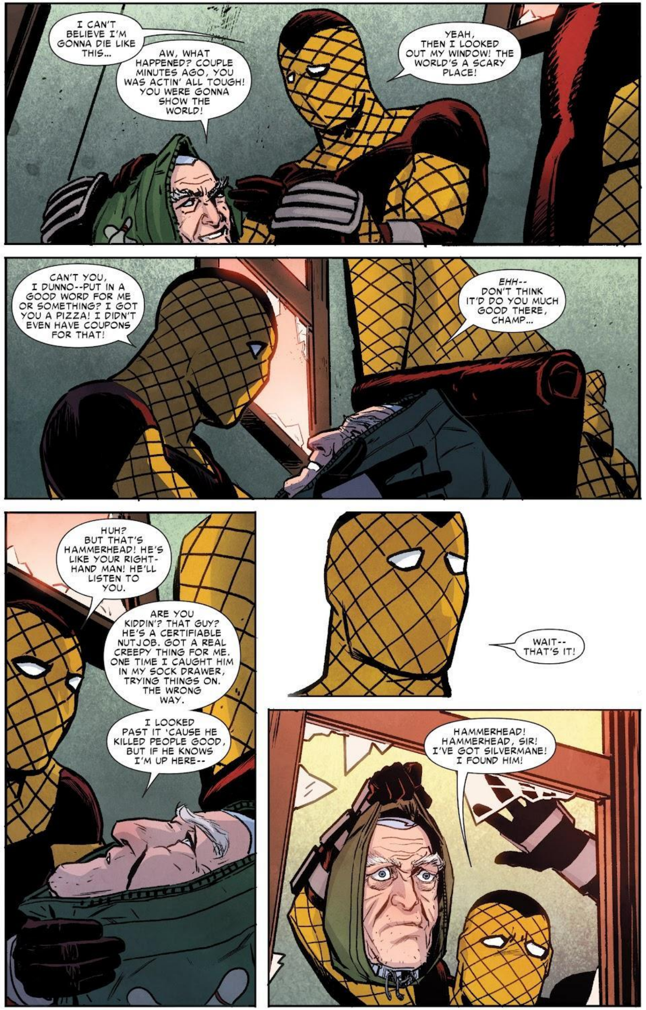

WE SURRENDER.
OKAY, WHAT'S GOING ON H--
ABNER! ABNER!
OH, THANK GOD YOU CAME! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
EXCUSE ME, SIR--I NEED TO TAKE THIS ONE. PSYCH EVAL, OBVIOUSLY.
WAIT--
EMT
DESMOND, WHAT IS ALL THIS? ARE YOU THE ONE WHO CALLED THE POLICE?
POLICE? I--
STUPID FIRST RESPONDERS.
SLAM
FD NY
507
AMBULANCE
KEEP BACK
UM, EXCUSE ME--IS IT OKAY IF WE GO AHEAD AND GO? ANYWHERE, LOCK ME UP, COMMIT ME--JUST GET ME OUT OF THIS STUPID COSTUME--
OH, BUT WHY THE HURRY, DESMOND?
EMT
WE HAVE SO MUCH TO DISCUSS, AFTER ALL.
FDNY


CHAMELEON! OH, GOD, I--LISTEN, I'M SO SORRY--I DIDN'T KNOW--WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR PLACE--
COME NOW, DESMOND--THERE'S NO REASON TO LIE. TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR ACTIONS, AN HONEST APPRAISAL--ISN'T THAT WHAT THE PROGRAM TAUGHT YOU?
OKAY, OKAY... BUT--YOU GOTTA KNOW--THE MONEY THE OWL WAS OFFERING--
AH, YES. THE OWL. OF COURSE THIS IS HIS WORK. AND I'D IMAGINE AT THIS MOMENT--
"--HE'S THE ONLY PERSON WHO WISHES FRED MYERS DEAD MORE THAN I DO."
DO NOT USE!
FRY CHART
DAYS SINCE INJURY
NEW MONITOR
WHO DID CALL THE COPS, THEN?


LIKE YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW.
SO...HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE WAIT?
YOU REALLY EXPECTED HIM TO BE ON TIME?
RIGHT--WELL... WHILE WE GOT A MINUTE, MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THE, UM, THING?
THING?
YOU KNOW...THE WHAT-HAPPENED-DURING-THE-NINJAS SHOWING-UP THING.
OH--OKAY, LOOK. IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL. ALL THAT FANCY CAR, FAST DRIVING STUFF...THE ADRENALINE GOT THE BETTER OF ME. I CAN'T BELIEVE I WENT FOR SUCH A CLICHE, BUT--
ONE TIME ONLY. GOT IT? THAT'S IT. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR ANYTHING.
THAT BAD?
WASN'T A RACE.
WOW--


THIS IS PRETTY AWKWARD.
GREAT. NOW EVERYONE KNOWS.
WHAAAAT? YOU STILL THINK YOU CAN'T TRUST YOUR OLD PAL BOOMERANG, EVEN AFTER HE JUST MADE YOU A GAZILLIONAIRE?
-SIGH- --MY LIFE IS FAILING THE BECHDEL TEST.
I'M JUST HOPING THIS HAPPENED BEFORE YOU HIJACKED THE SCHOOL BUS. AND SPEAKING OF TRUST, CAN I JUST SAY HOW NICE IT IS TO SEE MY TWO LOYAL COMPATRIOTS IN CRIME, DOWN HERE WAITING FOR ME PATIENTLY?
IN THE OLD DAYS, I'D HAVE EXPECTED YOU TO HAVE JUST RUN OFF WITH THE PAINTING AND LEAVE ME HIGH AND DRY.
YOU MEAN LIKE YOU DID TO US?
EXACTLY! GOOD TO SEE I'M GETTING THROUGH TO YOU.
YOU SAID YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW HOW TO VERIFY THE AUTHENTICITY FOR THE INTERESTED BUYER.
I DID? OH, I WAS LYING ABOUT THAT.
SON OF A--
TO THE SAFEHOUSE, GANG!


Long Island City, Queens.
I DON'T GET IT. IS HE TRYIN' TO SEND US SOME KINDA MESSAGE?
ABOUT BOWLING? I NEVER EVEN BEEN.
QUIET, YOU DUMMIES--
'EY, SHOCKER! YOU GET YOUR NO GOOD RAT KEESTER DOWN HERE--SEZ HAMMERHEAD!
I'M GONNA BE A REAL NICE FELLA AND GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS!
OHGODOHGODOHGOD
MM--HHHMM HMMM!
WHAT'S ALL THAT COMMOTION? I WAS GETTIN' SOME SHUTEYE IN YOUR LITTLE STINKTRAP!
KINDA COMFY.
ZZZIP
IT'S--IT'S--LOOK!
OOOH... OOH-HOO...YOU'RE UP TO YOUR EARBALLS IN IT NOW, DUVET-MAN!


I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GONNA DIE LIKE THIS...
AW, WHAT HAPPENED? COUPLE MINUTES AGO, YOU WAS ACTIN' ALL TOUGH! YOU WERE GONNA SHOW THE WORLD!
YEAH, THEN I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW! THE WORLD'S A SCARY PLACE!
CAN'T YOU, I DUNNO--PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME OR SOMETHING? I GOT YOU A PIZZA! I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE COUPONS FOR THAT!
EHH--DON'T THINK IT'D DO YOU MUCH GOOD THERE, CHAMP...
HUH? BUT THAT'S HAMMERHEAD! HE'S LIKE YOUR RIGHT-HAND MAN! HE'LL LISTEN TO YOU.
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THAT GUY? HE'S A CERTIFIABLE NUTJOB. GOT A REAL CREEPY THING FOR ME. ONE TIME I CAUGHT HIM IN MY SOCK DRAWER, TRYING THINGS ON. THE WRONG WAY.
I LOOKED PAST IT 'CAUSE HE KILLED PEOPLE GOOD, BUT IF HE KNOWS I'M UP HERE--
WAIT--THAT'S IT!
HAMMERHEAD! HAMMERHEAD, SIR! I'VE GOT SILVERMANE! I FOUND HIM!


BOSS?
BOSS, IS IT--IS IT REALLY YOU? I THOUGHT--AW, GOD, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN--
YEAH, IT'S REALLY HIM! AND I'M--
HE'S NOT GONNA GIVE ME UP UNTIL YOU MAKE HIM HEAD OF THE MAGGIA!
WHODUTNOW?
HE SAYS YOU'RE A PANSY WHO'S GOT NO RIGHT TO LEAD THIS FAMILY!
OH YEAH, WISEGUY?!
OH YEAH--I MEAN, HE SAYS OH YEAH!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
I DON'T WANNA GO BACK THERE.
LOOK, THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME MISCOMMUNICATION--
SINCE YOU'RE NOT ALREADY BOWING TO YOUR NEW BOSS! WHAT DON'T YOU NINCOMPOOPS GET?
ASK HIM WHAT THE BOWLING BALL MEANS!
ENOUGH ALREADY!
KLIK KA-KLIK KLIK KLAK KLIK
ALL RIGHT, BOYS...LET'S SHOW THIS TWO-BIT NOBODY WHO HE'S DEALING WITH!
THEM CLICKS MEAN DUCK, DUMMY!



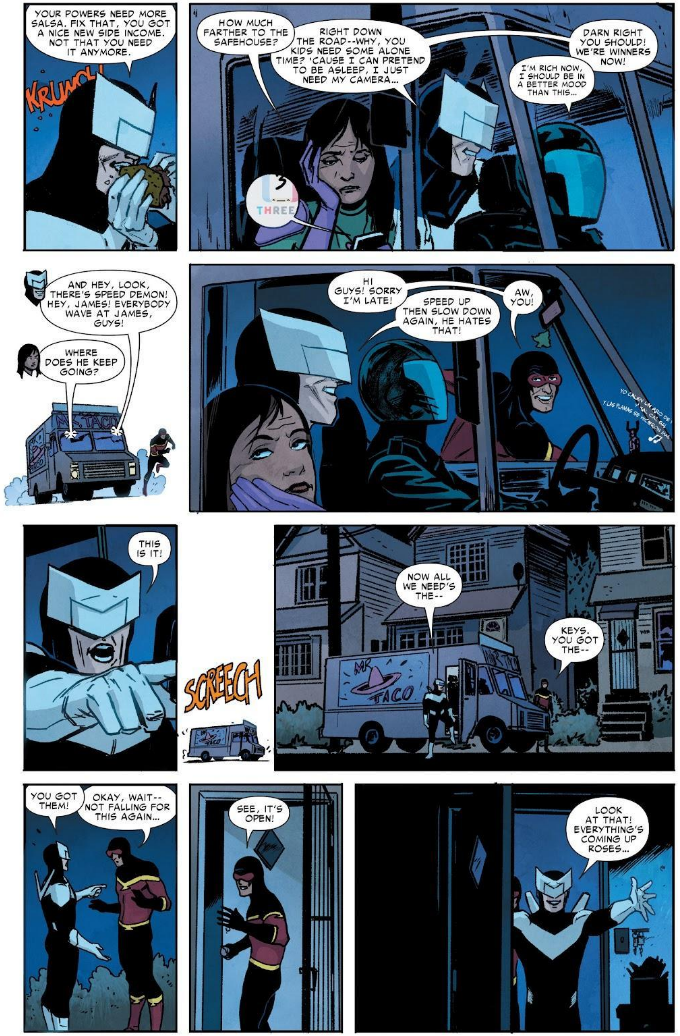

WELL?!
WHERE'S YOUR SECRET GETAWAY DOOR? BEHIND THE BOOKCASE FULLA DIRTY MAGAZINES, OR WHAT?
WELL, WHAT?!
I DON'T HAVE A SECRET GETAWAY DOOR!
YOU DON'T HAVE A--HOW'S YOU STILL ALIVE, SHAKER?
I DON'T PICK FIGHTS WITH GUYS LIKE HAMMERHEAD!
HRR...WELL I AIN'T DYING IN SOME PLACE THAT DON'T EVEN GOT DECENT CABLE.
YOU BETTER FIGURE A WAY OUT, OR WE'LL SEE IF THEM BRACELETS YOU GOT CAN MAKE YOU FLY!
!
WAIT-- I CAN DO THAT!


HUH?
MY--MY GAUNTLETS! IF I DIRECT THE VIBRO-SMASHERS TOWARDS A LEVEL SURFACE, THE PRESSURE CAN LAUNCH US AIRBORNE!
BUT WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
I AIN'T NO ASTRONAUT! GIVE IT TO ME SIMPLE!
JUST GOTTA MAP OUT A TRAJECTORY...
HOW YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT FLYIN' THEN, WETPANTS?
I--I DON'T...BUT--I USED TO BE AN ENGINEER...I WAS GOOD AT IT, TOO-- I INVENTED THE VIBRO-SMASHERS MYSELF!
scribble scribble
OOH, AND JUST LOOK WHERE IT GOT YA, YOU'RE A REAL INSPIRATION THERE, EDISON!
I GOT IT! NOW, UH--YOU'RE NOT GONNA LIKE THIS PART...
?
SHOCKER! YOU NO GOOD BUM! IF YOU'S STILL ALIVE IN THERE, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, SEE? COME ON OUT WITH THE BOSS--


BOSS! BOSS, DON'T WORRY!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET YOU BACK HOME--WITH ME! WHERE YOU BELONG!
BOSS...


YOU SEE THE LOOK ON OL' FLAT BRAIN'S FACE? BET HE'S CRYIN' HIS WAY THROUGH HIS HOT FUDGE SUNDAE RIGHT NOW.
HEH...YEAH... STUPID FLAT BRAIN.
YOU KNOW, HERMAN, WHEN WE MET, I THOUGHT YOU WAS JUST ANOTHER WASHED-UP TIGHTS-WEARIN' NOBODY. PROB'LY A PERVERT, TOO.
AND NOW?
WHAT? NOW WHAT?
...
SAY, WHEN'S DINNER? I WANT MEATBALLS!
÷SIGH÷...I'LL TRY AN' FIND THE PHONE BOOK.
THIS NEW DUMP'S NICER THAN YOUR OLD DUMP!
OH, IT'S NOT MY PLACE--I MEAN NOT REALLY--IT'S A SAFEHOUSE. ONE OF THEM, I GUESS. FRED HAS THIS RACKET WITH A GIRL THAT DOES HOUSE-SITTING ON CRAIGSLIST.
THIS GUY'S IN TAMPA.
WELL, HE BETTER NOT HAVE TAKEN THE TV WITH 'IM, I DON'T WANNA MISS MY *BONES!*
ARE YOU SURE NOBODY FOLLOWED US?
YA KNOW, I'M STARTING TO THINK YOU WEAR ALL THAT YELLOW AND BROWN FOR A REASON. YOU EVER FIND SOMETHIN' THAT DIDN'T SCARE YOU, SPRINKLER?
BUNNIES?
MAYBE YOU OUGHTTA TAKE A LOOK AROUND, DUMMY. DIDN'T YOU JUST MAKE HAMMERHEAD SORRY HE MET YA? DIDN'T YOU SURVIVE YOUR OLD PARTNER DOUBLE-CROSSIN' YA? HELL, YOU DIDN'T JUST SURVIVE IT, YOU FOUND ME!
YOUR PROBLEM IS YOU GOT NO CONFIDENCE. SO NOBODY RESPECTS YOU. YOU THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH SMARTER THAN THOSE OTHER GUYS, 'CAUSE YOU DON'T RISK IT--BUT THAT'S WHAT REAL KILLERS DO! YOU GOTTA TAKE BIG CHANCES TO GET THE BIG PRIZE!


MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...
'COURSE I AM! YOU STICK WITH ME, KID! I'LL SHOW YA A THING OR TWO--I RAN THIS TOWN, REMEMBER?
I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE KINGPIN.
SHADDUP!
PAPFF!
CR-THNK
WHATWUZZAT?
WHAT? I DIDN'T HEAR NUTHIN', SPEAK UP!
THERE'S SOMEBODY HERE!
WELL, SURE, I BEEN TO TAMPA, IT'S A DUMP.
WE GOTTA HIDE!


YOUR POWERS NEED MORE SALSA. FIX THAT, YOU GOT A NICE NEW SIDE INCOME. NOT THAT YOU NEED IT ANYMORE.
HOW MUCH FARTHER TO THE SAFEHOUSE?
RIGHT DOWN THE ROAD--WHY, YOU KIDS NEED SOME ALONE TIME? 'CAUSE I CAN PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP, I JUST NEED MY CAMERA...
DARN RIGHT YOU SHOULD! WE'RE WINNERS NOW!
I'M RICH NOW, I SHOULD BE IN A BETTER MOOD THAN THIS...
THREE
AND HEY, LOOK, THERE'S SPEED DEMON! HEY, JAMES! EVERYBODY WAVE AT JAMES, GUYS!
WHERE DOES HE KEEP GOING?
HI GUYS! SORRY I'M LATE!
SPEED UP THEN SLOW DOWN AGAIN, HE HATES THAT!
AW, YOU!
THIS IS IT!
SCREECH
NOW ALL WE NEED'S THE--
KEYS. YOU GOT THE--
YOU GOT THEM!
OKAY, WAIT-- NOT FALLING FOR THIS AGAIN...
SEE, IT'S OPEN!
LOOK AT THAT! EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES...


...NOW THAT THE GANG'S ALL BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.


NEXT:
VAN FAILIN'!



THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
SPENCER
LIEBER
ELLIS
ROSENBERG
MARVEL
014

FINAL **DAILY BUGLE** SINCE 1897 $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: Roamin' Catholics – Local parish suffers from sleepwalking epidemic. Original Thin – Super heroes share their dieting secrets. No Punch Lines – Surprisingly low turnout at local Fruit Punch Festival.

CLEAN GETAWAY!



Boomerang's heist was a success! No, seriously, it worked out! Boomerang, after being hired by the Owl, secured a crew big enough to storm the Chameleon's house and stole a priceless painting of Doctor Doom without his mask. With some downtime, Boomerang, Beetle, Overdrive, and Speed Demon finally caught up with one another at their safe house and will look to address the real question on everyone's mind: Why the hell did Overdrive steal a school bus?



THE QUILT-MAN COMETH!

Through some miracle of science, Shocker was able to escape with Maggia don Silvermane's cybernetic head after being surrounded by Hammerhead's men. He left the situation with a new sense of confidence, a realization that he can do anything he sets his mind to, and the sociopathic cybernetic head of a former mob boss. Luckily, he has some downtime at a local safe house to plot his next move against his old gang. Wait... Is that the same--? Are they all--? It totally is... *Awkward...*

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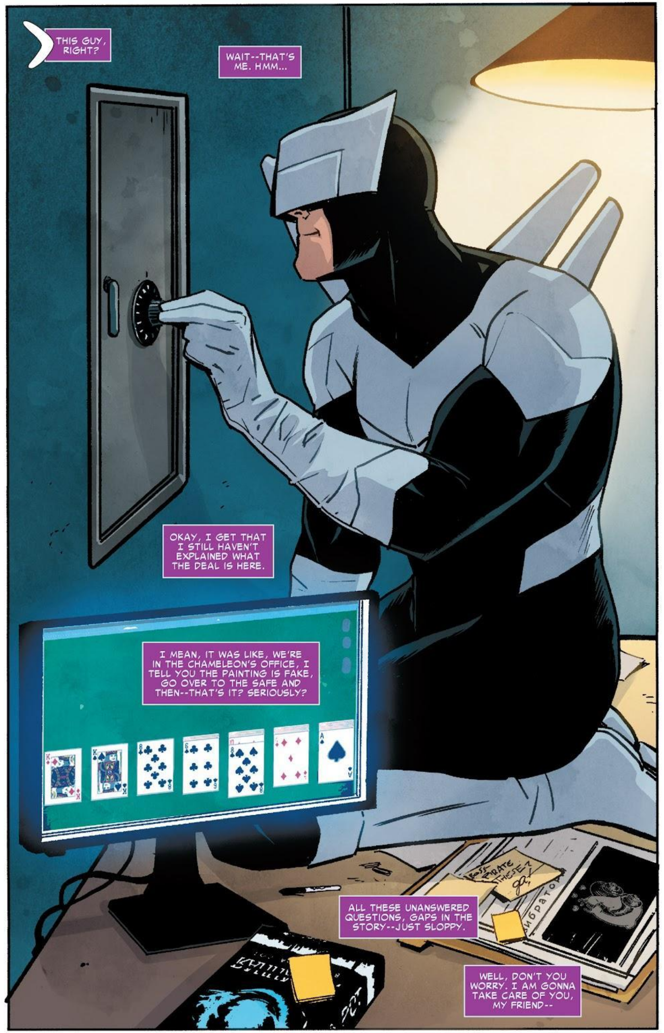
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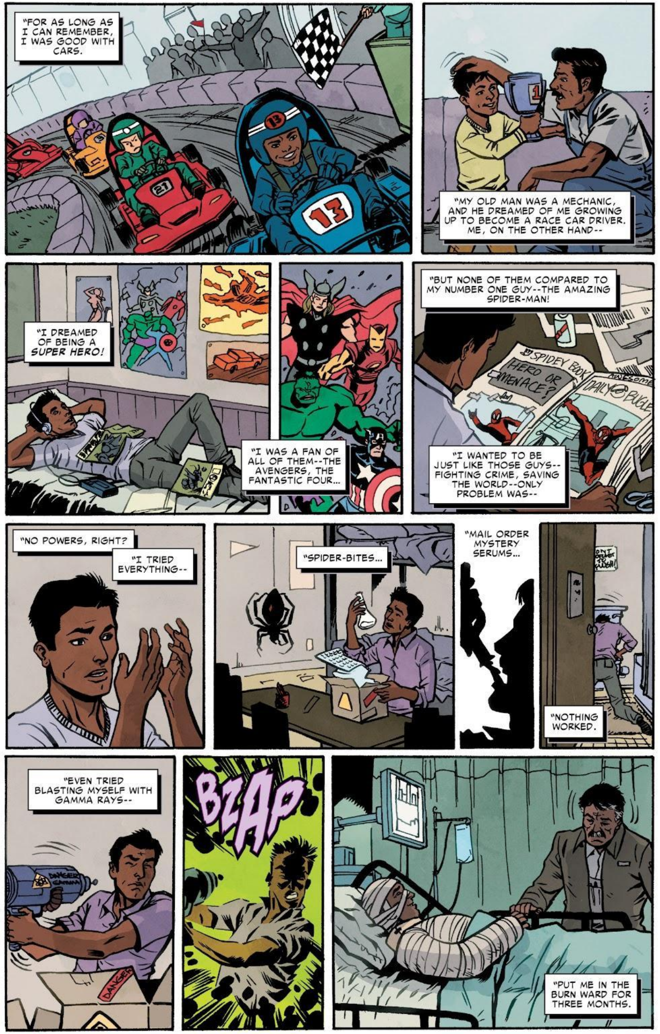
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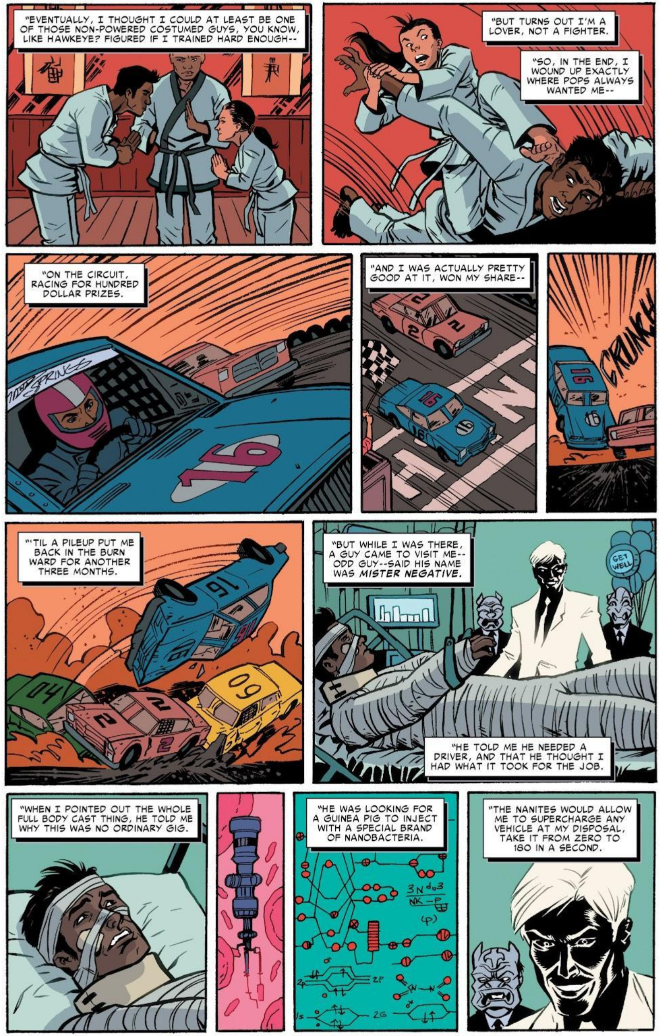
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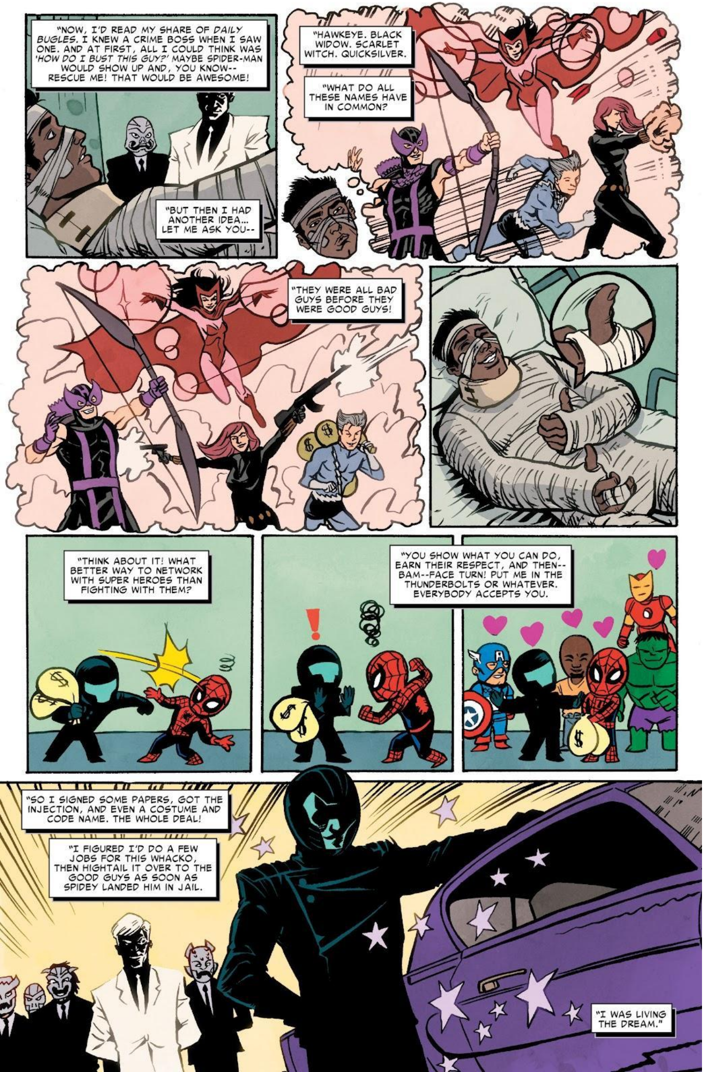



NO MORE LOOSE ENDS.
YA KNOW, I NEVER WOULDA GUESSED DOCTOR DOOM HAS A--
BATHROOM, BOOMERANG. WHERE IS IT?
DOWN THE HALL ON YOUR RIGHT.
MAKE SURE YOU FLUSH, BEETLE!
UGH.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US ABOUT THIS PLACE?
BECAUSE, OVERDRIVE, THAT'S WHAT GOOD EXECUTIVES DO. THEY KEEP THEIR EMPLOYEES FOCUSED ON THE BIG PICTURE GOALS, NOT THE LITTLE DETAILS. DIDN'T YOU READ THAT COPY OF "LEAN IN" I GAVE YOU?
'SGOOD STUFF.
I'M MORE A MAGAZINE GUY...
BESIDES--
"--I TOLD SHOCKER FOR CONTINGENCIES."


GOD REST HIS SOUL. SEE YOU AT THE CROSSROADS, HERMAN!
YOU GUYS WANT SNACKS? I GOT SNACKS!
I'M MORE INTERESTED IN HEARING ABOUT THIS BUYER YOU'VE GOT FOR THE PAINTING.
MORE DETAILS! YOU GOTTA LEARN TO SAVOR THE MOMENT, PAL. WITH SAVORY PRETZEL TREATS. AND ANYHOW, I GOT A QUESTION OF MY OWN--
WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU AND THAT SCHOOL BUS?!
SEE? I AM LOOKING OUT FOR YOU!
I TOLD YOU I DON'T WANNA GET INTO IT...
AW, COME ON--I HAVE BEEN VERY PATIENT. AND I MADE YOU RICH!
YOU THINK.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...FINE, BUT-- WE'RE A GANG, RIGHT? YOU GUYS AREN'T GONNA TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS, OR MAKE FUN OF ME--
US? NO WAY, BUDDY. THIS IS A NO-JUDGMENT ZONE.
YOU'RE SAFE HERE.
OKAY...WELL...I GUESS I SHOULD START AT THE BEGINNING...


"FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, I WAS GOOD WITH CARS.
"MY OLD MAN WAS A MECHANIC, AND HE DREAMED OF ME GROWING UP TO BECOME A RACE CAR DRIVER. ME, ON THE OTHER HAND--
"I DREAMED OF BEING A *SUPER HERO!*
"I WAS A FAN OF ALL OF THEM--THE AVENGERS, THE FANTASTIC FOUR...
"BUT NONE OF THEM COMPARED TO MY NUMBER ONE GUY--THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!
"I WANTED TO BE JUST LIKE THOSE GUYS--FIGHTING CRIME, SAVING THE WORLD--ONLY PROBLEM WAS--
"NO POWERS, RIGHT?
"I TRIED EVERYTHING--
"SPIDER-BITES...
"MAIL ORDER MYSTERY SERUMS...
"NOTHING WORKED.
"EVEN TRIED BLASTING MYSELF WITH GAMMA RAYS--
BZAP
"PUT ME IN THE BURN WARD FOR THREE MONTHS.


"EVENTUALLY, I THOUGHT I COULD AT LEAST BE ONE OF THOSE NON-POWERED COSTUMED GUYS, YOU KNOW, LIKE HAWKEYE? FIGURED IF I TRAINED HARD ENOUGH--
"BUT TURNS OUT I'M A LOVER, NOT A FIGHTER.
"SO, IN THE END, I WOUND UP EXACTLY WHERE POPS ALWAYS WANTED ME--
"ON THE CIRCUIT, RACING FOR HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZES.
"AND I WAS ACTUALLY PRETTY GOOD AT IT, WON MY SHARE--
CRUNCH
"'TIL A PILEUP PUT ME BACK IN THE BURN WARD FOR ANOTHER THREE MONTHS.
"BUT WHILE I WAS THERE, A GUY CAME TO VISIT ME--ODD GUY--SAID HIS NAME WAS *MISTER NEGATIVE.*
GET WELL
"HE TOLD ME HE NEEDED A DRIVER, AND THAT HE THOUGHT I HAD WHAT IT TOOK FOR THE JOB.
"WHEN I POINTED OUT THE WHOLE FULL BODY CAST THING, HE TOLD ME WHY THIS WAS NO ORDINARY GIG.
"HE WAS LOOKING FOR A GUINEA PIG TO INJECT WITH A SPECIAL BRAND OF NANOBACTERIA.
"THE NANITES WOULD ALLOW ME TO SUPERCHARGE ANY VEHICLE AT MY DISPOSAL, TAKE IT FROM ZERO TO 180 IN A SECOND.

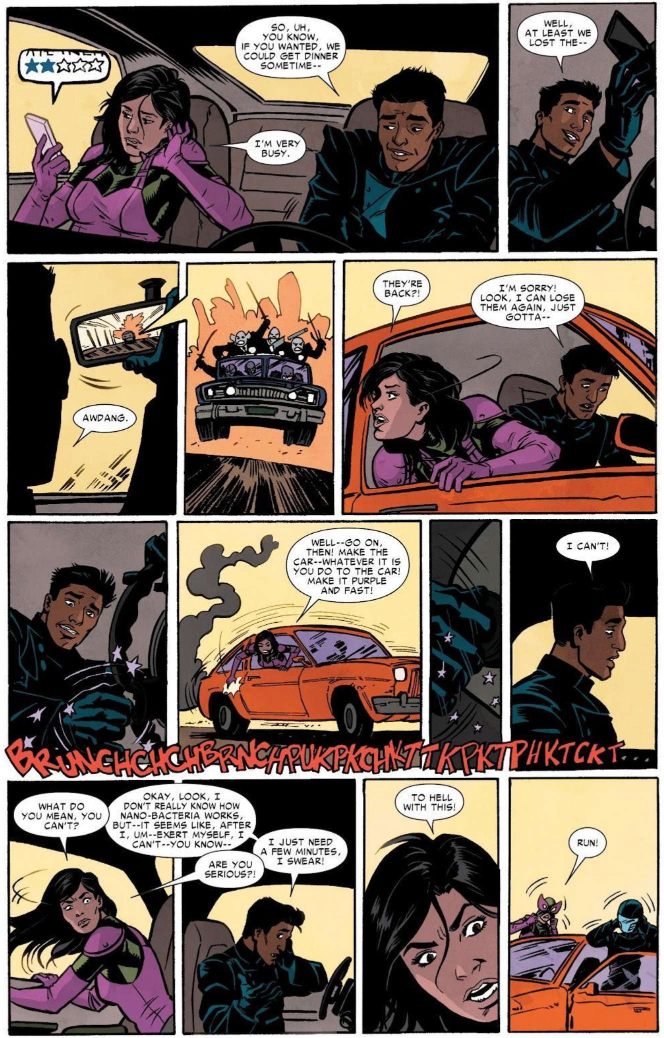

"NOW, I'D READ MY SHARE OF DAILY BUGLES. I KNEW A CRIME BOSS WHEN I SAW ONE. AND AT FIRST, ALL I COULD THINK WAS 'HOW DO I BUST THIS GUY?' MAYBE SPIDER-MAN WOULD SHOW UP AND, YOU KNOW-- RESCUE ME! THAT WOULD BE AWESOME!
"BUT THEN I HAD ANOTHER IDEA... LET ME ASK YOU--
"HAWKEYE. BLACK WIDOW. SCARLET WITCH. QUICKSILVER.
"WHAT DO ALL THESE NAMES HAVE IN COMMON?
"THEY WERE ALL BAD GUYS BEFORE THEY WERE GOOD GUYS!
"THINK ABOUT IT! WHAT BETTER WAY TO NETWORK WITH SUPER HEROES THAN FIGHTING WITH THEM?
"YOU SHOW WHAT YOU CAN DO, EARN THEIR RESPECT, AND THEN-- BAM--FACE TURN! PUT ME IN THE THUNDERBOLTS OR WHATEVER. EVERYBODY ACCEPTS YOU.
"SO I SIGNED SOME PAPERS, GOT THE INJECTION, AND EVEN A COSTUME AND CODE NAME. THE WHOLE DEAL!
"I FIGURED I'D DO A FEW JOBS FOR THIS WHACKO, THEN HIGHTAIL IT OVER TO THE GOOD GUYS AS SOON AS SPIDEY LANDED HIM IN JAIL.
"I WAS LIVING THE DREAM."


YOU GOTTA BE @#$%^&% KIDDING ME.
THAT IS THE STUPIDEST THING I HAVE EVER HEARD.
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE DOING ALL THIS--YOU'RE ONLY IN THIS GANG-- BECAUSE ONE DAY YOU THINK CAPTAIN AMERICA IS GONNA CALL YOU UP AND SAY "HEY, SOLDIER, WE'RE SHORT A DRIVER IN FETISH GEAR, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!" THAT SEEMS PLAUSIBLE TO YOU?
WONDER MAN! EMMA FROST! NAMOR WAS A FREAKIN' TERRORIST!
HOW...? YOU KNOW, WE SHOULD START BEATING YOU UP FOR THREATENING TO TURN ON US, BUT HONESTLY--
I'D BE THE IDIOT FOR TAKING YOU SERIOUSLY.
EVERYBODY'S GOT GOALS.
I LIKED YOU BETTER WHEN YOU WERE THE ONE NONE OF US PAID ATTENTION TO.
AND NONE OF THAT TELLS ME NOTHING 'BOUT THE SCHOOL BUS INCIDENT I KEEP HEARING ABOUT.
WELL, SEE, THAT'S THE THING. LIKE I SAID, I THOUGHT I'D WORK FOR THIS GUY FOR A BIT, THEN RUN OUT WHEN HE GOT BUSTED. AND HE DID! FIGURED I WAS IN THE CLEAR.
THEN A COUPLE MONTHS BACK, I START GETTING THESE LETTERS FROM LIKE, A COLLECTION SERVICE. TELLING ME HOW I'M USING THE NANITES WITHOUT PERMISSION, AND I NEED TO PAY A LICENSING FEE--
WHICH IS WHY I JOINED UP WITH YOU GUYS. TO GET NEGATIVE'S BILL COLLECTORS OFF MY BACK...
BUT THEN, WE HAVEN'T EXACTLY BEEN MAKING ANY BIG SCORES--'TIL TONIGHT THAT IS-- SO, WHILE ME AND BEETLE WERE OUT LOOKING FOR YOU, FRED--


Earlier Tonight...
IS THAT HIM?
NO...
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
YOU'RE JUST POINTING AT EVERY GUY YOU SEE NOW.
I'D ASK IF YOU HAD ANY BETTER IDEAS, BUT IT'S ALREADY BEEN ESTABLISHED YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY THE BRAINS OF THIS OPERATION.
SEE, NOW YOU'RE JUST PROJECTING--
WAIT--
IS ONE OF THEM HIM?
UH-OH.
OVERDRIVE! MISTER NEGATIVE IS NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!
THIS IS AN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT A DEBT! ANY INFORMATION OBTAINED WILL BE USED FOR THAT PURPOSE!
WHAT THE HELL, MAN?!
I'M ON IT.
FLR

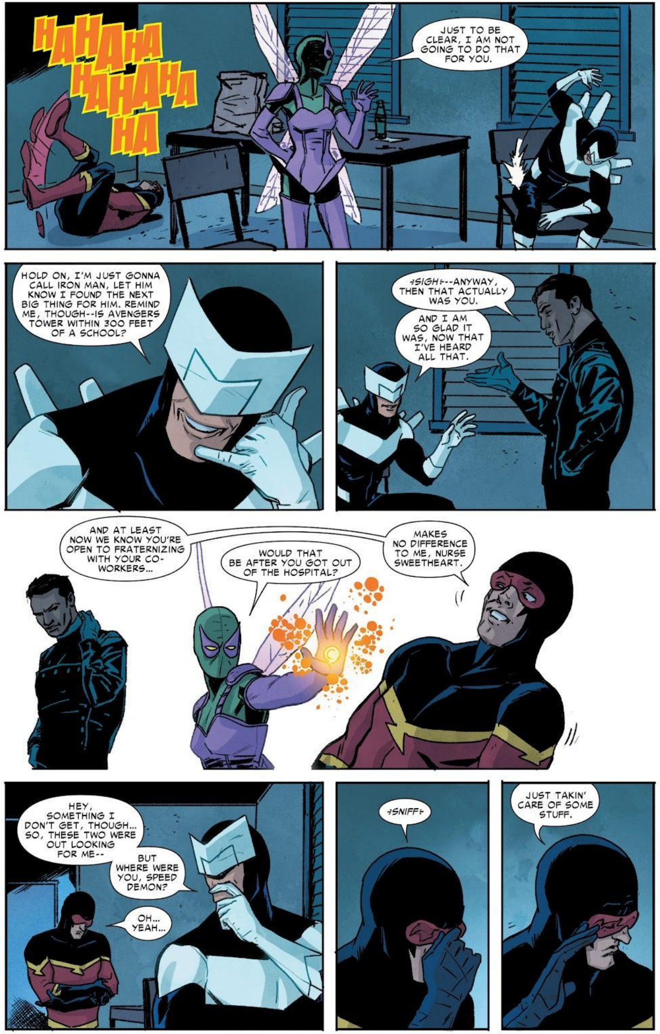

OVERDRIVE'S HOW TO GUIDE. LESSON 1: THE GETAWAY
START
DON'T GET SHOT.
DON'T STOP TO SMELL THE ROSES.
USE ALL OF THE ROAD.
GLASS INC.
BITCHIN' JUMPS.
AVOID DISTRACTIONS.
CHEAT!!
¡TRAFFIC JAM!
SMSH
I THINK WE LOST THEM. NOW--I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE--
OVERDRIVE...
...SHUT UP.


NO WAAAAY...
SEE? I DIDN'T TELL HIM. YOU CAN TRUST ME.
YOU AND BEETLE? YOU?
DID YOU NOT SEE THE MOVIE RUSH?
I CAN RUN SUPER-FAST! RUN! WITH MY OWN TWO FEET! FAST!
I DON'T EVEN NEED SOME STUPID CAR, AND YOU...YOU'RE TELLING ME--
SHE PICKED YOU--
WE DO NEED TO TALK ABOUT THIS.
TRUST ME--
--THERE'S VERY LITTLE TO TALK ABOUT.
SUBTEXT!
SO THEN WHAT HAPPENED? I AT LEAST WANT DETAILS--
YES, GO ON, OVERDRIVE-- WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
~SIGH~...


SO, UH, YOU KNOW, IF YOU WANTED, WE COULD GET DINNER SOMETIME--
I'M VERY BUSY.
WELL, AT LEAST WE LOST THE--
AWDANG.
THEY'RE BACK?!
I'M SORRY! LOOK, I CAN LOSE THEM AGAIN, JUST GOTTA--
WELL--GO ON, THEN! MAKE THE CAR--WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO TO THE CAR! MAKE IT PURPLE AND FAST!
I CAN'T!
BRUNCHCHCHBRNCHPUKPKCHKTTKPKTPHKTCKT...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN'T?
OKAY, LOOK, I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW NANO-BACTERIA WORKS, BUT--IT SEEMS LIKE, AFTER I, UM--EXERT MYSELF, I CAN'T--YOU KNOW--
ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
I JUST NEED A FEW MINUTES, I SWEAR!
TO HELL WITH THIS!
RUN!


YOU ARE SUCH A DEADBEAT!
IT'S A TOUGH ECONOMY RIGHT NOW!
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
OKAY, WE NEED A NEW RIDE-- ARE YOU, YOU KNOW, READY?
I DUNNO...
BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF OPTIONS.
FORGIVE ME, LORD.


ARE YOU A SUPER HERO?
NO. AND NOW I NEVER WILL BE.
THEY'RE ON US!
GO!
I CAN'T DO THIS...
AW...BABY-- OF COURSE YOU CAN. WHY, YOU GET US OUT OF THIS MESS, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO FOR YOU?


HAHAHA HAHAHA HA
JUST TO BE CLEAR, I AM NOT GOING TO DO THAT FOR YOU.
HOLD ON, I'M JUST GONNA CALL IRON MAN, LET HIM KNOW I FOUND THE NEXT BIG THING FOR HIM. REMIND ME, THOUGH--IS AVENGERS TOWER WITHIN 300 FEET OF A SCHOOL?
SIGH--ANYWAY, THEN THAT ACTUALLY WAS YOU.
AND I AM SO GLAD IT WAS, NOW THAT I'VE HEARD ALL THAT.
AND AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW YOU'RE OPEN TO FRATERNIZING WITH YOUR CO-WORKERS...
WOULD THAT BE AFTER YOU GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL?
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME, NURSE SWEETHEART.
HEY, SOMETHING I DON'T GET, THOUGH... SO, THESE TWO WERE OUT LOOKING FOR ME--
BUT WHERE WERE YOU, SPEED DEMON?
OH... YEAH...
SNIFF
JUST TAKIN' CARE OF SOME STUFF.


HERO IRON FIST GIVEN COMMEND
HERO IRON FIST GIVEN COMMENDATION
DOG MISSING $100. REWARD
INSPECTOR


CHOW
PREMIUM
DOG
INSP
INSPECTO


PREMIUM
ORGANIC
DOG
CHOW


I DID IT FOR THE MONEY, OKAY?
HONNK!
AW, SPEED DEMON, THAT IS...I ACTUALLY FEEL SORRY FOR YOU.
YEAH, YOUR DOG...THAT'S HARD.
ARE YOU OKAY?
NO.
I WILL BE IF YOU GIVE ME SOME SYMPATHY--
MAN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY.
YEAH, TOO BAD HERMAN'S NOT HERE, FEEL LIKE THIS STUFF IS MORE HIS DEPARTMENT--
SHOCKER? OH, COME ON, HE'D BE A BLUBBERING MESS RIGHT NOW! FACE IT, THAT GUY NEVER HAD WHAT IT TAKES TO BE IN A GANG!
YES, SIR, WE'RE WAY BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM--SHOCKER WAS A SPINELESS, SNIVELING NOBODY. LETTING HIM JOIN UP WITH US WAS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE I EVER MADE.
YOU HEAR THAT? THAT'S WHAT YOUR *"BUDDY"* THINKS A' YOU WHEN HE'S NOT STUFFIN' YOU IN A TRUNK! YOU JUST GONNA LET HIM DISRESPECT YOU LIKE THAT?
AND TRUST ME, HE WENT OUT--I MEAN, I BET HE WENT OUT--LIKE THE COWARD HE ALWAYS WAS--
THAT'S IT--


--THIS GANG'S GOT A NEW BOSS NOW!
SEE? NO MORE LOOSE ENDS.


SUPERIOR FOES OF SPIDER-MAN
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
MARVEL
015

DAILY BUGLE

FINAL ☆☆☆☆

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

INSIDE: I AM HOOT!: OWL DESIGN WINS TREE-CARVING COMPETITION. THE INEDIBLE HULK: HULK-THEMED BURGER STAND FACES HEALTH SANCTIONS. IRONY MAN: TONY STARK ASKS TOURISTS FOR LUNCH MONEY AFTER FORGETTING HIS WALLET AT HOME.

DOWN TIME



Contracted by The Owl to steal a painting of an unmasked Doctor Doom from the Chameleon, Boomerang and his crew finally did something right (not morally, but you get the point). After a successful heist with *absolutely no loose strings*, the gang decided to hang out and spend a lovely afternoon recollecting the moments that happened during the heist. Like that one thing that happened between Beetle and Overdrive (whooeee!) or that other thing that happened between Speed Demon and his dog (awwww). With *absolutely no loose strings*, the crew has nothing to worry about.



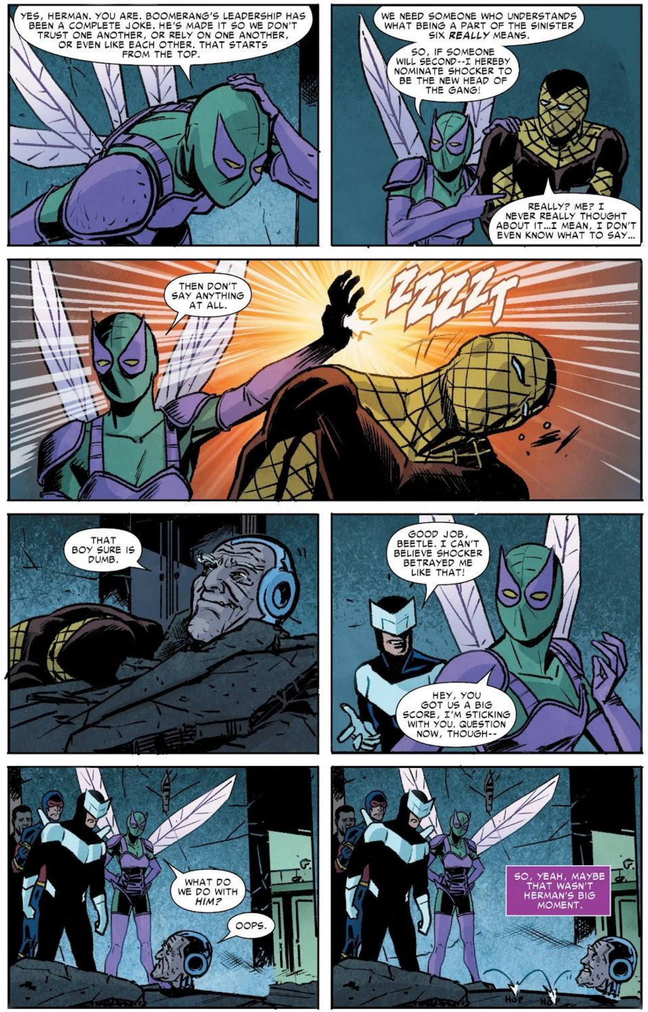
SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Shocker, after being convinced by the cybernetic head of Maggia don Silvermane that he should be the leader of Boomerang's gang, decides to interrupt story time to remind them of something: he's totally not dead. And he's angry. Alive and angry…and quilt-like.

NICK SPENCER — WRITER
STEVE LIEBER — ARTIST
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ARTIST
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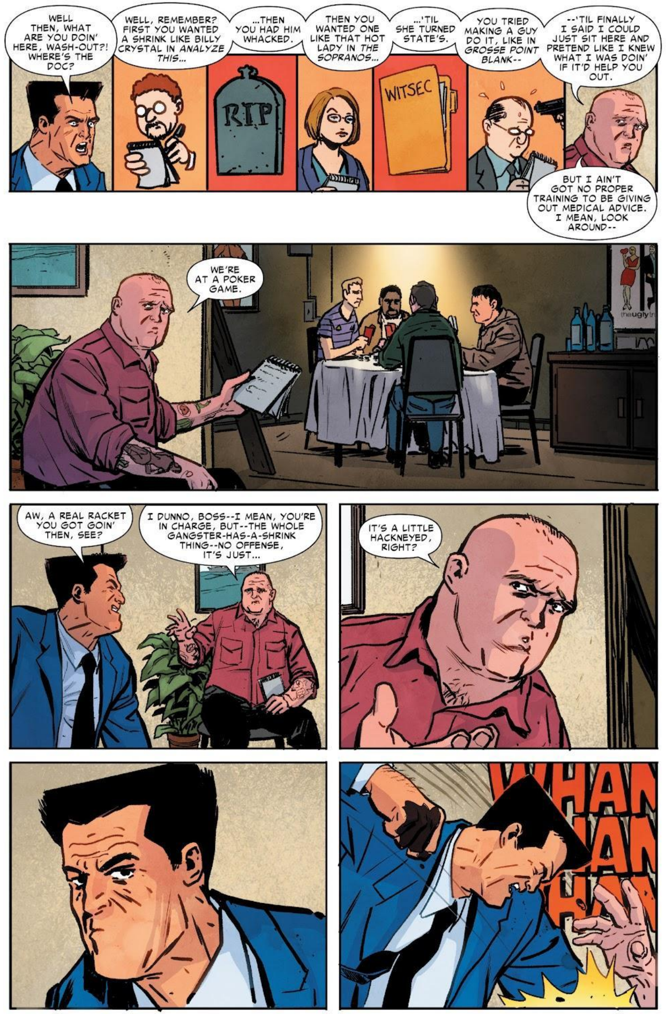



H-HERMAN! IS IT--IS IT REALLY YOU?!
THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE!
DON'T PATRONIZE ME, FRED!
I KNOW WHAT YOU ALL THINK OF ME! I HEARD EVERYTHING YOU SAID JUST NOW!
NONE OF YOU EVEN CARED WHAT FRED DID TO ME--ALL THAT MATTERS TO YOU IS THAT HE MADE YOU SOME MONEY!
SOME MONEY?
EVERYBODY THINKS I'M SOME KINDA SUCKER JUST 'CAUSE I BELIEVE IN LOYALTY AND BEIN' PART OF A GANG!
BUT I DON'T GO FOR THAT STUFF 'CAUSE I'M A NICE GUY--I GO FOR IT 'CAUSE I'M SMART!
NONE OF US ON OUR OWN IS ANYBODY--YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE! THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT IS IF WE STICK TOGETHER, YOU UNDERSTAND? WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACKS!
I THOUGHT THAT WAS WORTH MY TIME--THOUGHT WE COULD DO SOME DAMAGE TOGETHER!
BUT INSTEAD I'VE BEEN GETTIN' DRAGGED DOWN BY A BUNCH OF LOW-LIFE HOODS!
YOU ALL SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!
H-HE'S RIGHT.
I AM?

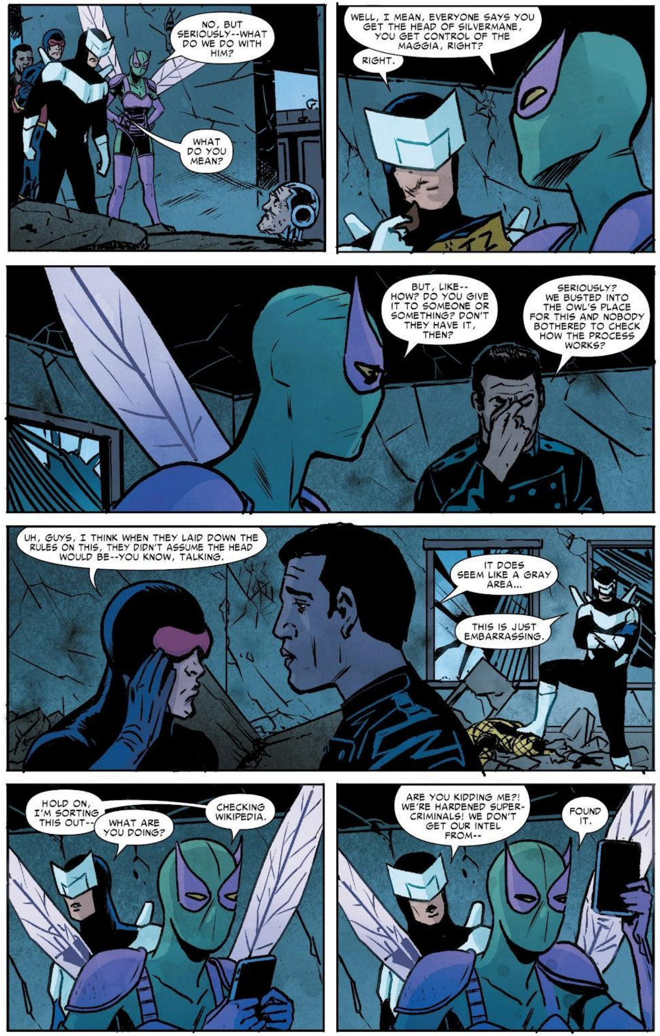

YES, HERMAN. YOU ARE. BOOMERANG'S LEADERSHIP HAS BEEN A COMPLETE JOKE. HE'S MADE IT SO WE DON'T TRUST ONE ANOTHER, OR RELY ON ONE ANOTHER, OR EVEN LIKE EACH OTHER. THAT STARTS FROM THE TOP.
WE NEED SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS WHAT BEING A PART OF THE SINISTER SIX REALLY MEANS.
SO, IF SOMEONE WILL SECOND--I HEREBY NOMINATE SHOCKER TO BE THE NEW HEAD OF THE GANG!
REALLY? ME? I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT...I MEAN, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
THEN DON'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL.
ZZZZT
THAT BOY SURE IS DUMB.
GOOD JOB, BEETLE. I CAN'T BELIEVE SHOCKER BETRAYED ME LIKE THAT!
HEY, YOU GOT US A BIG SCORE, I'M STICKING WITH YOU. QUESTION NOW, THOUGH--
WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
OOPS.
SO, YEAH, MAYBE THAT WASN'T HERMAN'S BIG MOMENT.



Elsewhere.
AND WHEN I SAW 'IM AGAIN--THE OLD GEEZER, SILVERMANE HISSELF--IT WAS LIKE ALL THE OLD FEELINGS CAME RUSHING BACK, YA KNOW?
I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT ALL THE PROGRESS WE MADE HERE, HOW I'M A TOTALLY DIFFERENT PERSON NOW. HOW I DON'T LIVE AFRAID NO MORE--
IT'S LIKE I WAS THAT SAME SCARED, TWO-BIT THUG I WAS BACK IN THE DAY, SEE?
BUT NOW I HAD THE TIME TO REFLECT, SEE? AND IT MADE ME REALIZE SOMETHIN'--
I NEVER DESERVED ALL THAT ABUSE THE OLD MAN THREW MY WAY. HE SHOULDA TREATED ME WITH SOME RESPECT, YEAH? I WAS HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN!
SO IF--NAH, WHEN I SEE HIM AGAIN--I'M GONNA LET HIM KNOW, SEE? HE WON'T PUSH ME AROUND NO MORE! I'M DONE!
I'MMA LOOK AT HIM AND SAY, "TAKE A LOOK, YOU DRIED-UP GERIATRIC! THIS IS WHAT YOU LOST! THIS IS WHAT YOU COULDA HAD!"
POUND
BUT MAYBE YOU THINK I SHOULD SEEK AMENDS? 'CAUSE'A MY ANGER ISSUES? WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC?
UH...BOSS? I'M NOT A DOCTOR.



WELL THEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE, WASH-OUT?! WHERE'S THE DOC?
WELL, REMEMBER? FIRST YOU WANTED A SHRINK LIKE BILLY CRYSTAL IN ANALYZE THIS...
...THEN YOU HAD HIM WHACKED.
RIP
THEN YOU WANTED ONE LIKE THAT HOT LADY IN THE SOPRANOS...
...'TIL SHE TURNED STATE'S.
WITSEC
YOU TRIED MAKING A GUY DO IT, LIKE IN GROSSE POINT BLANK--
--'TIL FINALLY I SAID I COULD JUST SIT HERE AND PRETEND LIKE I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOIN' IF IT'D HELP YOU OUT.
BUT I AIN'T GOT NO PROPER TRAINING TO BE GIVING OUT MEDICAL ADVICE. I MEAN, LOOK AROUND--
WE'RE AT A POKER GAME.
AW, A REAL RACKET YOU GOT GOIN' THEN, SEE?
I DUNNO, BOSS--I MEAN, YOU'RE IN CHARGE, BUT--THE WHOLE GANGSTER-HAS-A-SHRINK THING--NO OFFENSE, IT'S JUST...
IT'S A LITTLE HACKNEYED, RIGHT?



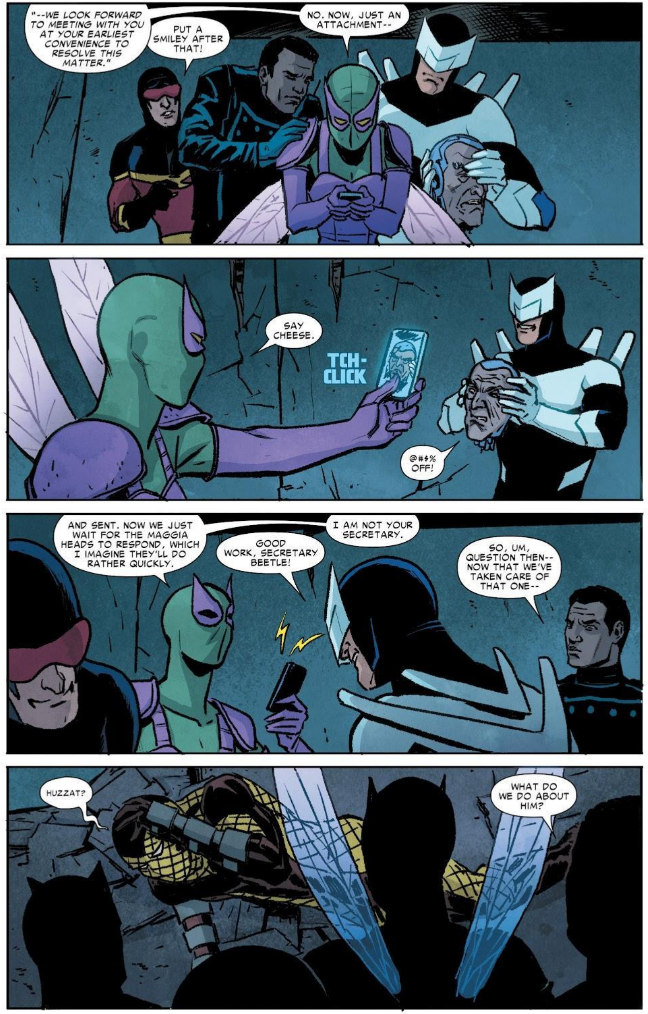
NO, BUT SERIOUSLY--WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, I MEAN, EVERYONE SAYS YOU GET THE HEAD OF SILVERMANE, YOU GET CONTROL OF THE MAGGIA, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
BUT, LIKE--HOW? DO YOU GIVE IT TO SOMEONE OR SOMETHING? DON'T THEY HAVE IT, THEN?
SERIOUSLY? WE BUSTED INTO THE OWL'S PLACE FOR THIS AND NOBODY BOTHERED TO CHECK HOW THE PROCESS WORKS?
UH, GUYS, I THINK WHEN THEY LAID DOWN THE RULES ON THIS, THEY DIDN'T ASSUME THE HEAD WOULD BE--YOU KNOW, TALKING.
IT DOES SEEM LIKE A GRAY AREA...
THIS IS JUST EMBARRASSING.
HOLD ON, I'M SORTING THIS OUT--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CHECKING WIKIPEDIA.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! WE'RE HARDENED SUPER-CRIMINALS! WE DON'T GET OUR INTEL FROM--
FOUND IT.

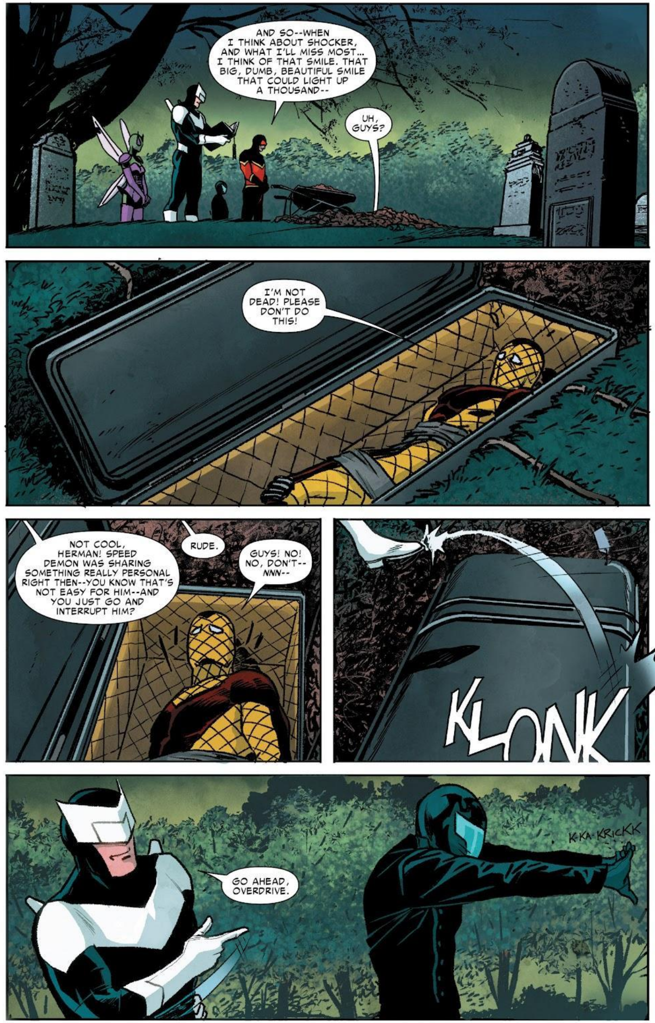


OOH! WHAT DOES IT SAY?
WE MAKE A FORMAL REQUEST IN WRITING. IF THE MAGGIA AGREE, WE'RE SET. I'LL MAKE SURE WE COVER THE CORPUS MENTIS THING IN THE FINE PRINT.
THEN APPARENTLY WE HAVE TO DO SOME KIND OF DINNER THING, AND THERE'S A CERTIFICATE.
SO HOW DO WE PUT THIS GUY ON MUTE IN THE MEANTIME? I CAN'T EVEN FIND A USB PORT--AND I NEED TO CHARGE MY IPAD!
GET OFFA ME, YOU LOUSE!
HEY!
I GOT SOME DUCT TAPE OUT IN THE CAR. WE CAN DO IT THE OLD FASHIONED WAY.
FINE, BUT--ALL OF YOU--BE CAREFUL WITH HIM!
SHE'S RIGHT, GANG. REMEMBER--
--THIS IS BUSINESS.


Owlswhere.
RRARR! JUST BAD BUSINESS...TOTAL LACK OF PROFESSIONAL... POOR YELP RATING, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN...
BOSS!
WE GOT ONE OF 'EM!
WELL, HELLO THERE, DESMOND.
AREN'T YOU A SIGHT.
MISTER OWL! OH GOD, I'M SO SORRY--I SWEAR TO YOU, I HAD NO IDEA--
IT'S A MISTAKE TO PRESUME DENIALS AND APOLOGIES ARE WHY I'VE LOOKED SO HARD FOR YOU AND YOUR COMPATRIOTS, DESMOND.
DO YOU THINK I'D GO TO THAT TROUBLE FOR SOMETHING WORTH SO LITTLE? DOES THAT SOUND LIKE ME?
I WANT TO KNOW WHERE FRED MYERS IS.


BUT THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TRYING TO TELL YOU! I DON'T KNOW!
LAST TIME I SAW HIM WAS IN THE CHAMELEON'S OFFICE, BEFORE HE SNUCK OUT!
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ELSE--
HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH--
I'VE ALREADY APPLIED PRESSURE.
CHAMELEON!
DING!
OWL.
I SHOULD KILL YOU--
THAT WOULD CERTAINLY DAMAGE YOUR ODDS OF FINDING HIM.
NOW, I FREELY ADMIT, I COMMISSIONED BOOMERANG TO TAKE WHAT WAS YOURS--I SAW AN OPPORTUNITY, I'M SURE YOU WOULD RESPECT THAT.
BUT NOW HE HAS TAKEN WHAT WAS MINE AS WELL. WE HAVE BOTH HAD OUR GENEROSITY TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF.
SO IT OCCURS TO ME, RATHER THAN HURL INCRIMINATIONS AT ONE ANOTHER--
A MERGER.
A PARTNERSHIP.


"--WE LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING WITH YOU AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE TO RESOLVE THIS MATTER."
PUT A SMILEY AFTER THAT!
NO. NOW, JUST AN ATTACHMENT--
SAY CHEESE.
TCH-CLICK
@#$% OFF!
AND SENT. NOW WE JUST WAIT FOR THE MAGGIA HEADS TO RESPOND, WHICH I IMAGINE THEY'LL DO RATHER QUICKLY.
I AM NOT YOUR SECRETARY.
GOOD WORK, SECRETARY BEETLE!
SO, UM, QUESTION THEN--NOW THAT WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT ONE--
HUZZAT?
WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT HIM?

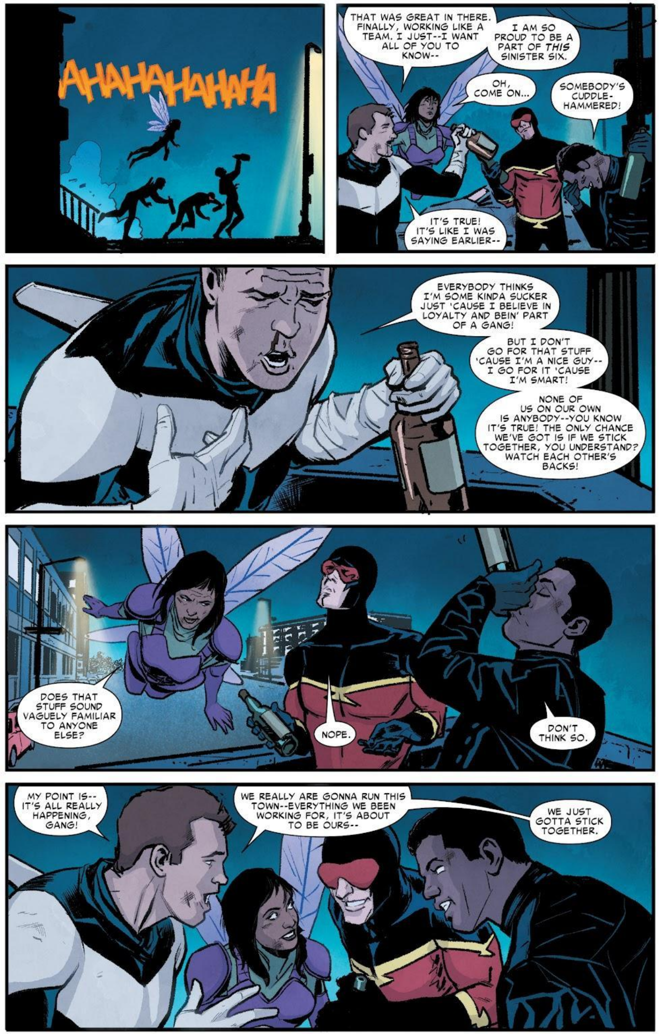

AND SO--WHEN I THINK ABOUT SHOCKER, AND WHAT I'LL MISS MOST... I THINK OF THAT SMILE. THAT BIG, DUMB, BEAUTIFUL SMILE THAT COULD LIGHT UP A THOUSAND--
UH, GUYS?
I'M NOT DEAD! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!
NOT COOL, HERMAN! SPEED DEMON WAS SHARING SOMETHING REALLY PERSONAL RIGHT THEN--YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT EASY FOR HIM--AND YOU JUST GO AND INTERRUPT HIM?
RUDE.
GUYS! NO! NO, DON'T--NNN--
KLONK
K-KA-KRICKK
GO AHEAD, OVERDRIVE.


BACKHOE!
NOW THE HEALING CAN BEGIN.
MAGGIA JUST EMAILED BACK. WE'RE SET FOR TOMORROW NIGHT, RIVERSIDE DOCKS.
WOO-HOO! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! DRINKS ARE ON ME!
FRED, YOU DON'T THINK THAT'S A LITTLE IN POOR TASTE? WE DID JUST BURY OUR BEST PAL.
NO, JAMES, I DON'T THINK IT IS. BECAUSE YOU AND I BOTH KNOW, ABOVE ALL--
"--HERMAN WOULD WANT US TO BE HAPPY."


TO HERMAN!
TO WINNING!
DAMN RIGHT! NOW, I DON'T MEAN TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO...
OH, COME ON--
WHAT? I SAID STICK WITH ME, FOLLOW MY LEAD--NOW WHAT'VE YOU GOT? A* PAINTING OF DOCTOR DOOM'S REAL FACE AND THE ROBOT HEAD OF A MOB BOSS GERIATRIC.
BOTH OF WHICH GO FOR QUITE A BIT ON THE OL' eBAY.
YOU'RE CERTAINLY ON A LUCKY STREAK, I'LL ADMIT THAT.
*FAKE.
HA! IT WASN'T LUCK THAT HAD US RANDOMLY STUMBLE ONTO THE HEAD OF SILVIO SILVERMANE UNDER THE BEST POSSIBLE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT WAS--
WAIT, THAT WAS LUCK, COME TO THINK OF IT.
AND IT APPEARS TO BE RUNNIN' OUT NOW, MYERS.
PRETTY LOUD PARTY FOR A BUNCH OF LOSERS WHO SOLD OUT THEIR OWN GANG AND LEFT THEM TO GET NABBED BY THE COPS. LIKE BAIL'S NOT A THING.
UM, FRED? IS IT COOL FOR THEM TO REALLY CALL THEMSELVES PART OF THE GANG? I MEAN, THEY WERE IN IT FOR LIKE AN HOUR.
UH, JAMES?
YEAH?
BAR FIGHT.

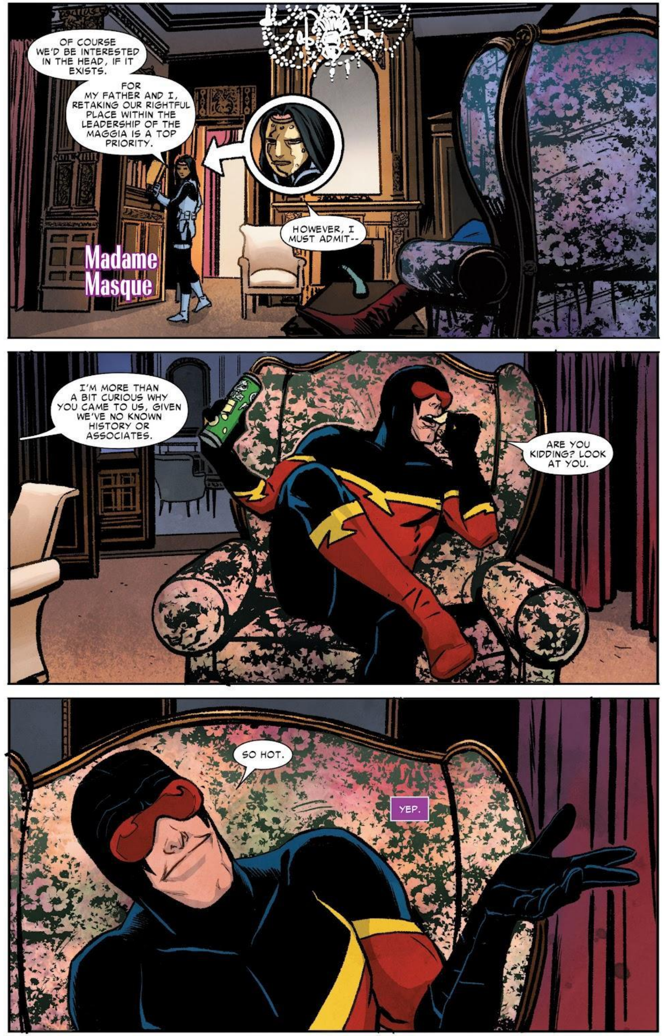

N.J. TURNPIKE SOUTH
EXIT 17
Lincoln Tunnel
3 Secaucus


ZZZZZZZZT
OH, MY GOD, YOU GUYS...
...WE WON!


AHAHAHAHAHA
THAT WAS GREAT IN THERE. FINALLY, WORKING LIKE A TEAM. I JUST--I WANT ALL OF YOU TO KNOW--
I AM SO PROUD TO BE A PART OF *THIS* SINISTER SIX.
OH, COME ON...
SOMEBODY'S CUDDLE-HAMMERED!
IT'S TRUE! IT'S LIKE I WAS SAYING EARLIER--
EVERYBODY THINKS I'M SOME KINDA SUCKER JUST 'CAUSE I BELIEVE IN LOYALTY AND BEIN' PART OF A GANG!
BUT I DON'T GO FOR THAT STUFF 'CAUSE I'M A NICE GUY-- I GO FOR IT 'CAUSE I'M SMART!
NONE OF US ON OUR OWN IS ANYBODY--YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE! THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT IS IF WE STICK TOGETHER, YOU UNDERSTAND? WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACKS!
DOES THAT STUFF SOUND VAGUELY FAMILIAR TO ANYONE ELSE?
NOPE.
DON'T THINK SO.
MY POINT IS-- IT'S ALL REALLY HAPPENING, GANG!
WE REALLY ARE GONNA RUN THIS TOWN--EVERYTHING WE BEEN WORKING FOR, IT'S ABOUT TO BE OURS--
WE JUST GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.


Later That Night.
THE HEAD OF SILVIO MANFREDI-- TO SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE MAGGIA TABLE...
IT IS AN INTERESTING OFFER, I MUST ADMIT THAT. AND AN EQUAL PARTNERSHIP?
Mr. Negative
TOTALLY EQUAL, THAT'S RIGHT. AND ALL MY DEBTS WITH YOU ARE CLEARED, YEAH?
I GOTTA GET MY EQUIFAX BACK UP.
HMM-- I BELIEVE WE HAVE A DEAL THEN, YOUNG MAN.


SWEETIE, I-- I APPRECIATE YOUR GUSTO--AN' SURE, A BRUISER LIKE ME IN CHARGE OF THE MAGGIA? I LIKE THE SOUND A'THAT.
BUT THE HEAD, THAT'S JUST A MYTH! SOMEBODY'S YANKIN' YOUR CHAIN--
Tombstone
WHY I TOOK THE PICTURE. WE PARTNERS OR WHAT?
IT'S... S'REALLY HIM...
THAT'S MY GIRL!


OF COURSE WE'D BE INTERESTED IN THE HEAD, IF IT EXISTS.
FOR MY FATHER AND I, RETAKING OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE WITHIN THE LEADERSHIP OF THE MAGGIA IS A TOP PRIORITY.
HOWEVER, I MUST ADMIT--
Madame Masque
I'M MORE THAN A BIT CURIOUS WHY YOU CAME TO US, GIVEN WE'VE NO KNOWN HISTORY OR ASSOCIATES.
ARE YOU KIDDING? LOOK AT YOU.
SO HOT.
YEP.


WE JUST GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
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INSIDE: HOWARD THE DUKE: MALLARD CROWNED BY QUEEN! AUNT-MAN?!: QUEENS WOMAN'S FATHER'S SISTER IS NOW A BROTHER! SILK STALKINGS: WHO'S THE GAL PAL SHADOWING SPIDEY?

HOW TO GET A HEAD IN BAD-GUYVERTISING



Tired of being treated like a second-class villain (and also tired of almost being killed), Shocker attacked the rest of the gang after being convinced to do so by the cybernetic head of Maggia don and grouchy old man Silvio Silvermane. With things finally looking up for Shocker, things were suddenly not looking up and he lost not only the head but was also buried alive. With the head now in their possession, the gang used it to call a meeting of all the criminal families in order to declare themselves the new heads of the Maggia crime family.

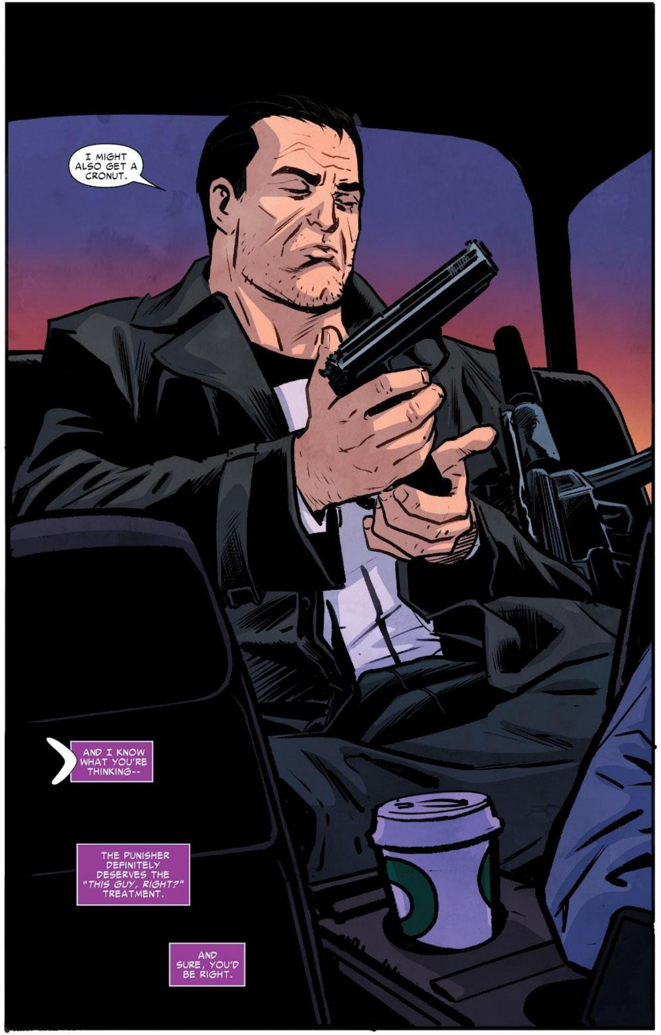


OWL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Setting aside their differences, it looks like the Owl and Chameleon have banded together for the greater good of kicking Boomerang's ass. Thank Odin Fred's got the rest of the Sinister Six by his side. It's not like they'd ever screw each other over...right?

NICK SPENCER — WRITER
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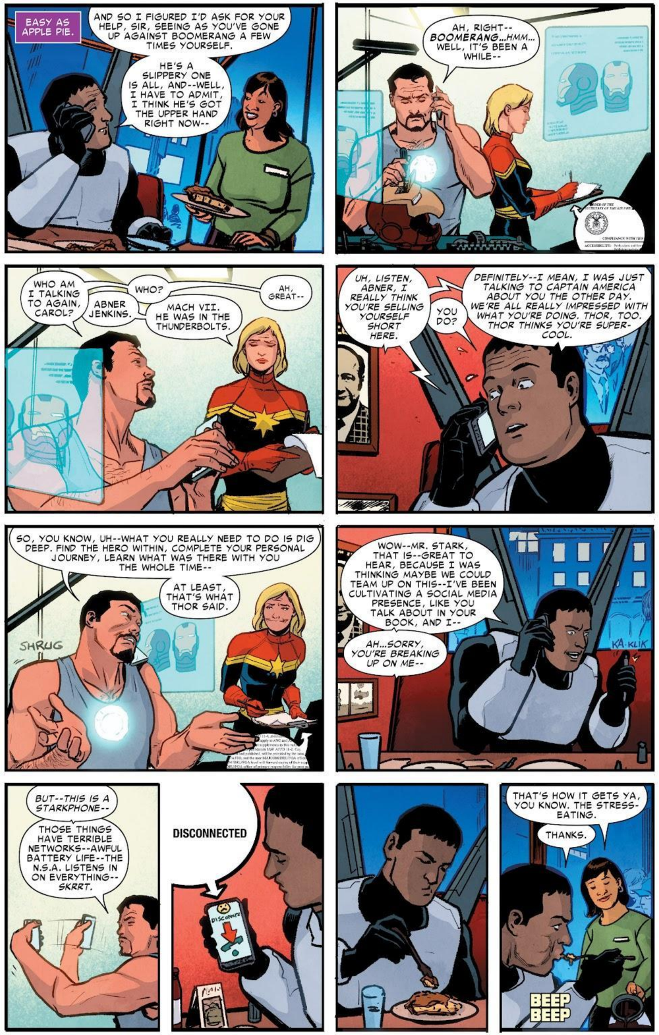



I MIGHT ALSO GET A CRONUT.
AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING--
THE PUNISHER DEFINITELY DESERVES THE *"THIS GUY, RIGHT?"* TREATMENT.
AND SURE, YOU'D BE RIGHT.


'CEPT I GOT MY OWN PROBLEMS RIGHT NOW.
I MEAN, *THIS CHICK, RIGHT?*
GET THE #$%* OUT.


NOW, BABY-- YOU WANNA THINK THIS THROUGH--
WHAT'S TO THINK ABOUT, FRED? YOU'RE A *SUPER VILLAIN.*
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT WASN'T A DEAL-BREAKER!
YOU TRIED TO GET ME KILLED!
NO, I *MERELY* POINTED OUT TO THAT BULLSEYE ROBOT THAT HE COULD'VE KILLED YOU INSTEAD OF ME! THE CHOICE STILL WOULD'VE BEEN ENTIRELY HIS. THAT'S NOT ON ME!
AND NOW YOU BREAK INTO MY APARTMENT?!
TO SURPRISE YOU! IT'S CALLED A ROMANTIC GESTURE.
YOU'RE INSANE.
I'M NOT THE ONE ABOUT TO THROW AWAY THIS AMAZING CONNECTION WE HAVE!
BLAM
YOU SURE GOT SOME WEIRD IDEAS ON FOREPLAY, LADY.


OUT.
OKAY, OKAY--I GET THAT YOU NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME--AND I *RESPECT* THAT--
SEE, THIS IS WHEN JET BOOTS COME IN HANDY--
I'MA CAAAALLLL YOOOOUUU!
PROBABLY BETTER IF I LEARNED HOW TO USE THEM, THOUGH. STILL, ALL IN ALL, I'D SAY THAT WENT WELL. BUT THEN, THAT'S ME WITH THE LADIES--


EASY AS APPLE PIE.
AND SO I FIGURED I'D ASK FOR YOUR HELP, SIR, SEEING AS YOU'VE GONE UP AGAINST BOOMERANG A FEW TIMES YOURSELF.
HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE IS ALL, AND--WELL, I HAVE TO ADMIT, I THINK HE'S GOT THE UPPER HAND RIGHT NOW--
AH, RIGHT-- BOOMERANG...HMM... WELL, IT'S BEEN A WHILE--
WHO AM I TALKING TO AGAIN, CAROL?
WHO?
ABNER JENKINS.
MACH VII. HE WAS IN THE THUNDERBOLTS.
AH, GREAT--
UH, LISTEN, ABNER, I REALLY THINK YOU'RE SELLING YOURSELF SHORT HERE.
YOU DO?
DEFINITELY--I MEAN, I WAS JUST TALKING TO CAPTAIN AMERICA ABOUT YOU THE OTHER DAY. WE'RE ALL REALLY IMPRESSED WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING. THOR, TOO. THOR THINKS YOU'RE SUPER-COOL.
SO, YOU KNOW, UH--WHAT YOU REALLY NEED TO DO IS DIG DEEP. FIND THE HERO WITHIN, COMPLETE YOUR PERSONAL JOURNEY, LEARN WHAT WAS THERE WITH YOU THE WHOLE TIME--
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THOR SAID.
SHRUG
WOW--MR. STARK, THAT IS--GREAT TO HEAR, BECAUSE I WAS THINKING MAYBE WE COULD TEAM UP ON THIS--I'VE BEEN CULTIVATING A SOCIAL MEDIA PRESENCE, LIKE YOU TALK ABOUT IN YOUR BOOK, AND I--
AH...SORRY, YOU'RE BREAKING UP ON ME--
KA-KLIK
BUT--THIS IS A STARKPHONE--
THOSE THINGS HAVE TERRIBLE NETWORKS--AWFUL BATTERY LIFE--THE N.S.A. LISTENS IN ON EVERYTHING-- SKRRT.
DISCONNECTED
BEEP BEEP
THAT'S HOW IT GETS YA, YOU KNOW. THE STRESS-EATING.
THANKS.


7:54
TEXTRR
I know where you can find Fred Myers. Riverside Docks. 8pm--Anonymous
STARK
!
CHRCHRCHRCHRCHRCHRCHRCHR
!
?
WHAM



YOU'RE LATE.
I HAVE A LIFE OUTSIDE OF WORK, YOU KNOW!
TXT TXT TXT TXT TXT TXT TXT
WELL, YOU PICKED THE WRONG NIGHT TO PROVE IT--SEEING AS IT'S THE BIGGEST OF OUR CAREERS.
MAGGIA LEADERSHIP JUST TEXTED TO SAY THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE TO SEE THE HEAD FOR THEMSELVES.
AND BOY WILL THEY GET A ROCKTACULAR SURPRISE WHEN THEY DO!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS @#$!%!
QUIET, STARCHILD.
YOU GUYS ARE GONNA GET US ALL KILLED.
YOU KNOW WHAT KILLS, BEETLE? STRESS.
YOU GOTTA RELAX--I MEAN, LOOK AT US. WE'RE ABOUT TO BECOME ROYALTY IN THIS TOWN. MAGGIA DONS.
DOESN'T THAT WARM YOUR VICIOUS ICE QUEEN HEART JUST A LITTLE?
OKAY, OKAY...
THERE WE GO! NOW YOU GOT IT! IF ANYTHING, WE OUGHTTA MAKE THEM WAIT FOR US--PLAY IT COOL. SAVOR THE MOMENT--



"--YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN IT ALL MIGHT BE OVER."
OKAY, OKAY, HERMAN, YOU CAN DO THIS...
JUST LIKE IN *KILL BILL*...COME ON, MAN...
OW! JAMMED MY FINGER!
AW, WHO AM I KIDDING? I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO ANYTHING RIGHT. GONNA DIE IN THIS STUPID BOX...
PFFT--PFFT--GREAT--STARTING TO RAIN NOW, TOO...JUST MY--
LUCKY DAY!
GAAAAH...!



MORRIS...? HOW DID YOU--
YOU BUTT-DIALED ME WHEN THEY THREW YOU IN THAT COFFIN! I TRACED IT HERE!
WOW, THAT *IS* LUCKY...
LISTEN, HERMAN--I'M REAL SORRY FOR WHAT I DID--RATTING YOU OUT TO HAMMERHEAD ABOUT THE HEAD AND ALL...I JUST KEPT THINKING ABOUT ALL THAT MONEY, AND HOW MUCH STUFF I COULD BUY WITH IT...
I SLIPPED UP ON MY RECOVERY--BUT IT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN AGAIN! I EVEN GRABBED YOUR SPARE GAUNTLETS ON THE WAY OVER--WE CAN GO GET SOME PAYBACK FROM THE LOSERS THAT DID THIS TO YOU!
WOW...THANKS, MORRIS...
I DO WANT SOME *PAYBACK!*
THAT'S FOR SELLING ME OUT!
NO MORE SECOND CHANCES...
UUUUUUGH...



"...THE SHOCKER IS READY TO GET WHAT'S HIS!"
THEY'RE HERE!
LET ME LOOK! MY GOD, I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY TO SEE A GROUP OF OLD WHITE MEN IN MY LIFE...
DO THEY LOOK HAPPY TO SEE US?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT--
HEY FELLAS!
WEKNOWYOU'RELOOKINGFORTHEHEAD ANDWE'VEGOTTHEHEADSEERIGHT HERE'STHEHEADNOWMAKEUS BOSSESWEWANNAMAKE ALOTOFMONEY.
SORRY. I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS.
SHOOT THESE @#$!&#$!
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE NERVOUS, SPEED DEMON. IT IS AN HONOR TO MEET THE NEW LEADER OF THE MANFREDI BRANCH OF THE MAGGIA.
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA--NOT HIM. I MEAN, CO-HIM. ALL OF US.
THEN, EVEN MORE OF AN HONOR. PLEASE, FROM THIS MOMENT FORWARD, LET US ADDRESS ONE ANOTHER AS EQUALS, AND CONSIDER ONLY HOW TO STRENGTHEN THIS VAST ENTERPRISE, TOGETHER.
WOW...THAT IS A GENUINELY REFRESHING MANAGEMENT APPROACH.
WE'VE BEEN READING *LEADERS EAT LAST.*
OOH, HOW IS IT?
HONESTLY, QUITE HELPFUL. NOW--WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE LEADER OF THIS GROUP? SO WE CAN ADDRESS THE DETAILS OF OUR--
HEY, DO YOU GUYS HEAR THAT? LIKE A RUMBLING SOUND?
I WISH I COULD SAY NO.
OH, RIGHT. GUYS, ABOUT THAT--
--SORRY, NOT SORRY.
RRRRMMMMMBBBBBLLLLL


KBLAM
IF YOU WERE WONDERIN' WHO'S IN CHARGE NOW, SUITS, I CAN HELP YA OUT--
THAT'D BE NONE OTHER THAN *TOMBSTONE.*
OH--AN' HIS AMAZING LI'L GIRL, JANICE.
AW, DADDY...
YOU SOLD US OUT?! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WOULD DO THIS TO US, BEETLE!
I WOULDN'T CONCERN YOURSELF OVER IT TOO MUCH, SPEED DEMON--


THANKS TO YOU, THE MAGGIA FAMILIES WILL FINALLY BE REUNITED.
OKAY, BUT EVERYONE WOULD BELIEVE I'D DO IT, RIGHT?
I CERTAINLY WOULD--
--BUT THEN, I CAN TAKE COMFORT IN KNOWING SOME STILL LIVE WITH HONOR. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, OVERDRIVE? CONSIDER YOUR DEBT TO ME RESOLVED.
WHAT? I CAN'T FILE FOR BANKRUPTCY!


OKAY, SO, I THINK WE ALL JUST NEED TO REMAIN CALM. OBVIOUSLY, THERE'S AN OWNERSHIP DISPUTE HERE--
WE AGREE. THIS IS MOST DISTRESSING.
RIGHT. AND SINCE I'M TRAINED IN ARBITRATION, MY SUGGESTION IS WE ALL SET UP A TIME TO SIT DOWN, AND--
LOOK OUT! HE'S GONNA SHOOT!
MVP
BZAP
BLAM
TWIST
BZIP
HEH.
SO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME WE ALL--IN THE LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS--TURNED ON EACH OTHER--EXCEPT FRED?! HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?
WAIT-- WHERE IS FRED?
LIKE YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW--


GETTING THE HELL OUT OF DODGE!
I MEAN, WHAT A MESS, RIGHT? IT'S LIKE THOSE GUYS DIDN'T LEARN ANYTHING FROM ME!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT STUFF I SAID ABOUT LOYALTY? DON'T THEY KNOW THAT THE LIES, THE BACKSTABBING--
WELL, THIS CERTAINLY IS THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MISTER MYERS...
THEY ALL CATCH UP TO YOU IN THE END.
THOUGHTFUL INDEED. SAVES US THE MESSY TRIP OUTSIDE.
CHAMELEON? OWL?
YES, THE BOTH OF US. IT'S IMPRESSIVE WORK BRINGING RIVALS SUCH AS OURSELVES TOGETHER. UNITED BY A MUTUAL LOATHING AND DETERMINATION TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR YOUR SINS.
IT'S QUITE THE IMPACT YOU'VE MANAGED TO MAKE IN YOUR FINAL DAYS, FREDDIE. SHAME IT ELUDED YOU FOR SO LONG IN AN OTHERWISE PATHETIC LIFE.
STILL, MAKES FOR A STRONG ENDING.
NOW, FELLAS--I KNOW YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT--
COME ON COME ON COME ON.
IT WASN'T ME?
EH, IT'S WORKED BEFORE.


THIS TIME, THOUGH--
I THINK MY LUCK HAS RUN OUT.
TO BE HONEST, I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD CATCH UP TO ME. TO ALL OF US.
THE LYING, THE BACKSTABBING, THE SCHEMING-- IN THE END, THIS IS WHERE IT LANDS YOU--


WELL, MOST OF US ANYWAY...
THE WRONG END OF A BEATING.
THE LOSING SIDE OF A WAR.
CAN'T EVER SAY I DIDN'T HAVE IT COMING.
AND ALL I CAN THINK, AS IT GOES DARK AROUND ME--


--IS MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FELL FOR IT AGAIN.
YEP. THAT IS ME.
LOOKING PRETTY GOOD FOR A GUY WHO JUST GOT PUMMELED, RIGHT?
FIELD
BULLPEN GATE


I LIKE TO THINK IT'S ALL THE VITAMINS. EAT ORGANIC, PEOPLE.
BUT THEN THIS GUY KNOWS ALL ABOUT CLEAN LIVING.
DEMANG PENDAK! STARTING ROOKIE PITCHER FOR NEW YORK!
SMAK SMAK
KACHUNK
PENDAK 33
STILL WORKING IT OUT? THAT'S FAIR.
HERE'S A HINT.
'MEMBER THE SAFE?
NOW, THE CHAMELEON'S USED ALL KINDS OF METHODS TO DO HIS LOOK-LIKE-SOMEONE-ELSE THING, BUT RECENTLY HE'S BEEN FAVORING A SERUM.
I FAVOR IT, TOO.
AND YOU THOUGHT I HAD A FACE FOR PUNCHING BEFORE.
DEMANG PENDAK
BUT HEY, IT'S A MEANS TO AN END--
AND REST ASSURED, THIS REALLY IS THE END.
THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL BEEN FOR--


THIS IS ME WINNING.
DAILY BUGLE


THE SUPERIOR FOES OF
SPIDER-MAN
MENU
WACKER'S PLATE
BRENNANS KEBAB
CHICKEN SANKOVITCH
MOISANS MEZZA
LIEBER + Rachelle
MARVEL
SPENCER
LIEBER
ROSENBERG
017

FINAL ☆☆☆☆

DAILY BUGLE

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SINCE 1897 ☆☆☆☆ $1.00 (in NYC) $1.50 (outside city)

INSIDE: NOBEL, NO PROBLEM: COMIC BOOK ARTIST STEVE LIEBER AWARDS NOBEL PRIZE FOR COMIC BOOK ART TO SELF. BOOMER-ACK! COMIC BOOK WRITER NICK SPENCER KILLED BY DERANGED FAN COSPLAYING AS BOOMERANG.

GOODBYE, FAREWELL AND GOOD RIDDANCE



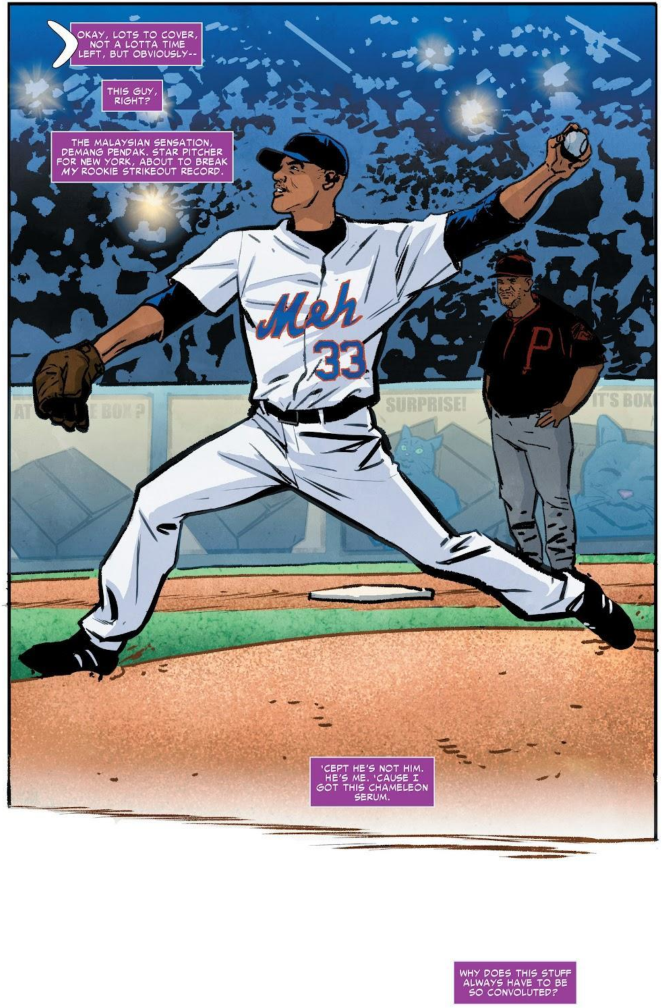
With the rocktacular cybernetic head of Maggia don Silvermane in their possession, it looked like the Sinister Six (really, Five) was finally going to start getting the respect (they thought) they deserved. But not so shockingly, their natures got the best of them and it turned out that they had all double-crossed each other and sold the head to different rival gangs. Although they gave their best shot at peaceful conflict resolution, it was all for naught and many faces were punched. Boomerang seemed to get the worst of it, that is, until it was revealed that, using Chameleon serum to disguise his face, not only did Fred swap a semi-conscious Mach VII into his place to take a beating, Fred kidnapped rookie pitching sensation Demang Pendak and then took to the mound *as* Pendak! What a jerk!



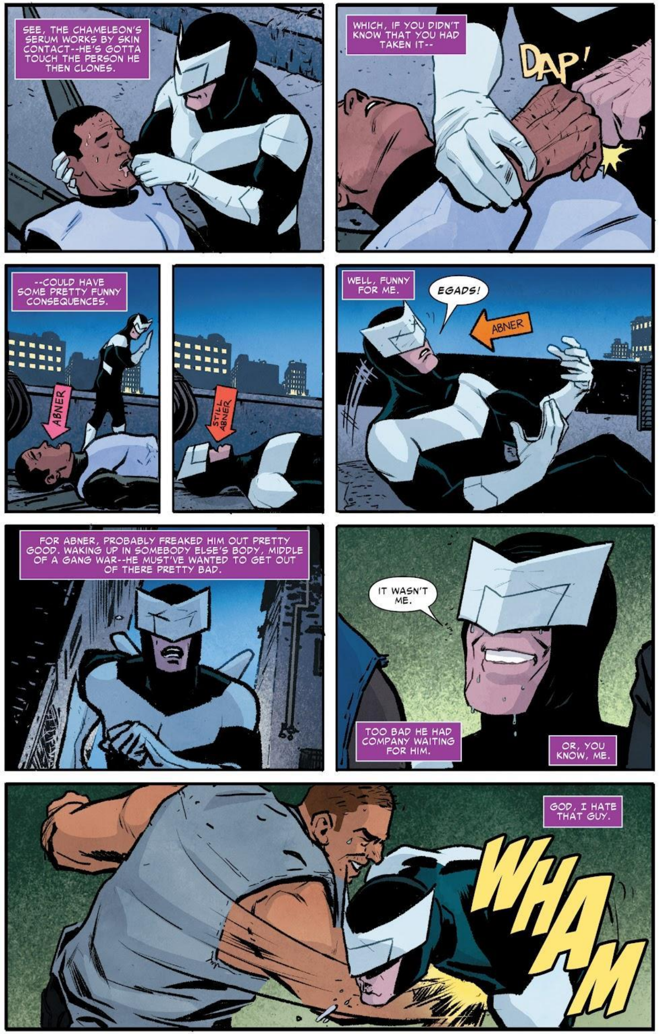
HERMAN DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

Embarrassed and buried by his "friends," the Shocker looked as though he was going to die alone in a hole in the ground...until Hydro-Man tracked him down and pressure-washed him straight out of the grave! And since no good deed goes unshocked, the Shocker quickly blasted Hydro-Man and stormed off to "thank" his "friends" for "burying him alive."

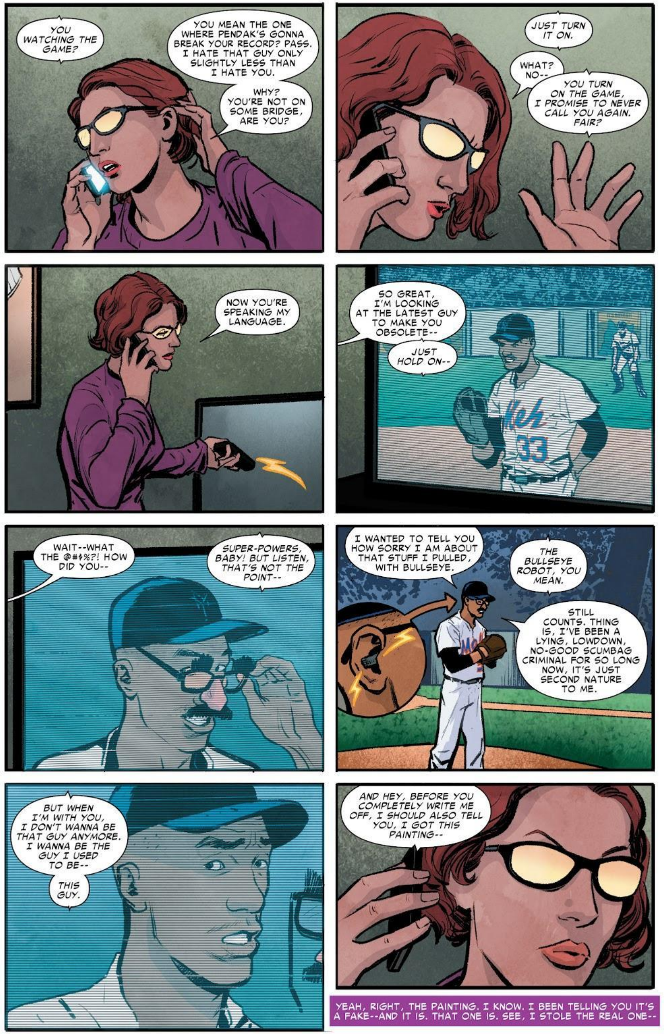
NICK SPENCER — WRITER
STEVE LIEBER — ARTIST
RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COLOR ARTIST
VC's CLAYTON COWLES — LETTERER
STEVE LIEBER & RACHELLE ROSENBERG — COVER ARTISTS
JON MOISAN — ASST. EDITOR
LAUREN SANKOVITCH — EDITOR
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JOE QUESADA — CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER



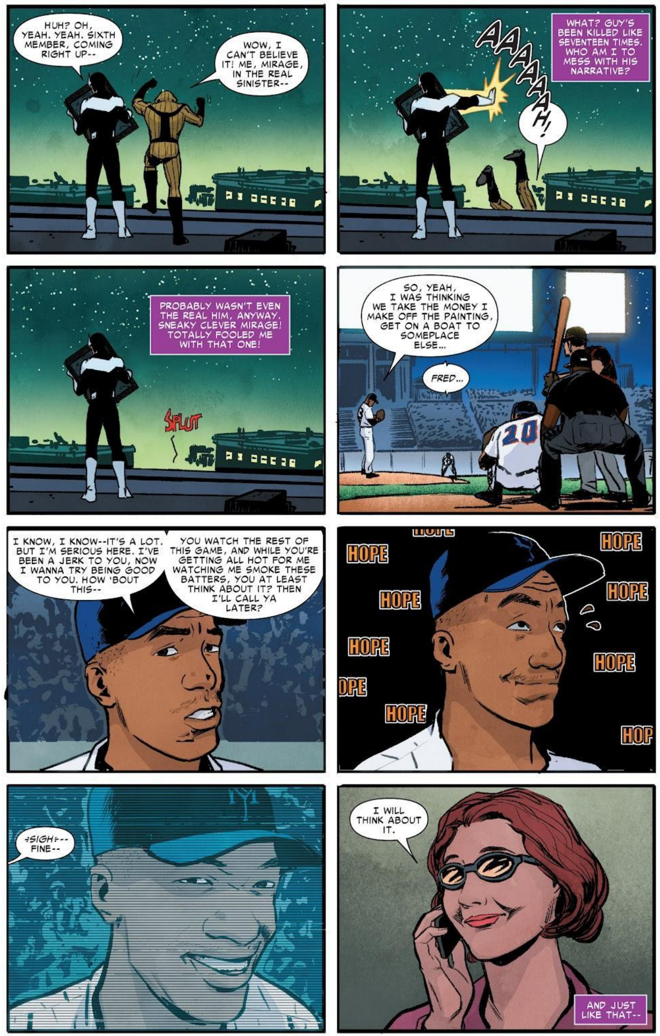

FIRST QUESTION YOU'RE PROBABLY ASKING--SO IF I'M *THAT* GUY--
--WHO'S *THIS* GUY?
BUT THEN, COME ON, THIS SHOULD BE AN EASY ONE--
HELLO, DOUCHEBAG.
AND FOR ALL YOU PEOPLE WHO JUST HAVE TO HAVE THE MAGIC TAKEN OUT OF THINGS--
THIS IS WHERE I PLANTED THE TRACKER ON MACH VII.
PAT PAT
AND THIS IS WHERE I DOPED HIS FOOD.
AFTERWARDS I LED HIM WHERE I WANTED WITH THAT TEXT MESSAGE--
STOP, CRIMINAL...
SURE THING, BUDDY...

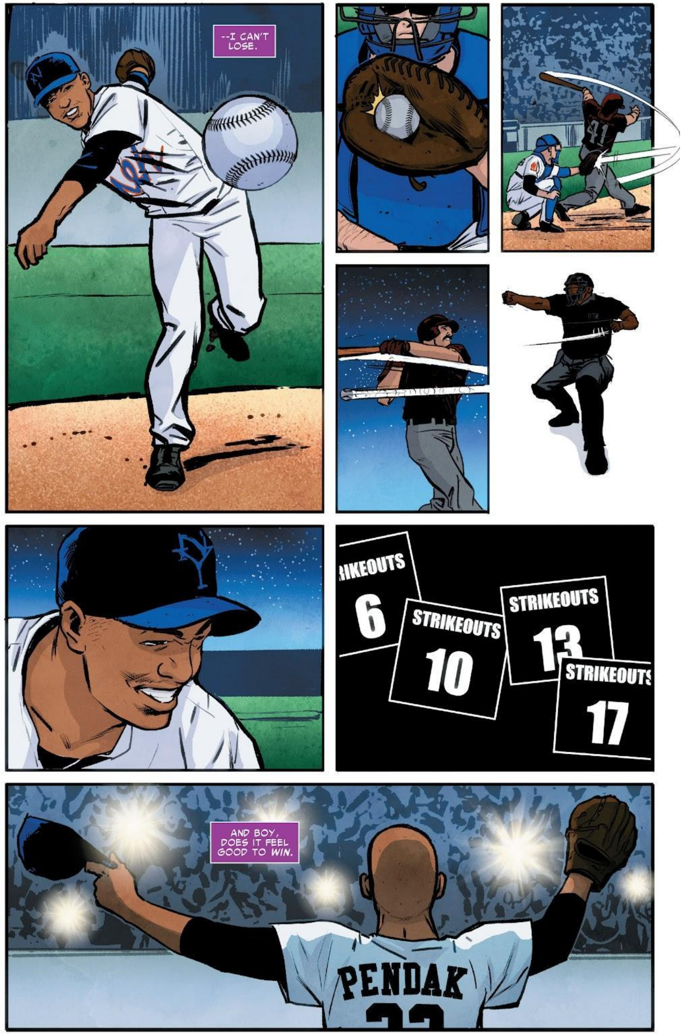

SEE, THE CHAMELEON'S SERUM WORKS BY SKIN CONTACT--HE'S GOTTA TOUCH THE PERSON HE THEN CLONES.
WHICH, IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU HAD TAKEN IT--
DAP!
--COULD HAVE SOME PRETTY FUNNY CONSEQUENCES.
ABNER
STILL ABNER
WELL, FUNNY FOR ME.
EGADS!
ABNER
FOR ABNER, PROBABLY FREAKED HIM OUT PRETTY GOOD. WAKING UP IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S BODY, MIDDLE OF A GANG WAR--HE MUST'VE WANTED TO GET OUT OF THERE PRETTY BAD.
IT WASN'T ME.
TOO BAD HE HAD COMPANY WAITING FOR HIM.
OR, YOU KNOW, ME.
GOD, I HATE THAT GUY.
WHAM


NOW, AT THIS POINT, YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I DID THIS MORE THAN HOW I DID THIS. "WHAT'S MY MOTIVATION?"
OKAY, SURE. I'LL COME CLEAN...
I WAS SITTING IN A JAIL CELL, TRYING TO REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SOMETHING WENT RIGHT. THE LAST TIME SOMETHING MEANT ANYTHING.
HAD TO GO BACK A LONG WAY.
NOW I GET WHAT I SAID, ABOUT WHAT I WANTED-- HOW I WAS GONNA "RUN THIS TOWN," BUT REALLY...
EVEN THEN, I COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM IT.
TRUTH IS, THERE'S ONLY ONE TIME I WAS EVER REALLY TELLING THE TRUTH--
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY, HUH? THAT I MISS IT ALL THE DAMN TIME?
AND SPEAKING OF--
GUESS I OWE HER A CALL.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?


YOU WATCHING THE GAME?
YOU MEAN THE ONE WHERE PENDAK'S GONNA BREAK YOUR RECORD? PASS. I HATE THAT GUY ONLY SLIGHTLY LESS THAN I HATE YOU.
WHY? YOU'RE NOT ON SOME BRIDGE, ARE YOU?
JUST TURN IT ON.
WHAT? NO--
YOU TURN ON THE GAME, I PROMISE TO NEVER CALL YOU AGAIN. FAIR?
NOW YOU'RE SPEAKING MY LANGUAGE.
SO GREAT, I'M LOOKING AT THE LATEST GUY TO MAKE YOU OBSOLETE--
JUST HOLD ON--
WAIT--WHAT THE @#$%?! HOW DID YOU--
SUPER-POWERS, BABY! BUT LISTEN, THAT'S NOT THE POINT--
I WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM ABOUT THAT STUFF I PULLED, WITH BULLSEYE.
THE BULLSEYE ROBOT, YOU MEAN.
STILL COUNTS. THING IS, I'VE BEEN A LYING, LOWDOWN, NO-GOOD SCUMBAG CRIMINAL FOR SO LONG NOW, IT'S JUST SECOND NATURE TO ME.
BUT WHEN I'M WITH YOU, I DON'T WANNA BE THAT GUY ANYMORE. I WANNA BE THE GUY I USED TO BE--
THIS GUY.
AND HEY, BEFORE YOU COMPLETELY WRITE ME OFF, I SHOULD ALSO TELL YOU, I GOT THIS PAINTING--
YEAH, RIGHT, THE PAINTING. I KNOW. I BEEN TELLING YOU IT'S A FAKE--AND IT IS. THAT ONE IS. SEE, I STOLE THE REAL ONE--

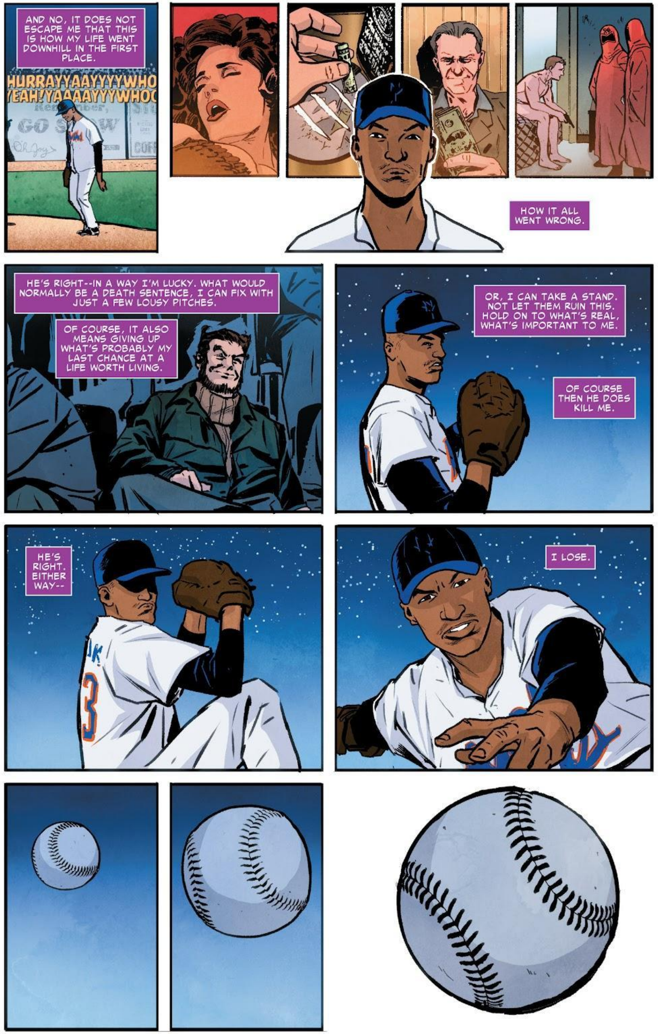

OR MIRAGE DID, AT LEAST.
SEE, THAT GUY--FOR ALL THE CRAP HE GETS--ACTUALLY HAS A PRETTY COOL POWER. HE CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF HIM. KIND OF A LOW-RENT MADROX.
SO WHEN I FOUND HIM AT THAT SUPPORT GROUP MEETING ABNER DRAGGED ME TO, I MADE HIM AN OFFER.
THAT MIRAGE THAT THE CHAMELEON TIED UP? WASN'T THE REAL THING--
FAKE MIRAGE
NO, THAT GUY WAS ALREADY SNEAKING THE PAINTING OUT OF THERE AFTER HE SWAPPED IT OUT WITH THE FAKE.
REAL MIRAGE
REAL PAINTING
REAL LATEX
AND GIVE HIM CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE--HE DIDN'T CRACK UNDER PRESSURE. NOT WHEN CHAMELEON GAVE IT TO HIM, NOT WHEN THE OWL GAVE IT TO HIM. YEP--
REAL STAND-UP GUY, THAT ONE.
I DIDN'T TELL THEM ANYTHING, FRED! NOT ONE WORD! NOW I GET TO BE THE SIXTH MEMBER, RIGHT?

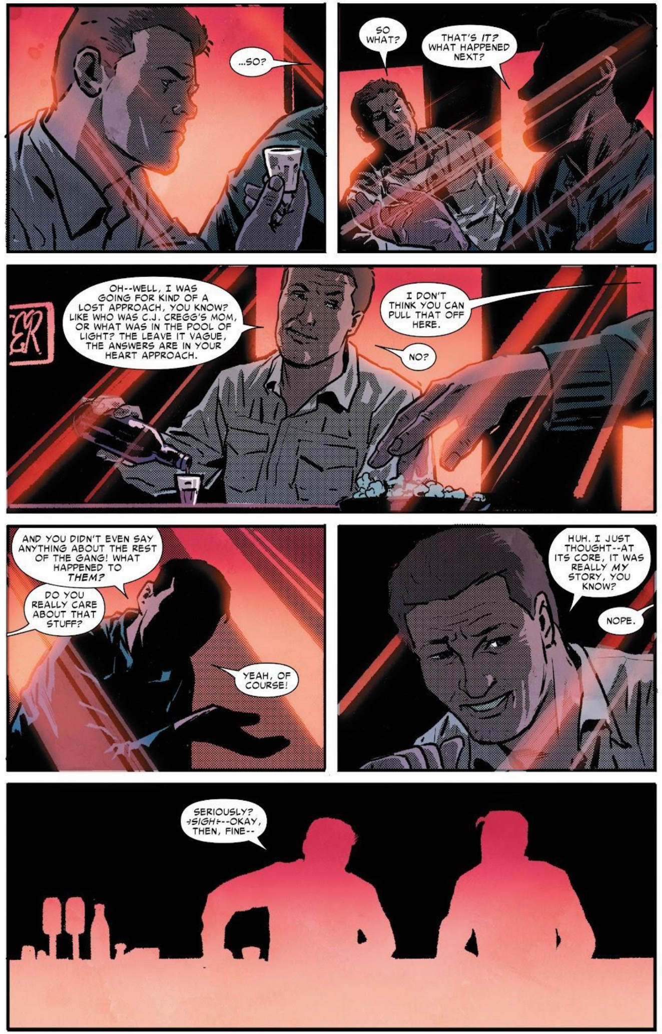

HUH? OH, YEAH. YEAH. SIXTH MEMBER, COMING RIGHT UP--
WOW, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! ME, MIRAGE, IN THE REAL SINISTER--
WHAT? GUY'S BEEN KILLED LIKE SEVENTEEN TIMES. WHO AM I TO MESS WITH HIS NARRATIVE?
AAAAAAH!
PROBABLY WASN'T EVEN THE REAL HIM, ANYWAY. SNEAKY CLEVER MIRAGE! TOTALLY FOOLED ME WITH THAT ONE!
SPLUT
SO, YEAH, I WAS THINKING WE TAKE THE MONEY I MAKE OFF THE PAINTING, GET ON A BOAT TO SOMEPLACE ELSE...
FRED...
I KNOW, I KNOW--IT'S A LOT. BUT I'M SERIOUS HERE. I'VE BEEN A JERK TO YOU. NOW I WANNA TRY BEING GOOD TO YOU. HOW 'BOUT THIS--
YOU WATCH THE REST OF THIS GAME, AND WHILE YOU'RE GETTING ALL HOT FOR ME WATCHING ME SMOKE THESE BATTERS, YOU AT LEAST THINK ABOUT IT? THEN I'LL CALL YA LATER?
HOPE
HOPE
HOPE
HOPE
HOPE
HOPE
HOPE
HOPE
SIGH-- FINE--
I WILL THINK ABOUT IT.
AND JUST LIKE THAT--

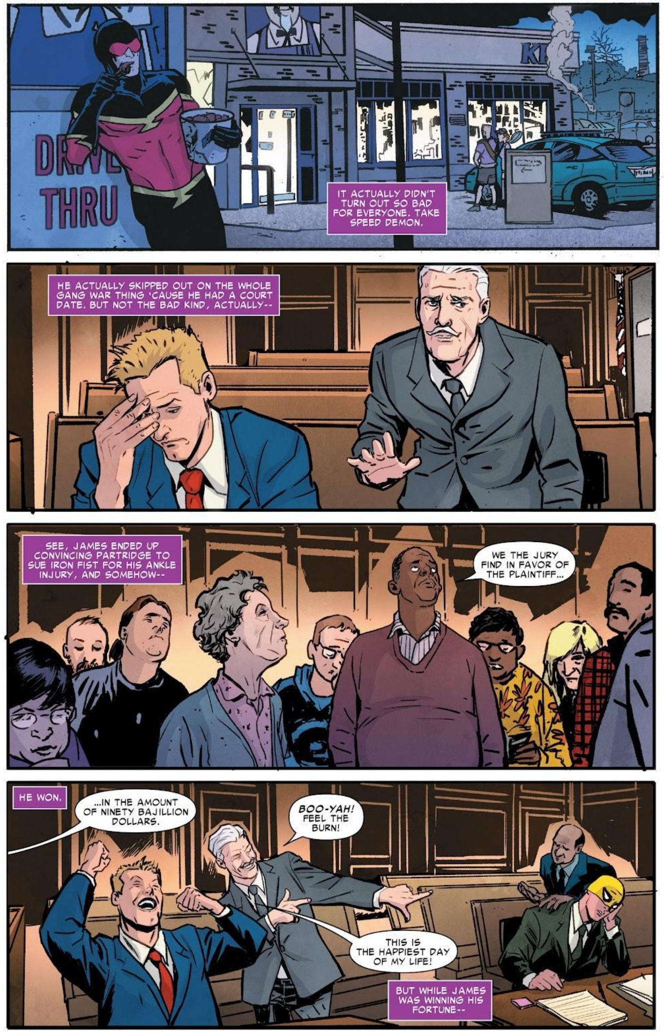

--I CAN'T LOSE.
RIKEOUTS
6
STRIKEOUTS
10
STRIKEOUTS
13
STRIKEOUTS
17
AND BOY, DOES IT FEEL GOOD TO WIN.
PENDAK


AND THERE IT IS! PENDAK STANDS JUST ONE MORE STRIKE AWAY FROM BASEBALL HISTORY!
PENDAK
NICE JOB, FRED.
MINE
SURPRISE!
SORRY IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.
BUT YOU KNOW, SHE DIDN'T REALLY NEED TO APOLOGIZE...
THIS KIND OF STUFF HAPPENS TO ME ALL THE TIME.
PENDAK! YOU GOT A CALL--

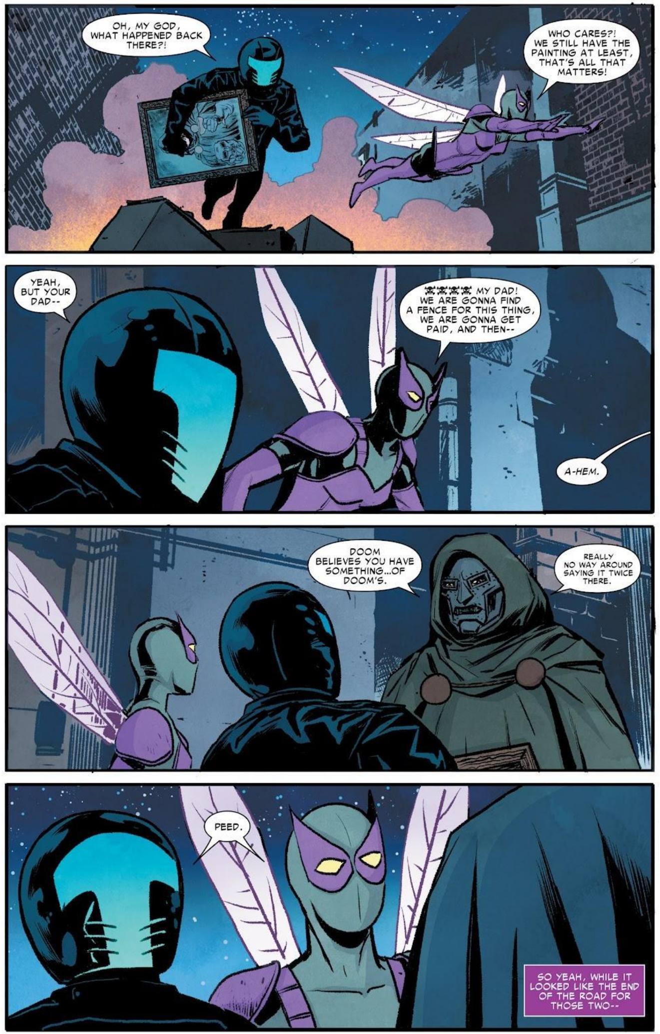

WHO IS IT?
SAYS HE'S YOUR DAD. WANTS TO CONGRATULATE YOU.
UH. HEY... DAD.
OH, NO NEED FOR THE FAMILIAL, FREDDIE-BOY...
THOUGH YOU ARE DUE A SPANKING.
OWL?! AH, HELL--
MM, NOT YET FOR YOU, I'M AFRAID. I'M HERE, ACTUALLY.
EIGHT ROWS UP, THIRD BASE LINE.
HOW ARE YOU HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT THE DOCKS!
AS DOES THE CHAMELEON. THE TINKERER AND HIS LMDS, ALWAYS USEFUL. I'M SURPRISED OUR RUSSIAN FRIEND DIDN'T SUSS OUT YOUR PLAN AS WELL...
BUT THEN HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.
STUPID TRUSTED LIEUTENANT JOB!
LOOK, IF YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME, THIS IS A PRETTY CROWDED PLACE TO DO IT--
OH, COME NOW, FREDDIE. YOU'RE AWARE OF MY METHODS. ONE ALWAYS HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AMENDS, IF CAPABLE. THIS IS A BUSINESS, AFTER ALL.
NOW, YOU'VE PUT IN A FANTASTIC PERFORMANCE HERE TODAY. AND WITH PLENTY OF GAME LEFT TO PLAY, THE ODDSMAKERS PUT IT AT A VIRTUAL CERTAINTY THAT'LL YOU'LL RING UP ONE MORE STRIKE TODAY AND TAKE THAT RECORD.
I'VE DECIDED TO ACCEPT THOSE ODDS.
I'VE PUT IN A NUMBER OF HIGH-DOLLAR BETS, THOUSANDS OF THEM IN FACT. MORE THAN ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT YOU'VE COST ME.
YOU WANT ME TO FIX THE GAME. TO NOT THROW ANY MORE STRIKES.
OH, FREDDIE-- POOR, POOR FREDDIE. LOOK AT YOU. TRYING TO RELIVE PAST GLORY. ERASE ALL THOSE PESKY MISTAKES. IT'S LIKE YOU SIMPLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHO YOU REALLY ARE. I'M ASKING YOU TO DO THE ONLY THING YOU'VE EVER BEEN GOOD AT DOING--
LOSE.


AND NO, IT DOES NOT ESCAPE ME THAT THIS IS HOW MY LIFE WENT DOWNHILL IN THE FIRST PLACE.
HURRAYYAAYYYYWHO
YEAH!YAAAAYYYWHOO
HOW IT ALL WENT WRONG.
HE'S RIGHT--IN A WAY I'M LUCKY. WHAT WOULD NORMALLY BE A DEATH SENTENCE, I CAN FIX WITH JUST A FEW LOUSY PITCHES.
OF COURSE, IT ALSO MEANS GIVING UP WHAT'S PROBABLY MY LAST CHANCE AT A LIFE WORTH LIVING.
OR, I CAN TAKE A STAND. NOT LET THEM RUIN THIS. HOLD ON TO WHAT'S REAL, WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME.
OF COURSE THEN HE DOES KILL ME.
HE'S RIGHT. EITHER WAY--
I LOSE.

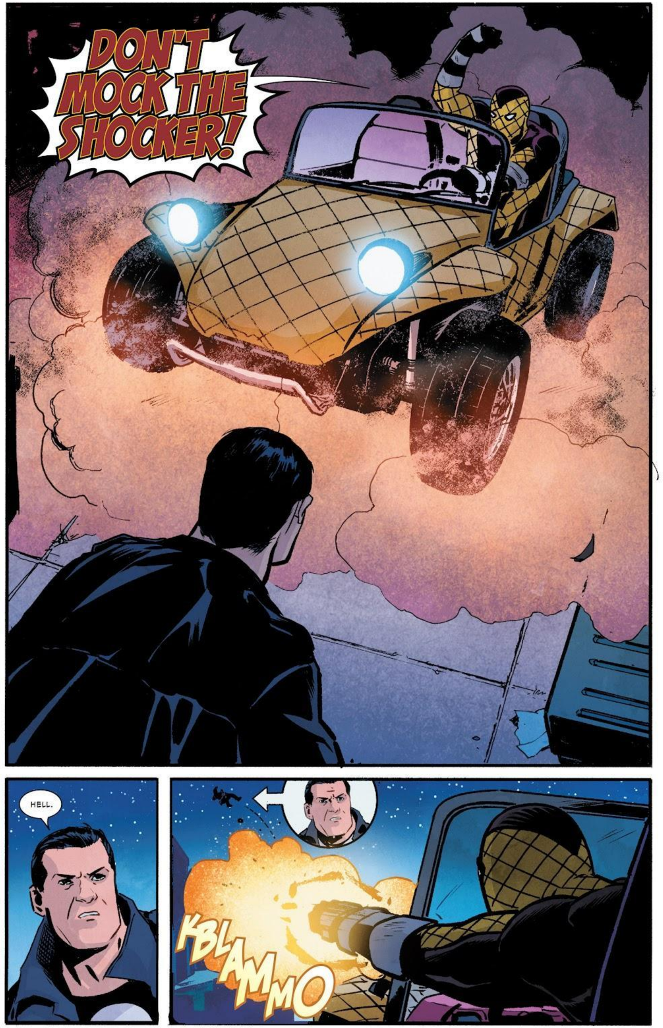

...SO?
SO WHAT?
THAT'S *IT?* WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
OH--WELL, I WAS GOING FOR KIND OF A LOST APPROACH, YOU KNOW? LIKE WHO WAS C.J. CREGG'S MOM, OR WHAT WAS IN THE POOL OF LIGHT? THE LEAVE IT VAGUE, THE ANSWERS ARE IN YOUR HEART APPROACH.
I DON'T THINK YOU CAN PULL THAT OFF HERE.
NO?
AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE REST OF THE GANG! WHAT HAPPENED TO *THEM?*
DO YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF?
YEAH, OF COURSE!
HUH. I JUST THOUGHT--AT ITS CORE, IT WAS REALLY *MY* STORY, YOU KNOW?
NOPE.
SERIOUSLY? *SIGH*--OKAY, THEN, FINE--


IT ACTUALLY DIDN'T TURN OUT SO BAD FOR EVERYONE. TAKE SPEED DEMON.
HE ACTUALLY SKIPPED OUT ON THE WHOLE GANG WAR THING 'CAUSE HE HAD A COURT DATE. BUT NOT THE BAD KIND, ACTUALLY--
SEE, JAMES ENDED UP CONVINCING PARTRIDGE TO SUE IRON FIST FOR HIS ANKLE INJURY, AND SOMEHOW--
WE THE JURY FIND IN FAVOR OF THE PLAINTIFF...
HE WON.
...IN THE AMOUNT OF NINETY BAJILLION DOLLARS.
BOO-YAH! FEEL THE BURN!
THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!
BUT WHILE JAMES WAS WINNING HIS FORTUNE--


--ABNER WAS ABOUT TO GET A PRIZE OF A VERY DIFFERENT KIND.
HEY...WHAT HAPPENED?
WHO'S THIS GUY?
I'LL TELL YOU WHO HE IS--
BOOM
HE'S MACH VII. HE'S A HERO.
I-IRON MAN?
HEY, ABNER. HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A TEAM-UP.
LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
YES!
BUT IT WASN'T A HAPPY ENDING FOR EVERYONE--


OH, MY GOD, WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE?!
WHO CARES?! WE STILL HAVE THE PAINTING AT LEAST, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!
YEAH, BUT YOUR DAD--
MY DAD! WE ARE GONNA FIND A FENCE FOR THIS THING, WE ARE GONNA GET PAID, AND THEN--
A-HEM.
DOOM BELIEVES YOU HAVE SOMETHING...OF DOOM'S.
REALLY NO WAY AROUND SAYING IT TWICE THERE.
PEED.
SO YEAH, WHILE IT LOOKED LIKE THE END OF THE ROAD FOR THOSE TWO--


--SEE, THE GANG WAR WAS STILL RAGING, MOBSTERS KILLING MOBSTERS--
--'TIL THE PUNISHER SHOWED UP TO DO ALL THEIR WORK FOR THEM.
ALL RIGHT, YOU SCUMSUCKERS-- I'M HERE TO KILL DAMN NEAR EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU, SO LET'S KEEP THIS ORGANIZED--
FORM AN ORDERLY LINE.
NO!
EXCUSE ME?
I SAID, NO!
YOU THINK YOU CAN COME HERE AND JUST GIVE ORDERS--
YES...
YOU THINK--YOU ALL THINK--I'M SOME KIND OF LOSER, SOMEONE YOU CAN JUST PUSH AROUND WHENEVER YOU FEEL LIKE IT!
AND KILL...
WELL THAT'S NOT HOW IT'S GONNA BE ANYMORE! I CAME HERE TO GET MINE AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I DO!
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU'RE ALL GONNA LEARN--


DON'T MOCK THE SHOCKER!
HELL.
KBLAMMO


WHO IS THAT?
GUY JUST TOOK OUT THE PUNISHER.
LIKE IT WAS NUTHIN'.
DO WE KILL HIM?
WELL? WHAT ARE YOU DUMMIES WAITIN' FOR?
BOW TO YOUR NEW DON!
SO, YEAH, I GUESS IN THE END, BIT OF A MIXED BAG.
A FEW PEOPLE DIED, STUFF DIDN'T WORK OUT, BUT, HEY, SOME PEOPLE ARE HAPPY, MAYBE. KIND OF THE *HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER* APPROACH THERE. I GUESS THAT WORKS?


FUNNY THING IS, EVEN THOUGH IT DIDN'T EXACTLY ALL WORK OUT THE WAY I HAD HOPED, I FEEL WEIRDLY PROUD ABOUT THE WHOLE THING.
LIKE MAYBE LOSING'S NOT THE WORST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN TO A GUY, YOU KNOW?
I MEAN, HELL, MAYBE IT'S NOT LOSING AT ALL-- WE WERE THE SINISTER SIX! THAT'S A BIG DEAL, RIGHT?
AND THOSE OTHER GUYS THAT USED TO CALL THEMSELVES THAT, THE ONES EVERYONE THINKS ARE THE REAL SINISTER SIX--I'D NEVER TRADE PLACES WITH THEM IN A MILLION YEARS.
YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE WHILE THEY MIGHT BE SMARTER OR RICHER OR HAVE AWESOME LION PELT VESTS--
--THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A GUY WITH A DREAM AND NOTHING ELSE. SOMEBODY JUST TRYING TO MAKE IT TO WHERE THEY HAVE TO GO, WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO GET THERE.
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FIGHT AND SCRAP AND CLAW FOR EVERYTHING YOU HAVE. JUST TO SURVIVE. THAT'S WORTH SOMETHING, TOO.
AND THAT'S WHAT WE WERE. WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SORRY BUNCH OF LYING, SCHEMING, TWO-BIT HOODS, BUT YOU ASK ME, POUND FOR POUND--
--I SAY WE WERE THE BEST DAMN GANG THIS TOWN'S EVER SEEN.



FOE-NING IT IN...

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Well, that's it. We're done. And man, what a job it's been. Like the Foes themselves, we just barely made it out alive-- but with our dreams intact. And that's really what this story's been all about. Holding on to your dreams, no matter how ridiculous. Learning to love being the underdog. And understand that losing's not really the worst thing that can happen to you.

There are so many people to thank, so many people who made this book what it is. I should start with

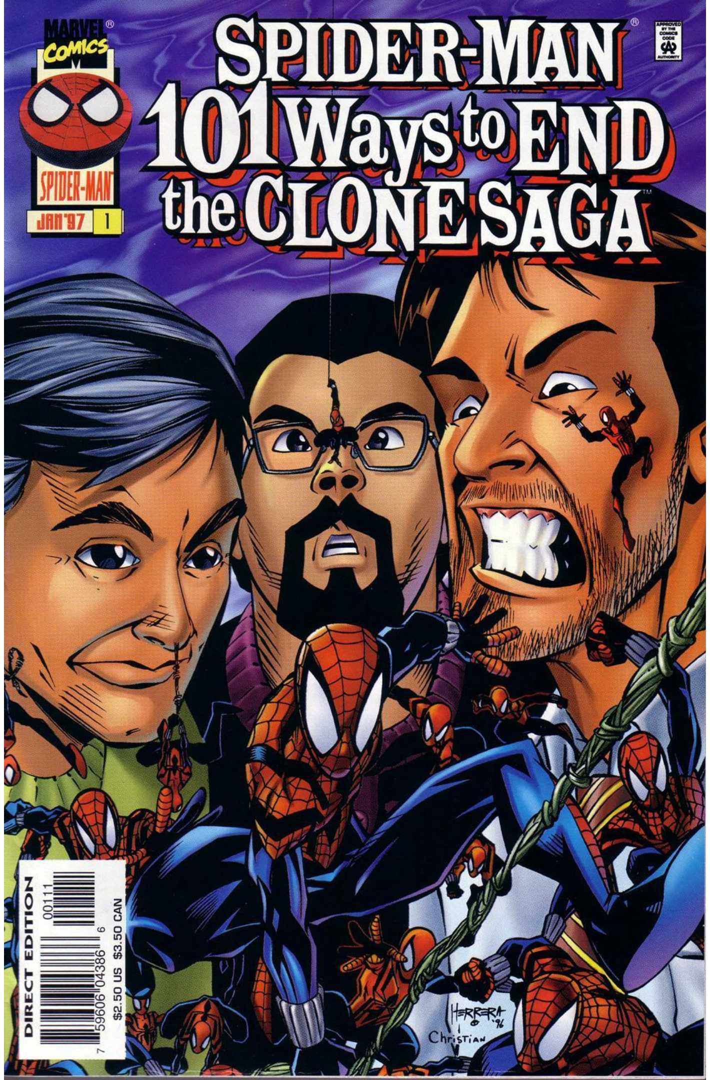
This guy, right? Nick Spencer. Who does he think he is? I guess he thinks we're all a bunch of suckers just because we were loyal to this book...we were part of a gang! I mean, I didn't read this book to be nice to him, I read it because I'm smart. Now it's over and he's all, "...was a pleasure writing for you...some of my favorite memories....", blah blah blah. (Did he say any of that? I actually didn't read his heartfelt note. I've got way better things to do.) Anyway, I had Nick's back! He was down and out and I did him a solid by reading this book that didn't even have Spider-Man in it. I read this book when it didn't even have a foil embossed cover! We all know the best books have holograms on the front. Don't get me started on the characters. Nick made me care about some fourth-string losers. Gave depth to characters that seemed one-dimensional for decades, then just leaves me all high and dry! No loyalty!

All joking aside, I love this book and Nick Spencer has always been like a brother to me (never met him). I mostly have run out of negative things to say about him so I'll lie for a minute and talk about how much I actually think this is one of the most original books I've read in some time (I'm being paid to write five hundred words). Truthfully, I think we are all a little more Boomerang than Spider-Man. I certainly can relate to the Punisher using Uber more than I can being bit by a radioactive spider. In the end that's the brilliance of "Superior Foes of Spider-Man". We are all a rag-tag gang of procrastinating underachievers (Yes, I'm late. Deadlines are stupid). We all need to stick together because none of us on our own is anything. You know it's true! The only way books like this get made is if we stick together! Watch each other's backs!

At the end of the day, I laughed out loud more than once. Nick couldn't have done it without Steve Lieber (or us fans who bought the book). I'm a better person for having this title on my shelf. It's funny, it's smart, it's got a heart of gold underneath all that screwed up super villain bluster (I'm not sure why that sounds super familiar to me but it's a great quote, maybe for the cover of the next trade paperback). I'm not sure why great reads like this sometimes don't last, but I'm happy they see the light of day. Maybe if Nick worked harder, or perhaps if I didn't just have Marvel sending me PDFs of the issues instead of buying copies like a real true believer we would've got that chromium, die-cut, polybagged issue one hundred! Next month, I will miss this book very, very, very, very, very, very much! (Five hundred on the nose! Suck it, Nick Spencer!)

—CM Punk
Fighter guy. Professional procrastinator.

-Nick Spencer


MARVEL COMICS
SPIDER-MAN
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SPIDER-MAN
101 Ways to END the CLONE SAGA
DIRECT EDITION
$2.50 US $3.50 CAN
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Christian


THE OFFICES OF MARVEL COMICS, NEW YORK CITY...
Stan Lee hesitantly presents:
101 WAYS TO END THE CLONE SAGA
DO YOU HAVE TO PACE AROUND WITH THAT SLINKY, BOB? YOU'RE MAKING US NERVOUS!
WRITTEN BY MARK BERNARDO PENCILED BY BEN HERRERA INKED BY MIKE CHRISTIAN LETTERED BY JANICE CHIANG COLORED BY KEVIN TINSLEY
EDITED BY RALPH MACCHIO TOLERATED BY BOB HARRAS
LOOK, I'M THE EDITOR IN CHIEF, I JUST HAD TRIPLETS, AND I'M STRESSED OUT, OKAY??
I'LL PACE WHEREVER I WANT. MY HANDS ARE EITHER ON THE SLINKY OR AROUND YOUR NECK, OKAY, GREENBERG?!
UHMM... YOU GOT IT, CHIEF! IT WALKS DOWN STAIRS, YOU KNOW...
...ALONE OR IN PAIRS...
PLEASE DON'T ASK ME WHERE RALPH IS... PLEASE DON'T ASK ME WHERE RALPH IS...
BERNARDO! IT'S 10:30! WHERE IN GOD'S NAME IS RALPH?! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TO FILL ME IN ON THIS CLONE MESS IN THE SPIDER-MAN BOOKS!
I-I'M SURE HE'S JUST STUCK IN TRAFFIC, BOB...
...OR DOING ANOTHER LAP AROUND THE POOL...
...HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!


MAYBE WE CAN FILL BOB IN ON THE STORY BASICS BEFORE RALPH GETS HERE...?
GOOD IDEA. WANT TO TAKE A STAB AT IT, TOM?
I'LL GIVE IT A TRY...
"IT ALL STARTED OUT WITH THE RETURN OF SPIDER-MAN'S CLONE, NOW CALLING HIMSELF BEN REILLY.
"REILLY REALIZED HE DESERVED A LIFE OF HIS OWN, AND, POSSESSING ALL OF PETER PARKER'S POWERS, BECAME A NEW SUPER HERO CALLED THE SCARLET SPIDER.
"EVENTUALLY, THE JACKAL, THE VILLAIN WHO HAD CLONED SPIDER-MAN YEARS AGO, CAME BACK FROM SUPPOSED DEATH WITH A MYSTERIOUS MASTER PLAN...
"...WHICH INVOLVED THROWING INTO DOUBT WHICH SPIDEY WAS THE CLONE AND WHICH WAS THE ORIGINAL!
"THE TESTS THAT FINALLY REVEALED THAT PETER WAS THE CLONE AND BEN WAS THE ORIGINAL WERE CONDUCTED BY BEN'S OLD FRIEND, A GENETICS GENIUS NAMED SEWARD TRAINER.
"IN THE COURSE OF ALL THIS, PETER'S WIFE MARY JANE BECAME PREGNANT. THIS, ALONG WITH HIS FINDING OUT HE WAS A CLONE, MOVED PETER TO CONSIDER GIVING UP THE HERO GAME.
"SO, AFTER HELPING STOP THE JACKAL'S MASTER PLAN IN THE 'MAXIMUM CLONAGE' SAGA...
"...PETER RETIRED AS SPIDER-MAN, PASSING THE MANTLE ON TO BEN, WHO CHANGED HIS HAIR COLOR TO DISTINGUISH HIMSELF FROM PETER...
"...AND STARTED OUT HIS CAREER AS SPIDEY WITH A BRAND NEW COSTUME AND
IT COULD'VE BEEN SO MUCH LESS COMPLICATED IF ONLY WE COULD'VE DONE IT THIS WAY...!
SIGH HERE HE GOES AGAIN...

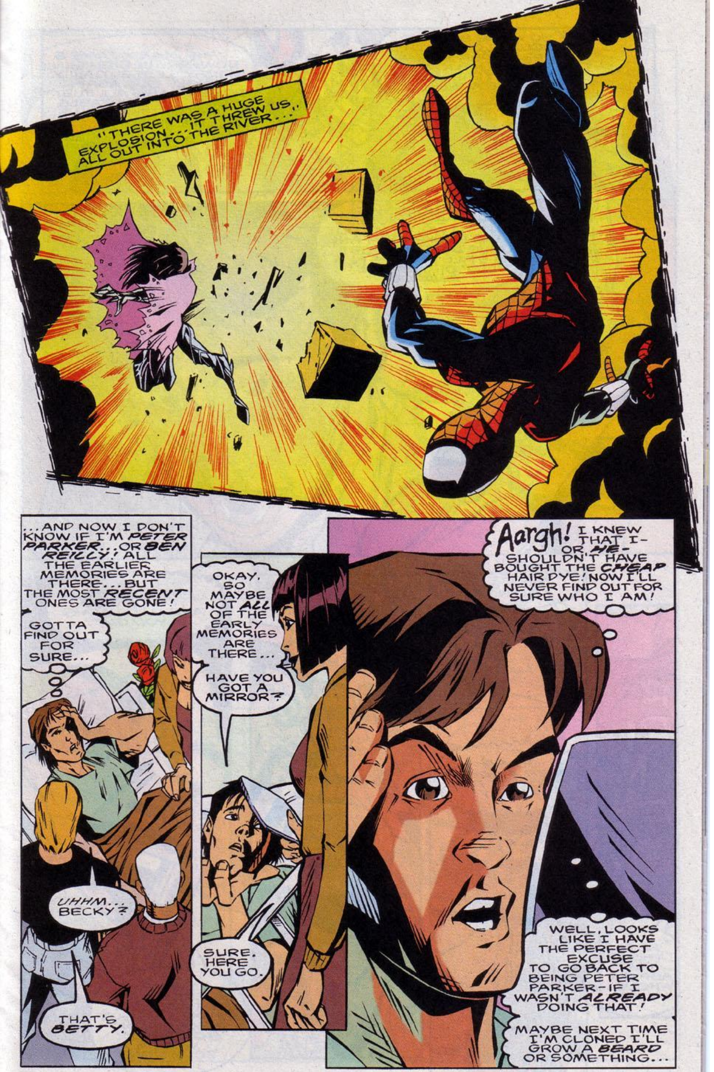


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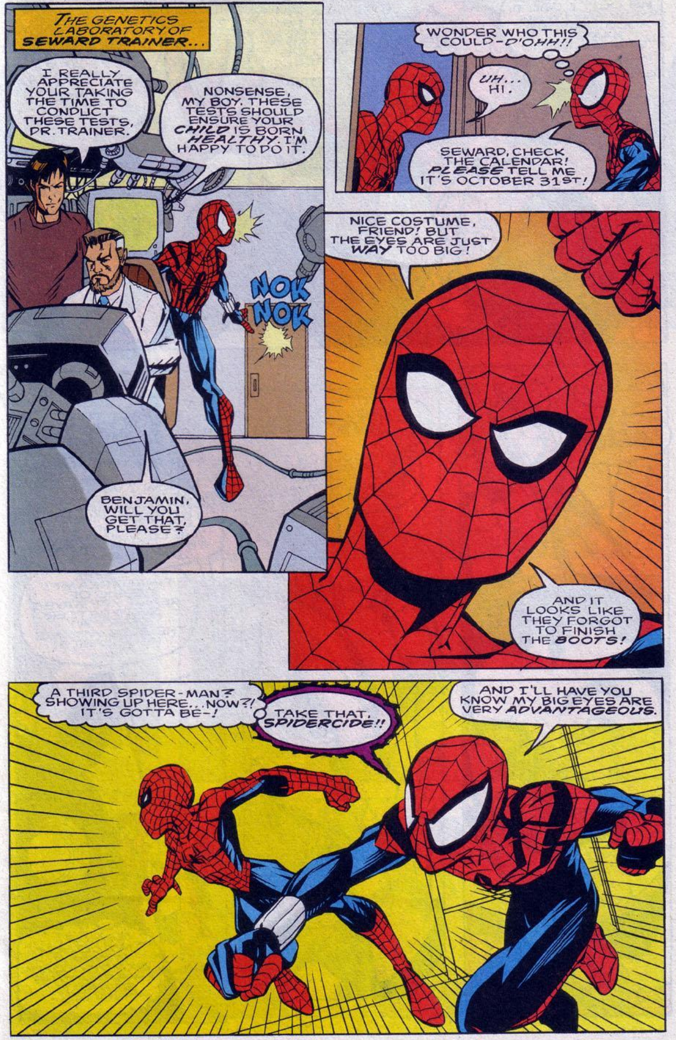



A NEW YORK BEACH...
GET READY, ROB-- I'M GONNA SET YA FOR THE SPIKE!
YOU JUST KEEP YOUR FEET ON YOUR SIDE OF THE NET, MIKE!
HEY, GUYS, LOOK! IS THAT, LIKE, WHAT I THINK IT IS?
Whoa!
IT IS! SOME GUY'S WASHED UP ON THE BEACH! OH, MAN!
IS HE WEARING CEMENT SHOES?! THAT WOULD BE SOOOO COOL!!
HE'S ACTUALLY BREATHING! BUT HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S HALF-DEAD!
NICE BUTT, THOUGH...
HEY, DUDES, ARE WE GONNA, LIKE, FINISH THE GAME OR WHAT?
LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A HALF-DEAD GUY IN NEW YORK BEFORE...

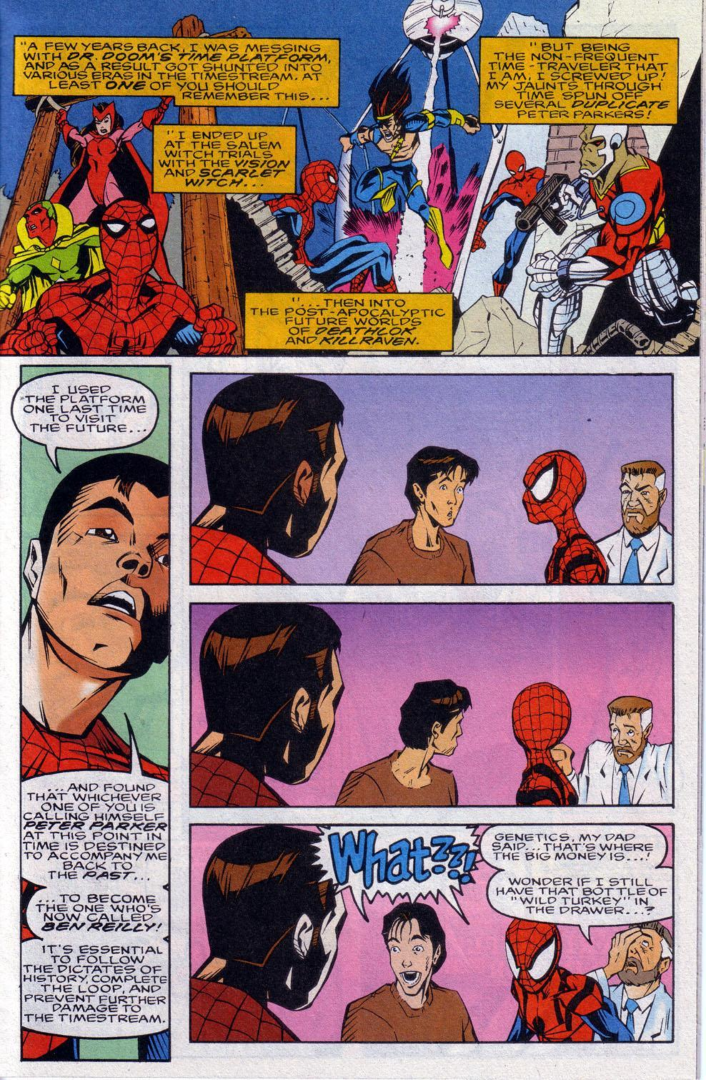

MINUTES LATER...
WEEOOWEEOOO
OHHH... I'M ALIVE...?
OH, THANK GOD! HE'S AWAKE!
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, SON?
I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT, PAL!
YOU HAD US WORRIED FOR A WHILE, PETE! YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS FOR TWO DAYS!
...PETE...? IS THAT MY NAME?
OF COURSE IT IS, PETER! WHAT'S THE LAST THING YOU REMEMBER?
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER?
"...MUST HAVE BEEN KAINE. THAT'S THE ONLY GUY I'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR MONTHS NOW...
"...OR WAS I JUST WATCHING THE FIGHT... WITH MY WIFE MARY JANE?
THERE WAS A BIG BATTLE AT THE DOCKS... I WAS FIGHTING SOMEONE AS SPIDER-MAN...


"THERE WAS A HUGE EXPLOSION... IT THREW US ALL OUT INTO THE RIVER...
...AND NOW I DON'T KNOW IF I'M PETER PARKER... OR BEN REILLY! ALL THE EARLIER MEMORIES ARE THERE... BUT THE MOST RECENT ONES ARE GONE!
GOTTA FIND OUT FOR SURE...
UHHM... BECKY?
THAT'S BETTY.
OKAY. SO MAYBE NOT ALL OF THE EARLY MEMORIES ARE THERE...
HAVE YOU GOT A MIRROR?
SURE. HERE YOU GO.
Aargh! I KNEW THAT I— OR, HE— SHOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT THE CHEAP HAIR DYE! NOW I'LL NEVER FIND OUT FOR SURE WHO I AM!
WELL, LOOKS LIKE I HAVE THE PERFECT EXCUSE TO GO BACK TO BEING PETER PARKER— IF I WASN'T ALREADY DOING THAT!
MAYBE NEXT TIME I'M CLONED I'LL GROW A BEARD OR SOMETHING...

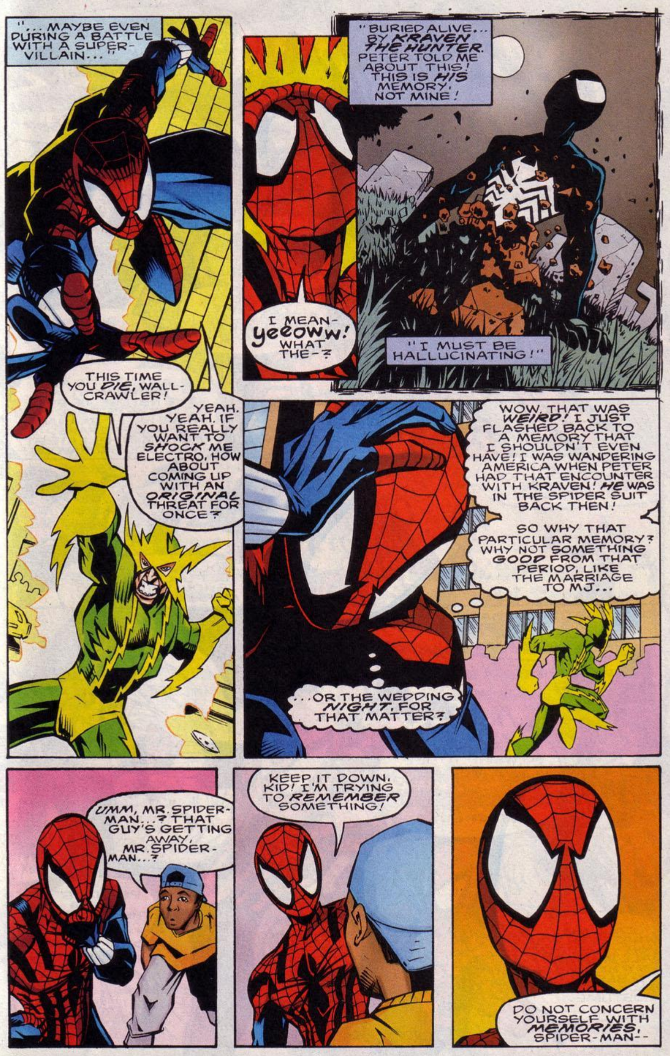

SO WE'RE BACK AT SQUARE ONE WITH ONE SPIDER-MAN. WE CAN CHALK ANY MEMORY LAPSES UP TO THE AMNESIA...
...AND MARY JANE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT. SPIDEY'S ESSENTIALLY A SINGLE GUY AGAIN. DOESN'T THIS ALL JUST DELAY THE INEVITABLE RATHER THAN SOLVE THE PROBLEM?
YEAH, AND DO WE REALLY SO QUICKLY WANT TO WRITE MJ OUT OF THE BOOK? THE FANS WOULD DESPISE US! SHE STILL PLACES IN A LOT OF THE FAN AWARDS!
RRINNGG
HOPE THIS IS THAT ASPIRIN WHOLE-SALER...
MARK! IT'S TODD DEZAGO! HOW'S IT GOING?
GOING OVER A CLIFF, TO PUT IT MILDLY!
Arf Arf Woof! Aroooo!
NO, YOU'RE THINKING OF "BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES!"
ARE YOU SAYING I'M MIXING UP MY APES?!
TODD, YOU HAVE TO SPEAK UP! GLENN AND TOM ARE DIGRESSING AGAIN...
...AND, AS USUAL, YOUR DOGS ARE DROWNING YOU OUT!
I SAID, THERE'S A FAX AT THE FRONT DESK! I'VE GOT A SOLUTION! BOOOOOY! WHAT A SOLUTION!

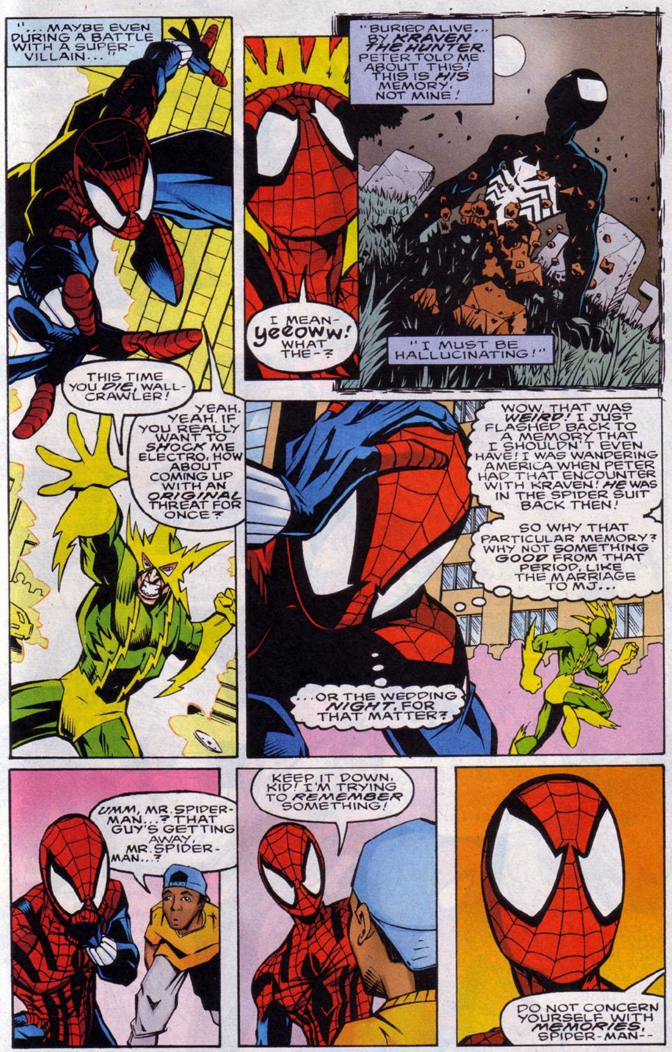

THE GENETICS LABORATORY OF SEWARD TRAINER...
I REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR TAKING THE TIME TO CONDUCT THESE TESTS, DR. TRAINER.
NONSENSE, MY BOY. THESE TESTS SHOULD ENSURE YOUR CHILD IS BORN HEALTHY. I'M HAPPY TO DO IT.
NOK NOK
BENJAMIN, WILL YOU GET THAT, PLEASE?
WONDER WHO THIS COULD--D'OHH!!
UH... HI.
SEWARD, CHECK THE CALENDAR! PLEASE TELL ME IT'S OCTOBER 31ST!
NICE COSTUME, FRIEND! BUT THE EYES ARE JUST WAY TOO BIG!
AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY FORGOT TO FINISH THE BOOTS!
A THIRD SPIDER-MAN? SHOWING UP HERE... NOW?! IT'S GOTTA BE--!
TAKE THAT, SPIDERCIDE!!
AND I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY BIG EYES ARE VERY ADVANTAGEOUS.

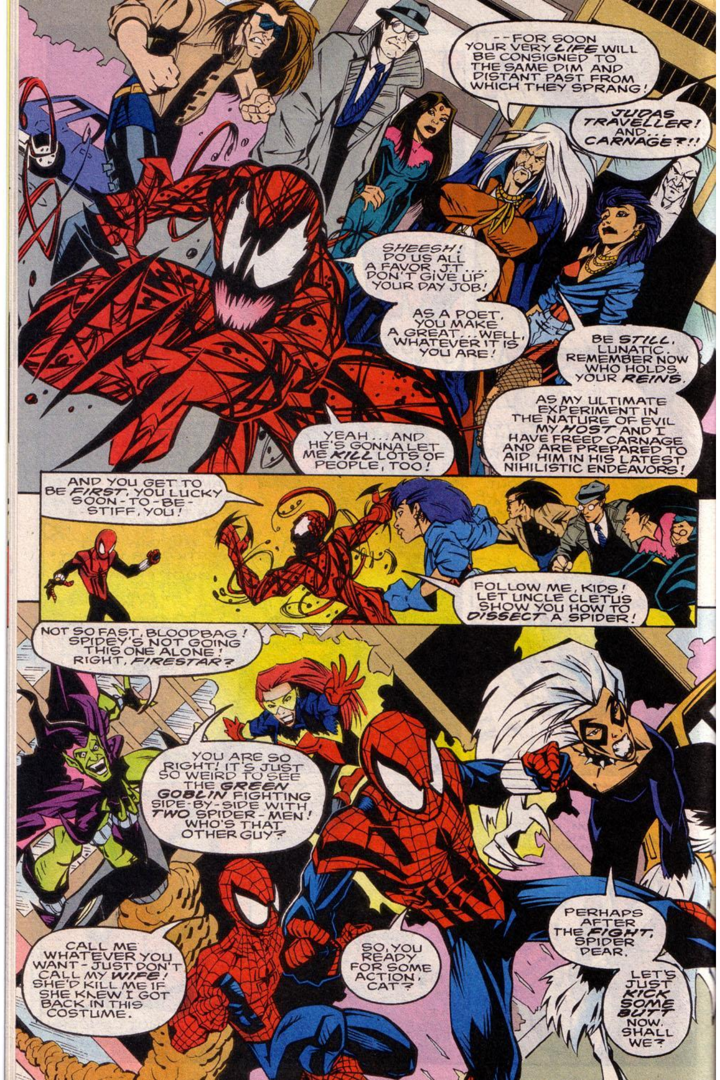

HEY, WAIT! HEAR ME OUT! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYONE NAMED "SPIDERCIDE"...
...EXCEPT THAT HE HAS REALLY POOR TASTE IN CODE NAMES...
...WHETHER YOU'RE READY TO ACCEPT IT OR NOT, I'M EXACTLY WHO YOU'RE AFRAID I AM...
I'M YOU.
I'M PETER PARKER.
OY VEY! ANOTHER ONE??
WHY COULDN'T I HAVE GONE INTO ALUMINUM SIDING INSTEAD OF GENETICS??
THE FACT THAT BOTH OF YOU ARE HERE MEANS I MUST HAVE FINALLY MADE IT BACK TO THE RIGHT ERA IN THE TIMESTREAM.
NOW I'VE JUST GOTTA FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE OF YOU HAS TO GO BACK IN TIME WITH ME TO COMPLETE THE LOOP AND SAVE THE WHOLE FABRIC OF REALITY!
TIMESTREAM?! FABRIC OF REALITY?!! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING HERE, "PETE"!
UH-OH. MY LONG-WINDED EXPOSITORY NARRATIVE SENSE IS TINGLING--!


"A FEW YEARS BACK, I WAS MESSING WITH DR. DOOM'S TIME PLATFORM, AND AS A RESULT GOT SHUNTED INTO VARIOUS ERAS IN THE TIMESTREAM. AT LEAST ONE OF YOU SHOULD REMEMBER THIS...
"I ENDED UP AT THE SALEM WITCH TRIALS WITH THE VISION AND SCARLET WITCH...
"BUT BEING THE NON-FREQUENT TIME-TRAVELER THAT I AM, I SCREWED UP! MY JAUNTS THROUGH TIME SPUN OFF SEVERAL DUPLICATE PETER PARKERS!
"...THEN INTO THE POST-APOCALYPTIC FUTURE WORLDS OF DEATHLOK AND KILLRAVEN.
I USED THE PLATFORM ONE LAST TIME TO VISIT THE FUTURE...
...AND FOUND THAT WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU IS CALLING HIMSELF PETER PARKER AT THIS POINT IN TIME IS DESTINED TO ACCOMPANY ME BACK TO THE PAST...
...TO BECOME THE ONE WHO'S NOW CALLED BEN REILLY!
IT'S ESSENTIAL TO FOLLOW THE DICTATES OF HISTORY, COMPLETE THE LOOP, AND PREVENT FURTHER DAMAGE TO THE TIMESTREAM.
What?!?
GENETICS, MY DAD SAID... THAT'S WHERE THE BIG MONEY IS...!
WONDER IF I STILL HAVE THAT BOTTLE OF "WILD TURKEY" IN THE DRAWER...?


Uhhh...
HMMM.
THERE MUST BE A GAS LEAK UP THERE IN RED HOOK... THAT COULD EXPLAIN IT...
THIS IS DEFINITELY OVER THE TOP! BUT WE DID TELL THESE GUYS TO THROW OUT ANY OUTRAGEOUS IDEA THAT STRUCK THEM! AFTER ALL, THAT'S HOW THIS STORYLINE BEGAN!
VALIDATING BOTH PETER AND BEN AS "REAL" BY REVEALING THAT THEY'RE THE SAME GUY MIGHT BE AN IDEA WITH SOME MERIT...
...IF IT'S DONE THE RIGHT WAY!
GOOD MORNIN', GENTS!
IT IS STILL MORNING, RIGHT?
RALPH!
NICE OF YOU TO MAKE IT, CHIEF!
NO PROBLEMO! SO WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?
THE WORD IS THAT BOB IS BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS TO COME UP WITH AN ENDING TO THE CLONE STORY-LINE THAT WORKS!
WELL, THEN, IT LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! I THINK WE SHOULD DISCUSS THIS OVER LUNCH!
GLENN, HE'S GETTING THAT LOOK-!
A SHORT WALK LATER AT THE ARISTOTLE COFFEE SHOP...
ARISTOTL
DINER
...SO IT WAS JUST THIS CRAZY IDEA THAT BOB BUDIANSKY AND I WERE KICKING AROUND...
...BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HEAR IT, IT INVOLVED THE SAME KIND OF "TIME LOOP" IDEA AS TODD'S EXCEPT THAT IT TIED IN MORE DIRECTLY WITH RECENT CONTINUITY.
SO, BEN REILLY-SPIDER-MAN-STARTS GETTING THESE WEIRD MEMORY FLASHES...



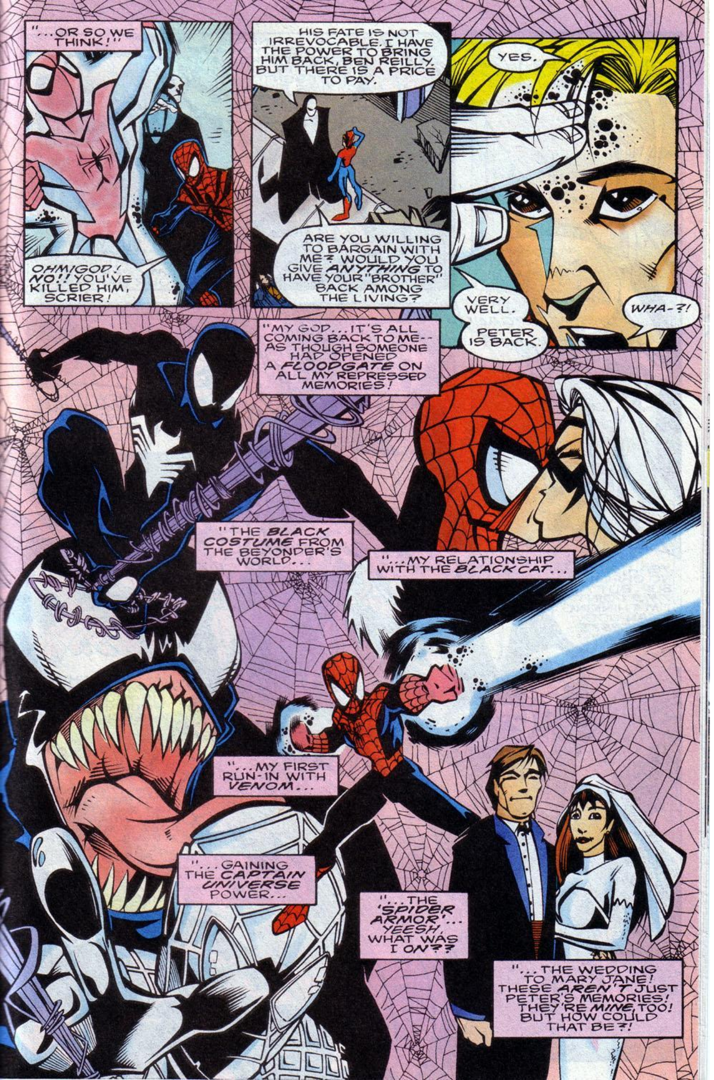

"... MAYBE EVEN DURING A BATTLE WITH A SUPER-VILLAIN..."
I MEAN- yeeoww! WHAT THE-?
"BURIED ALIVE... BY KRAVEN THE HUNTER. PETER TOLD ME ABOUT THIS! THIS IS HIS MEMORY, NOT MINE!
"I MUST BE HALLUCINATING!"
THIS TIME YOU DIE, WALL-CRAWLER!
YEAH. YEAH. IF YOU REALLY WANT TO SHOCK ME ELECTRO, HOW ABOUT COMING UP WITH AN ORIGINAL THREAT FOR ONCE?
WOW, THAT WAS WEIRD! I JUST FLASHED BACK TO A MEMORY THAT I SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE! I WAS WANDERING AMERICA WHEN PETER HAD THAT ENCOUNTER WITH KRAVEN! HE WAS IN THE SPIDER SUIT BACK THEN!
SO WHY THAT PARTICULAR MEMORY? WHY NOT SOMETHING GOOD FROM THAT PERIOD, LIKE THE MARRIAGE TO MJ...
...OR THE WEDDING NIGHT, FOR THAT MATTER?
UMM, MR. SPIDER-MAN...? THAT GUY'S GETTING AWAY, MR. SPIDER-MAN...?
KEEP IT DOWN, KID! I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER SOMETHING!
DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH MEMORIES, SPIDER-MAN--


--FOR SOON YOUR VERY LIFE WILL BE CONSIGNED TO THE SAME DIM AND DISTANT PAST FROM WHICH THEY SPRANG!
JUDAS TRAVELLER! AND... CARNAGE?!!
SHEESH! DO US ALL A FAVOR, J.T.... DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DAY JOB!
AS A POET, YOU MAKE A GREAT...WELL, WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE!
BE STILL, LUNATIC. REMEMBER NOW WHO HOLDS YOUR REINS.
AS MY ULTIMATE EXPERIMENT IN THE NATURE OF EVIL MY HOST AND I HAVE FREED CARNAGE AND ARE PREPARED TO AID HIM IN HIS LATEST NIHILISTIC ENDEAVORS!
YEAH...AND HE'S GONNA LET ME KILL LOTS OF PEOPLE, TOO!
AND YOU GET TO BE FIRST, YOU LUCKY SOON-TO-BE-STIFF, YOU!
FOLLOW ME, KIDS! LET UNCLE CLETUS SHOW YOU HOW TO DISSECT A SPIDER!
NOT SO FAST, BLOODBAG! SPIDEY'S NOT GOING THIS ONE ALONE! RIGHT, FIRESTAR?
YOU ARE SO RIGHT! IT'S JUST SO WEIRD TO SEE THE GREEN GOBLIN FIGHTING SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH TWO SPIDER-MEN! WHO'S THAT OTHER GUY?
CALL ME WHATEVER YOU WANT-JUST DON'T CALL MY WIFE! SHE'D KILL ME IF SHE KNEW I GOT BACK IN THIS COSTUME.
SO, YOU READY FOR SOME ACTION, CAT?
PERHAPS AFTER THE FIGHT, SPIDER DEAR.
LET'S JUST KICK SOME BUTT NOW, SHALL WE?

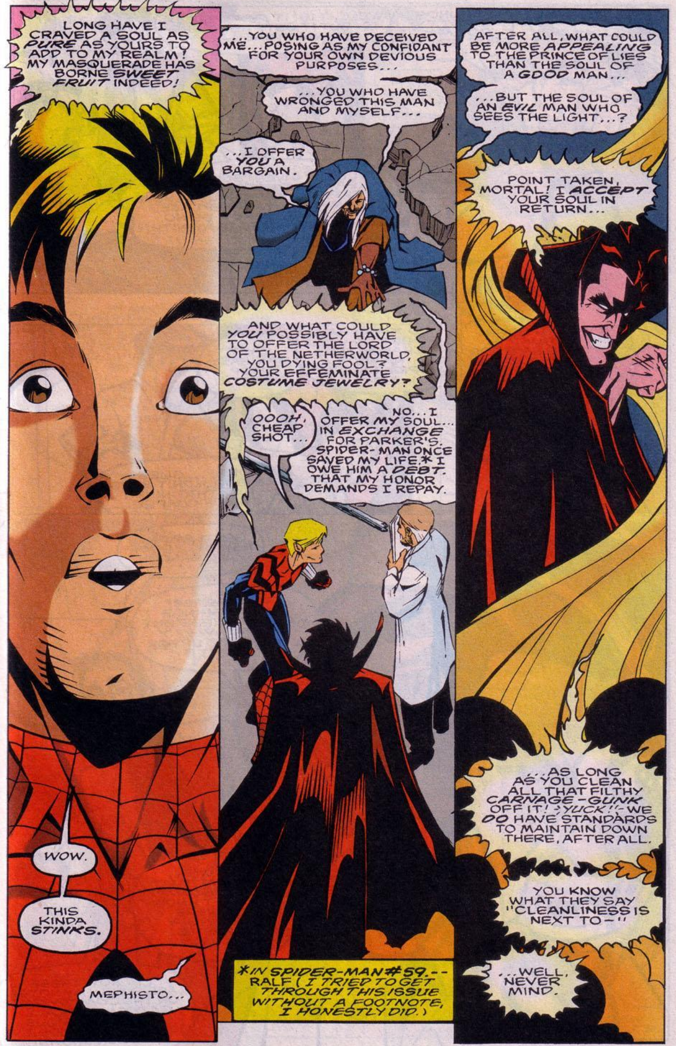

EAT MICROWAVES, GOON!
THAT'S BOONE, YOU-! OH, I SEE. YOU'RE BEING INSULTING.
SO LET ME UNDERSTAND THIS, NACHT: YOU WORK FOR A MASTER VILLAIN, AND YOU WEAR A GREY FLANNEL SUIT?
DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS ACCOUNTANT LOOK WOULD STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEART OF ANYBODY?! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU TO LAST ME THREE LIFETIMES, KASADY!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT THROUGH YOUR FIRST ONE, TOUGH GUY! IT'S EVISCERATIN' TIME!
I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO FIGHT YOU, MEDEA! YOU'RE JUST A KID!
WRONG! WHAT I AM IS A MERCENARY, AND YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER JOB!


ARE YOU PLEASED WITH YOUR HANDIWORK, JUDAS?
VERY PLEASED, SCRIER. IMAGINE CARNAGE AND THE HOST UNLEASHED UPON THIS ENTIRE CITY-- THIS ENTIRE WORLD!
IMAGINE THE DESTRUCTION! THE CHAOS! THE MARKETING POSSIBILITIES!
SHLUKKT
IT'S "MAXIMUM CARNAGE" TWOOOOOO OOURRGH!
NOW YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, "BOSS"!
DO YOU REALIZE I DIDN'T SEE ONE RED CENT OF ROYALTY MONEY FROM THAT VIDEO GAME?!!
THE TRAVELLER IS DEAD.
THUS MY BONDAGE TO HIS SERVICE HAS ENDED.
I CAN NOW ACCOMPLISH MY TRUE MISSION IN THIS REALITY.
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM, CHALK FACE?
MERELY HELPING HIM TO FULFILL HIS DESTINY, CHILD.
"I HAVE TRANSPORTED HIM BACK TO THAT CRITICAL POINT IN HISTORY WHERE HIS LIFE DIVERGED. I AM HEALING THE ESCALATING THREAT TO THE MULTIVERSE THAT HIS CO-EXISTENCE WITH THE OTHER SPIDER-MAN PRESENTS.
"HE WILL AWAKEN IN THE JACKAL'S SMOKESTACK, FIVE YEARS IN THE PAST, WITH NO MEMORY OF THESE EVENTS...
"...AND HE WILL BELIEVE HIMSELF A CLONE, AND BEGIN HIS LIFE AS A WANDERER, TO COMPLETE THE TIME LOOP... AND BECOME THE SPIDER-MAN WHO STILL STANDS BEFORE YOU. MY TASK IS DONE.


SO... BEN IS PETER, AND PETER IS...? AND SCRIER IS...?
UMM, RALPH? THE SALT, RALPH...
I THINK HE'S IN SHOCK.
SNAP OUT OF IT, BOSS!
PONK
Whuhh-??
SO, YOU MAYBE WANT A MEAL WITH THAT SALT, HEH?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, YOU MAKE A MESS OF MY TABLE, HEH?!
WELL, I DIDN'T MEAN TO, I JUST... UH...
SAVE IT! I DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP LETTING YOU COMIC BOOK PEOPLE COME IN HERE! YOU SCARE AWAY REGULAR CUSTOMERS WITH YOUR WEIRDO TALK, NOW YOU MAKE ME BIG MESS!
NEXT THING, YOU TELL ME MAYBE DEVIL MAKE YOU DO IT, HEH?
THE DEVIL, EH? WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS "THE GREENBERG GAMBIT" TO HELP TIE UP SOME OF THE LOOSE ENDS IN THE "TIME LOOP" SCENARIO...
AND WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS "THE GREENBERG GAMBIT?"
OH, GEEZ! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE BRINGING THIS UP AGAIN! I WAS ONLY HALF-SERIOUS WHEN I SUGGESTED IT!
C'MON, GLENNY! I'VE PLOWED THROUGH THIS FAR, DON'T LET ME DOWN!
-SIGH!- OKAY, SO SCRIER HAS JUST DISINTEGRATED PETER...


"...OR SO WE THINK!"
OHMIGOD! YO!! YOU'VE KILLED HIM, SCRIER!
HIS FATE IS NOT IRREVOCABLE. I HAVE THE POWER TO BRING HIM BACK, BEN REILLY. BUT THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY.
ARE YOU WILLING TO BARGAIN WITH ME? WOULD YOU GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE YOUR "BROTHER" BACK AMONG THE LIVING?
YES.
VERY WELL.
PETER IS BACK.
WHA-?!
"MY GOD... IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME-- AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD OPENED A FLOODGATE ON ALL MY REPRESSED MEMORIES!
"THE BLACK COSTUME FROM THE BEYONDER'S WORLD...
"...MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE BLACK CAT...
"...MY FIRST RUN-IN WITH VENOM...
"...GAINING THE CAPTAIN UNIVERSE POWER...
"...THE 'SPIDER ARMOR'... YEESH! WHAT WAS I ON??
"...THE WEDDING TO MARY JANE! THESE AREN'T JUST PETER'S MEMORIES! THEY'RE MINE, TOO! BUT HOW COULD THAT BE?!

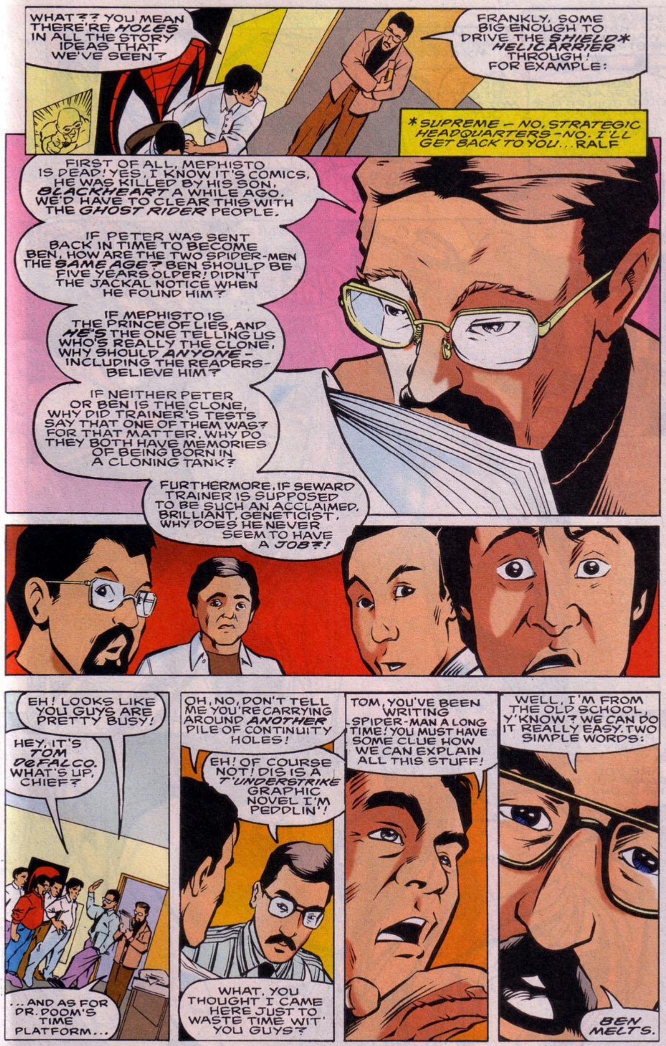

BECAUSE YOU AND PETER ARE THE SAME PERSON, BEN!
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT MY LATEST TESTS HAVE PROVEN IT! EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR DNA IS IDENTICAL!
DR. TRAINER IS CORRECT. YOU ARE PETER PARKER. AND SO IS THE MAN I HAVE JUST SENT BACK IN TIME FIVE YEARS TO COMPLETE THE LOOP.
THE TIMESTREAM HAS BEEN SET RIGHT. BUT WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT I HAVE FULFILLED MY PART OF OUR BARGAIN.
NOW IT IS YOUR TURN-- PETER PARKER-- TO FULFILL YOURS!
YEAH, WELL, NO OFFENSE, BUD, BUT AT THIS POINT, I'M THINKING I CAN USE YOUR TESTS TO WIPE MY--
NO, BEN REILLY.
AND WHAT MEPHISTO WANTS IS YOUR LOVELY, SQUEAKY, CLEAN, HEROIC SOUL!!
BOY, IT'S GOOD TO GET OUT OF THAT SWELTERING ROBE! WHAT SENSE DOES IT MAKE FOR A DEVIL TO DRESS LIKE A MONK, AFTER ALL?
NICE IRONIC TOUCH, THOUGH, HUH?

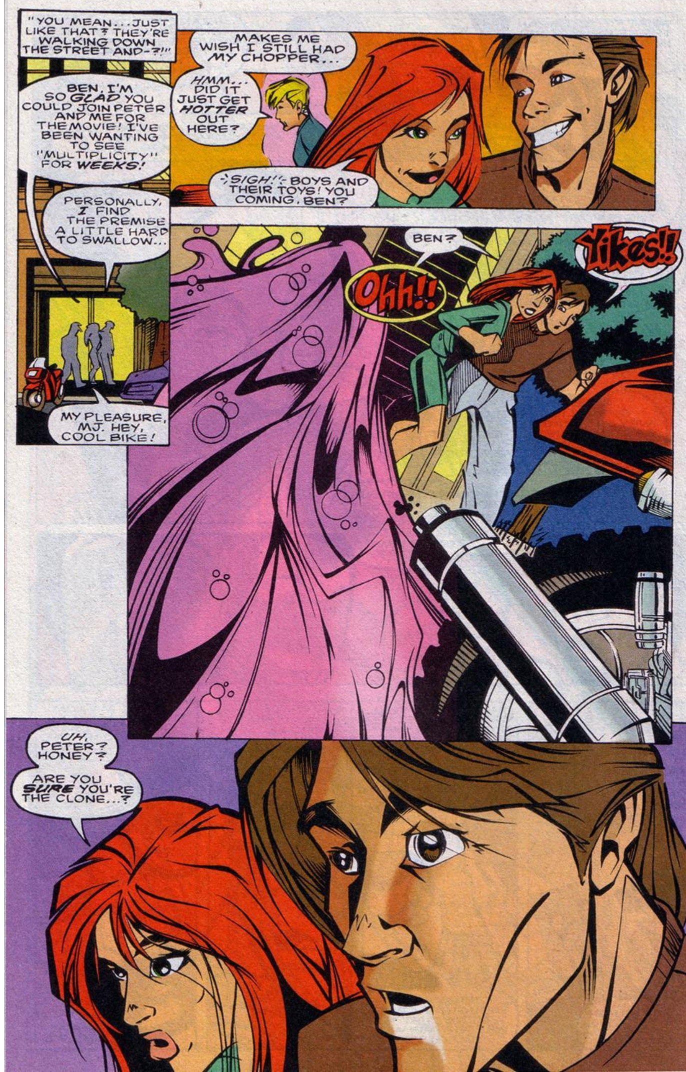


LONG HAVE I CRAVED A SOUL AS PURE AS YOURS TO ADD TO MY REALM! MY MASQUERADE HAS BORNE SWEET FRUIT INDEED!
...YOU WHO HAVE DECEIVED ME...POSING AS MY CONFIDANT FOR YOUR OWN DEVIOUS PURPOSES...
...YOU WHO HAVE WRONGED THIS MAN AND MYSELF...
...I OFFER YOU A BARGAIN.
AND WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE TO OFFER THE LORD OF THE NETHERWORLD, YOU DYING FOOL? YOUR EFFEMINATE COSTUME JEWELRY?
OOOH, CHEAP SHOT...
NO...I OFFER MY SOUL... IN EXCHANGE FOR PARKER'S. SPIDER-MAN ONCE SAVED MY LIFE.* I OWE HIM A DEBT. THAT MY HONOR DEMANDS I REPAY.
AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD BE MORE APPEALING TO THE PRINCE OF LIES THAN THE SOUL OF A GOOD MAN...
...BUT THE SOUL OF AN EVIL MAN WHO SEES THE LIGHT...?
POINT TAKEN, MORTAL! I ACCEPT YOUR SOUL IN RETURN...
...AS LONG AS YOU CLEAN ALL THAT FILTHY CARNAGE-GUNK OFF IT! -YUCK!- WE DO HAVE STANDARDS TO MAINTAIN DOWN THERE, AFTER ALL.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO--"
...WELL, NEVER MIND.
WOW.
THIS KINDA STINKS.
MEPHISTO...
*IN SPIDER-MAN #59.--RALF (I TRIED TO GET THROUGH THIS ISSUE WITHOUT A FOOTNOTE, I HONESTLY DID.)



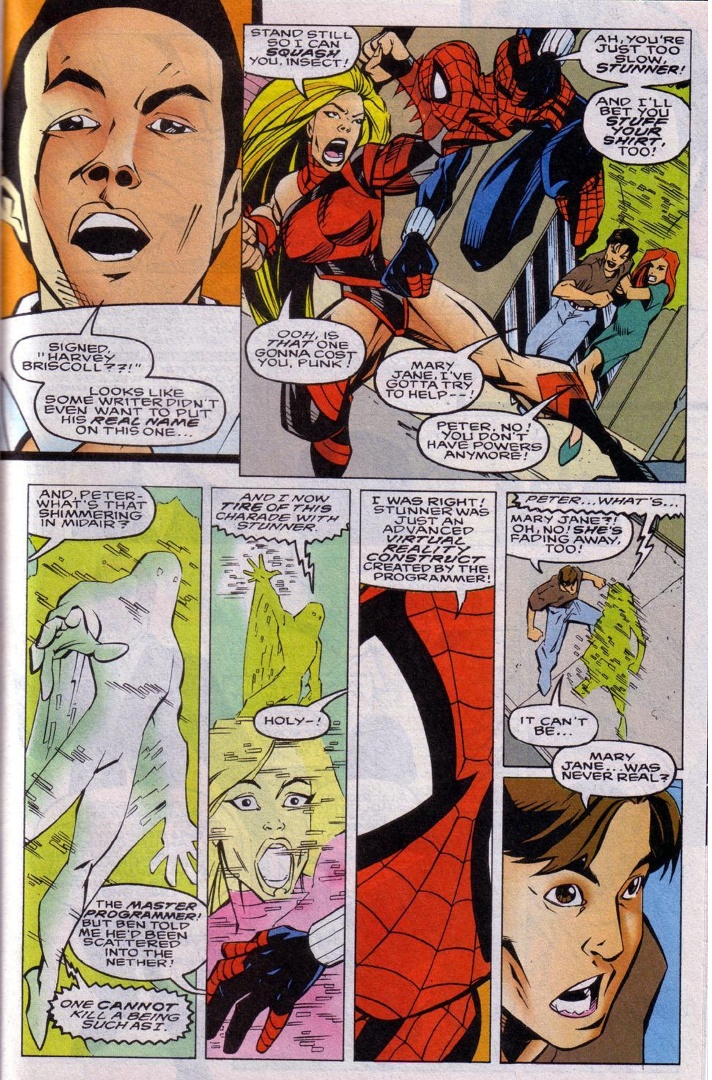
SOUNDS PRETTY COSMIC FOR SPIDEY.
WELL, IT IS! IT DEFINITELY IS! BUT IT GETS US WHERE WE WANT, BASICALLY.
PLUS, IT GIVES "SCRIER" A REAL MOTIVATION TO HAVE STOPPED THE JACKAL'S SCHEME. IF HUMANITY WAS REPLACED WITH CLONES, THERE'D BE NO SOULS FOR HIM TO PLAY WITH!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, THAT CLONES DON'T HAVE SOULS? I DON'T BUY THAT!
WHAT ABOUT MADELYNE PRYOR? AND XAVIER, FOR THAT MATTER? HE'S IN A CLONED BODY!
CLONES HAVE BEEN RUNNING AROUND IN THE X-MEN BOOKS FOR YEARS! BUT DOES ANYONE NOTICE? DO THEY GET LAMBASTED IN THE FAN PRESS?! WRITTEN UP IN THE WALL STREET JOURNAL?!!
DO THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH CHARACTERS NAMED "SPIDERCIDE"?!!" DO-
EASY, MAN, EASY! DEEP BREATH!
SORRY... GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD THAT NINTH CUP OF COFFEE...
GENTLEMEN... RALPH... GOOD AFTERNOON.
HEY, PETER! WHAT BRINGS MARVEL'S RESIDENT CONTINUITY EXPERT UP FOR A VISIT?
AND WOW, LOOK AT THAT MANUSCRIPT! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WRITING A GRAPHIC NOVEL!
I'M NOT. THESE ARE SIMPLY MY NOTES ON THE CONTINUITY GLITCHES IN ALL THESE VARIOUS CLONE SCENARIOS I'VE BEEN SHOWN.

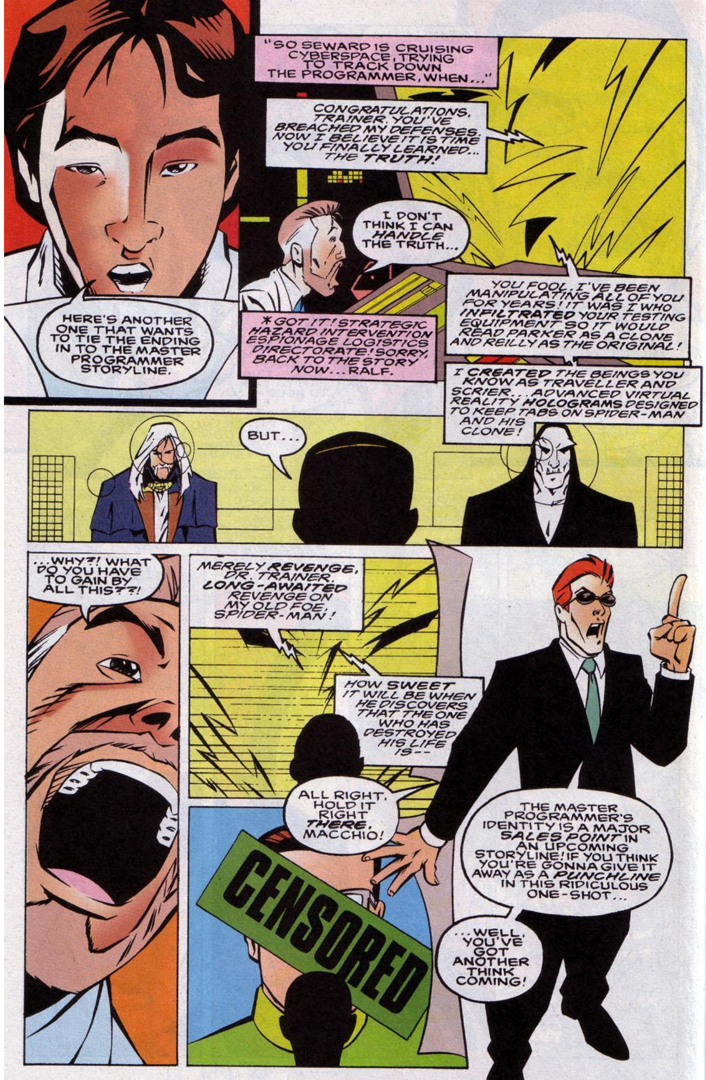

WHAT?? YOU MEAN THERE'RE HOLES IN ALL THE STORY IDEAS THAT WE'VE SEEN?
FRANKLY, SOME BIG ENOUGH TO DRIVE THE SHIELD* HELICARRIER THROUGH! FOR EXAMPLE:
*SUPREME — NO, STRATEGIC HEADQUARTERS — NO. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU... RALF
FIRST OF ALL, MEPHISTO IS DEAD! YES, I KNOW IT'S COMICS. HE WAS KILLED BY HIS SON, BLACKHEART A WHILE AGO. WE'D HAVE TO CLEAR THIS WITH THE GHOST RIDER PEOPLE.
IF PETER WAS SENT BACK IN TIME TO BECOME BEN, HOW ARE THE TWO SPIDER-MEN THE SAME AGE? BEN SHOULD BE FIVE YEARS OLDER! DIDN'T THE JACKAL NOTICE WHEN HE FOUND HIM?
IF MEPHISTO IS THE PRINCE OF LIES, AND HE'S THE ONE TELLING US WHO'S REALLY THE CLONE, WHY SHOULD ANYONE — INCLUDING THE READERS — BELIEVE HIM?
IF NEITHER PETER OR BEN IS THE CLONE, WHY DID TRAINER'S TESTS SAY THAT ONE OF THEM WAS? FOR THAT MATTER, WHY DO THEY BOTH HAVE MEMORIES OF BEING BORN IN A CLONING TANK?
FURTHERMORE, IF SEWARD TRAINER IS SUPPOSED TO BE SUCH AN ACCLAIMED, BRILLIANT, GENETICIST, WHY DOES HE NEVER SEEM TO HAVE A JOB?!
EH! LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS ARE PRETTY BUSY!
HEY, IT'S TOM DEFALCO. WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?
...AND AS FOR DR. DOOM'S TIME PLATFORM...
OH, NO, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE CARRYING AROUND ANOTHER PILE OF CONTINUITY HOLES!
EH! OF COURSE NOT! DIS IS A T'UNDERSTRIKE GRAPHIC NOVEL I'M PEDDLIN'!
WHAT, YOU THOUGHT I CAME HERE JUST TO WASTE TIME WIT' YOU GUYS?
TOM, YOU'VE BEEN WRITING SPIDER-MAN A LONG TIME! YOU MUST HAVE SOME CLUE HOW WE CAN EXPLAIN ALL THIS STUFF!
WELL, I'M FROM THE OLD SCHOOL, Y'KNOW? WE CAN DO IT REALLY EASY. TWO SIMPLE WORDS:
BEN MELTS.


"YOU MEAN... JUST LIKE THAT? THEY'RE WALKING DOWN THE STREET AND--?!"
BEN, I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD JOIN PETER AND ME FOR THE MOVIE! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE "MULTIPLICITY" FOR WEEKS!
PERSONALLY, I FIND THE PREMISE A LITTLE HARD TO SWALLOW...
MY PLEASURE, MJ. HEY, COOL BIKE!
MAKES ME WISH I STILL HAD MY CHOPPER...
HMM... DID IT JUST GET HOTTER OUT HERE?
-SIGH!- BOYS AND THEIR TOYS! YOU COMING, BEN?
BEN?
Ohh!!
Yikes!!
UH, PETER? HONEY?
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE THE CLONE...?


WELL, THE SCENARIO WOULDN'T NECESSARILY BE LIKE DAT, EXACTLY, BUT-!
NO EXPLANATIONS? WHAT ABOUT TRAINER'S TESTS? WHAT ABOUT EVERYTHING THE JACKAL DID?! THE WHOLE MASTER PLAN BASED ON PETER BELIEVING HE WAS THE CLONE?!
EH! WE'LL WOIK OUT DA SUB-TLETIES LATER! WE'LL MAKE IT UP AS WE GO ALONG! WE'VE COME THIS FAR THAT WAY, RIGHT?
BUT... BUT...
EH! DETAILS! YOU'VE GOTTA LEAVE DA READERS WANTIN' MORE SOMETIMES!
LISTEN, I'LL PLAY ALONG WIT' WHATEVER YOU GUYS FIGURE OUT! JUST SO LONG AS THOSE CHECKS KEEP COMIN' IN!
GLENN'S RIGHT, TOM! HE'S GONNA BURST A BLOOD VESSEL, BUT HE'S RIGHT!
WHAT ABOUT TRAVELLER AND SCRIER, AND ALL THAT STUFF THEY WERE DOING WITH THE JACKAL WAY BACK WHEN, AND WHAT ABOUT-
I GOTTA GO NOW, BUT I'LL TELL YA ONE THING... YOU GUYS BETTER FIGURE OUT A DIRECTION FAST...
...OR YOU'LL ALL GET WHAT I USED TO THREATEN PEOPLE WIT' WHEN I WAS THE EDITOR IN CHIEF...
...CABFARE TO DC!
NO!
NOT THAT!
ANYTHING-
-BUT THAT!
HEY, GUYS? ALL THE FAX MACHINES ARE GETTING TIED UP WITH THESE MEMOS YOU'RE SENDING BACK AND FORTH!
ARE YOU GOING TO WORK THIS OUT SOON? I'M TOO YOUNG TO WEAR A HERNIA TRUSS!

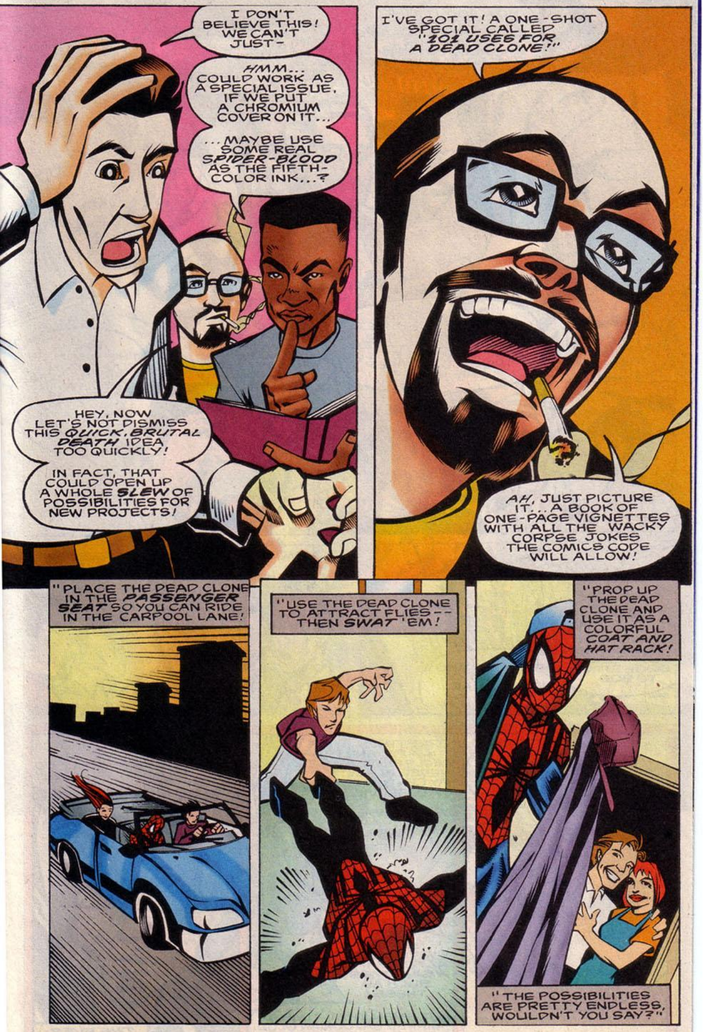

HMM... THIS ONE HAS A REALLY WAY-OUT TAKE ON WHAT TRAVELLER'S ORIGIN COULD BE...
PETER PARKER... BEN REILLY. THE TIME FOR DECEPTION IS OVER. THE TIME HAS COME... FOR THE TRUTH.
AGAIN?!?
SEWARD TRAINER... YOUR DESTINY HAS COME CALLING. YOU'VE HIDDEN IT FROM THESE MEN- AND YOURSELF- FOR FAR TOO LONG.
I AM YOU, SEWARD TRAINER- YOU FROM THE FUTURE. I RENAMED MYSELF JUDAS BECAUSE OF MY BETRAYAL OF PETER PARKER- MAKING HIM LEAD THE REST OF HIS LIFE BELIEVING HIMSELF A CLONE.
I HAVE TRAVELLED THE EARTH FOR CENTURIES, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE NATURE OF EVIL-- HOPING THAT THEREIN LIES THE ANSWER TO MY OWN REDEMPTION.
THESE EVENTS HAVE YET TO HAPPEN FOR YOU- BUT DO YOU DENY YOUR GUILT?!
I FIXED THE EQUIPMENT SO IT WOULD READ THE TEST RESULTS WRONGLY. I DID IT FOR YOU, BEN. YOU'VE BEEN LIKE A SON TO ME. YOU DESERVED A CHANCE AT HAPPINESS!
PETER... CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? PETER?
IT'S TRUE, PETER... AND BEN.
WHEW! THANK GOD! I THOUGHT TRAVELLER WAS GONNA SAY HE WAS AN ALTERNATE FUTURE VERSION OF MY UNBORN MUTANT CHILD, OR SOMETHING REALLY DEMENTED! THAT'S A LOAD OFF MY MIND!
HEY, WHO DID HE SAY WAS THE CLONE AGAIN? I ZONED FOR A SECOND.


SIGNED, "HARVEY BRISCOLL??!"
LOOKS LIKE SOME WRITER DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO PUT HIS REAL NAME ON THIS ONE...
STAND STILL SO I CAN SQUASH YOU, INSECT!
AH, YOU'RE JUST TOO SLOW, STUNNER!
AND I'LL BET YOU STUFF YOUR SHIRT, TOO!
OOH, IS THAT ONE GONNA COST YOU, PUNK!
MARY JANE, I'VE GOTTA TRY TO HELP--!
PETER, NO! YOU DON'T HAVE POWERS ANYMORE!
AND, PETER-- WHAT'S THAT SHIMMERING IN MIDAIR?
THE MASTER PROGRAMMER! BUT BEN TOLD ME HE'D BEEN SCATTERED INTO THE NETHER!
ONE CANNOT KILL A BEING SUCH AS I.
AND I NOW TIRE OF THIS CHARADE WITH STUNNER.
HOLY--!
I WAS RIGHT! STUNNER WAS JUST AN ADVANCED VIRTUAL REALITY CONSTRUCT CREATED BY THE PROGRAMMER!
PETER...WHAT'S...
MARY JANE?! OH, NO! SHE'S FADING AWAY, TOO!
IT CAN'T BE...
MARY JANE...WAS NEVER REAL?


HERE'S ANOTHER ONE THAT WANTS TO TIE THE ENDING IN TO THE MASTER PROGRAMMER STORYLINE.
"SO SEWARD IS CRUISING CYBERSPACE, TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE PROGRAMMER, WHEN..."
CONGRATULATIONS, TRAINER. YOU'VE BREACHED MY DEFENSES. NOW I BELIEVE IT IS TIME YOU FINALLY LEARNED... THE TRUTH!
I DON'T THINK I CAN HANDLE THE TRUTH...
YOU FOOL. I'VE BEEN MANIPULATING ALL OF YOU FOR YEARS! IT WAS I WHO INFILTRATED YOUR TESTING EQUIPMENT SO IT WOULD READ PARKER AS A CLONE AND REILLY AS THE ORIGINAL!
*GOT IT! STRATEGIC HAZARD INTERVENTION ESPIONAGE LOGISTICS DIRECTORATE! SORRY, BACK TO THE STORY NOW...RALF.
I CREATED THE BEINGS YOU KNOW AS TRAVELLER AND SCRIER...ADVANCED VIRTUAL REALITY HOLOGRAMS DESIGNED TO KEEP TABS ON SPIDER-MAN AND HIS CLONE!
BUT...
...WHY?! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO GAIN BY ALL THIS??!
MERELY REVENGE, DR. TRAINER. LONG-AWAITED REVENGE ON MY OLD FOE, SPIDER-MAN!
HOW SWEET IT WILL BE WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT THE ONE WHO HAS DESTROYED HIS LIFE IS--
ALL RIGHT, HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MACCHIO!
CENSORED
THE MASTER PROGRAMMER'S IDENTITY IS A MAJOR SALES POINT IN AN UPCOMING STORYLINE! IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA GIVE IT AWAY AS A PUNCHLINE IN THIS RIDICULOUS ONE-SHOT...
...WELL, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!


UH-OH. MORE FUN.
LOOK, IT'S SKI, ANDY BALL, AND JOHN DOKES OF THE MARVEL EDITORIAL PLANNING DEPARTMENT.
BIG BOOK O' COMIC GIMMICKS
GREENBERG, WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT TALKING LIKE A NARRATIVE CAPTION?
IT'S IMPROMPTU MARKETING MEETING TIME, GUYS!
UH, HEY... AREN'T YOU A CHARACTER IN GHOST RIDER?
SHUT UP.
I STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN OVER BEING LEFT OUT OF THE MARVEL HANDBOOK!
OKAY, RALPH-- TIME TO PUT THAT SUN-SOAKED BRAIN OF YOURS TO WORK!
WE'RE UNDER BUDGET! WE NEED NEW SPIDER-MAN PROJECTS FOR THE END OF '96 AND WE NEED 'EM YESTERDAY!
I CAN'T THINK ABOUT NEW PROJECTS NOW, SKI! I'M STILL WORKING ON STRAIGHTENING OUT THE EXISTING ONES!
WE'VE GOTTA WRAP UP THE CLONE SAGA, AND MAKE IT WORK!
HMM. WELL, WE COULD MAKE IT REALLY SIMPLE... WE'VE GOT THE BIG ONSLAUGHT CROSSOVER COMING UP THIS SUMMER...


"THERE'LL BE A BUTT-LOAD OF SENTINELS STOMPING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN..."
BY ORDER OF ONSLAUGHT, THIS CITY IS UNDER MARTIAL LAW. HUMANS DEFYING THIS ORDER WILL BE EXTERMINATED.
THOSE GIANT ROBOTS ARE TERRORIZING THE WHOLE CITY! EVERYTHING'S IN CHAOS! PEOPLE ARE PANICKING!
I'M JUST ONE MAN WITH SPIDER-POWERS...
...BUT IT'S TIME TO PROVE THAT ONE MAN CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE...
...EVEN AGAINST A THREAT AS MAJOR AS THIS!
SO LOOK OUT, YOU STEEL-PLATED STIFFS--THIS IS STILL SPIDER-MAN'S CITY, AND YOU'RE TRAMPLING IT OVER MY DEAD--
--UH-OH.
KRUNNCH!


I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! WE CAN'T JUST–
HMM... COULD WORK AS A SPECIAL ISSUE, IF WE PUT A CHROMIUM COVER ON IT...
...MAYBE USE SOME REAL SPIDER-BLOOD AS THE FIFTH-COLOR INK...?
I'VE GOT IT! A ONE-SHOT SPECIAL CALLED "101 USES FOR A DEAD CLONE!"
HEY, NOW LET'S NOT DISMISS THIS QUICK, BRUTAL DEATH IDEA TOO QUICKLY!
IN FACT, THAT COULD OPEN UP A WHOLE SLEW OF POSSIBILITIES FOR NEW PROJECTS!
AH, JUST PICTURE IT... A BOOK OF ONE-PAGE VIGNETTES WITH ALL THE WACKY CORPSE JOKES THE COMICS CODE WILL ALLOW!
"PLACE THE DEAD CLONE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT SO YOU CAN RIDE IN THE CARPOOL LANE!
"USE THE DEAD CLONE TO ATTRACT FLIES–THEN SWAT 'EM!
"PROP UP THE DEAD CLONE AND USE IT AS A COLORFUL COAT AND HAT RACK!
"THE POSSIBILITIES ARE PRETTY ENDLESS, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?"


HOW ABOUT THIS: WE DO A SPECIAL SELF-REPLICATING COVER FOR THE PROJECT: DIP THE BOOK IN WATER AND IT "CLONES" ITSELF!
ER, HI, BOB! BACK SO SOON?
OKAY! WHY IS MY SUPPORT STAFF ALL CONGREGATING HERE IN RALPH'S OFFICE?!
...AND THEN THERE'S THE QUESTION OF WHO THE ORIGINAL CARRION WAS...
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...
LOOK AT THIS OFFICE! THIS PLACE IS A MESS!! ALL THESE PILES OF PAPER AND YOU GUYS STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED THIS OUT?!?
SKI, WE HAVE TO TALK SCHEDULE!! BOOKS ARE GETTING LATE-- AGAIN! YOU GUYS COME WITH ME!
AS FOR THE REST OF YOU, I DON'T CARE IF YOU DROWN IN PAPER, AS LONG AS YOU RESOLVE THIS STORYLINE TODAY!!
WOW. THE PRESSURE MUST REALLY BE GETTING TO BOB.
HE'S STARTING TO ACT IRRATIONAL... INSANE... MANIC!
...ALMOST LIKE...
...THE GREEN GOBLIN?
YOU KNOW... WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE...
GREETINGS, I AM UATU, AND I DECLARE THAT NEVER IN ALL MY CENTURIES OF OBSERVING THE MULTIVERSE...
...HAVE I WITNESSED ALTERNATE REALITIES SUCH AS THESE!
NOT EVEN THAT TIME I SNIFFED BADOONIAN GLUE BACK ON ALDEBARAN-4.
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW... SOMETIMES EVEN THE WATCHER WOULD DO WELL TO AVERT HIS GAZE!
THE EVER-LOVIN' END!


MARVEL
1
WHAT IF?
MAGIK
BECAME SORCERER SUPREME
WILLIAMS
ANDRADE
O'HALLORAN
RATED T+

AS A CHILD, ILLYANA RASPUTIN WAS TRANSPORTED TO A HELL DIMENSION CALLED LIMBO. ITS RULER, BELASCO, TRAPPED HER THERE FOR SEVEN YEARS. ILLYANA WAS EVENTUALLY ABLE TO OVERCOME BELASCO AND ESCAPE FROM LIMBO—BUT WHEN SHE EMERGED, ONLY SECONDS HAD PASSED ON EARTH.

AS A TEENAGER RAISED IN HELL, ILLYANA STRUGGLED TO READJUST, FINDING HERSELF HUNTED BY THE PAST...BY THE UNKNOWN OUTER LIMITS OF HER POWERS...BY THE FEAR THAT BELASCO WOULD RETURN.

WHAT IF THIS FEAR HAD DRIVEN HER—AWAY FROM HER FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND THE NEW MUTANTS? WHAT IF ILLYANA...WALKED AWAY?

WHO WOULD SHE BECOME?

WHAT IF? MAGIK

WRITER
LEAH WILLIAMS

ARTIST
FILIPE ANDRADE

COLORIST
CHRIS O'HALLORAN

LETTERER
VC's CLAYTON COWLES

COVER ARTIST
JEFF DEKAL

VARIANT COVER ARTIST
JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER

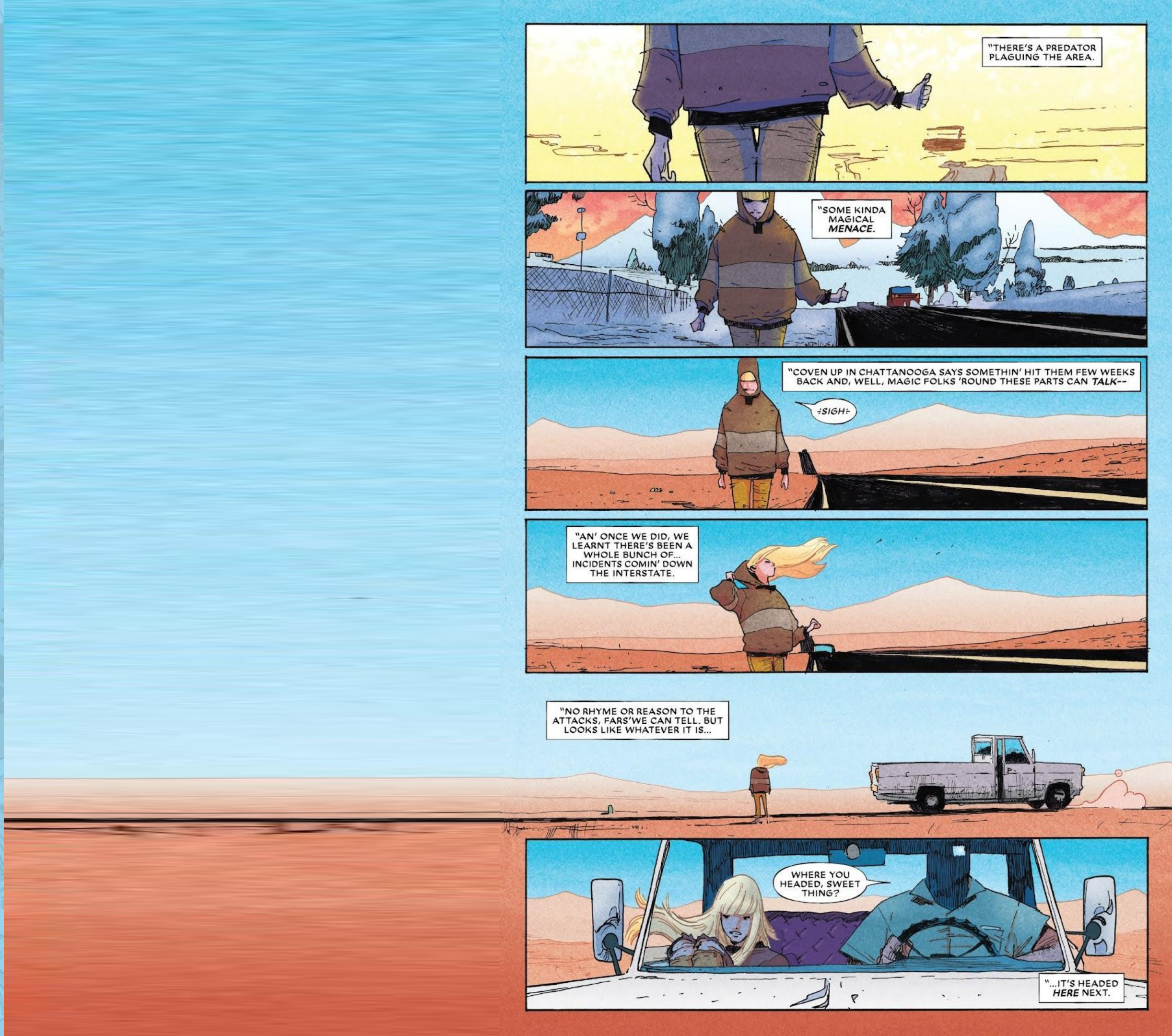
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ALAN FINE




"I JUS' DIDN'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO ASK FOR HELP. I'M SORRY FOR MAKIN' YOU COME ALL THIS WAY, DOCTOR STRANGE."
"NO, PLEASE--I'M GLAD YOU CONTACTED ME. I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE SORCERY TRAIL OF THE SAME MARAUDER SINCE IT BEGAN OUT OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK."
PRESIDEN HOTEL
AW, COME ON NOW, WHY YOU RUNNIN'!
"NOW THANKS TO YOU, I FINALLY HAVE AN IDEA OF WHERE TO APPREHEND THEM BEFORE THEY STRIKE NEXT."
THIS HOW YOU THANK ME FOR GIVING YOU A LIFT?!
I JUS' WANNA HAVE A LITTLE FUN, THAT'S ALL...
SHHH. DON'T BE AFRAID...
I'M NOT GONNA HURTCHA.

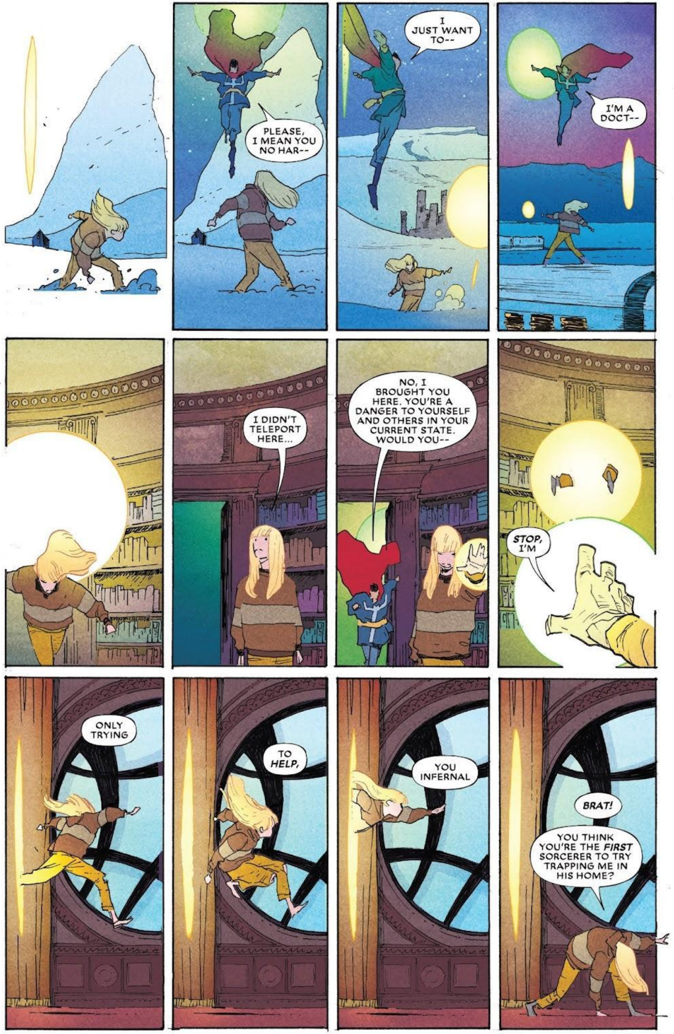

CRACK
THWAK
FWUMP
I CAME OF AGE IN A PLACE WHERE WE CUT EACH OTHER FOR FUN.
MY NAME IS ILLYANA RASPUTIN. I AM 15 YEARS OLD.
I GREW UP IN HELL.
I AM AFRAID OF NOTHING BUT MYSELF.
THAT IS ENOUGH!



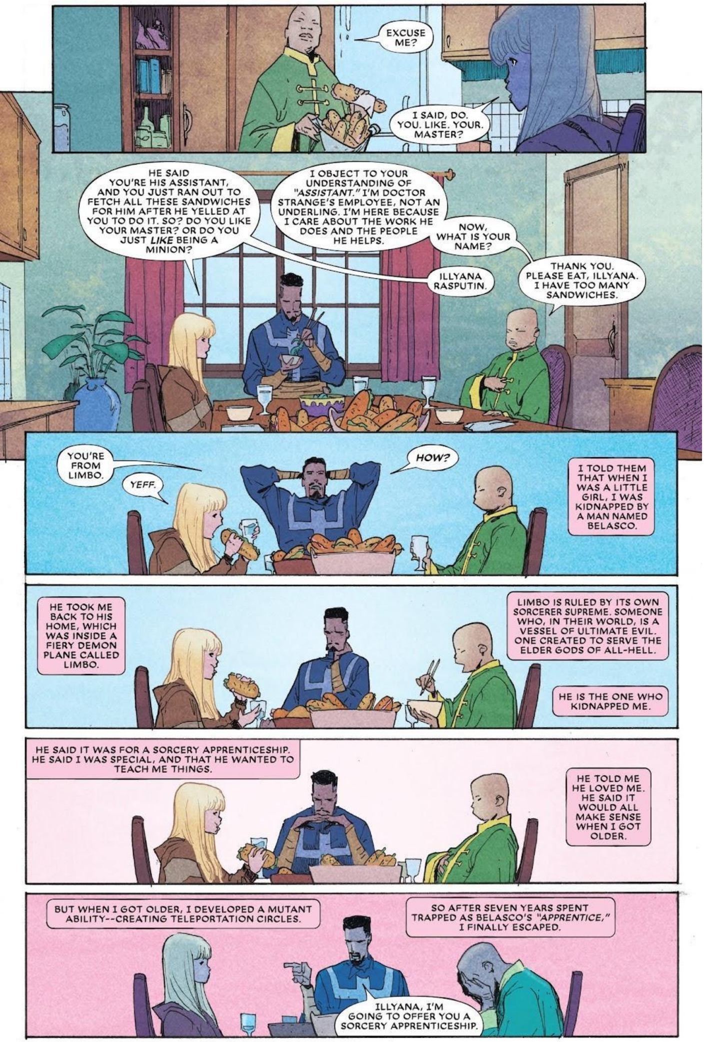
I'LL ADMIT THIS ONE PROBABLY HAD IT COMING, BUT YOUR REDNECK REIGN OF TERROR STILL ENDS TONIGHT, CREATURE.
I'VE FOLLOWED THE STENCH OF YOUR CRUDE SORCERY FOR OVER 1,000 MILES. NOW, I--
I LIKE YOUR BIG AX.
THANK YOU. NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'VE BEEN TERRORIZING THE LOCAL YOKELS ALONG ALL I-20--
--BUT YOU'VE CERTAINLY LEFT QUITE AN IMPRESSION!
CRNCH
I WASN'T TERRORIZING ANYBODY...
...I'VE BEEN DEFENDING MYSELF.
STOP!

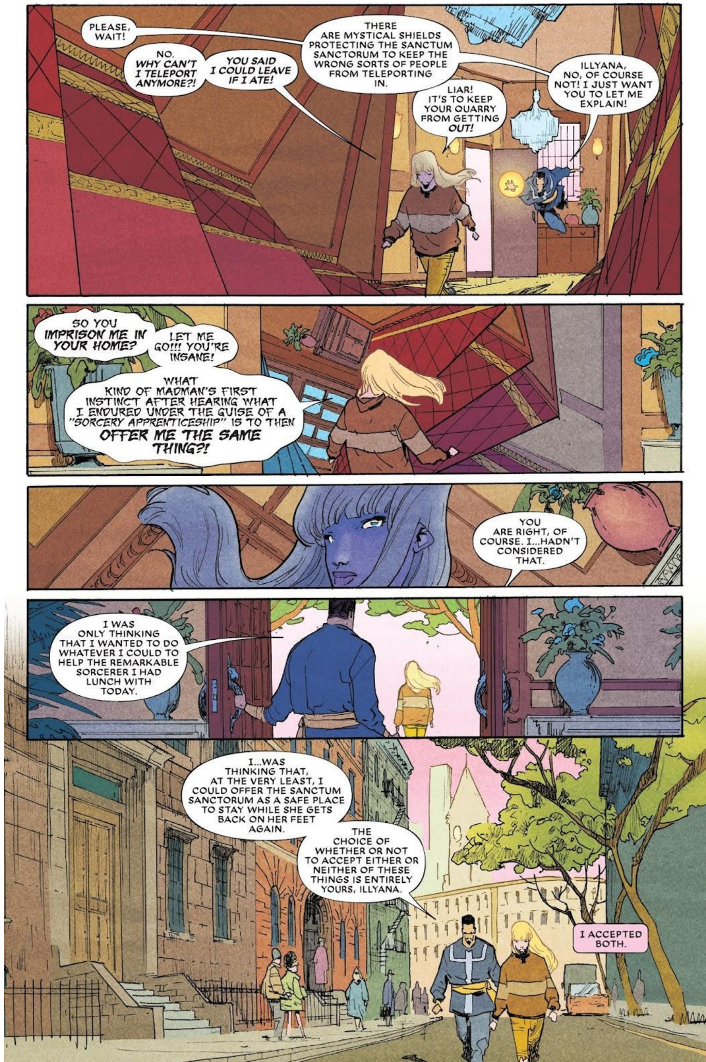


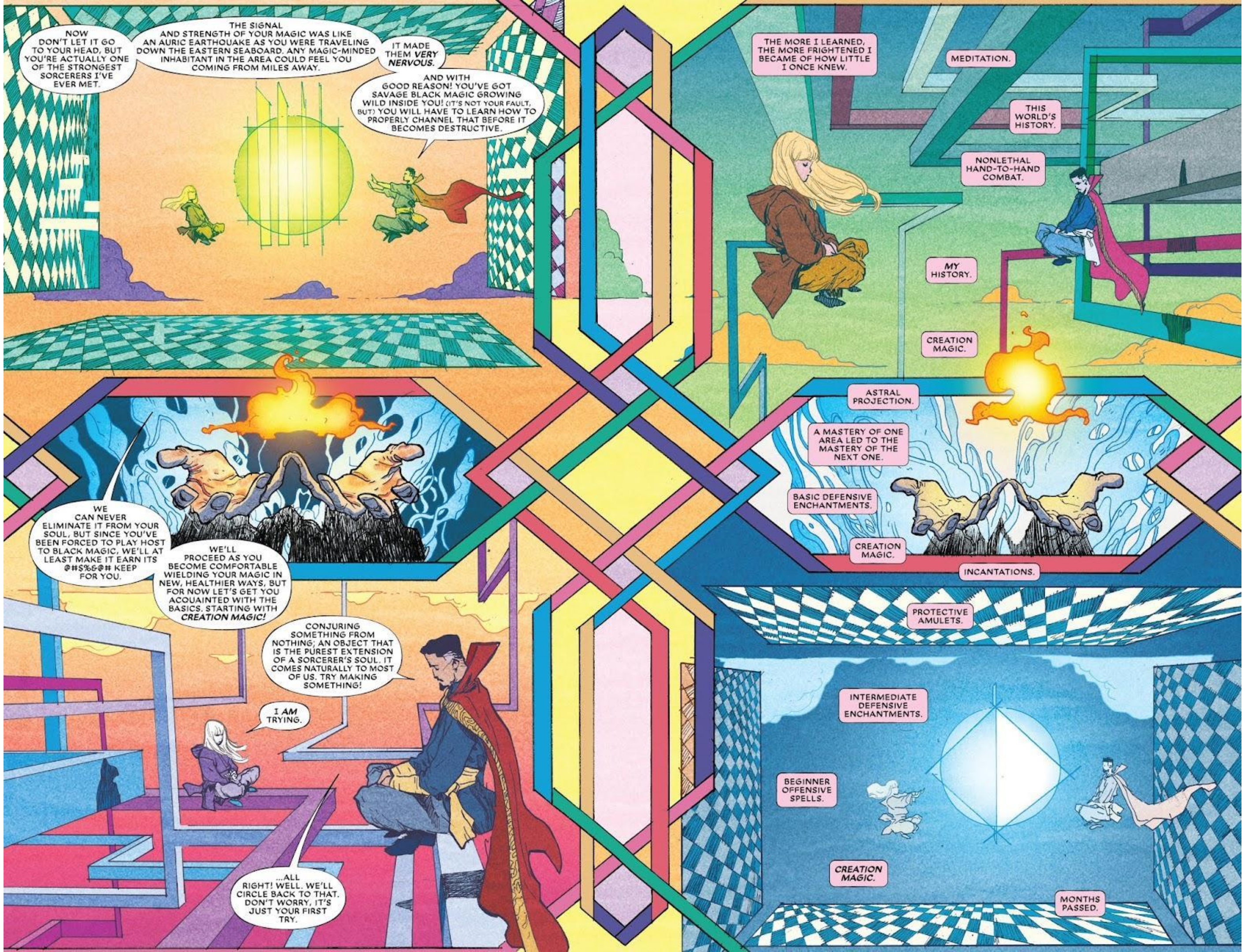
ALL RIGHT. I'LL ADMIT, I THOUGHT THE "MALNOURISHED CHILD" THING WAS JUST AN ACT.
A PREDATOR'S RUSE! LIKE AN ANGLERFISH GLINTING FROM THE DEEP TO ATTRACT PREY.
BUT THIS GIRL-BODY ACTUALLY HAS FAR LESS SORCERY WAFTING FROM THE VISAGE, SO NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK.
NEITHER FORM YOU TAKE IS THE DISGUISE...
SO LET'S SEE WHY A TEEN GIRL HAS THE STINK OF HELL CLINGING TO HER, SHALL WE?
POSSESSION, PERHAPS? NO, NO. YOUR SOUL IS INTACT. COMPLETE.
AND YOUR AURA IS CLEAR AS WELL. CONGRATULATIONS! THAT DOESN'T ACTUALLY MEAN ANYTHING SIGNIFICANT, SO DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD.
AH! I SEE THAT YOU'RE RUSSIAN. WELL.
HELLO, WHAT'S THIS...? THAT DOESN'T BELONG HERE...
BY THE POWER OF THE VISHANTI, WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO YOU?!
OH, YOU WRETCHED THING... I AM SO SORRY.
WAIT!


PLEASE, I MEAN YOU NO HAR--
I JUST WANT TO--
I'M A DOCT--
I DIDN'T TELEPORT HERE...
NO, I BROUGHT YOU HERE. YOU'RE A DANGER TO YOURSELF AND OTHERS IN YOUR CURRENT STATE. WOULD YOU--
STOP, I'M
ONLY TRYING
TO *HELP,*
YOU INFERNAL
BRAT!
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE *FIRST* SORCERER TO TRY TRAPPING ME IN HIS HOME?

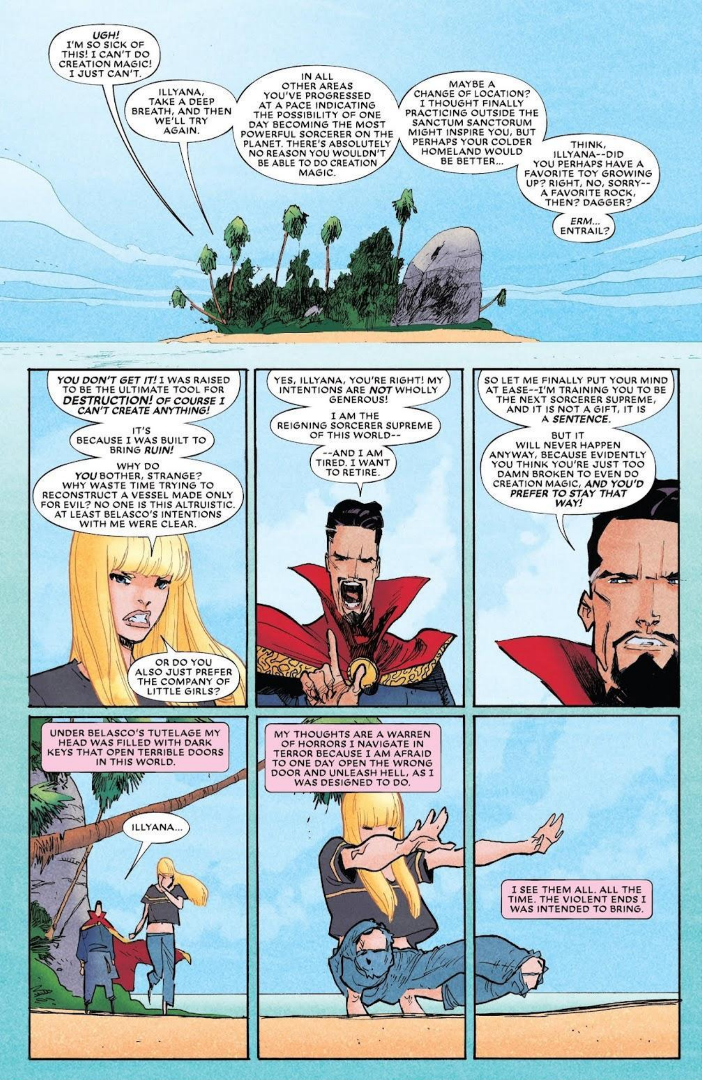

YOU'RE NOT.
STAY ≠HUFF≠ BACK...
...I'LL ≠PUFF≠ DESTROY YOU.
GRONL
YES, WELL. AT LEAST STAY FOR LUNCH FIRST. I'LL LET YOU LEAVE IF YOU LET ME FEED YOU.
YOU HAVE THAT PITIABLE *"UNDERFED RUNAWAY"* PALLOR TO YOU.
MY NAME IS DOCTOR STEPHEN STRANGE. THIS IS MY PRACTICE AND RESIDENCE, THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM! PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, ESPECIALLY NOT THE MAGICAL ARTIFACTS.
"STRANGE"?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I HAD THAT NAME *BEFORE* I WAS THE SORCERER SUPREME OF THIS DIMENSION.
YOU'RE EARTH'S SORCERER SUPREME?
WHAT A RUDE WORD TO EMPHASIZE. YES, I AM.
WONG! WE HAVE A LUNCH *GUEST.*
WHAT A RUDE WORD TO EMPHASIZE.
WHO'S WONG?
MY ASSISTANT, AND THE CARETAKER OF THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM. DO YOU LIKE PASTRAMI?
WHAT'S *"PASTRAMI"?*
WONG! SHE'S FERAL AND HAS NEVER HAD PASTRAMI BEFORE!
WHAT?!
PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.
ESPECIALLY NOT THE MAGICAL ARTIFACTS.
THIS IS THE *"ARTIFICER'S ARGOT,"* A MADDENINGLY CLEVER DEVICE CREATED WITH THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF KILLING MAGIC WIELDERS. THIS ITEM IS UNIQUELY *LETHAL* TO US.
WHY DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THAT *OUT ON DISPLAY?!*
IT'S PRETTY.

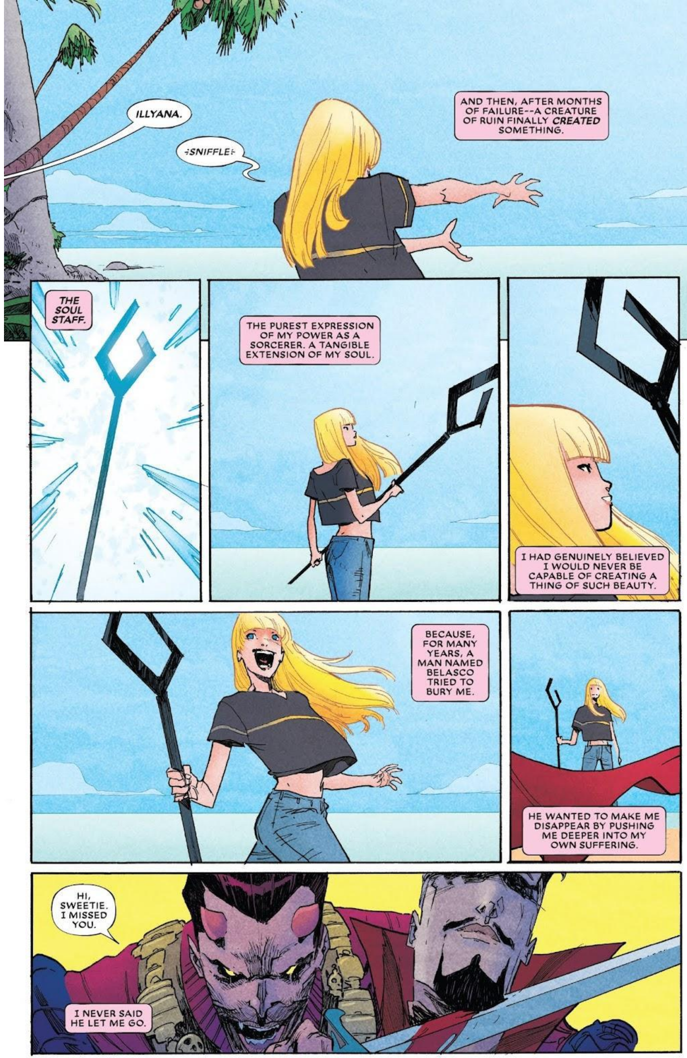

EXCUSE ME?
I SAID, DO. YOU. LIKE. YOUR. MASTER?
HE SAID YOU'RE HIS ASSISTANT, AND YOU JUST RAN OUT TO FETCH ALL THESE SANDWICHES FOR HIM AFTER HE YELLED AT YOU TO DO IT. SO? DO YOU LIKE YOUR MASTER? OR DO YOU JUST LIKE BEING A MINION?
I OBJECT TO YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF "ASSISTANT." I'M DOCTOR STRANGE'S EMPLOYEE, NOT AN UNDERLING. I'M HERE BECAUSE I CARE ABOUT THE WORK HE DOES AND THE PEOPLE HE HELPS.
NOW, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
ILLYANA RASPUTIN.
THANK YOU. PLEASE EAT, ILLYANA. I HAVE TOO MANY SANDWICHES.
YOU'RE FROM LIMBO.
YEFF.
HOW?
I TOLD THEM THAT WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I WAS KIDNAPPED BY A MAN NAMED BELASCO.
HE TOOK ME BACK TO HIS HOME, WHICH WAS INSIDE A FIERY DEMON PLANE CALLED LIMBO.
LIMBO IS RULED BY ITS OWN SORCERER SUPREME. SOMEONE WHO, IN THEIR WORLD, IS A VESSEL OF ULTIMATE EVIL. ONE CREATED TO SERVE THE ELDER GODS OF ALL-HELL.
HE IS THE ONE WHO KIDNAPPED ME.
HE SAID IT WAS FOR A SORCERY APPRENTICESHIP. HE SAID I WAS SPECIAL, AND THAT HE WANTED TO TEACH ME THINGS.
HE TOLD ME HE LOVED ME. HE SAID IT WOULD ALL MAKE SENSE WHEN I GOT OLDER.
BUT WHEN I GOT OLDER, I DEVELOPED A MUTANT ABILITY--CREATING TELEPORTATION CIRCLES.
SO AFTER SEVEN YEARS SPENT TRAPPED AS BELASCO'S "APPRENTICE," I FINALLY ESCAPED.
ILLYANA, I'M GOING TO OFFER YOU A SORCERY APPRENTICESHIP.

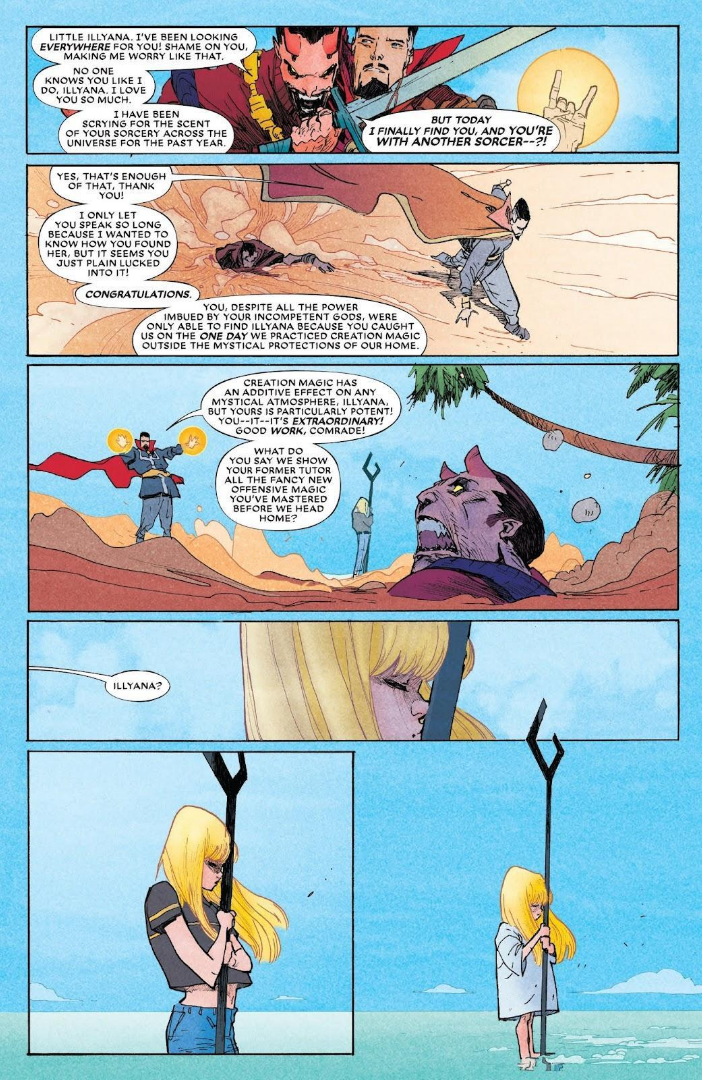

PLEASE, WAIT!
NO. WHY CAN'T I TELEPORT ANYMORE?!
YOU SAID I COULD LEAVE IF I ATE!
THERE ARE MYSTICAL SHIELDS PROTECTING THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM TO KEEP THE WRONG SORTS OF PEOPLE FROM TELEPORTING IN.
LIAR! IT'S TO KEEP YOUR QUARRY FROM GETTING OUT!
ILLYANA, NO, OF COURSE NOT! I JUST WANT YOU TO LET ME EXPLAIN!
SO YOU IMPRISON ME IN YOUR HOME?
LET ME GO!!! YOU'RE INSANE!
WHAT KIND OF MADMAN'S FIRST INSTINCT AFTER HEARING WHAT I ENDURED UNDER THE GUISE OF A "SORCERY APPRENTICESHIP" IS TO THEN OFFER ME THE SAME THING?!
YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE. I...HADN'T CONSIDERED THAT.
I WAS ONLY THINKING THAT I WANTED TO DO WHATEVER I COULD TO HELP THE REMARKABLE SORCERER I HAD LUNCH WITH TODAY.
I...WAS THINKING THAT, AT THE VERY LEAST, I COULD OFFER THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM AS A SAFE PLACE TO STAY WHILE SHE GETS BACK ON HER FEET AGAIN.
THE CHOICE OF WHETHER OR NOT TO ACCEPT EITHER OR NEITHER OF THESE THINGS IS ENTIRELY YOURS, ILLYANA.
I ACCEPTED BOTH.

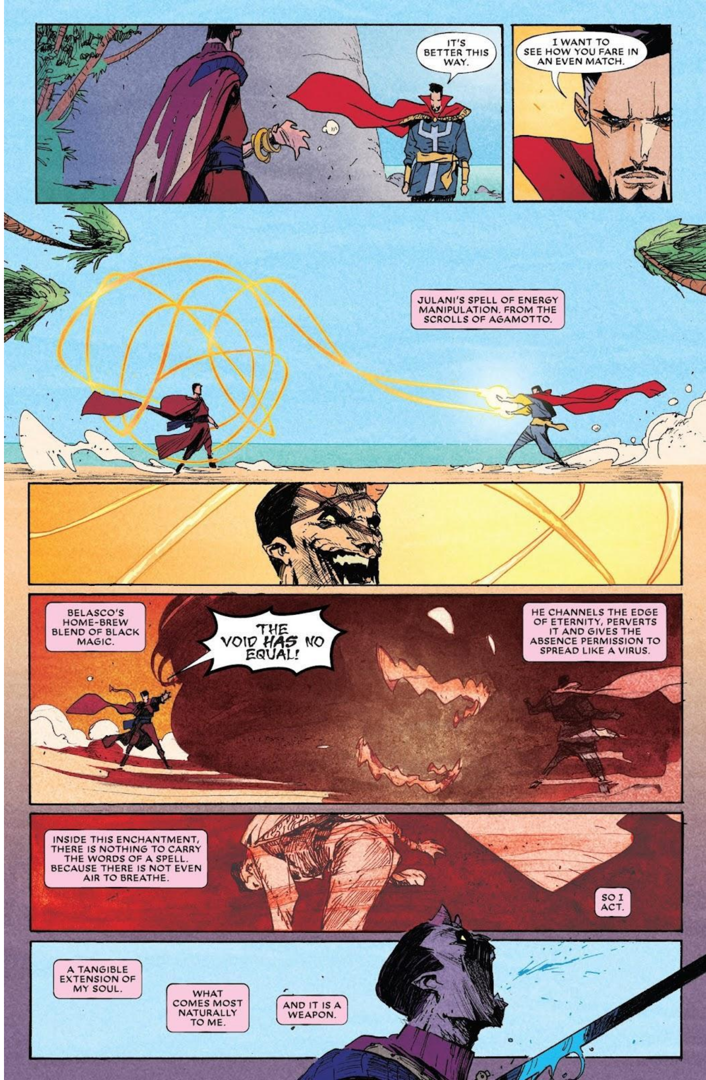


NOW DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD, BUT YOU'RE ACTUALLY ONE OF THE STRONGEST SORCERERS I'VE EVER MET.
THE SIGNAL AND STRENGTH OF YOUR MAGIC WAS LIKE AN AURIC EARTHQUAKE AS YOU WERE TRAVELING DOWN THE EASTERN SEABOARD. ANY MAGIC-MINDED INHABITANT IN THE AREA COULD FEEL YOU COMING FROM MILES AWAY.
IT MADE THEM *VERY NERVOUS.*
AND WITH GOOD REASON! YOU'VE GOT SAVAGE BLACK MAGIC GROWING WILD INSIDE YOU! (IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, BUT) YOU WILL HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO PROPERLY CHANNEL THAT BEFORE IT BECOMES DESTRUCTIVE.
WE CAN NEVER ELIMINATE IT FROM YOUR SOUL, BUT SINCE YOU'VE BEEN FORCED TO PLAY HOST TO BLACK MAGIC, WE'LL AT LEAST MAKE IT EARN ITS @#$%&@# KEEP FOR YOU.
WE'LL PROCEED AS YOU BECOME COMFORTABLE WIELDING YOUR MAGIC IN NEW, HEALTHIER WAYS, BUT FOR NOW LET'S GET YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THE BASICS, STARTING WITH *CREATION MAGIC!*
CONJURING SOMETHING FROM NOTHING; AN OBJECT THAT IS THE PUREST EXTENSION OF A SORCERER'S SOUL. IT COMES NATURALLY TO MOST OF US. TRY MAKING SOMETHING!
I *AM* TRYING.
...ALL RIGHT! WELL. WE'LL CIRCLE BACK TO THAT. DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST YOUR FIRST TRY.
THE MORE I LEARNED, THE MORE FRIGHTENED I BECAME OF HOW LITTLE I ONCE KNEW.
MEDITATION.
THIS WORLD'S HISTORY.
NONLETHAL HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.
MY HISTORY.
CREATION MAGIC.
ASTRAL PROJECTION.
A MASTERY OF ONE AREA LED TO THE MASTERY OF THE NEXT ONE.
BASIC DEFENSIVE ENCHANTMENTS.
CREATION MAGIC.
INCANTATIONS.
PROTECTIVE AMULETS.
INTERMEDIATE DEFENSIVE ENCHANTMENTS.
BEGINNER OFFENSIVE SPELLS.
CREATION MAGIC.
MONTHS PASSED.

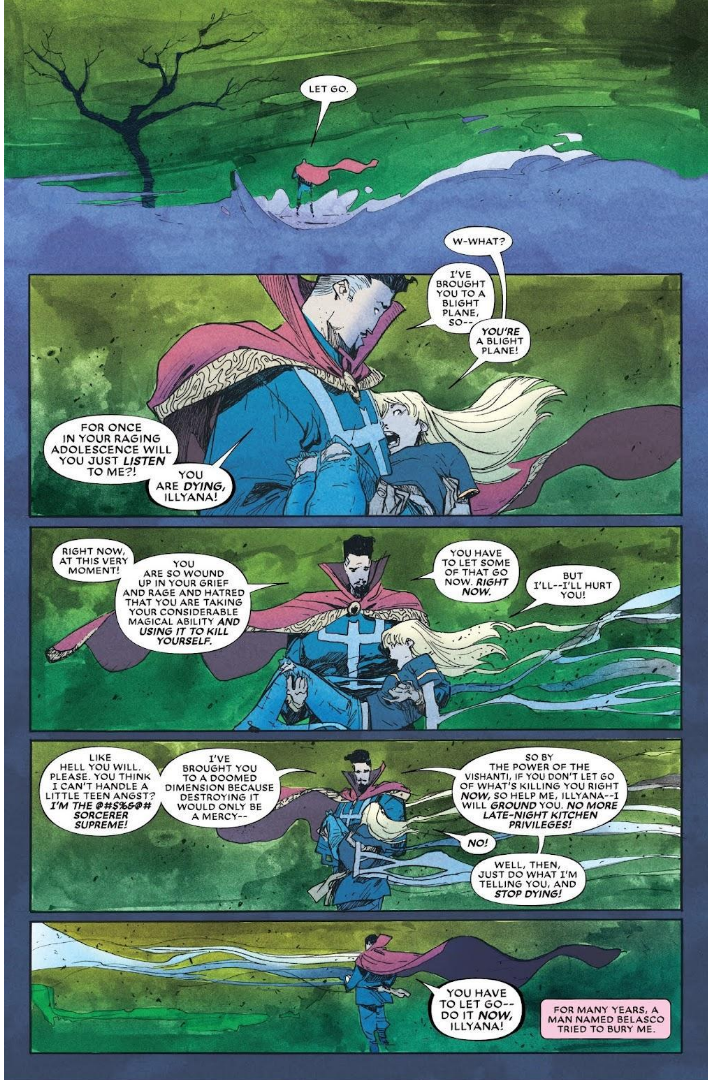

UGH! I'M SO SICK OF THIS! I CAN'T DO CREATION MAGIC! I JUST CAN'T.
ILLYANA, TAKE A DEEP BREATH, AND THEN WE'LL TRY AGAIN.
IN ALL OTHER AREAS YOU'VE PROGRESSED AT A PACE INDICATING THE POSSIBILITY OF ONE DAY BECOMING THE MOST POWERFUL SORCERER ON THE PLANET. THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DO CREATION MAGIC.
MAYBE A CHANGE OF LOCATION? I THOUGHT FINALLY PRACTICING OUTSIDE THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM MIGHT INSPIRE YOU, BUT PERHAPS YOUR COLDER HOMELAND WOULD BE BETTER...
THINK, ILLYANA--DID YOU PERHAPS HAVE A FAVORITE TOY GROWING UP? RIGHT, NO, SORRY--A FAVORITE ROCK, THEN? DAGGER?
ERM... ENTRAIL?
YOU DON'T GET IT! I WAS RAISED TO BE THE ULTIMATE TOOL FOR DESTRUCTION! OF COURSE I CAN'T CREATE ANYTHING!
IT'S BECAUSE I WAS BUILT TO BRING RUIN!
WHY DO YOU BOTHER, STRANGE? WHY WASTE TIME TRYING TO RECONSTRUCT A VESSEL MADE ONLY FOR EVIL? NO ONE IS THIS ALTRUISTIC. AT LEAST BELASCO'S INTENTIONS WITH ME WERE CLEAR.
OR DO YOU ALSO JUST PREFER THE COMPANY OF LITTLE GIRLS?
YES, ILLYANA, YOU'RE RIGHT! MY INTENTIONS ARE NOT WHOLLY GENEROUS!
I AM THE REIGNING SORCERER SUPREME OF THIS WORLD--
--AND I AM TIRED. I WANT TO RETIRE.
SO LET ME FINALLY PUT YOUR MIND AT EASE--I'M TRAINING YOU TO BE THE NEXT SORCERER SUPREME, AND IT IS NOT A GIFT, IT IS A SENTENCE.
BUT IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN ANYWAY, BECAUSE EVIDENTLY YOU THINK YOU'RE JUST TOO DAMN BROKEN TO EVEN DO CREATION MAGIC, AND YOU'D PREFER TO STAY THAT WAY!
UNDER BELASCO'S TUTELAGE MY HEAD WAS FILLED WITH DARK KEYS THAT OPEN TERRIBLE DOORS IN THIS WORLD.
ILLYANA...
MY THOUGHTS ARE A WARREN OF HORRORS I NAVIGATE IN TERROR BECAUSE I AM AFRAID TO ONE DAY OPEN THE WRONG DOOR AND UNLEASH HELL, AS I WAS DESIGNED TO DO.
I SEE THEM ALL. ALL THE TIME. THE VIOLENT ENDS I WAS INTENDED TO BRING.


ILLYANA.
-SNIFFLE-
AND THEN, AFTER MONTHS OF FAILURE--A CREATURE OF RUIN FINALLY CREATED SOMETHING.
THE SOUL STAFF.
THE PUREST EXPRESSION OF MY POWER AS A SORCERER. A TANGIBLE EXTENSION OF MY SOUL.
I HAD GENUINELY BELIEVED I WOULD NEVER BE CAPABLE OF CREATING A THING OF SUCH BEAUTY.
BECAUSE, FOR MANY YEARS, A MAN NAMED BELASCO TRIED TO BURY ME.
HE WANTED TO MAKE ME DISAPPEAR BY PUSHING ME DEEPER INTO MY OWN SUFFERING.
HI, SWEETIE. I MISSED YOU.
I NEVER SAID HE LET ME GO.


LITTLE ILLYANA. I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! SHAME ON YOU, MAKING ME WORRY LIKE THAT.
NO ONE KNOWS YOU LIKE I DO, ILLYANA. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.
I HAVE BEEN SCRYING FOR THE SCENT OF YOUR SORCERY ACROSS THE UNIVERSE FOR THE PAST YEAR.
BUT TODAY I FINALLY FIND YOU, AND YOU'RE WITH ANOTHER SORCER--?!
YES, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT, THANK YOU!
I ONLY LET YOU SPEAK SO LONG BECAUSE I WANTED TO KNOW HOW YOU FOUND HER, BUT IT SEEMS YOU JUST PLAIN LUCKED INTO IT!
CONGRATULATIONS.
YOU, DESPITE ALL THE POWER IMBUED BY YOUR INCOMPETENT GODS, WERE ONLY ABLE TO FIND ILLYANA BECAUSE YOU CAUGHT US ON THE ONE DAY WE PRACTICED CREATION MAGIC OUTSIDE THE MYSTICAL PROTECTIONS OF OUR HOME.
CREATION MAGIC HAS AN ADDITIVE EFFECT ON ANY MYSTICAL ATMOSPHERE, ILLYANA, BUT YOURS IS PARTICULARLY POTENT! YOU--IT--IT'S EXTRAORDINARY! GOOD WORK, COMRADE!
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SHOW YOUR FORMER TUTOR ALL THE FANCY NEW OFFENSIVE MAGIC YOU'VE MASTERED BEFORE WE HEAD HOME?
ILLYANA?

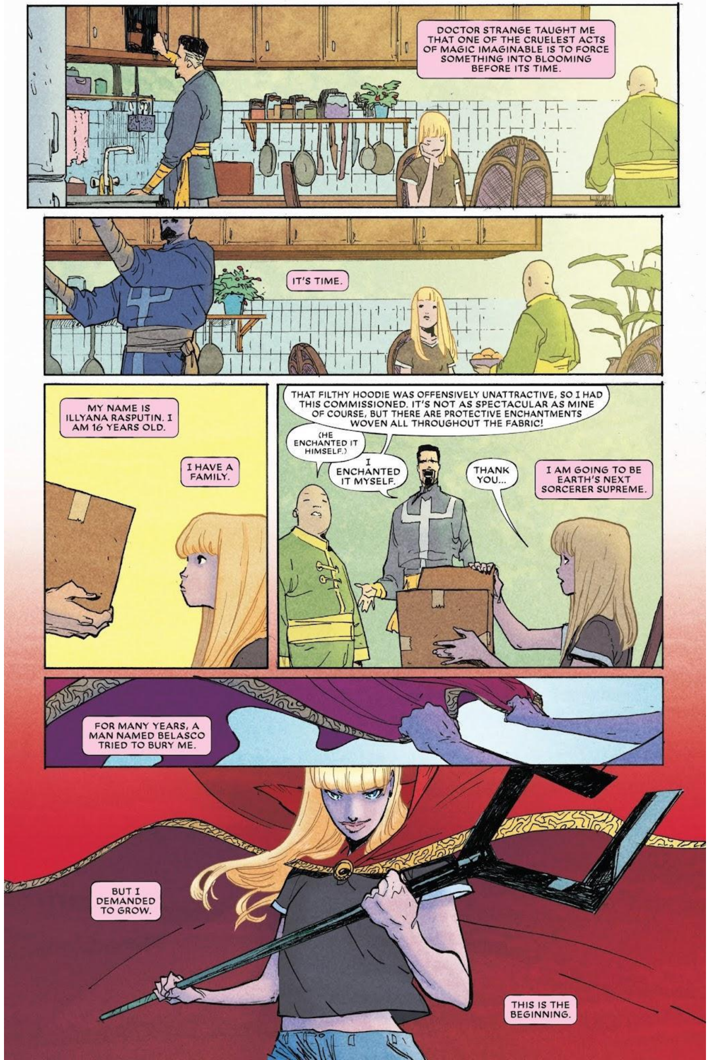

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.
I WANT TO SEE HOW YOU FARE IN AN EVEN MATCH.
JULANI'S SPELL OF ENERGY MANIPULATION. FROM THE SCROLLS OF AGAMOTTO.
BELASCO'S HOME-BREW BLEND OF BLACK MAGIC.
THE VOID HAS NO EQUAL!
HE CHANNELS THE EDGE OF ETERNITY, PERVERTS IT AND GIVES THE ABSENCE PERMISSION TO SPREAD LIKE A VIRUS.
INSIDE THIS ENCHANTMENT, THERE IS NOTHING TO CARRY THE WORDS OF A SPELL. BECAUSE THERE IS NOT EVEN AIR TO BREATHE.
SO I ACT.
A TANGIBLE EXTENSION OF MY SOUL.
WHAT COMES MOST NATURALLY TO ME.
AND IT IS A WEAPON.


ONE UNIQUELY LETHAL TO SORCERERS.
NO
NO
NO
NO
PLEASE, NO
NO
I THOUGHT I HAD FINALLY--
GASP
I JUST WANTED TO BE GOOD.


LET GO.
W-WHAT?
I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO A BLIGHT PLANE, SO--
YOU'RE A BLIGHT PLANE!
FOR ONCE IN YOUR RAGING ADOLESCENCE WILL YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME?!
YOU ARE DYING, ILLYANA!
RIGHT NOW, AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
YOU ARE SO WOUND UP IN YOUR GRIEF AND RAGE AND HATRED THAT YOU ARE TAKING YOUR CONSIDERABLE MAGICAL ABILITY AND USING IT TO KILL YOURSELF.
YOU HAVE TO LET SOME OF THAT GO NOW. RIGHT NOW.
BUT I'LL--I'LL HURT YOU!
LIKE HELL YOU WILL. PLEASE. YOU THINK I CAN'T HANDLE A LITTLE TEEN ANGST? I'M THE @#$%&@# SORCERER SUPREME!
I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO A DOOMED DIMENSION BECAUSE DESTROYING IT WOULD ONLY BE A MERCY--
SO BY THE POWER OF THE VISHANTI, IF YOU DON'T LET GO OF WHAT'S KILLING YOU RIGHT NOW, SO HELP ME, ILLYANA--I WILL GROUND YOU. NO MORE LATE-NIGHT KITCHEN PRIVILEGES!
NO!
WELL, THEN, JUST DO WHAT I'M TELLING YOU, AND STOP DYING!
YOU HAVE TO LET GO-- DO IT NOW, ILLYANA!
FOR MANY YEARS, A MAN NAMED BELASCO TRIED TO BURY ME.


LITTLE DID HE KNOW, HE WAS ONLY PLANTING A SEED.


ONE INTENT ON GROWING.
WHAT... WHAT *NOW?*
LUNCH, I BELIEVE.


DOCTOR STRANGE TAUGHT ME THAT ONE OF THE CRUELEST ACTS OF MAGIC IMAGINABLE IS TO FORCE SOMETHING INTO BLOOMING BEFORE ITS TIME.
IT'S TIME.
MY NAME IS ILLYANA RASPUTIN. I AM 16 YEARS OLD.
I HAVE A FAMILY.
THAT FILTHY HOODIE WAS OFFENSIVELY UNATTRACTIVE, SO I HAD THIS COMMISSIONED. IT'S NOT AS SPECTACULAR AS MINE OF COURSE, BUT THERE ARE PROTECTIVE ENCHANTMENTS WOVEN ALL THROUGHOUT THE FABRIC!
(HE ENCHANTED IT HIMSELF.)
I ENCHANTED IT MYSELF.
THANK YOU...
I AM GOING TO BE EARTH'S NEXT SORCERER SUPREME.
FOR MANY YEARS, A MAN NAMED BELASCO TRIED TO BURY ME.
BUT I DEMANDED TO GROW.
THIS IS THE BEGINNING.


MARVEL
Deadpool
NERDY THIRTY!
30 YEARS
30
TO WADE ♡ AL
#1
PARENTAL ADVISORY



SILENCE. DARKNESS. AN EXHALE, AND...
IT'S NOW OR NEVER, TEAM! IF ONE OF US DOES NOT MAKE IT TO THE HEART OF THAT THING, LIFE AS WE KNOW IT WILL CEASE TO EXIST! THIS IS THE FINAL SIEGE! ON ME!
FOR THE FALLEN!!!



PUNCH A HOLE IN-- ACHHHHHH!
THE OVUMATRIX.
I GOT LOTS 'A HOLES FOR YOU SCAT-HEELED TURNIP HUMPERS!
YOU GET A HOLE! YOU GET A HOLE! YOU GET TEN HOLES-- IN YOUR THROAT!
I'VE BEEN EVISCERATING CHUMPS LIKE YOU FOR A MONTH, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN TO THE SADISTIC $@#& YET!
NO ONE'S LICKING THEIR WAY TO THE CENTER OF THIS LOLLIPOP, BABE. SO SPLIT!
WHY?! THEY SAID WE WERE LEAPING INTO A GIANT RUBBER BOUNCY HOUSE-- GLCHH!
MOP UP ON AISLE NINE, YOU DIPSTICK!
WHAT ABOUT TRUTH, JUSTICE AND--
THE '40s CALLED AND SAID @$#%$ YOU, YOU %#&@ FOSSIL!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING, SUGAR LUMPS.
BLOOD, GUTS, ANGST, AND SLAP AN X ON IT.
THAT'S HOW WE DOMINATE THE MARKET.



WE DO THIS RIGHT, WE'LL LEAVE A TRAIL OF BLOOD, TEARS, FECES AND BAD DECISIONS THAT WOULD MAKE CALIGULA CRY.
OKAY... ONE OF THOSE THINGS SEEMS WEIRD, BUT--
SPECTACULAR! WE'RE ALREADY FINISHING EACH OTHER'S SENTENCES.
RIIIIIIGHT. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT FEMINISM?
...
DID I MENTION I'M DOUBLE Y--?
URP!
THWIP
SKLTCHH
HUH...
LOOK AT YOU.
SURE, IF YOU HAVEN'T HAD LUNCH YET.
SORRY IF THAT WAS, LIKE, YOUR SOUL MATE... BUT HE WAS A MAJOR CHAD.
"CHAD"?
HIS NAME... BUT HE WAS THE CHADDIEST OF ALL CHADS. IN THE FUTURE, CRAP LIKE THAT WILL BRAND "CHADS" FOREVER.



YOU'RE REALLY GOOD AT MURDER.
IT'S MORE FUN THAN FIMBRIAE CROCHET. YOU DON'T SEEM SCARED THOUGH.
SISTER, I WAS DEAD FROM JUMP. I MEAN, WHO THINKS THIS @%#$ UP? A SPIDER-MAN WITH GUNS?
THIS SORT OF DESIGN GENIUS LEADS TO THE PLATYPUS OR ARMOR WITH NIPPLES OR A SALAD BAR NEXT TO THE CRAPPER.
ALSO, CANCER. SO MUCH CANCER.
RATHER BE THE FINAL FLAT NOTE IN YOUR SYMPHONY OF SLAUGHTER THAN TUMBLE DRY TO DEATH IN AN OLD SOCK.
HEH...YOU KNOW, I'VE KILLED OVER A TRILLION OF YOU IDIOTS.
A TRILLION FLAT, UNDERDEVELOPED, BORING-ASS SUITORS. ALL AGGRO, NO IMAGINATION...
BUT YOU... YOU MAKE ME LAUGH.
WANNA DO SOMETHING REALLY INSANE?
THAT IS A TERRIBLE REASON TO INFLICT US ON THE WORLD...
A CANCEROUS COMEDIAN AND A NIHILIST KILLING MACHINE... THOUGH STANDING ANKLE-DEEP IN GORE, I GUESS IT MAKES FOR A NICE MEET-CUTE.
WHY THE HELL NOT...?
CHANCES ARE THEY'LL CANCEL US IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS ANYWAY.
"LET'S SEE 'EM TRY."
UH-OH.
END.
THE IMMACULATE MISCONCEPTION
JOE KELLY WRITER
GERARDO SANDOVAL ARTIST
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER

Chosen to take part in a top-secret government program that he'd hoped would rid him of his cancer, **Wade Wilson** was bestowed with the ability to heal from any wound. He became a mercenary, an agent of chaos, the merc with the mouth and the regeneratin' degenerate known as...

DEADPOOL NERDY 30

AND TODAY IS HIS BIRTHDAY...

THE IMMACULATE MISCONCEPTION

Writer • **Joe Kelly**
Artist • **Gerardo Sandoval**
Colorist • **Chris Sotomayor**

BABY'S FIRST CABLE

Writer • **Skottie Young**
Artist • **Aaron Conley**
Colorist • **Jean-François Beaulieu**

BEST THERE IS

Writer • **Kelly Thompson**
Artists • **Kevin Libranda with Bob Quinn**
Colorist • **Rachelle Rosenberg**

LO, THERE SHALL COME A HERO! MAYBE...

Writer • **Fabian Nicieza**
Artist • **Patch Zircher**
Colorist • **Java Tartaglia**

Letterer • **VC's Joe Sabino**
Cover Artists • **Ed McGuinness & Chris Sotomayor**

Variant Cover Artists • **Mike Hawthorne & Nathan Fairbairn; Rob Liefeld & Jay David Ramos**

SHORT STORY, TALL TALE

Writer • **Gail Simone**
Artist • **Michael Shelfer**
Colorist • **Jim Charalampidis**

NO CHILL WHATSOEVER

Writer • **Daniel Way**
Artist • **Paco Medina**
Colorist • **Jesus Aburtov**

PARTY FOR ONE

Writers • **Gerry Duggan & Brian Posehn**
Artist • **Scott Koblish**
Colorist • **Nick Filardi**

THE TAO OF 'POOL

Writers • **Rob Liefeld & Chad Bowers**
Artist • **Rob Liefeld**
Colorists • **Bryan Valenza, Jay David Ramos, & Federico Blee**

Production Design • **Carlos Lao**
Editor • **Jake Thomas**
Assistant Editor • **Shannon Andrews Ballesteros**
Editor in Chief • **C.B. Cebulski**

Deadpool created by **Rob Liefeld & Fabian Nicieza**


HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
YAYAYAYA!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR WAAAADE!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
YEAH!
OKAY, WADE, TIME TO BLOW OUT YOUR CANDLE!
CLAP
HAAAH...
BLAST


DEADPOOL! WE'VE GOT TO--
OOPS! SORRY, ARE YOU ALL OKAY?
I THINK SO.
BUT KIND OF CURIOUS WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU'RE DESTROYING OUR HOME.
MY NAME IS CABLE!
I HAVE TRAVELED FROM THE FUTURE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM WHAT THIS CHILD WILL ONE DAY BECOME. YOU SEE, HE IS GOING TO--
--SAVE THE WORLD!
WHAT? NO! WHAT ARE YOU... WHO IS ALSO ME... DOING HERE?
I'M SAVING THE FUTURE BY SAVING WADE WILSON!
NO, I'M SAVING THE FUTURE BY KILLING WADE WILSON!
SORRY TO BREAK IT TO YOU, FELLAS...


BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BUT YOU'RE BOTH WRONG!
IF *WE* KILL BABY WADE BEFORE HE BECOMES DEADPOOL, PROFESSOR X AND HIS BAND OF MERRY MUTANTS GET ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY ABOUT *ASSASSINATING A BABY* AND STUFF...THEN *WE* END UP DEAD OURSELVES.
THAT DOESN'T REALLY WORK OUT FOR *US*. SO I'M HERE TO--
GAH, GAH!
PLEASE STOP THROWING CORPSES ON US, WE'RE NOT DEAD.
OOPSIE.
WEEEEEEE!!!


WHAT THE H--
LANGUAGE!
UGH, FINE! WHAT THE *HECK* HAPPENED HERE? I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO STOP BABY WADE FROM DYING.
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU. WHEN I SAY DON'T BE LATE TO YOUR FIRST *ALTER-THE-FUTURE MISSION*...
...MAYBE DON'T BE LATE.
LATE??? AM I TOO LATE?
SERIOUSLY? BISHOP SAID THIS WAS THE RIGHT TIME.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
NOPE, LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE GUY GOT BLOWN UP.
HEY, LET'S LOOK AT IT THIS WAY--NO ONE WILL EVER HAVE TO LISTEN TO THE *MERC WITH A MOUTH* EVER AGAIN!
NOW, WHO WANTS TO CELEBRATE?
I KNOW A PLACE IN THE 28TH CENTURY! THEY MAKE A GREAT BIOHAZARD BURGER...


RUMBLE
RUMBLE
HAHAHAHA!
END.
BABY'S FIRST CABLE
SKOTTIE YOUNG WRITER
AARON CONLEY ARTIST
JEAN-FRANÇOIS BEAULIEU COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER


CANADA, O CANADA!
LESLIE NIELSEN HIGH SCHOOL.
YEARS AGO.
THIS IS THE BEST SWEET 16 PARTY A BOY COULD ASK FOR! YOU LOVE ME, YOU REALLY, REALLY LOVE ME!
MR. WILSON, NOBODY LOVES YOU... OR, WELL, I MEAN, THIS ISN'T YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY. THIS IS PROM, AND NOBODY VOTED FOR YOU TO BE PROM QUEEN, AND SO I MUST PLEASE ASK THAT YOU CEASE AND DESIS--
CRASH
BEST THERE IS
KELLY THOMPSON WRITER
KEVIN LIBRANDA WITH BOB QUINN ARTISTS
RACHELLE ROSENBERG COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
WELL, THAT'S UNEXPECTED. BETTER THAN PIGS' BLOOD, I GUESS?


HEY. YOU'RE SHINY.
HEY, KID! DON'T!
WELL, THAT FEELS BAD!
KER-CHUNK
AH, DAMMIT.
AH! I HATE IT!
SNIKT
KID. THIS IS GONNA BE A WILD FEW MINUTES UNTIL I CAN GET THIS OFF. TRY TO STAY CALM... AND FLEXIBLE.
YOU KEEP METAL KNIVES IN YOUR ARM?!
THAT SEEMS WILDLY IMPRACTICAL!


JUST GIVE ME THE KEY AND YOU CAN ALL LEAVE IN ONE PIECE...PROBABLY.
HOW 'BOUT YOU GIVE US THE CUFF INSTEAD AND WE KILL YOU ANYWAY.
SERIOUSLY? WHO WOULD TAKE THAT DEAL? YOU ARE A TERRIBLE NEGOTIATOR, MAN. LIKE, BOTTOM OF YOUR CLASS AT BAD GUY SCHOOL, HUH?
KID. SHUT UP...
...AND DUCK.
WATCH THE HAIR, MAN!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WOW. THAT'LL WAKE YOU UP.
TING
TING
TING
THUNK
MY NAME IS WADE, BY THE WAY... NOT "KID."
AIIIEEEEEEE!
I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW MUCH I DON'T CARE, KID.
SLASH


TOSS
RUDE.
THUNK
...THANKS.
SURE. I FIGURE WE'RE STUCK TOGETHER... THAT'S GONNA BE EASIER FOR ME IF YOU'RE NOT A ROTTING CORPSE. A ROTTING CORPSE MAKES A TERRIBLE WING MAN.
I CAN ASSURE YOU, KID, I AIN'T DYIN'. *YOU*, ON THE OTHER HAND...THAT'S STILL A QUESTION MARK.
AHHHHHHHHHH!
THUNK
YOU'RE A DELIGHT, YOU KNOW THAT? DO PEOPLE TELL YOU THAT? THAT YOU'RE A DELIGHT?
BECAUSE IT'S TRUE.
HASN'T COME UP.
SHOCKING.
LET ME HELP YOU WITH THIS *SYMBOLISM*... GET IT? *CYMBAL? CYMBAL-ISM?*
I HATE IT, KID.
BUT DO YOU LIKE FEWER BULLETS IN YOUR BACK?
...I HAVE TO SAY YES.
TING TING TING


I WISH I KNEW ANOTHER GOOD CYMBAL PUN.
I HAVE TO WORK ON MY PUN GAME.
BWONG
WE READ THAT SHAKESPEARE PLAY *CYMBELINE* IN ENGLISH LIT, MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING THERE?
SHUT UP.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL WORKSHOP IT.
YOU KNOW, KID, YOU MIGHT HAVE A GIFT. NOT SURE WHAT IT *IS* EXACTLY, BUT YOU GOT *SOMETHING*.
BE MORE HELPFUL IF YOU KNEW WHAT IT WAS.
EH. YOU'LL FIND IT. JUST REMEMBER, YA DON'T HAVE TA BE GOOD AT EVERYTHING.
JUST PICK ONE THING, WADE. BE THE BEST AT THAT, YA KNOW?
COOL...BUT WHAT IF INSTEAD I'M *ALMOST* THE BEST AT LIKE 35 THINGS? WHAT ABOUT THAT INSTEAD?!
SIR? SIR?!
WHAT ABOUT *THAT*, SHORT, HAIRY, VIOLENT SIR MAN?!
FIN.



LO, THERE SHALL COME A HERO! MAYBE...
FABIAN NICIEZA WRITER
PATCH ZIRCHER ARTIST
JAVA TARTAGLIA COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
...DEAR WAY-YAAADE, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
BLURGG PHUDD THUBB
DON'T TRY TO TALK, WADE. YOUR TONGUE IS STILL LIKE PUDDING.
*THAT TRANSLATES TO "FRANCIS?"
PHRUNTHIS...?*
HE'S MY GUARD. SWELL GUY.
GGAGUH!*
*"CAKE!"
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CAKE...
SPLUTCH



...YOU JUST CAN'T EAT IT!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT TO MY THIRTIETH. BUT THEN AGAIN, BEING HERE IS WHY I'VE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO GET HERE!
THE DEPARTMENT K BIORESEARCH LAB, WITH ALL ITS MAD SCIENTISTS AND SADISTIC GUARDS UP HERE IN CANADA, SAVED MY LIFE.
BUT LET'S JUST SAY...
...THERE WERE SOME CONSEQUENCES.
SO, YOU TELL YOUR GIRL: TERMINAL CANCER. IT'S SAYONARA TO US, BEFORE I SAY SAYONARA TO ME.
BUT SOME OLD MERCENARY CONTACTS TELL YOU ABOUT A PLACE THAT MIGHT HELP YOU.
YOU KNOW THAT OLD SAYING, "WATCH OUT WHEN THE CURE IS WORSE THAN THE DISEASE"? WELL, YEAH.
THEY CALL IT PERPETUAL CELLULAR REGENERATION.
AND SINCE NO LETTERER WANTED TO HAND-LETTER "PERPETUAL CELLULAR REGENERATION" FIVE TIMES AN ISSUE, LET'S JUST CALL IT THE BARRY BONDS' VERSION OF A HEALING FACTOR.
TO KEEP THE CANCER AT BAY, EVERY CELL IN MY BODY IS ALWAYS FIGHTING IT.


SO...I'M ALIVE.
YAY.*
*"YAY."
NOW I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT I LOOK LIKE COMING OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS MONDO-GRITTY ORIGIN STORY.
SOK
SUPER-STEROIDS? WHY, THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
U.S. MUNITIONS WORKS
I COULD BE CANADA'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! OR HIRE MYSELF OUT TO ANY COUNTRY!
GIVE MYSELF A PROMOTION! GENERAL GERMANY!
OR A DEMOTION! PRIVATE PORTUGAL!
BUT I CAN'T BE ANYONE'S NATIONAL HERO IF I LOOK LIKE THE UNDERSIDE OF ROADKILL.


LO, I SHALL BECOME THE WORLD'S #1 PRIMO, KICK-ASS MERCENARY--LIKE TASKMASTER!
A SWORD IS SO TOTALLY COOL! I'LL HAVE TWO! GUNS, TOO. LOTS OF GUNS!
BUT...THAT'S NOT ENOUGH POUCHES.
AND PEOPLE WOULD SAY I WAS JUST A PARODY OF THAT "STROKE OF DEATH" GUY.
NEED TO LOOK COOL. AND CUTE. FEARED, BUT ALSO BELOVED.
AND SPUNKY, JUST LIKE...
NOT FRIENDLY! NOT NEIGHBORHOOD!
LOSER
ALSO, NOT STICKING TO WALLS, BECAUSE REALLY, THAT'S KIND OF GROSS.
BUT THE COSTUME DESIGN, THAT I CAN...HOMAGE!
THIS IS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT WORTH THE CRAPSTORM IT TOOK TO GET HERE!


EVERYTHING IS REALLY COMING TOGETHER NOW.
GLITH
MO' POUCHES!
ONE FOR BULLETS. ONE FOR BREATH MINTS. PAPER CLIPS.
PAPRIKA. CONDOMS. ANOTHER ONE FOR BREATH MINTS...
I'M GONNA BE A HERO! I'M GOING TO HELP PEOPLE!
A PIMPLY, BUT PLUCKY, CANADIAN 15-YEAR-OLD WILL GROW UP TO PLAY ME IN A MOVIE SOME DAY!
BUT I HAVE TO SAY IT OUT LOUD OR IT WON'T COME TRUE!
UH WWIDD DUT--*
*"I WISH THAT--"
SSSTHSSS
DRAT!
HAPPY $#%@ BIRTHDAY TO ME.
END.

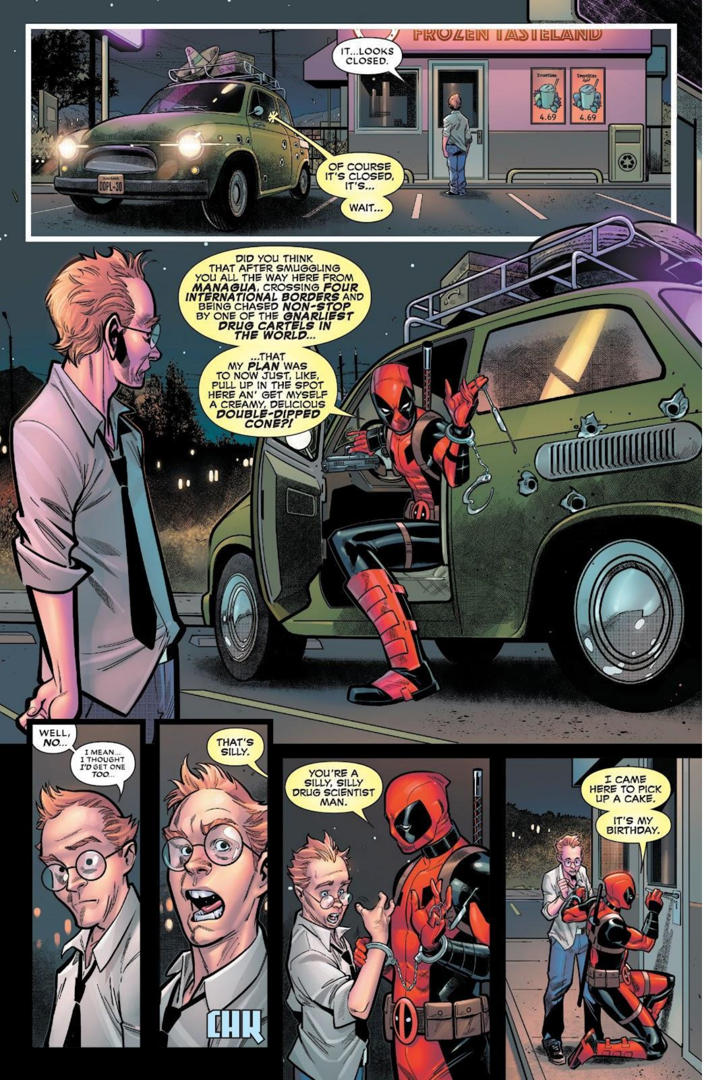

SO YOU GOT THE SAME CALL, HUH?
LOOKS LIKE. YOU KNOW THE SCORE, 'POOL?
SOME SORT OF INDUSTRIAL SABOTAGE SUPPOSED TO GO DOWN.
WE'RE PAID TO STOP IT. GOOD SCRATCH, ANYWAY.
KAXTON
HEY. HEY, HAYDEN. IT'S KIND OF A TEAM-UP.
SHUT UP--IT IS NOT.
IT IS. THIS IS OUR MEET-CUTE.
YOU KNOW THE PROTOCOL!
I'M NOT GONNA SHOOT YOU, WADE.
YOU GOTTA. FIRST WE FIGHT, THEN--
B.H.W.F.F.!
BEST HEAD-WOUND FRIENDS FOREVER!
SHOOT THIS SKULL FOR A MAN.
C'MON, BUD, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY.
ALL THE MORE REASON NOT TO SHOOT YOU.
HEY, IS THAT--
I MEAN, THAT'S GOTTA BE HIM, RIGHT?
SHARP OBSERVATION THERE, HAWKEYE. OKAY, WE TAKE HIM DOWN.
NO HERO FIGHT, I GUESS.


BUT YOU OWE ME ONE.
OKAY. SO, THIS WEIRDO GOES BY THE NAME AGENT X.
PART OF MY BRAIN GREW INTO A CORPSE NAMED NIJO, AND...
YOU KNOW WHAT, IT WAS CONFUSING THE FIRST TIME.
OUR MARK IS STILT-MAN.
SHORT STORY, TALL TALE
GAIL SIMONE WRITER
MICHAEL SHELFER ARTIST
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
WHICH WILL NEVER NOT BE HILARIOUS.
GET OFF ME, YOU BUFFOONS.
NEVER.
SOMEBODY OWES ME A DAMN MEET-CUTE!
LOOK, A GIG IS A GIG.
DON'T YOU JUDGE ME!
THIS COMPANY STOLE MY LIFE'S WORK.
THEY DESERVE RUIN!
YES, BUT AS GANDALF ONCE SAID TO BILBO OR SLUGGO OR WHATEVER...


..."LET NOT HE WHO HAS WEIRD CURLY HAIR ON HIS FEET CAST THE FIRST ROCK OR SOMETHING!"
I HAVEN'T READ IT. IS IT LIKE CONAN FOR KIDS?
WHAT?
AND YOU. LET GO OF MY BELT AT ONCE!
IT'S NOT PERSONAL, ALL RIGHT?
DON'T MAKE THIS A PERSONAL THING.
HEY, HEY. FOR REAL, DUDE. NICE LEGS.
IS IT TRUE THEY SHRINK IN COLD WATER?
EMMMMM-BARRASSING.
THEY GOT A PILL FOR THAT NOW!
YOU FOOL.
HUH.
STILT-MAN'S A BADASS NOW? I MEAN, STILT-MAN?
OW.
I WAS USING THAT SPINE!
CRAACK
CLICK
OH.
UH. HEY. HEY, MR. DADDY LONGLEGS?
YOUR, UM...YOUR BELT.
OH MY GOD.
OH MY DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!
UNDER THE ARMOR...


...STILT-MAN GOES FULL COMMANDO!
OH GROSS.
WELL, NOW THERE'S A COUPLE THINGS YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY.
I'M AFRAID TO LOOK.
YOU GOT ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES, DIAMONDBACK?
OH YEAH.
I HATE THIS MISSIO--
WWAAAMMPPP
OUCHIE.
THINK HE'S DEAD?
OH, HE'S DEFINITELY CANCELED.
YOU BIG PERVY PERV PERVO.
CHILDREN COULD SEE THIS!
IF I HAD A MOM, SHE COULD SEE YOUR LITTLE STILT-MAN!
WHAT? I DIDN'T...
OH NO.
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
COVER YOUR EARS, DOMINO.
BWOOOOMMPH
I'M IN THE TRUNK! OW, OW, OW.


I SAW HIS LITTLE FUN TUBE!
SPLOOORT
AND THERE GOES THE OTHER ONE.
SORRY, WADE. WE'RE TAKING THIS BOUNTY.
YOU NEED, LIKE, FIRST AID OR SOMETHING?
OKILY-DOKILY.
'M GOOD, THANKS.
POOR STILT-MAN. EVERYONE ALWAYS THINKS HE'S A JOKE.
A LOSER. LIKE X OVER THERE.
LIKE ME.
HEH.
IT WAS SO SHINY.
THING IS, EVEN THE LOSERS?
GET LUCKY SOMETIMES.
I'M IN THE TRUNK, WADE.
GOOD LOOKIN' OUT, PAL.
WADE?
HAPPY BIRTHDAY.
AW. THANKS, BUD.
HEY, YOU SEEN MY GROIN ANYWHERE?
NOT TONIGHT, THOUGH.
OWW!
END.



FROZEN TASTELAND
IT...LOOKS CLOSED.
OF COURSE IT'S CLOSED, IT'S...
WAIT...
DID YOU THINK THAT AFTER SMUGGLING YOU ALL THE WAY HERE FROM MANAGUA, CROSSING FOUR INTERNATIONAL BORDERS AND BEING CHASED NON-STOP BY ONE OF THE GNARLIEST DRUG CARTELS IN THE WORLD...
...THAT MY PLAN WAS TO NOW JUST, LIKE, PULL UP IN THE SPOT HERE AN' GET MYSELF A CREAMY, DELICIOUS DOUBLE-DIPPED CONE?!
WELL, NO...
I MEAN... I THOUGHT I'D GET ONE TOO...
THAT'S SILLY.
CHK
YOU'RE A SILLY, SILLY DRUG SCIENTIST MAN.
I CAME HERE TO PICK UP A CAKE.
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY.



BEEP-BOOP-BEEP!
THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE ALARM...
BUT THERE'S NOT EVEN A--!
THAAAT'S JUST ABOUT ENOUGH SASS OUTTA YOU.
OKAY...WALK-IN FREEZER...
...BOOM.
LET'S GO.
WAIT.
YOU'RE NOT PUTTING ME IN THERE, ARE YOU?
YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO TURN ME OVER TO THE C.I.A. ALIVE!
YOU SAID THAT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CUT A DEAL FOR MYSELF IF I TOLD THEM WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE--!
WHEN DID I SAY THAT?
MANAGUA, NICARAGUA. FOUR DAYS AGO:
RELAX, DRUG NERD...I'M NOT GONNA KILL YOU.
WHAT I AM GONNA DO IS TAKE YOU BACK TO THE STATES SO THAT YOU CAN RAT OUT YOUR PIECE OF S@!% DRUG LORD BOSS TO THE COMPANY.
AND HEY-- YOU'RE A SLIMEBAG... MAYBE YOU'LL MANAGE TO CUT SOME KINDA DEAL FOR YOUR SLIMEBAGGY SELF!
HMM...I GUESS I DID SAY THAT...
BUT FOR REAL, DUDE?
THEY'RE GONNA PUT YOU IN A PLACE WAY WORSE THAN THIS... I MEAN, THIS THING'S FULLA CAKE AN' ICE CREAM.


MOMENTS LATER:
AND ALSO SOME SWEET-ASS GUUUNS...
LEMME GIVE YOU A WINDOW INTO MY BRILLIANCE, WALTER WHITE:
THESE PLACES? I NOTICED A LONG TIME AGO THAT THEY'RE, LIKE, EVERYWHERE. SO...
I...I DON'T...
...EVER SINCE THEN, EVERY TIME I SEE ONE, I MAKE A POINT TO BREAK INTO IT AND, ON THE DOWN LOW, STASH A BUNCHA MERC GEAR SO THAT WHEREVER MY TRAVELS MAY TAKE ME...
WHOA... THESE EXPIRED IN FEBRUARY 1991...
CAN YOU GET TO THE POINT?! I'M FREEZING TO DEATH!
K-CHAK
SO I'M ALWAYS TOOLED UP.
AN' YOU JUST CAN'T ARGUE WITH LOGIC LIKE THAT, AM I RIGHT?
YOU... HIDE GUNS IN ICE CREAM PARLORS.
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LOGIC IN THAT TO EVEN BEGIN AN ARGU--
SHUSH.
YOU SHUSH THAT SASSY MOUTH RIGHT NOW.
I'M HAVING A MOMENT.


OH MAN...
THIS IS AN O.G. UNIT... SEE HOW IT'S ALL RED ON THE BACK?
I SEE A LOT OF HOLES IN THE BACK THAT LOOK LIKE--
SEE X-FORCE #11 --ED
VANESSA.
STABBED IN THE BACK BY SOME TREACHEROUS BROAD, HUH?
...AND THERE'S THAT SASS AGAIN.


HEH...SOUNDS LIKE *YOUR* PAST ASSOCIATES ARE NO BETTER THAN *MINE*.
OKAY, SO...ALL THIS IS SO YOU CAN CONTINUE TO KEEP ME SAFE UNTIL YOU HAND ME OVER? THAT'S GOOD, THAT'S...
YEAH, ABOUT THAT.
CHK
WHAT THE...?
SEE, THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT? I THINK THE C.I.A. WILL JUST END UP PUTTING YOU TO WORK FOR THEM.
I THINK YOU'LL BE RIGHT BACK TO USING THAT BIG BRAIN OF YOURS TO, Y'KNOW, COOK UP **GOOFBALLS** FOR **HOPHEADS** AND SUCH.
AND A LOTTA INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL END UP MURDERED OR DEAD BECAUSE OF IT.
SO...
...NO #$&@%$@ CAKE FOR YOU.
END.
NO CHILL WHATSOEVER
DANIEL WAY WRITER
PACO MEDINA ARTIST
JESUS ABURTOV COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER


DECADES FROM NOW.
I'LL BE HONEST-- THIS IS NOT HOW I ENVISIONED MOTORBOATING ON MY BIRTHDAY.
STILL, I'VE HAD WORSE CAKE DAYS.
AFTER YEARS OF GETTING MY BELL RUNG, I DON'T HAVE THE BEST MEMORY ANYMORE. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO DID THIS TO ME...
...BUT I GOTTA GIVE THEM CREDIT: THEY PUT SOME THOUGHT INTO IT.
WUMP
ALL RIGHT. TIME TO GO TO WORK AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.


ONE MONTH LATER
WHAT SHOULD WE DO TODAY, WADE?
I DUNNO, DEADPOOL. HOW ABOUT WE FINGER PAINT?
FUN!
NICE, HAPPY OCEAN. HAPPY DEADPOOL ALONE IN THE HAPPY OCEAN...
...ALL WE NEED NOW IS A BIG HAPPY WHALE TO EAT MY DUMB, HAPPY ASS.
ANOTHER MONTH LATER.
"ANOTHER MONTH LATER"... THAT'S YOU, THAT'S HOW YOU SOUND, HA!
HE LIVES IN A COFFIN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. BLOODBOB DEADPOOL.
UNDER THE SEA, LIFE IS BETTER WHEN DEADPOOL IS DEADER...UNDER THE SEA.
NEAR, FAR, WHEREVER YOU ARE.
NOW WITH FART NOISES.
BRAP, BRAP, BRAP, BRAP, BRAP, BRAP, BRAP!!!
...FAREWELL AND ADIEU, YOU LADIES OF SPAIN...
BOO! WE'RE GONNA NEED A BETTER JAWS REFERENCE.
WHY... WHY AM I HERE?
WHY ARE ANY OF US HERE?
WOW, MAN. THAT'S DEEP. ALMOST AS DEEP AS THIS.
'CAUSE WE DESERVE IT.
WHO...


"...WHO DID THIS TO US?"
IT WASN'T OLD BEN FRANKLIN AND DR. STRANGE. GOOD OL' UNCLE BEN. WONDER WHAT THAT OLD GOOF IS UP TO? MAKING MONEY, GETTING HONEYS, NO DOUBT IT IS ALL ABOUT THE BENJAMINS FOR THAT DUDE.
...IT WASN'T THAT HANDSOME DREADLOCKED GENT FROM SPACE I LET BORROW MY SPINE, WAS IT?
HMM, LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER ULTIMATE TEAM-UP WITH ME AND THE ARACHNID ANNOYANCE. THE BEATING RINGS A BELL, BUT IT'S A HAZY BELL.
YOU WERE HELPFUL, DEADPOOL. I'LL TELL YOUR DAUGHTER.
BANG
DAMN, THAT'S COLD-BLOODED. EVEN FOR THAT BIG BASTARD.
DARLING... IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS...


ONE BEATING LATER.
IT'S A LITTLE *LATE* FOR THAT, *HONEY*.
HEY...
HONK
...I JUST REMEMBERED WHO PUT ME IN THIS BOX.
AH, MAN, AM I HALLUCINATING MY POUCHES OFF AGAIN?
NO, WADE...


...IT'S ME, ELLIE.
AND...YOU MUST HAVE FOUND ME BY FOLLOWING YOUR *HEART*.
NO, DON'T BE *STUPID*, DAD.
I WORKED ON REVERSING YOUR COMM SYSTEM AND TURNED IT INTO A TRACKER. I KNEW YOU WENT MISSING IN NEW YORK, SO AFTER I COULDN'T FIND YOU ON LAND, I PUT IT ON A SEA DRONE AND... *NEVER MIND*.
SHOULD WE GO FIND THE GUYS THAT DID THIS TO YOU?
YOU KNOW WHAT...
...TO HELL WITH WHOEVER DID IT.
LET'S GO LIVE A LITTLE.
PARTY FOR ONE
GERRY DUGGAN & BRIAN POSEHN WRITERS
SCOTT KOBLISH ARTIST
NICK FILARDI COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
END.

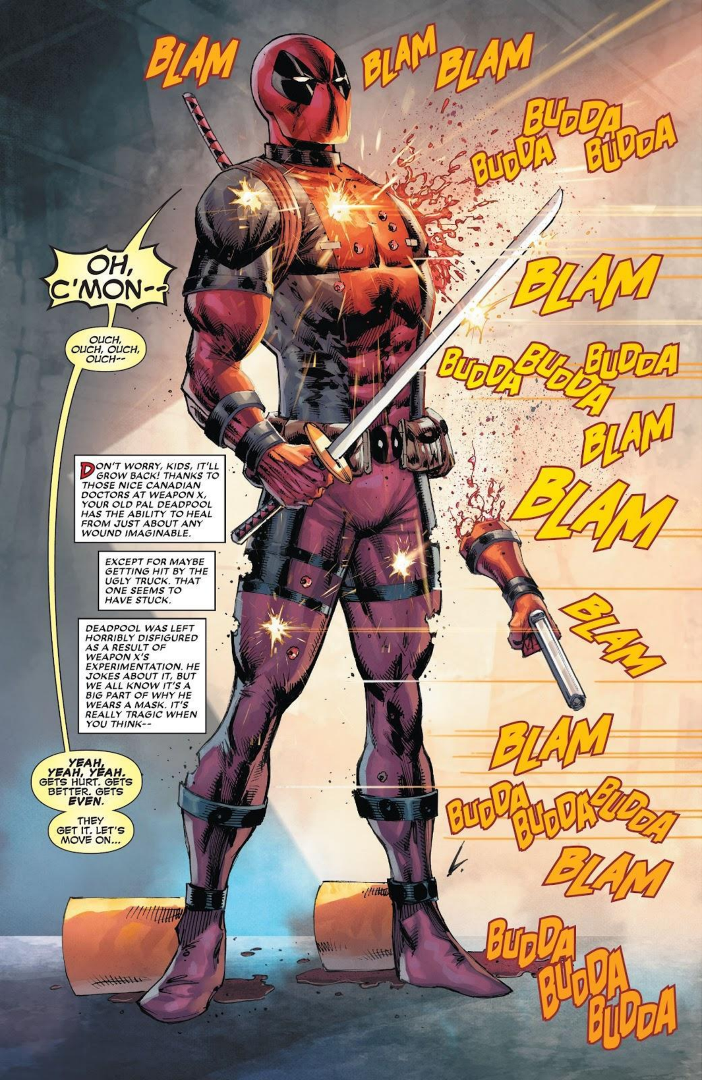

HEY THERE! HI THERE! HO THERE! YOU'RE AS WELCOME AS COULD BE. IF I DIDN'T APPEAR IN THIS **NEW MUTANTS** COMIC, HOW MISERABLE WOULD YOU BE? BE HONEST.
CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU ADMIRING THIS DEADASS MINT COPY OF **NEW MUTANTS #98.**
YEAH, DECIDED TO TREAT MYSELF ON MY BIRTHDAY. SURE, IT SET ME BACK A FEW PAYCHECKS, BUT WHAT WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE? STACKS ON STACKS...
...OR THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF GIDEON?
MARVEL COMICS
98 FEB
THE
INTRODUCING THE LETHAL DEADPOOL
THE MYSTERIOUS GIDEON
AND THE DYNAMIC DOMINO!



YOU'RE NATHAN, RIGHT?
HA!
SHOULDA SEEN YOUR FACE!
EVERYBODY KNOWS I DEBUTED IN THE PAGES OF NEW MUTANTS #98-- IN A STORY CALLED "THE BEGINNING OF THE END," NO LESS.
YUP, WELL, MR. TOLLIVER ALSO HIRED ME TO KILL YOU.
YUP, MR. TOLLIVER SAID YOU WERE A COLD ONE AND HE WAS RIGHT.
THAT'S NOT HOW HE SEES IT. HE BLAMES YOU FOR WHAT WENT DOWN.
AND HE'S PAYING THE BILLS, SOOOO...
BOY, DID THEY CALL THAT ONE WRONG! I MEAN, HERE WE ARE THIRTY YEARS LATER AND I'M STILL GOING STRONG-- WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME FOR MY OLD PAL CABLE!
NATE'S JUST MAD HE COULDN'T PULL OFF THE WHOLE "OUT OF THE ASHES" X-FORCE TURNAROUND BIT ALL ON HIS OWN!
NOW BRING ON THE PRESENTS, TRUE BELIEVER!
ARRIVEDERCI, NATHAN--
AH DID IT!
AH KEPT MY BLAST FIELD QUIET ENOUGH TO SNEAK UP ON 'IM!

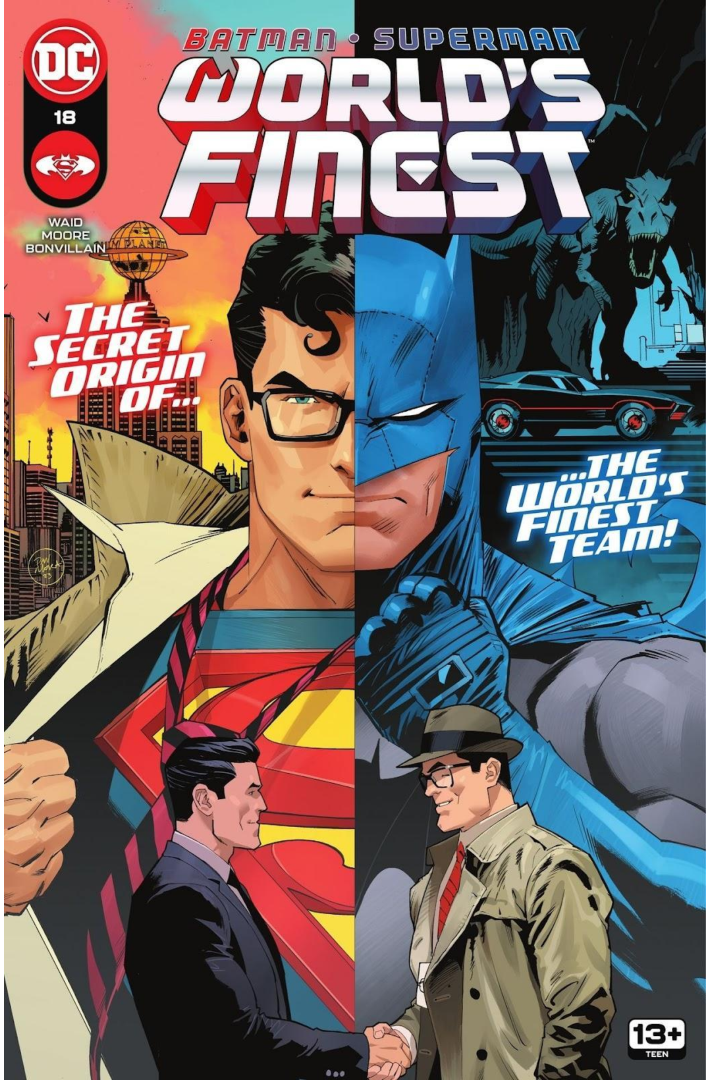

I TRIED TELLING HIM BOUDOIR PHOTOS WERE IN RIGHT NOW, BUT I SEE LIEFELD WENT WITH A COSTUME RETROSPECTIVE INSTEAD. TYPICAL.
THIS DOES BRING BACK MEMORIES. GUESS I'VE GONE THROUGH A FEW CHANGES OVER THE YEARS.
SHED SOME POUCHES. PUT ON A FEW. BEEN A VENOM. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, I GOT A LITTLE POINTY THING ON THE TOP OF MY HEAD.
NOT THAT ONE, YOU PERV. BESIDES, I HAVE A HEALING FACTOR.
LET'S SEE... X-FORCE, X-MEN, AVENGERS. I'VE BEEN ON ALL THE TEAMS.
EXCEPT FOR ALPHA FLIGHT. NEVER ALPHA FLIGHT. YECH.


NOW, YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING, "THE CLOTHES MAKE THE MERC," RIGHT? WRONG!
TAKE IT FROM ME--IT'S ALL ABOUT THE EQUIPMENT, BABY!
FOR MY MONEY, A GOOD SWORD'S HARD TO BEAT. EVEN IF I WASN'T THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN, I COULD DO SOME DAMAGE WITH THESE!
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS-- I'M NOT EVEN AIMING!
UM, I MEAN TRYING.
STILL, I DO ENJOY THE OL' BLAM BLAM TOO.
BLAM
BLAM


BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
OH, C'MON--
OUCH, OUCH, OUCH, OUCH--
BLAM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BLAM
BLAM
DON'T WORRY, KIDS, IT'LL GROW BACK! THANKS TO THOSE NICE CANADIAN DOCTORS AT WEAPON X, YOUR OLD PAL DEADPOOL HAS THE ABILITY TO HEAL FROM JUST ABOUT ANY WOUND IMAGINABLE.
EXCEPT FOR MAYBE GETTING HIT BY THE UGLY TRUCK. THAT ONE SEEMS TO HAVE STUCK.
BLAM
DEADPOOL WAS LEFT HORRIBLY DISFIGURED AS A RESULT OF WEAPON X'S EXPERIMENTATION. HE JOKES ABOUT IT, BUT WE ALL KNOW IT'S A BIG PART OF WHY HE WEARS A MASK. IT'S REALLY TRAGIC WHEN YOU THINK--
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. GETS HURT. GETS BETTER. GETS EVEN.
THEY GET IT. LET'S MOVE ON...
BLAM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BLAM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA


HERE'S A GUY I HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF LATELY!
IT WOULDN'T BE A DEADPOOL PARTY WITHOUT THE MAN CALLED CABLE-- A.K.A. MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!
WE'VE HAD OUR ISSUES (ABOUT FIFTY OF OUR OWN TITLE, ACTUALLY), BUT IN THE END, WE'LL ALWAYS BE BUDS! RIGHT, BIG GUY?
FACT IS, IF NOT FOR CABLE, I DON'T KNOW THAT I'D EVEN BE HERE. I OWE HIM A LOT...WAY MORE THAN HE COULD EVER FIT INTO THOSE POUCHES.
YEAH, HE'S GONNA NEED SOME MORE!


THE TAO OF 'POOL
ROB LIEFELD & CHAD BOWERS WRITERS
ROB LIEFELD ARTIST
BRYAN VALENZA, JAY DAVID RAMOS, & FEDERICO BLEE COLORISTS
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
GOOD THING WE HAVE THE SAME TAILOR!
MEET THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MY WHOLE ENSEMBLE! A GUY WHO TOOK SOME GOOD-NATURED RIBBING FROM A SPIDER-MAN ARTIST AND TURNED IT INTO A WHOLE FRANCHISE!
Y'KNOW, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... MAYBE THE CLOTHES DO MAKE THE MAN! WHAT DO YOU SAY, LEVI'S?
EH, IF I HAD TO DO IT AGAIN, I'D LOSE THE CHOKER.
SHUT UP AND KEEP SEWING!
HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE PARTY, EVERYBODY!
THE END.



DC
18
BATMAN • SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST
WAID
MOORE
BONVILLAIN
THE SECRET ORIGIN OF...
...THE WORLD'S FINEST TEAM!
13+
TEAN


YEARS AGO.
GOTHAM CITY. 6:15 P.M.
SIX MILLION CASH? STRAIGHT FROM THE VAULT?
YEAH. THE MANIAC KNOWS HOW TO PLAN A HEIST, ALL RIGHT. FREAK ALWAYS LEAVES RIDDLES BEHIND, TOO.
BUT THIS ONE...ANY INSIGHT, BULLOCK? COMMISSIONER?
OFF THE RECORD, CHARLIE? NOT A CLUE.
METROPOLIS. 8:30 P.M.
WHAT'S GOT YOUR ATTENTION, JIM?
THIS. IT'S WEIRD, CLARK.


HAS HE SEEN IT?
I WOULDN'T KNOW. MAYBE.
"IF SO, NOW HE HAS TWO MYSTERIES TO SOLVE."
BOY, GOTHAM'S A MESS. FIRST ALL THOSE DISAPPEARANCES. NOW SOME CROOK CALLED THE RIDDLER'S LEFT THE COPS WITH THIS.
IT'S OKAY WE RUN IT? YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT COPYCATS?
I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT RIDDLER'S TRYING TO ASK US.
FILE YOUR PHOTOS WITH THE WIRE SERVICES IMMEDIATELY. BLAST THIS RIDDLE FAR AND WIDE.


"THERE HAS TO BE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO CAN MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF IT."
LOOKS LIKE A FOREIGN LANGUAGE. I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT AT ALL. YOU?
IT'S KRYPTONESE!

THE DARK KNIGHT. THE MAN OF STEEL.
THEY ARE THE TWO FINEST HEROES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN...
BUT HOW DID THE WORLD'S FINEST FIRST JOIN FORCES? AS OUR HEROES PREPARE FOR A JOURNEY INTO THE FUTURE, MYSTERIES OF THE PAST MUST FIRST BE UNLOCKED FOR...

BATMAN · SUPERMAN WORLD'S FINEST

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD'S FINEST TEAM

PHANTOM RIDDLES PART ONE

MARK WAID WRITER TRAVIS MOORE ARTIST
TAMRA BONVILLAIN COLORS STEVE WANDS LETTERS
DAN MORA COVER, DARICK ROBERTSON & DIEGO RODRIGUEZ, ARIEL COLÓN, MEGHAN HETRICK VARIANT COVERS
REBECCA BOHANAN ASSISTANT EDITOR
PAUL KAMINSKI EDITOR


YOU'RE GETTING SLOPPY. I CAN HEAR YOUR CAPE THIS TIME.
I WAS HALF EXPECTING--
--SUPERMAN?
I DIDN'T BELIEVE A MAN COULD FLY...
A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, COMMISSIONER GORDON. I'VE HEARD NOTHING BUT GOOD THINGS.
I WISH I WERE HERE UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.
I SAW THE RIDDLE. I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE MAN WHO LEFT IT.
THIEF. LEAVES CLUES POINTING TO HIS CRIMES. THE BOYS IN PSYCH SAY IT'S A COMPULSIVE DISORDER STEMMING FROM EXTREME NARCISSISM.
EVIDENTLY, THE RIDDLER CAN'T HELP BUT "TAUNT US WITH HIS GENIUS."
ADMITTEDLY, HE MAY HAVE US THIS TIME.
NOT NECESSARILY. THIS MESSAGE--I DON'T KNOW THE SOLUTION, BUT IT'S WRITTEN IN A DIALECT OF MY HOMEWORLD. NO ONE ON THIS PLANET HAS EVER SEEN IT.


THEN HOW COULD HE HAVE LEARNED IT?
THERE ANY OTHER KRYPTONIANS WALKING THE EARTH?
MY DOG, BUT I DOUBT IT'S HIM.
YOU HAVE A DOG? WITH HEAT VISION?
HE'S VERY WELL-BEHAVED.
RUMOR IS, GOTHAM'S GOT A VIGILANTE WHO DRESSES LIKE A BAT AND SPECIALIZES IN THIS KIND OF CRIME.
HE FINDS US. IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE A WAY TO SIGNAL HIM.
THOUGH THAT'S NOT THE WORST IDEA.
NEVER MIND. HE'S CLOSER THAN I FIGURED.
THANKS.
EAVESDROP MUCH...
...BATMAN?
WELCOME TO GOTHAM, SUPERMAN.


TRANSLATE THE RIDDLE FOR ME.
"POOR PEOPLE HAVE IT. RICH PEOPLE NEED IT. IF YOU EAT IT, YOU DIE. WHAT IS IT?"
I'VE BEEN RACKING MY BRAIN, BUT--
NOTHING.
AFRAID NOT.
NO. THE ANSWER IS NOTHING.
ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH WHAT THE MEDIA'S BEEN CALLING "THE GHOSTING OF GOTHAM"?
"OVER THE LAST TWO WEEKS, SEVEN PEOPLE HAVE SUDDENLY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR--MOST OF THEM IN FRONT OF EYEWITNESSES, EACH ONE SOONER THAN THE LAST.
"RANDOM VICTIMS. NO COMMON LOCATION, NO RELATIONSHIP WHATSOEVER BETWEEN THEM. THEY JUST BECOME--"
NOTHING.
THERE'S NOT A LOT OF COINCIDENCE IN GOTHAM. RIDDLER HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE DIS--
HOLD THAT THOUGHT.


GOTHAM DIAMOND EXCHANGE.
YOU TWO NEARLY RUINED A PERFECT CRIME.
SPELLBINDER COMMANDS YOU TO JUMP.
HNNFF!
YOU'RE NEW.
YOU'RE ALSO ABOUT TO BE IN CUSTODY OF THE GCPD.
MAYBE I'M BUSTED, BATMAN. BUT--


"--YOU'LL NEVER CATCH MY PARTNER."
FASTER, YOU IDIOT!
BLAM
BLAM
SQUUUEEE--
FASTER!
I'M FLOORIN' IT, MAGPIE! DON'T WORRY! THIS CRATE'S THE HOTTEST RIDE IN GOTHAM!
SPLANG


SKRRNCHH
KRASH
WHAT THE HELL--?
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SHOOT HIM!
THOK
UNNECESSARY, BUT I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT. NICE TEAMWORK.
DON'T GET USED TO IT.
I PREFER TO WORK ALONE.



LOOK, NO OFFENSE, BUT IF RIDDLER'S SOMEHOW IN LEAGUE WITH ANOTHER KRYPTONIAN, YOU ARE NOT UP FOR THAT FIGHT. I'M NOT LEAVING GOTHAM UNPROTECTED AGAINST SOMEONE WITH MY POWERS.
I WELCOME TEAMWORK.
WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE, AT LEAST FOR NOW. THAT SAID, I'M NOT INCLINED TO AUTOMATICALLY TRUST MEN WHO HIDE THEIR FACES.
I'M RESPECTING YOUR PRIVACY, BUT I HAVE TO ASK: WHO'S UNDER THE MASK?
YOU FIRST.
I'M NOT WEARING A--
I DOUBT THAT WHEN YOU WERE BORN, YOUR PARENTS NAMED YOU SUPERMAN.
YOU SPEAK WITH AN ORDINARY MIDWESTERN ACCENT--LIKELY KANSAS.
MANNERISMS, SUBTLETIES...OTHER THAN YOUR ABILITIES, THERE'S REALLY NOTHING ALIEN-SEEMING ABOUT YOU.
MOREOVER, I'VE BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE EYE ON YOU. PEOPLE MAY ASSUME YOU'RE ON DUTY 24/7, BUT THEY'RE NOT COMPARING NOTES.
WORLDWIDE, SUPERMAN TENDS TO BE SEEN A LOT LESS DURING AMERICAN OFFICE HOURS. I'M GUESSING YOU HAVE A DAY JOB?
LET'S GET BACK TO THE RIDDLER.
HE'S NOT THE PATIENT SORT. HE'LL STRIKE AGAIN SOON, GUARANTEED.
WHEN THAT HAPPENS, I'LL FLAG YOU DOWN.



"YOU'RE NOT HARD TO SPOT."
ELSEWHERE.
G-GET OUT OF MY HEAD!
YOUR V-VOICE...IT HUH-HURTS--
NOT YET, EDWARD NYGMA.
STOP! I'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD ME TO!
RELEASE ME!
YOU'VE BAITED THE HOOK, LITTLE MAN. THAT'S ALL. BUT YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO MAKE DEMANDS. I AM.
NO NO NO NO...
ONE MORE TASK LIES BEFORE YOU.
PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO MY INSTRUCTIONS...

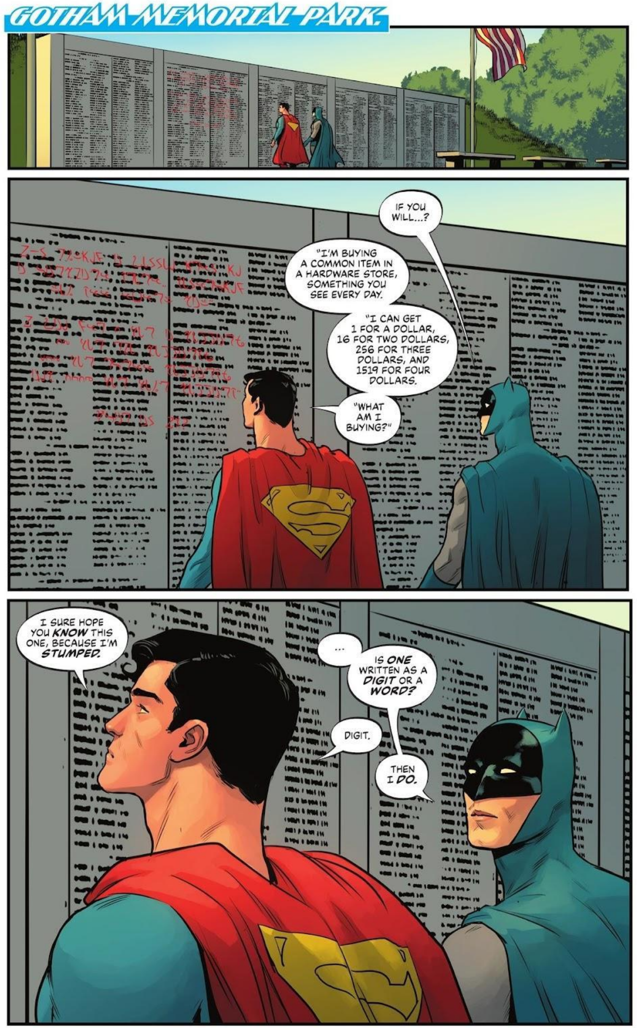

ANOTHER LONG NIGHT, MASTER BRUCE?
STOP WORRYING SO MUCH, ALFRED. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A FAN OF THE BATMAN, BUT GET USED TO HIM.
I'VE DONE A LOT OF GOOD THIS PAST YEAR, AND I'M NOT STOPPING NOW.
SIGH
AND THIS RIDDLER FELLOW?
I SHOOK DOWN EVERY INFORMANT I COULD FIND AND CAME UP EMPTY.
WHEREVER NYGMA'S HIDING, HE'S DOING A GREAT JOB OF IT.
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE'S GONE MISSING LIKE THE OTHERS. ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS THERE?
ALFRED?
ALFRED?

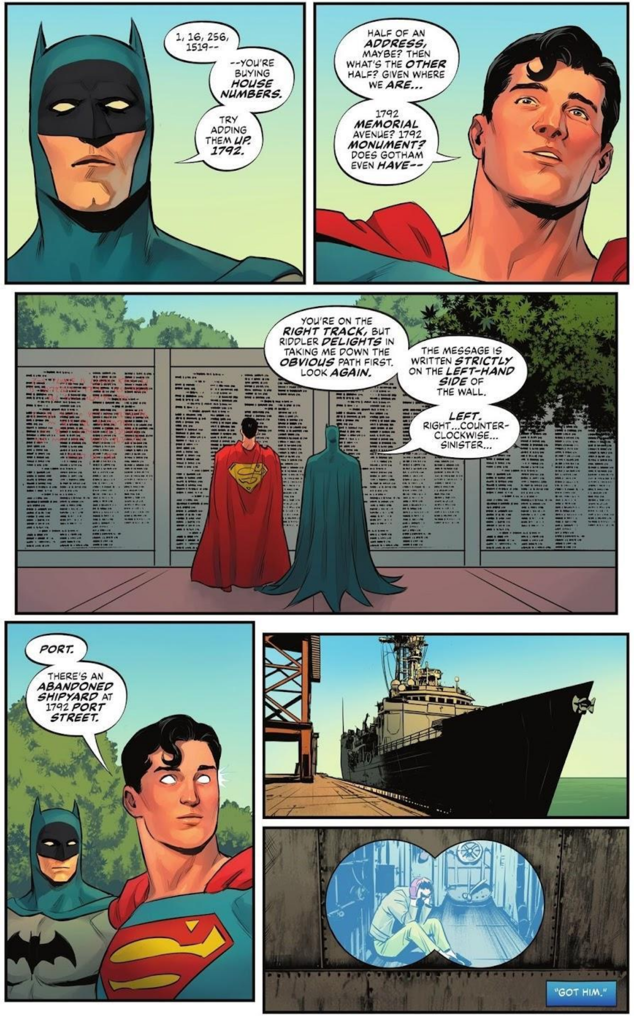

YOU'RE CALLING ME FROM WHERE?
GOTHAM
I'M FOLLOWING A LEAD ON THESE LOCAL DISAPPEARANCES, MR. WHITE. YOU KNOW, JUST IN CASE THEY DON'T STAY LIMITED TO GOTHAM.
THEN THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, KENT. I JUST GOT OFF THE PHONE WITH ONE OF THE PLANET'S STOCKHOLDERS.
HE'S OFFERED THE PAPER AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW, AND BRUCE WAYNE NEVER GIVES INTERVIEWS.
WAYNE? THE BILLIONAIRE?
PERSONALITY PROFILES AREN'T REALLY IN MY WHEELHOUSE, MR. WH--
HE ASKED FOR YOU BY NAME, CLARK. GOD ONLY KNOWS WHY, BUT IF YOU WANT TO GO FAR IN THIS BUSINESS, YOU DON'T PASS UP OPPORTUNITIES LIKE THESE.
"I'LL SEND YOU HIS ADDRESS."
MR. WAYNE?
MR. KENT. WON'T YOU COME IN?
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.


THIRTY MINUTES LATER.
SORRY TO MAKE YOU WAIT.
THOOM
IT'S ALL RIGHT. QUITE A PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, MR. WAYNE.
LET'S CUT RIGHT TO THE CHASE--
--SUPERMAN.
WH-WHAT?
I CONFESS. WAYNETECH SATELLITES HAVE CAMERAS THAT LEXCORP AND THE MILITARY CAN ONLY DREAM ABOUT.
I'VE BEEN MAPPING YOUR METROPOLIS FLIGHT PATHS FOR MONTHS.
THE MAJORITY OF THEM BEGIN OR END AT EITHER THE PLANET OFFICES OR A SPECIFIC APARTMENT BUILDING ON CLINTON AVENUE.
CROSS-REFERENCING THAT DATA WITH THE PLANET'S PERSONNEL FILES, CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN'S MOST LIKELY DISGUISE.
THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE? YOU HAVE AN ABSURD HOBBY, WAYNE. SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT IF THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO OFFER--
THERE IS ONE MORE THING. YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO A MAN WEARING NOSE FILTERS, MR. KENT.
NOSE FILTERS? WHY?
SO I CAN BREATHE.
I FILLED THIS ROOM WITH AN ODORLESS KNOCKOUT GAS A HALF HOUR AGO.


DON'T WORRY, CLARK. YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME.
HMM.
IN FACT-- QUID PRO QUO-- I HAVE ONE OF MY OWN.
OH, I KNOW.
SHOULD WE TAKE THE STAIRS?


SO BRUCE WAYNE IS THE BATMAN. I NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED IF YOU HADN'T PULLED THAT STUNT.
WHY TELL ME?
YOU HAVE X-RAY VISION. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOUR CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF YOU, AND I'M NOT GOING TO START WEARING A LEAD COWL.
PLUS, WE NEED TO MOVE. THE DISAPPEARANCES ARE RAMPING UP. EARLIER TODAY, MY BUTLER, ALFRED BECAME ONE OF THE VANISHED.
I DON'T KNOW ALL YOUR POWERS. IS THERE ANYTHING IN YOUR SKILL SET TO PROVIDE ANY LEADS?
SUPER-HEARING HELPS--
--BECAUSE I'M PICKING UP A POLICE-BAND TRANSMISSION. THE RIDDLER'S LEFT ANOTHER PUZZLE.
--STRUCK AGAIN--
TAKE ME TO THE SCENE.
DO YOU GO OUT IN DAYLIGHT?
THIS CAN'T WAIT.
BESIDES, IF YOU'RE THERE, NO ONE'S GOING TO BE LOOKING AT ME.


GOTHAM MEMORIAL PARK.
IF YOU WILL...?
"I'M BUYING A COMMON ITEM IN A HARDWARE STORE, SOMETHING YOU SEE EVERY DAY.
"I CAN GET 1 FOR A DOLLAR, 16 FOR TWO DOLLARS, 256 FOR THREE DOLLARS, AND 1519 FOR FOUR DOLLARS.
"WHAT AM I BUYING?"
I SURE HOPE YOU KNOW THIS ONE, BECAUSE I'M STUMPED.
...
IS ONE WRITTEN AS A DIGIT OR A WORD?
DIGIT.
THEN I DO.

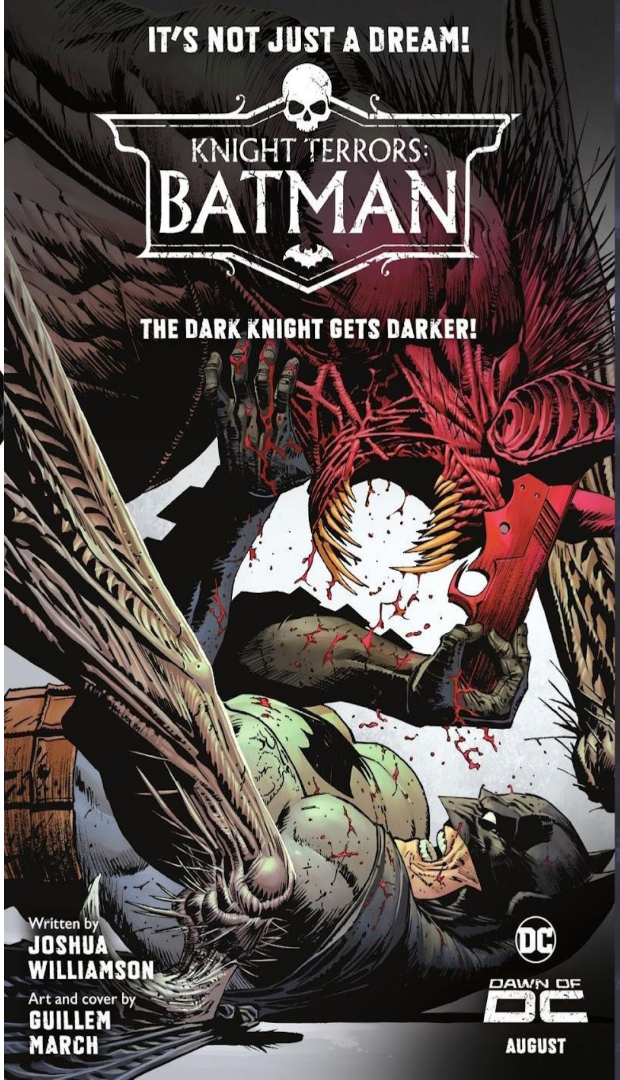

1, 16, 256, 1519--
--YOU'RE BUYING HOUSE NUMBERS.
TRY ADDING THEM UP. 1792.
HALF OF AN ADDRESS, MAYBE? THEN WHAT'S THE OTHER HALF? GIVEN WHERE WE ARE...
1792 MEMORIAL AVENUE? 1792 MONUMENT? DOES GOTHAM EVEN HAVE--
YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, BUT RIDDLER DELIGHTS IN TAKING ME DOWN THE OBVIOUS PATH FIRST. LOOK AGAIN.
THE MESSAGE IS WRITTEN STRICTLY ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE WALL.
LEFT. RIGHT...COUNTER-CLOCKWISE... SINISTER...
PORT.
THERE'S AN ABANDONED SHIPYARD AT 1792 PORT STREET.
"GOT HIM."


STAY IN PLACE. JUST A LITTLE LONGER, NYGMA.
PLEASE... I'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU'VE ASKED...
THE TRAP IS SET! LET ME GO, I BEG YOU!
SKREELNCHH
AAAH!
AND YOU THOUGHT MY CLOTHES WERE GARISH.
!
START TALKING.


YOU MUST BE WORKING WITH SOMEONE. SOMEONE WHO COULD BE DANGEROUSLY POWERFUL.
OTHERWISE, HOW DO YOU KNOW MY LANGUAGE?
WHERE DID YOU LEARN IT?
FROM ME.


THOOOM


SON OF MY JAILER.
-:GKKK:-
J--
--JAX-UR?
BUT YOU'RE...YOU'RE TRAPPED IN THE PHANTOM ZONE!
NO LONGER, KAL-EL.
"I'VE FOUND SOMEONE TO TAKE MY PLACE."
TO BE CONTINUED!





DC NATION | INTERVIEW

ANGEL MANUEL SOTO
DIRECTOR OF *Blue Beetle*



Can you share your journey to becoming director of *Blue Beetle*?

My journey started during the pandemic. I got a call from DC mentioning their interest in producing *Blue Beetle*, and I found myself very impressed with the origin story of this character. I thought it was interesting to do something focused on a kid that looks like me, that speaks like me, that comes from a family very close to mine.

It felt very refreshing to me, so I accepted the challenge, and here we are now.

What's your take on Jaime Reyes as a main character?

Jaime is more than just a relatable character. He's a kid that believed in an idea of progress and is playing by the rules and staying in his lane—and realizes that a lot of things are not like people said they would be.

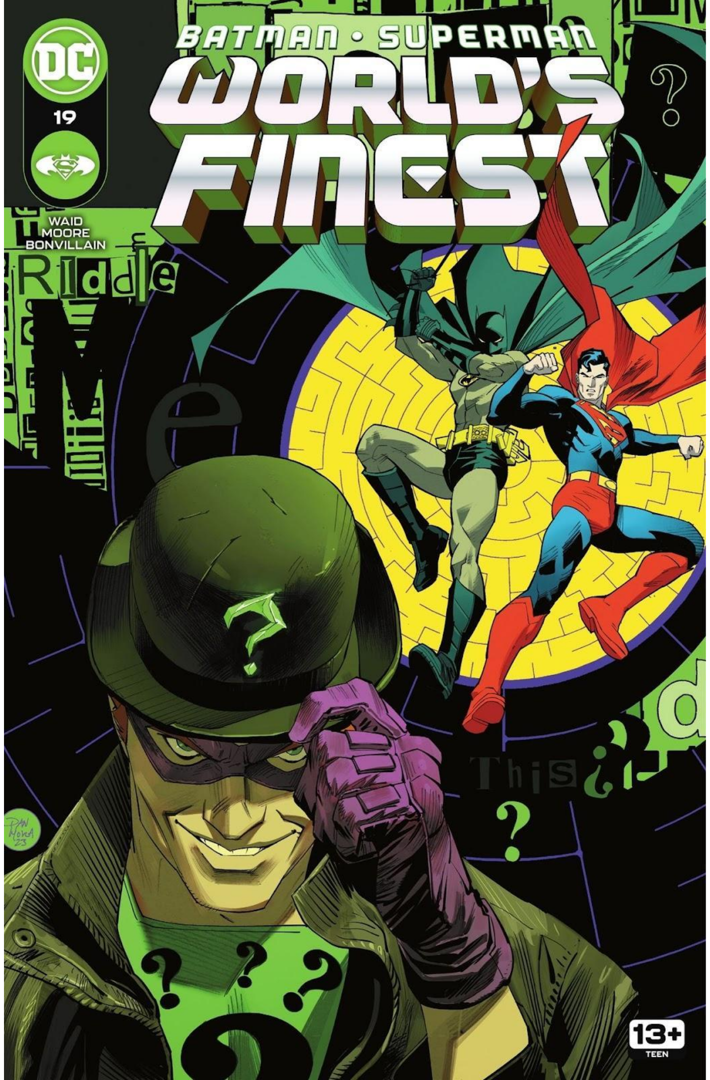
Life often brings surprises, and to people like him, it's not as easy as go to college, come back, and make a career. He faces that reality of having to deal with existential issues, both within his family and within himself, and navigating the life of a college graduate. We see him encounter this mysterious scarab that chooses him—adding a layer of more problems to his life, not knowing that maybe this is his destiny. And now we go on the journey with him, and now he's going to become the hero we were all waiting for.

Let's go back to the scarab—can you tell us a little more?

The scarab is technology made by a colonizing alien race that was sent throughout the cosmos to land in different places and attach to its host, then dominate that host, before exploiting and obliterating the planet.

But this scarab is not like the others. The host has the capacity to communicate with the scarab and have a symbiotic connection. And this is where it gets exciting between them, and creates an interesting dynamic as a weapon of mass destruction learns how to be a nice person.

BATMAN/SUPERMAN: WORLD'S FINEST 18. October, 2023. Published monthly by DC Comics, 4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg. 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522. GST # is R125921072.


DC
19
BATMAN • SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST
WAID
MOORE
BONVILLAIN
Riddle
Me
This
13+
TEEN


DAWN OF DC
MONTHLY STARTING IN SEPTEMBER
THE FLASH #1
WALLY WEST RACES TOWARDS NEW WORLDS, MYSTERIOUS ALLIES, AND MIND-SHATTERING THREATS!
WRITTEN BY SI SPURRIER
ART BY MIKE DEODATO JR.
FORGING THE FUTURE ONE HERO AT A TIME


GOTHAM
YEARS AGO.
DON'T LOOK TO YOUR EARTH FRIEND FOR HELP, KAL-EL.
HE NO LONGER RESIDES ON THIS BACKWATER PLANET UPON WHICH YOU'VE WASTED YOUR RAO-GIVEN POTENTIAL.
THE BATMAN LIES TRAPPED FOREVER IN THE PHANTOM ZONE.
IT'S FROM THERE I'VE BEEN OBSERVING YOU. FOR DECADES. WATCHING YOU SINK TO THE LEVEL OF THE NATIVES. WATCHING YOU SQUANDER YOUR SUN-POWERED GIFTS.
THWAM
IT IS MY VERDICT THAT SUCH A SHORTSIGHTED WEAKLING IS BETTER OFF DEAD...
...AND JAX-UR SHOULD BE THE LAST SON OF KRYPTON!

THE DARK KNIGHT. THE MAN OF STEEL.
THEY ARE THE TWO FINEST HEROES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN...
BUT HOW DID THE WORLD'S FINEST FIRST JOIN FORCES? AS OUR HEROES PREPARE FOR A JOURNEY INTO THE FUTURE, MYSTERIES OF THE PAST MUST FIRST BE UNLOCKED FOR...

BATMAN · SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD'S FINEST TEAM

PHANTOM RIDDLES
PART TWO

MARK WAID writer TRAVIS MOORE artist
TAMRA BONVILLAIN colors STEVE WANDS letters
DAN MORA cover TONY S. DANIEL & ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ, ALEXANDER LOZANO, HÉLÈNE LENOBLE variant covers
DAN MORA nicolas cage variant cover
REBECCA BOHANAN assistant editor
PAUL KAMINSKI editor


MASTER BRUCE?
ALFRED? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
I'VE BEEN "SPEAKING"--OR, I SUPPOSE MORE ACCURATELY, TELEPATHING--WITH THOSE IN RESIDENCE.
THEY TELL ME THE PHANTOM ZONE IS A PRISON USED BY SUPERMAN'S RACE TO EXILE CRIMINALS INCAPABLE OF REFORM OR REMORSE.
NORMALLY, IT IS INESCAPABLE. APPARENTLY, HOWEVER--
--I NOTICED A SLIGHT WEAKENING OF ITS WALLS. SMALL, FLEETING BREACHES BEGINNING TO OCCUR--
SZZSHHH


--INADVERTENTLY SWALLOWING A NUMBER OF GOTHAMITES--INCLUDING MYSELF.
INITIALLY, I THOUGHT THESE PORTALS TOO RANDOM TO PREDICT--
--BUT THERE WAS NO FINER MATHEMATICAL MIND ON KRYPTON.
A PATTERN EMERGED--AND WITH IT, A CHANCE FOR REVENGE.
SO THIS JAX-UR PUT THE RIDDLER UNDER HIS TELEPATHIC CONTROL.
KSSSH
AT MY PRODDING, HE DREW YOU TO THE SITE WHERE AN UPCOMING BREACH WAS SCHEDULED TO OPEN--
--AND WHERE JAX-UR COULD SWITCH PLACES WITH SUPERMAN--BUT, FAILING THAT, GRABBED ME INSTEAD--
--LEAVING SUPERMAN TO BE AMBUSHED BY A KRYPTONIAN KILLER WHO HAS ALL HIS POWERS!


THAT'S ENOUGH!
THOOOM
I WILL SLAUGHTER YOU--
HOW, YOU DEMENTED MONSTER? YOU GOT THE DROP ON ME ONLY THROUGH SURPRISE!
OUR BODIES NEED TIME TO FULLY CHARGE FROM EARTH'S SUN! YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME!
NOT YET, PERHAPS.
WHKSSH
BUT THERE ARE OTHERS AT MY MERCY.


IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT YOU!
WHERE...?
SUPERMAN!
SUPERMAN, IT'S BATMAN! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
BATMAN? HOW--?
IF JAX-UR CAN PUSH HIS THOUGHTS FROM HERE, I'LL BE DAMNED IF I CAN'T, TOO!
I WASN'T ABLE TO KEEP EYES ON HIM WHEN HE FLED! I ASSUME HE'S HIDING TO BUILD HIS POWERS, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA--
HOW ARE YOU AT GEOMETRY?
MINUTES LATER...
...THE MATH IS SOLID. LOCK YOUR POSITION, AND MOMENTUM SHOULD DO THE REST.
WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT JAX-UR? YOU SEEMED AWFULLY TRIGGERED BY HIM. WHAT WAS HIS CRIME?
MASS MURDER.


MY HOME PLANET OF KRYPTON HAD STRICT REGULATIONS GOVERNING INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL.
SOME OF ITS MORE XENOPHOBIC RULERS FEARED KRYPTONIANS MINGLING WITH OTHER SPECIES.
JAX-UR DEFIED THEM. HE SECRETLY TESTED HIS OWN SPACESHIP.
IT WENT OFF COURSE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, DESTROYING ONE OF KRYPTON'S POPULATED MOONS.
GOOD LORD. HOW MANY LIVES--?
TEN THOUSAND-- FOR STARTERS. BUT THANKS TO JAX-UR'S ACTIONS, THE SCIENCE COUNCIL DOUBLED DOWN ON THEIR LAWS, BANNING ALL SPACECRAFT--
--INCLUDING MY FATHER'S ATTEMPTS TO BUILD RESCUE ARKS ONCE HE DISCOVERED KRYPTON WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE.
THE WAY I SEE IT, JAX-UR WAS PARTIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR KRYPTON'S TOTAL DESTRUCTION, A TRAGEDY THAT TOOK THE LIVES OF BILLIONS--
--INCLUDING MY PARENTS.
THAT'S WHY I'M STRUGGLING TO TAMP DOWN MY RAGE.
I DIDN'T...
...I MEAN, I...I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, MORE THAN YOU KNOW. BUT WE'RE READY FOR HIM THIS TIME.


JAX-UR!
I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!
STOP RUNNING LIKE A COWARD!
COWARD!
FACE ME--
VSSHHHH
--IF YOU DARE!


VVWO OOSH
DAMN IT! HE WAS AHEAD OF US--!
YOU DISAPPOINT ME. I EXPECTED JOR-EL'S SON TO CONNIVE A MORE CLEVER TRAP.
YOU AND YOUR EARTH FRIEND DIDN'T ASSUME I'D ALREADY CALCULATED WHERE THE NEXT DOZEN PORTALS WOULD OPEN?
NEITHER OF YOU IS A THREAT TO ME.
HERE.
FWASH


I'LL PROVE IT.
WOOSH
?!
YOU ALL RIGHT?
HE DOES PLAY FOR KEEPS.
I WAS SO SURE WE HAD HIM--
IT TOOK BOTH OF US TO DETERMINE THIS WAS THE RIGHT SPOT. DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP. WE CAN STILL OUTMANEUVER HIM.
HOW?
AT BASE, WE'RE FIGHTING A SOCIOPATH WITH A GRUDGE. THAT'S MY LANE. WE HAVE TO THINK LIKE HIM.
YOU KNOW WHAT MOTIVATES HIM. RAGE AT HIS CAPTORS. RAGE AT HIS OWN PEOPLE FOR SUPPORTING HIS PUNISHMENT.
I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN.
SUPERMAN...ARE THERE ANY OTHER KRYPTONIANS ON EARTH?
OH GOD.


WHAT...WHAT'S HAPPENING...?
THE STREETS...THE BUILDINGS...
...THEY'RE MELTING...?
THAT LIGHT...SO POWERFUL...
"...WHAT IS IT?"
KANDOR...
...AN ENTIRE CITY STOLEN AND MINIATURIZED BY BRAINIAC BEFORE KRYPTON'S DOOM.
YOU, TOO, WILL PAY FOR JOR-EL'S SINS.


SIR?
ALFRED? WHAT'S WRONG NOW?
THWAM
THE PORTALS, SIR...THE WEAKENING OF THE WALL BETWEEN THIS SPACE AND OUR OWN...
...I MAY HAVE FOUND THE CAUSE.
THERE SEEMS TO BE A...WELL, AN ALIEN BEING HERE WORKING ON SOME SORT OF DEVICE.
WHAT SORT OF DEVICE?
I DON'T KNOW. HE'S GONE NOW... THOUGH I SUPPOSE HE COULD RETURN.


ARE YOU IN IMMEDIATE DANGER?
NO, SIR... THOUGH MY FELLOW CAPTIVES ARE FAST LOSING WHATEVER CALM I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO INSTILL.
ONE PROBLEM AT A TIME, THEN.
STARTING WITH THE FACT THAT A MAN WHO FLIES DOESN'T THINK TO BUILD STAIRCASES.
ALFRED, I'M SEVERELY OUT OF MY ELEMENT HERE.
ESPECIALLY WITH WHAT COMES NEXT.
IF I FAIL--
YOU'VE NEVER YET.
YES, YOU'RE STILL YOUNG, STILL LEARNING. BUT YOU ARE NOTHING IF NOT CONSISTENT.
KANDOR IS UNDER MY PROTECTION, JAX!
HNNNGHH!
THAK


AND SO IS THIS ENTIRE PLANET!
LET'S GO FIND SOME UNPOPULATED WORLD I CAN BRING DOWN AROUND YOUR EARS!
RED, HE SAID... SHAPED LIKE A SPOTLIGHT...
WHERE...?
TOO LATE, KAL-EL.
GKKK
TOO LATE.


KRA-KOOOM


YOUR ADVANTAGE HAS EXPIRED.
FWASH
IN ABILITIES...


...I AM FINALLY YOUR EQUAL.
IN COMBAT...
SKKKKSHHH
...IT'S NOT EVEN CLOSE.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU WASTE YOUR DAYS MISTAKING KINDNESS FOR POWER.
CHOOOM


YOU NEVER LEARN HOW TO REALLY FIGHT.
WELL...
THOOOM
INSTEAD, YOU TOUT YOURSELF AS SOME SORT OF SAVIOR TO A BACKWARD PEOPLE.
HGGHHH!
...WHO AMONG THEM CAN SAVE YOU NOW?
B--BAT--
--BATMAN--
THE EARTHLING?


YES. I **SEE** HIM. SKULKING ABOUT, COWERING BEHIND A **PHANTOM ZONE PROJECTOR,** HOPING TO ENTRAP AND **BANISH** ME.
HOPING IN **VAIN.**
YOU **IMBECILE.**
DID YOU **TRULY** HOPE TO SURPRISE A MAN WHO CAN MOVE AS **QUICK AS--**
KRSH
--**THOUGHT**--
?
EMPTY...?


NO! NOOOOOO!
FWASH
DON'T LOOK AT **ME,** YOU MEGALOMANIAC.
REPURPOSING THE PROJECTOR'S **CIRCUITRY** INTO THE **CRYSTAL FLOOR** WAS **SUPERMAN'S** IDEA.
GONE. BACK INTO THE **ZONE,** WHERE HE **BELONGS.**
YOU PULLED IT OFF JUST IN THE **NICK.** I COULDN'T HAVE ROPE-A-DOPED MUCH LONGER.
IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL **TAKING A BEATING?** YOUR HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE TRAINING BEGINS **NEXT WEEK.**
DEAL.


"WITH JAX-UR NO LONGER A THREAT, THERE IS ONE OTHER LOOSE END I CAN HELP YOU TIE UP."
"I'M GOOD."
"IT'LL GO QUICKER."
"FINE."
NO MORE VOICES FROM THE AIR, PLEASE.
NO MORE VOICES FROM THE--
"I CAN FINISH A BOOK WITHOUT FINISHING A SENTENCE. WHAT AM I?"
AAAAH!
THPPP
THPPP THP THP
THP THPP
"A PRISONER."
...
NO ONE APPRECIATES MY JOKES.


I WILL WARN YOU SHOULD YOUR PATHS EVER CROSS AGAIN, JAX-UR'S TELEPATHIC TORMENT PUT THE RIDDLER OFF HIS GAME.
HE'S ORDINARILY NOT NEARLY THAT BENIGN.
AS A RULE, EVEN GOTHAM'S CLOWNS ARE MORE RUTHLESS THAN METROPOLIS'S WORLD-BEATERS.
IF YOU SAY SO.
"RIGHT NOW, MY CONCERN IS WITH THAT ALIEN YOUR BUTLER SAW LEAVING THE ZONE.
"THERE'VE BEEN NO MORE RIFTS SINCE THEN, SUGGESTING A DEFINITE CONNECTION.
"NOTHING I CAN EXPLORE TODAY, BUT SOMETHING TO KEEP AN EYE ON GOING FORWARD."
...
WHAT YOU SAID EARLIER, ABOUT YOUR PARENTS. IS THAT WHY YOU DO THIS? TO AVENGE THEM SOMEHOW?
I DO IT TO HELP MAKE A WORLD WHERE NO ONE HAS TO FEEL ABANDONED AND ALONE.
SUN'S COMING UP. END OF YOUR SHIFT AND THE START OF MINE, I BELIEVE.
IT WAS NICE WORKING WITH YOU.
MM-HMM. JUST SO YOU'RE AWARE, I DON'T NORMALLY TRUST POWER LIKE YOURS.
DON'T MAKE ME REGRET IT.
WASN'T PLANNING ON IT.
THEN I'LL SEE YOU AROUND.

EPILOGUE


«AN EXISTENCE OF PERPETUAL TWILIGHT.»
«AN INAPPREHENSIBLE HELL.»
«WHAT SOULLESS MONSTER WOULD ALLOW SUCH ETERNAL SUFFERING TO EXIST?»
«NOT I. NOT AETHYR THE MESSIAH.»
«NO MATTER HOW LONG IT MAY TAKE, NO MATTER THE SACRIFICE REQUIRED, I SWEAR TO EVERY WRETCH DAMNED TO THIS PURGATORY...»
«...THEY WILL SOMEDAY BE RELEASED FROM THEIR TORMENT.»
CONTINUED IN THE PAGES OF ACTION COMICS IN 2024!
AND NEXT MONTH--BATMAN AND SUPERMAN JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD OF KINGDOM COME!



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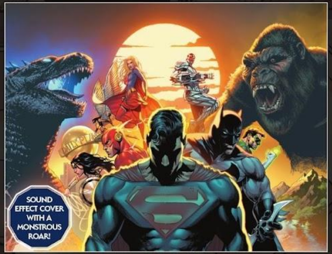


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CELEBRATE THIS EARTH-SHATTERING CROSSOVER WITH THESE COVERS



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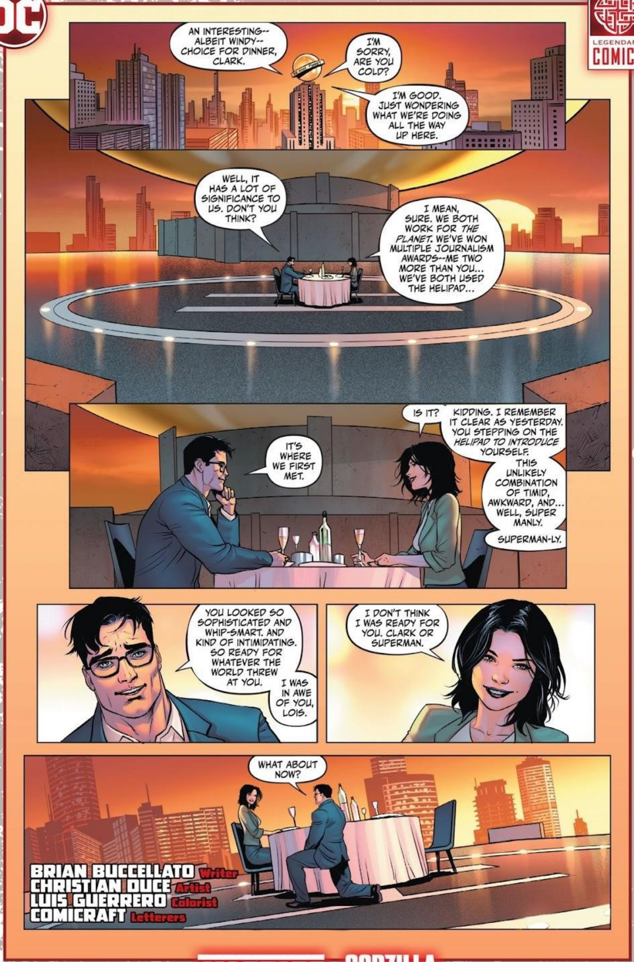


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DC

JUSTICE LEAGUE VS. GODZILLA VS. KONG

LEGENDARY COMICS



PREVIEW JUSTICE LEAGUE VS. GODZILLA VS. KONG PREVIEW



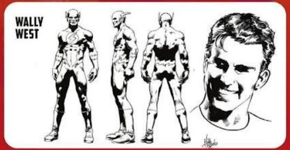
PREVIEW JUSTICE LEAGUE vs. GODZILLA vs. KONG PREVIEW

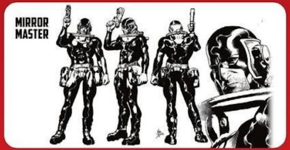




TO BE CONTINUED IN JUSTICE LEAGUE VS. GODZILLA VS. KONG #1 ON SALE IN OCTOBER



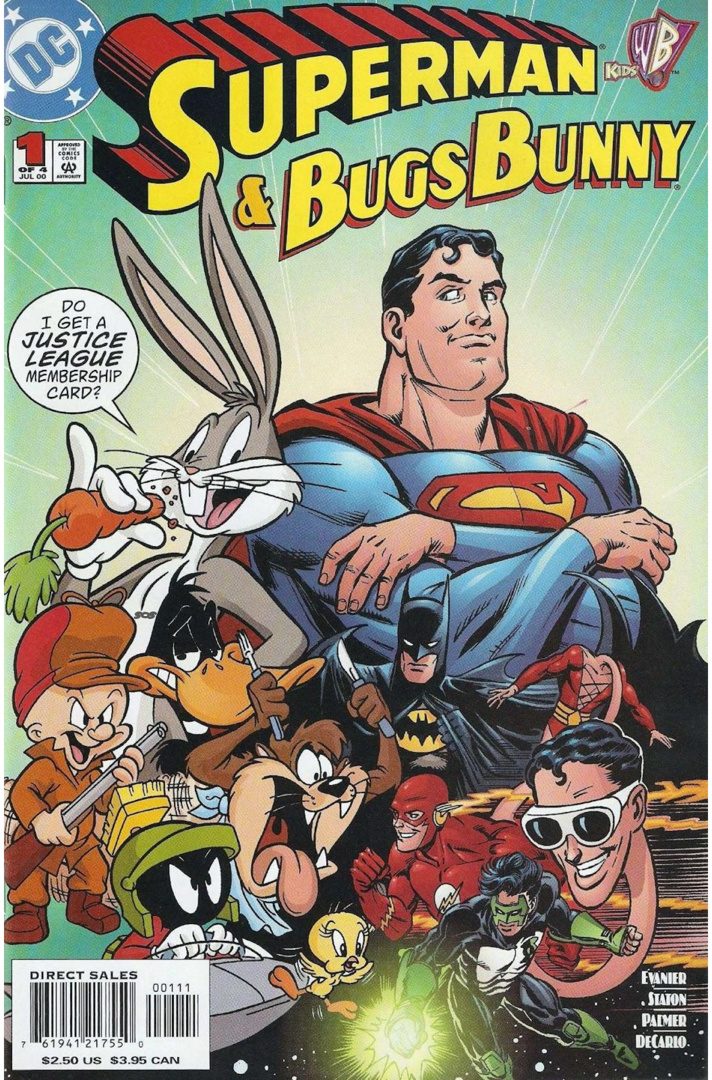


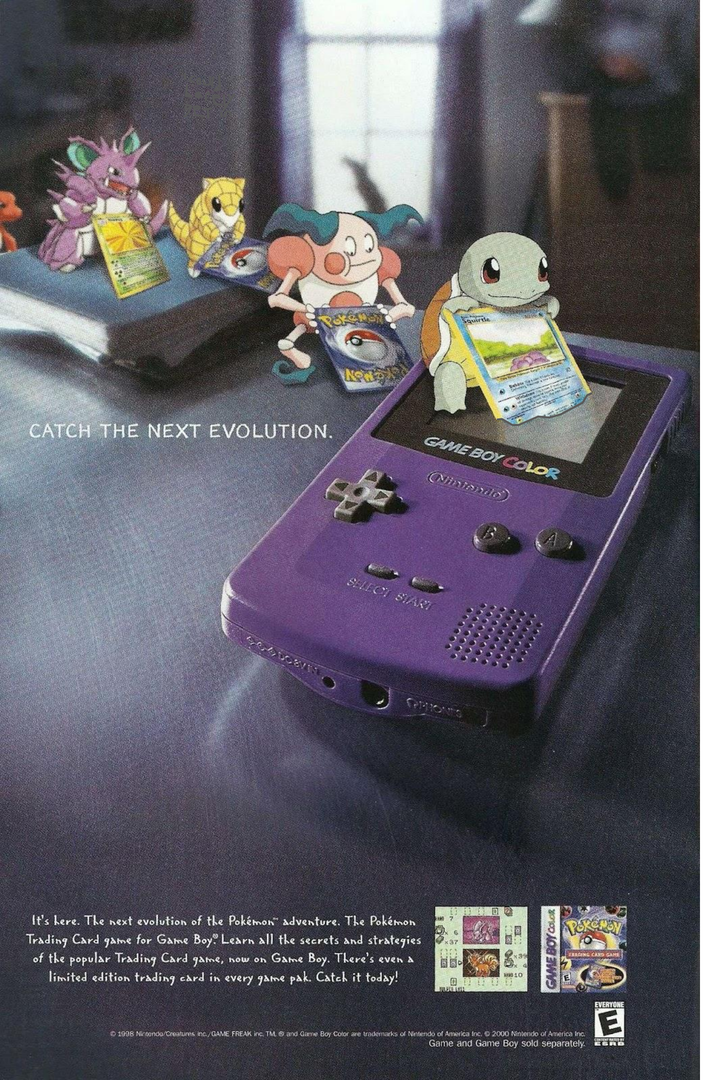






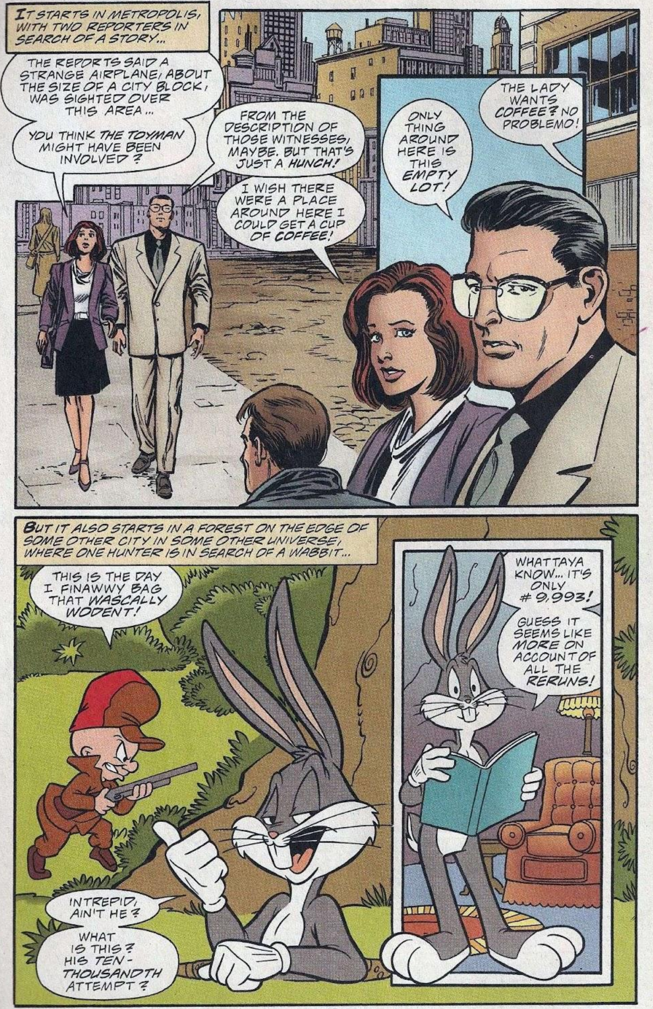
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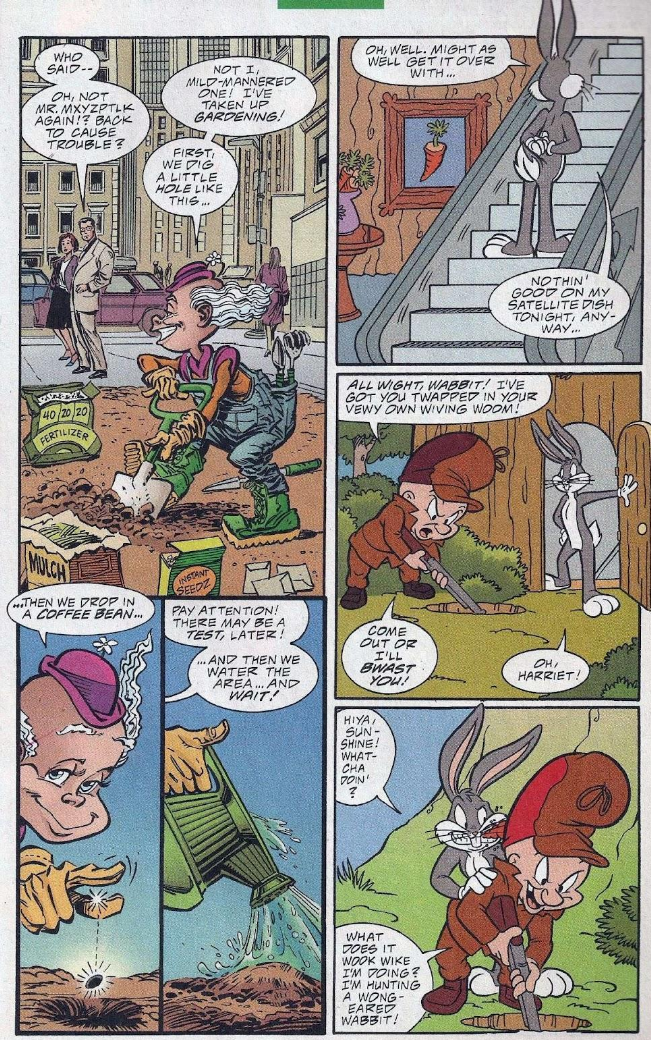

SUPERMAN
& BUGS BUNNY
1 OF 4
JUL 00
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DO I GET A JUSTICE LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP CARD?
DIRECT SALES
$2.50 US $3.95 CAN
EVANIER
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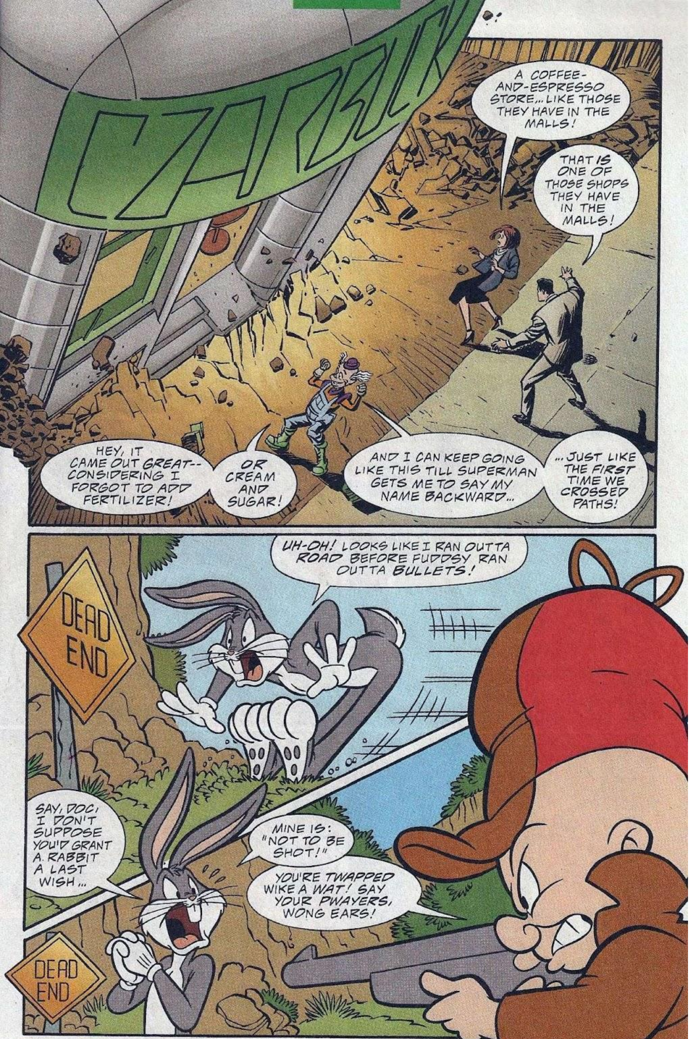
SUPERMAN & BUGS BUNNY 1 July , 2000. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

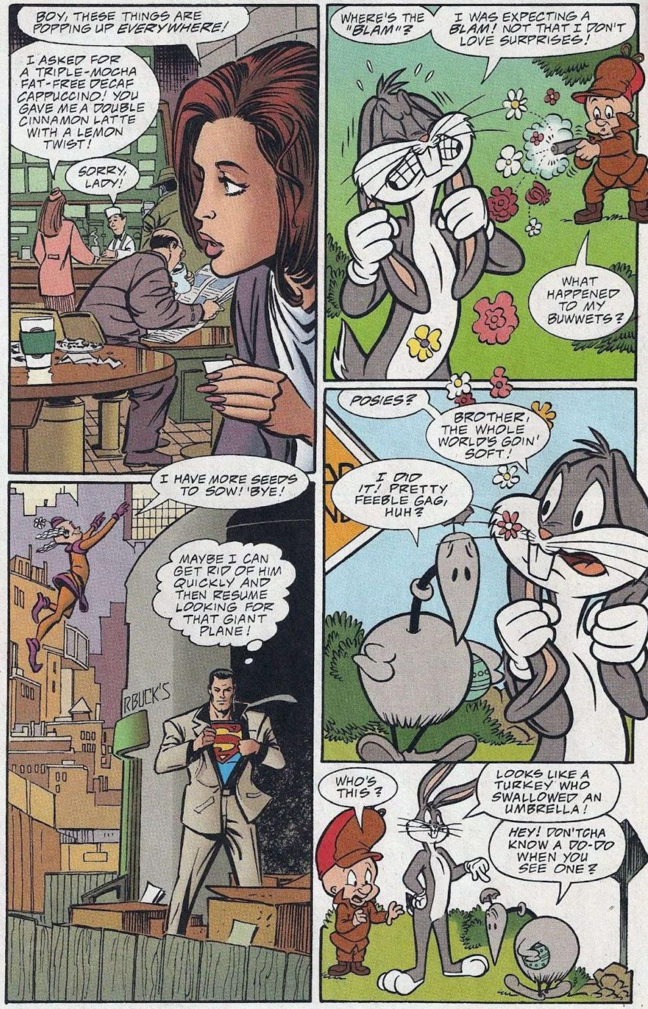

IT STARTS IN METROPOLIS, WITH TWO REPORTERS IN SEARCH OF A STORY...
THE REPORTS SAID A STRANGE AIRPLANE, ABOUT THE SIZE OF A CITY BLOCK, WAS SIGHTED OVER THIS AREA...
YOU THINK THE TOYMAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN INVOLVED?
FROM THE DESCRIPTION OF THOSE WITNESSES, MAYBE. BUT THAT'S JUST A HUNCH!
I WISH THERE WERE A PLACE AROUND HERE I COULD GET A CUP OF COFFEE!
ONLY THING AROUND HERE IS THIS EMPTY LOT!
THE LADY WANTS COFFEE? NO PROBLEMO!
BUT IT ALSO STARTS IN A FOREST ON THE EDGE OF SOME OTHER CITY IN SOME OTHER UNIVERSE, WHERE ONE HUNTER IS IN SEARCH OF A WABBIT...
THIS IS THE DAY I FINAWWY BAG THAT WASCALLY WODENT!
INTREPID, AIN'T HE?
WHAT IS THIS? HIS TEN-THOUSANDTH ATTEMPT?
WHATTAYA KNOW... IT'S ONLY # 9,993!
GUESS IT SEEMS LIKE MORE ON ACCOUNT OF ALL THE RERUNS!


WHO SAID--
OH, NOT MR. MXYZPTLK AGAIN!? BACK TO CAUSE TROUBLE?
NOT I, MILD-MANNERED ONE! I'VE TAKEN UP GARDENING!
FIRST, WE DIG A LITTLE HOLE LIKE THIS...
40 20 20
FERTILIZER
MULCH
INSTANT SEEDZ
...THEN WE DROP IN A COFFEE BEAN...
PAY ATTENTION! THERE MAY BE A TEST, LATER!
...AND THEN WE WATER THE AREA... AND WAIT!
OH, WELL. MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH...
NOTHIN' GOOD ON MY SATELLITE DISH TONIGHT, ANYWAY...
ALL WIGHT, WABBIT! I'VE GOT YOU TWAPPED IN YOUR VEWY OWN WIVING WOOM!
COME OUT OR I'LL BWAST YOU!
OH, HARRIET!
HIYA, SUNSHINE! WHATCHA DOIN'?
WHAT DOES IT WOOK WIKE I'M DOING? I'M HUNTING A WONG-EARED WABBIT!


LA DE DA DUM DE DA...
THIS IS ME WAITING!
DUM DE DUM DA... UH-HUH... DUM DE DA...
OKAY, MXYZPTLK! WHAT BRINGS YOU FROM THE 5TH DIMENSION THIS TIME?
OH, JUST SHAKING THINGS UP!
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!
NO, IT ISN'T--
RRRRUMBLE!
--IT'S WHATEVER HE PLANTED... AND IT'S GROWING!
FROM BELOW, IT RISES... THE MENACE THAT IS ALREADY SPREADING ACROSS THE LAND...
YOU WON'T GET AWAY, MR. WABBIT! I HAVE YOU SUWWOUNDED, ALL BY MY-SELF!
OKAY, BUT THIS TIME I'M GONNA TIME YA! THIS COULD BE A RECORD!
HEY... WAIT A MINUTE...
YOU TWICKED ME FOR THE WAST TIME, WABBIT!
BLAM!
NINE HOURS AND THIRTEEN MINUTES! I WAS RIGHT! A NEW PERSONAL BEST!

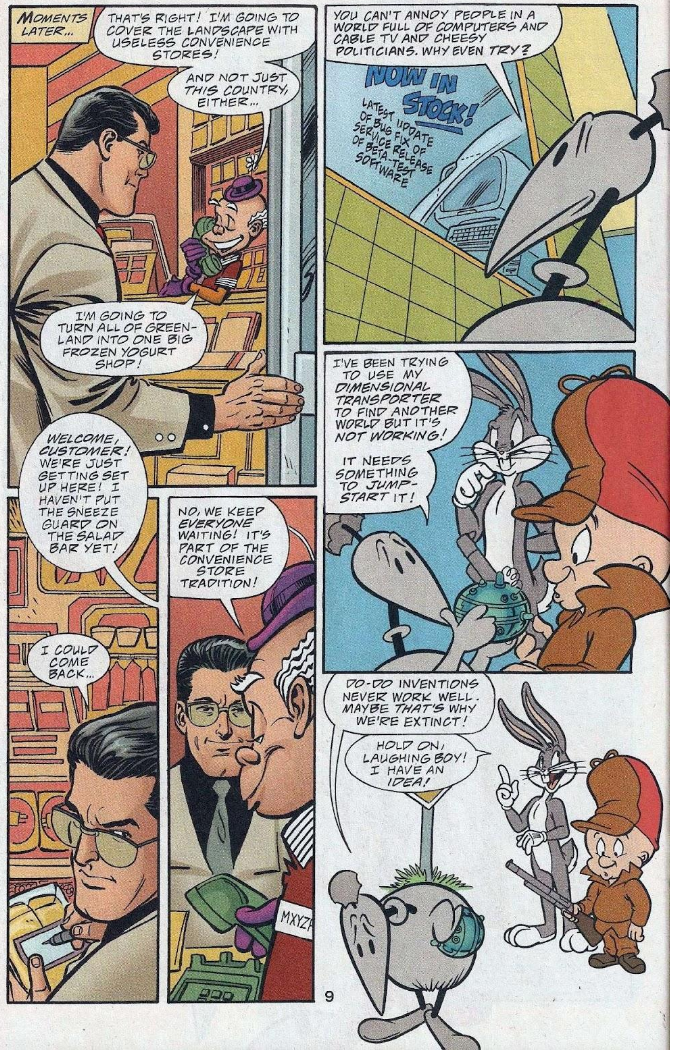

SEE YOU IN ROCK VEGAS!
FREE MOVIE TICKET OFFER FROM PEBBLES!
THE FLINTSTONES IN VIVA ROCK VEGAS
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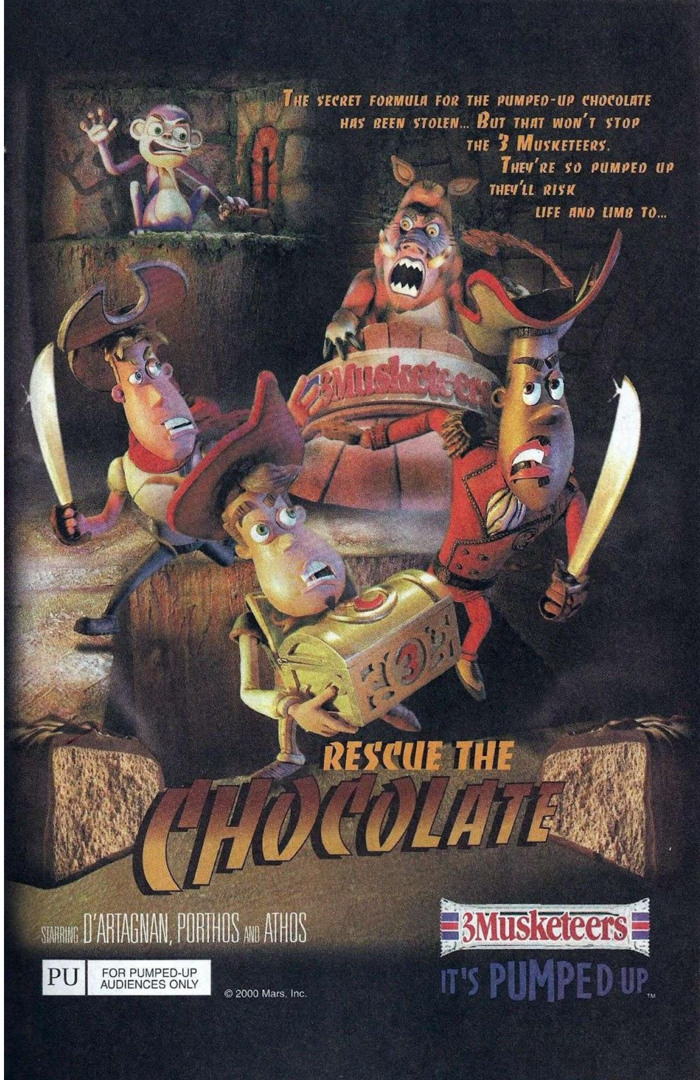

A COFFEE-AND-ESPRESSO STORE... LIKE THOSE THEY HAVE IN THE MALLS!
THAT IS ONE OF THOSE SHOPS THEY HAVE IN THE MALLS!
HEY, IT CAME OUT GREAT-- CONSIDERING I FORGOT TO ADD FERTILIZER!
OR CREAM AND SUGAR!
AND I CAN KEEP GOING LIKE THIS TILL SUPERMAN GETS ME TO SAY MY NAME BACKWARD...
...JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME WE CROSSED PATHS!
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I RAN OUTTA ROAD BEFORE FUDDSY RAN OUTTA BULLETS!
DEAD END
SAY, DOC, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D GRANT A RABBIT A LAST WISH...
MINE IS: "NOT TO BE SHOT!"
YOU'RE TWAPPED WIKE A WAT! SAY YOUR PWAYERS, WONG EARS!
DEAD END

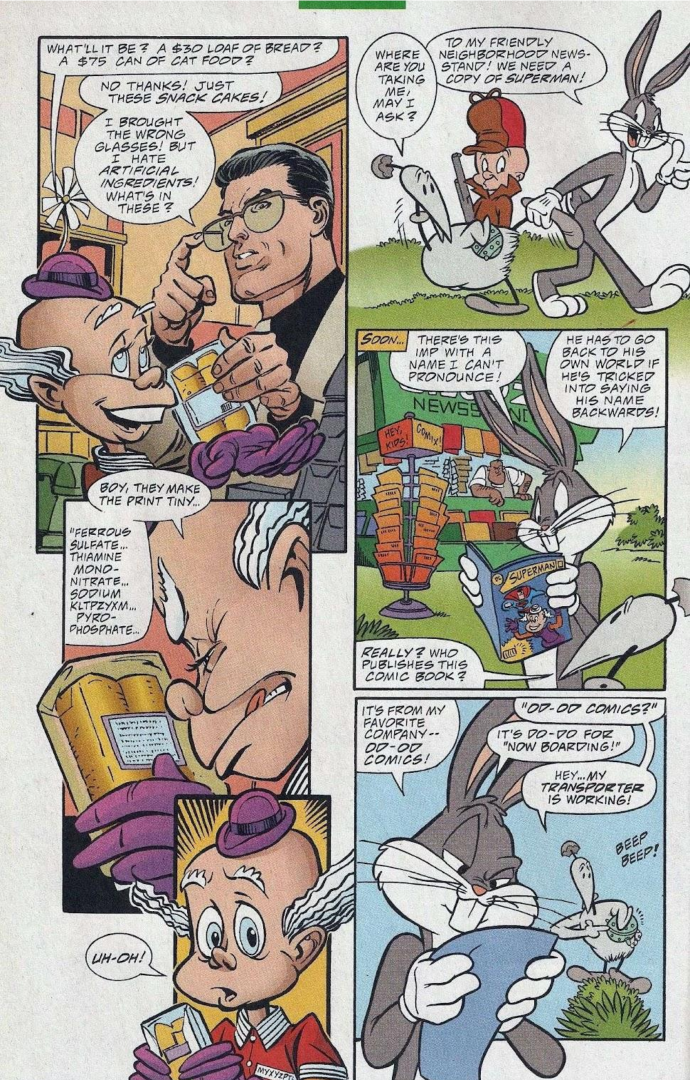

BOY, THESE THINGS ARE POPPING UP EVERYWHERE!
I ASKED FOR A TRIPLE-MOCHA FAT-FREE DECAF CAPPUCCINO! YOU GAVE ME A DOUBLE CINNAMON LATTE WITH A LEMON TWIST!
SORRY, LADY!
WHERE'S THE "BLAM"?
I WAS EXPECTING A BLAM! NOT THAT I DON'T LOVE SURPRISES!
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BUWWETS?
I HAVE MORE SEEDS TO SOW! 'BYE!
MAYBE I CAN GET RID OF HIM QUICKLY AND THEN RESUME LOOKING FOR THAT GIANT PLANE!
RBUCK'S
POSIES?
BROTHER, THE WHOLE WORLD'S GOIN' SOFT!
I DID IT! PRETTY FEEBLE GAG, HUH?
WHO'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE A TURKEY WHO SWALLOWED AN UMBRELLA!
HEY! DON'TCHA KNOW A DO-DO WHEN YOU SEE ONE?


I'LL GROW A COPIER PLACE OVER THERE AND A SUB-MARINE SANDWICH SHOP OVER THERE--
OH--AND ONE OF THOSE PLACES THAT SELLS CAR PARTS!
THIS IS GREAT! CINNAMON BUN BAKERIES... CHINESE FOOD TAKE-OUT STANDS...
MAYBE I'LL GROW A CHAIN OF COMPUTER STORES WHERE THE SALES-PEOPLE HAVE NO IDEA HOW ANY-THING WORKS!
SUBPAR
Thief's AUTO SUPPLIES
STINKO'S COPIES
SQUID LOAF SUB
STINKO
IN FACT, I'M THE LAST OF THE DO-DOS! I USED TO BE THE LORD HIGH MUCK-A-MUCK OF A PLACE CALLED WACKYLAND...
OH, VO-DO-DEE-OH-DO!
WACKYLAND
COMING SOON
700 LUXURY CONDOMINIUMS
"WAKKI ACRES"
GATED COMMUNITY
SECURITY· POOL & SAUNA
I PLAYED TRICKS ON EVERYONE WHO VENTURED THERE UNTIL ONE DAY...


HE'S GROWING HIS STORES ALL OVER THE CITY, DIS-PLACING OTHER BUILDINGS!
METROPOLIS IS STARTING TO LOOK LIKE ONE GIANT STRIP MALL!
EVEN I KNOW YOU CAN'T ANNOY FOLKS WHO LIVE IN CONDOMINIUMS! THEY HAVE TOO MANY OTHER PROBLEMS!
I GRABBED UP A DIMENSIONAL TRANSPORTER AND CAME TO THIS WORLD!
LEATHER LAND
PIZZA PAN
SHOE HEAVEN
LOOKS LIKE MY LITTLE "FRIEND" IS WORKING THE COUNTER IN THIS MINI-MARKET!
OUR "DEAL" IS, IF I CAN GET HIM TO SAY HIS NAME BACK-WARD, HE'LL GO BACK TO HIS HOME DIMENSION!
THIS IS GOING TO REQUIRE OUT-TRICKING THE FELLOW--!
I'VE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON PEOPLE HERE BUT IT'S BECOMING IMPOSSIBLE! THE PEOPLE ARE BE-COMING WEIRDER THAN I AM!


MOMENTS LATER...
THAT'S RIGHT! I'M GOING TO COVER THE LANDSCAPE WITH USELESS CONVENIENCE STORES!
AND NOT JUST THIS COUNTRY, EITHER...
I'M GOING TO TURN ALL OF GREEN-LAND INTO ONE BIG FROZEN YOGURT SHOP!
YOU CAN'T ANNOY PEOPLE IN A WORLD FULL OF COMPUTERS AND CABLE TV AND CHEESY POLITICIANS. WHY EVEN TRY?
NOW IN STOCK!
LATEST UPDATE OF BUG FIX OF SERVICE RELEASE OF BETA-TEST SOFTWARE
WELCOME, CUSTOMER! WE'RE JUST GETTING SET UP HERE! I HAVEN'T PUT THE SNEEZE GUARD ON THE SALAD BAR YET!
I COULD COME BACK...
NO, WE KEEP EVERYONE WAITING! IT'S PART OF THE CONVENIENCE STORE TRADITION!
MXYZ
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO USE MY DIMENSIONAL TRANSPORTER TO FIND ANOTHER WORLD BUT IT'S NOT WORKING!
IT NEEDS SOMETHING TO JUMP-START IT!
DO-DO INVENTIONS NEVER WORK WELL. MAYBE THAT'S WHY WE'RE EXTINCT!
HOLD ON, LAUGHING BOY! I HAVE AN IDEA!
9


THE SECRET FORMULA FOR THE PUMPED-UP CHOCOLATE HAS BEEN STOLEN... BUT THAT WON'T STOP THE 3 MUSKETEERS. THEY'RE SO PUMPED UP THEY'LL RISK LIFE AND LIMB TO...
3 Musketeers
RESCUE THE CHOCOLATE
STARRING D'ARTAGNAN, PORTHOS AND ATHOS
PU
FOR PUMPED-UP AUDIENCES ONLY
© 2000 Mars, Inc.
3 Musketeers
IT'S PUMPED UP



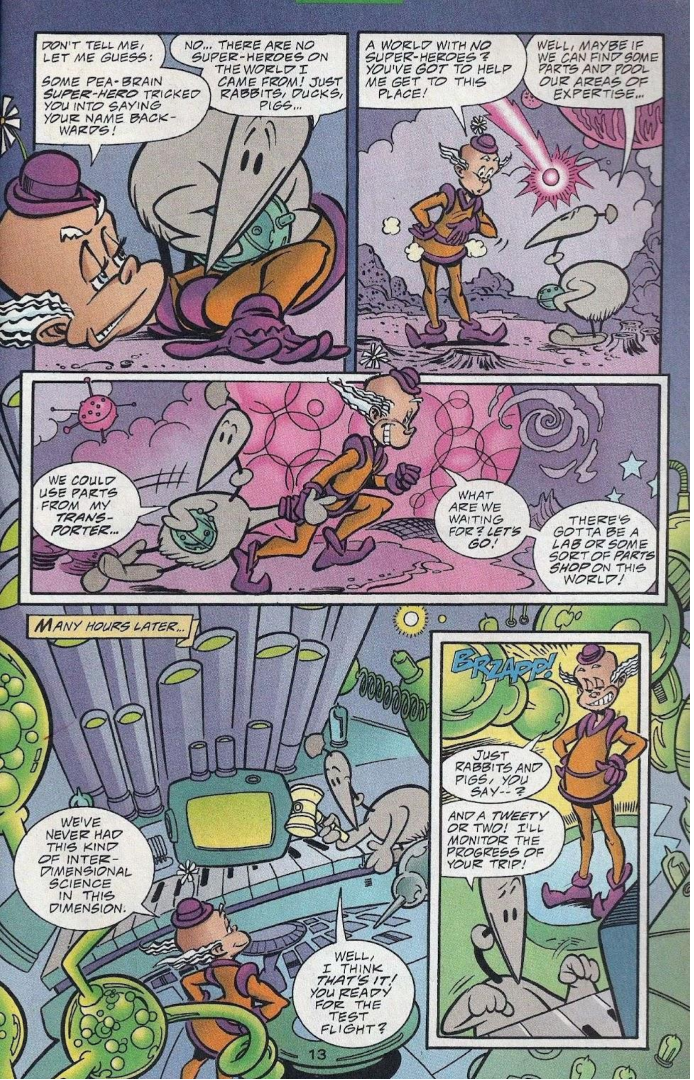
WHAT'LL IT BE? A $30 LOAF OF BREAD? A $75 CAN OF CAT FOOD?
NO THANKS! JUST THESE SNACK CAKES!
I BROUGHT THE WRONG GLASSES! BUT I HATE ARTIFICIAL INGREDIENTS! WHAT'S IN THESE?
BOY, THEY MAKE THE PRINT TINY...
"FERROUS SULFATE... THIAMINE MONO-NITRATE... SODIUM KLTPZYXM... PYRO-PHOSPHATE...
UH-OH!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, MAY I ASK?
TO MY FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS-STAND! WE NEED A COPY OF SUPERMAN!
SOON...
THERE'S THIS IMP WITH A NAME I CAN'T PRONOUNCE!
HE HAS TO GO BACK TO HIS OWN WORLD IF HE'S TRICKED INTO SAYING HIS NAME BACKWARDS!
REALLY? WHO PUBLISHES THIS COMIC BOOK?
IT'S FROM MY FAVORITE COMPANY-- OD-OD COMICS!
"OD-OD COMICS?"
IT'S DO-DO FOR "NOW BOARDING!"
HEY... MY TRANSPORTER IS WORKING!
BEEP BEEP!

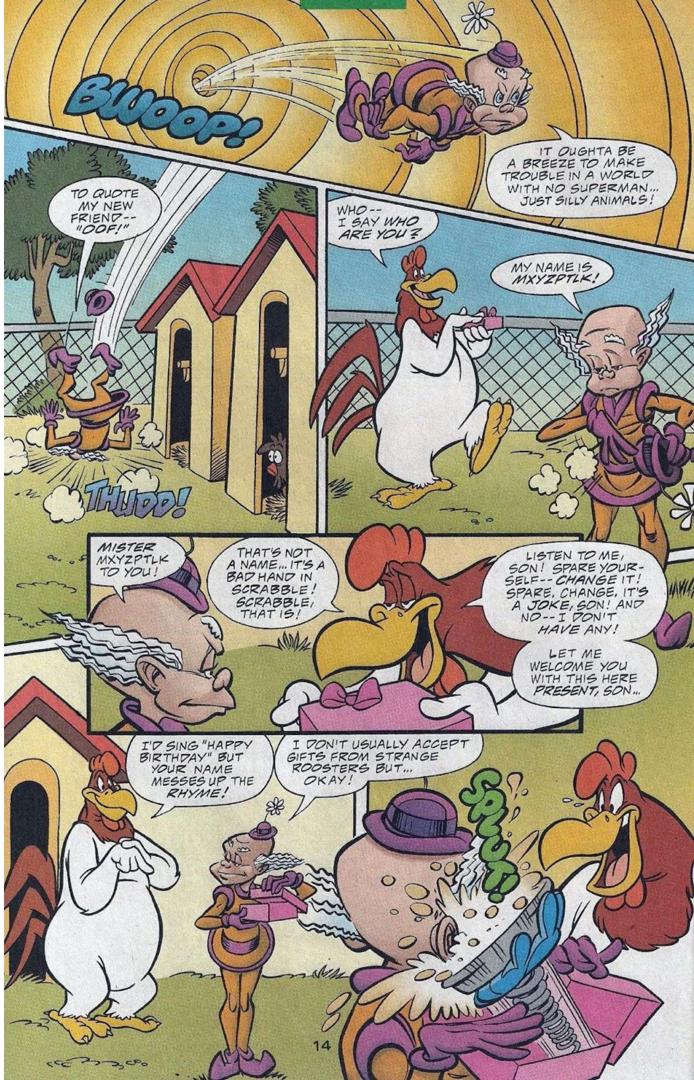


YOU SUPER-RAT! YOU SUPER-CRUMB! YOU TRICKED ME!
YUP! YOU KNOW OUR DEAL! YOU DISAPPEAR BACK TO THE FIFTH DIMENSION...
POOF!
...AND, AS USUAL, EVERYTHING HE WHIPPED UP IS DISAPPEARING ALONG WITH HIM! THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL--
--OR AS NORMAL AS THEY EVER GET AROUND HERE!
THAT WAS THE LITTLE KICK IT NEEDED! BYE-BYE... AND THANKS!
ARRIVEDERCI! WRITE IF YOU GET WORK!
HEY, FUDDSY, LEMME HAVE THE GUN!
ALL WIGHT...
POOF!
NOW, WHAT WERE WE DOING BEFORE WE WERE INTEWWUPTED?
I BELIEVE I WAS HUNTING ELMERS!


I'D BETTER PICK UP LOIS AND GET BACK TO THE PLANET! I'LL LOOK FOR THAT BIG MYSTERY PLANE LATER!
BLAM!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHAT WE WERE DOING?
ABSITIVELY!
AT THAT MOMENT...
I ALWAYS HATE THE TRIP BACK TO THE FIFTH DIMENSION... NO IN-FLIGHT MOVIE... NO REST ROOM...
THEY DON'T EVEN GIVE YOU AN AIRSICK BAG!
SOMEWHERE, I'LL FIND SOMEONE I CAN PLAY TRICKS ON...
WHAT GOOD IS A DO-DO WITH NO ONE TO TORMENT?
OOF!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
OOF!
I DIDN'T MEAN THAT LITERALLY!


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DON'T TELL ME, LET ME GUESS:
SOME PEA-BRAIN SUPER-HERO TRICKED YOU INTO SAYING YOUR NAME BACK-WARDS!
NO... THERE ARE NO SUPER-HEROES ON THE WORLD I CAME FROM! JUST RABBITS, DUCKS, PIGS...
A WORLD WITH NO SUPER-HEROES? YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET TO THIS PLACE!
WELL, MAYBE IF WE CAN FIND SOME PARTS AND POOL OUR AREAS OF EXPERTISE...
WE COULD USE PARTS FROM MY TRANS-PORTER...
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
THERE'S GOTTA BE A LAB OR SOME SORT OF PARTS SHOP ON THIS WORLD!
MANY HOURS LATER...
WE'VE NEVER HAD THIS KIND OF INTER-DIMENSIONAL SCIENCE IN THIS DIMENSION.
WELL, I THINK THAT'S IT! YOU READY FOR THE TEST FLIGHT?
BRZAPP!
JUST RABBITS AND PIGS, YOU SAY--?
AND A TWEETY OR TWO! I'LL MONITOR THE PROGRESS OF YOUR TRIP!

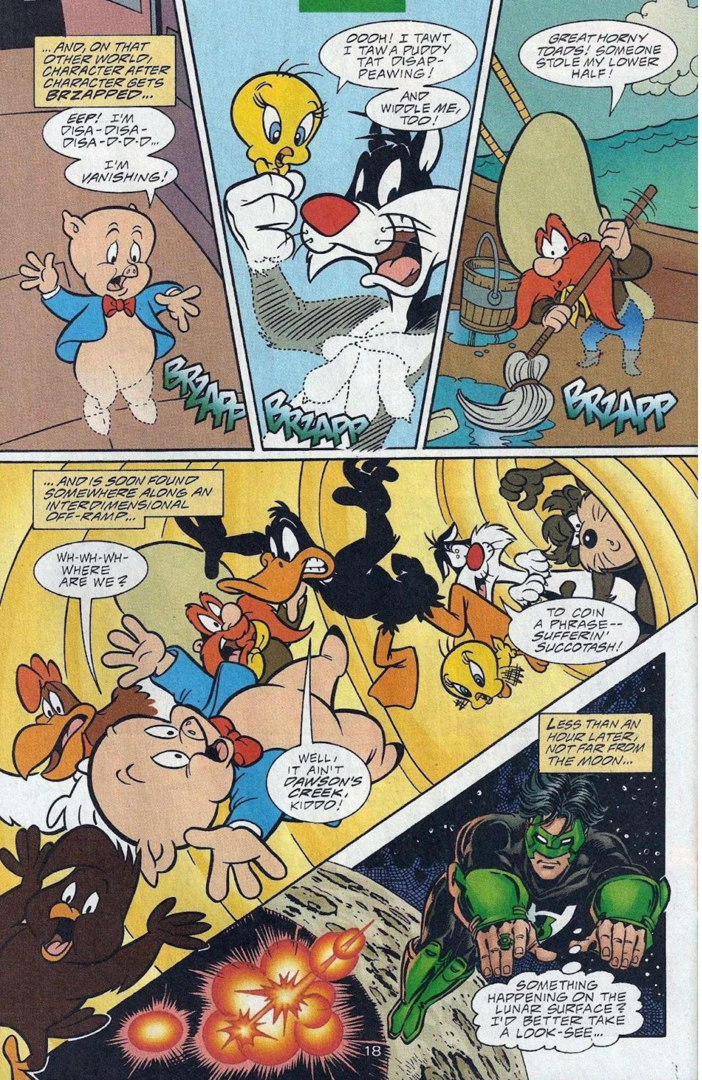

BWOOOP!
IT OUGHTA BE A BREEZE TO MAKE TROUBLE IN A WORLD WITH NO SUPERMAN... JUST SILLY ANIMALS!
TO QUOTE MY NEW FRIEND-- "OOF!"
THUDD!
WHO-- I SAY WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME IS MXYZPTLK!
MISTER MXYZPTLK TO YOU!
THAT'S NOT A NAME... IT'S A BAD HAND IN SCRABBLE! SCRABBLE, THAT IS!
LISTEN TO ME, SON! SPARE YOUR-SELF-- CHANGE IT! SPARE, CHANGE. IT'S A JOKE, SON! AND NO-- I DON'T HAVE ANY!
LET ME WELCOME YOU WITH THIS HERE PRESENT, SON...
I'D SING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" BUT YOUR NAME MESSES UP THE RHYME!
I DON'T USUALLY ACCEPT GIFTS FROM STRANGE ROOSTERS BUT... OKAY!
SPLUT!


NOW YOU'RE A PIONEER! PIE-ON-EAR? GET IT?
IT'S A JOKE, SON!
YOU MISSED IT! PIE-ON-EAR!
I'M PITCHIN' 'EM BUT Y'NOT CATCHIN' 'EM!
YOU WANT ME TO TRANSPORT YOU TO SOMEPLACE ELSE IN THIS WORLD?
ANY-WHERE ELSE!
I'LL MOVE YOU A FEW MILES AWAY AND MAYBE BACK A BIT IN TIME!
I SHOULD HAVE PUT IN FOR FREQUENT FLYER MILEAGE!
WHUMP!
THIS DROPPING-IN IS GETTING PAINFUL!
MAYBE NOW I CAN CAUSE SOME--
--TROUBLE?
WHAT HO, YONDER VARLET! DOTH THOU CHALLENGE DUCK'TAGNAN, MOST EXPERT SWORDS-FOWL OF THE KING'S ENGLISH?
ALL FOR ONE!
AND TWO FOR TWENTY-NINE! THREE FOR A DOLLAR! FOUR FOR TEXAS!
DON'T USE THAT SWORD ON ME!
MOI? DON'T BE CRIMINALLY NAIVE!
WHY WOULD I WANT TO SOIL MY SWORD--


--WHEN I CAN SIMPLY DROP THE ANVIL?
SO MUCH TIDIER! AND, IT CARRIES MORE IMPACT! WOO-HOO!
BWANG!
OH, DEAR! I'D BETTER TRANSPORT HIM SOME-PLACE ELSE--QUICKLY!
ALL RIGHT NOW...LET ME SEE WHAT I NEED!
FLUMP!
TAZ KNOW WHAT YOU NEED!
NEED GRAVY!
SIDE OF FRIES, TOO!
WHO--OR WHAT--ARE YOU?
TASMANIAN DEVIL! SEE BOOK!
"TASMANIAN DEVIL (n)--A SAVAGE CREATURE THAT EATS BATS, RATS, CATS, DOGS, FROGS, GOATS, STOATS, FLEAS, BEES, SHRIMPS AND IMPS."
IMPS?!
IMPS LOW-FAT...
...LESS FILLING!
HELP! HELP!
DO-DO! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, GET ME OUTTA THIS WORLD! A.S.A.P.!



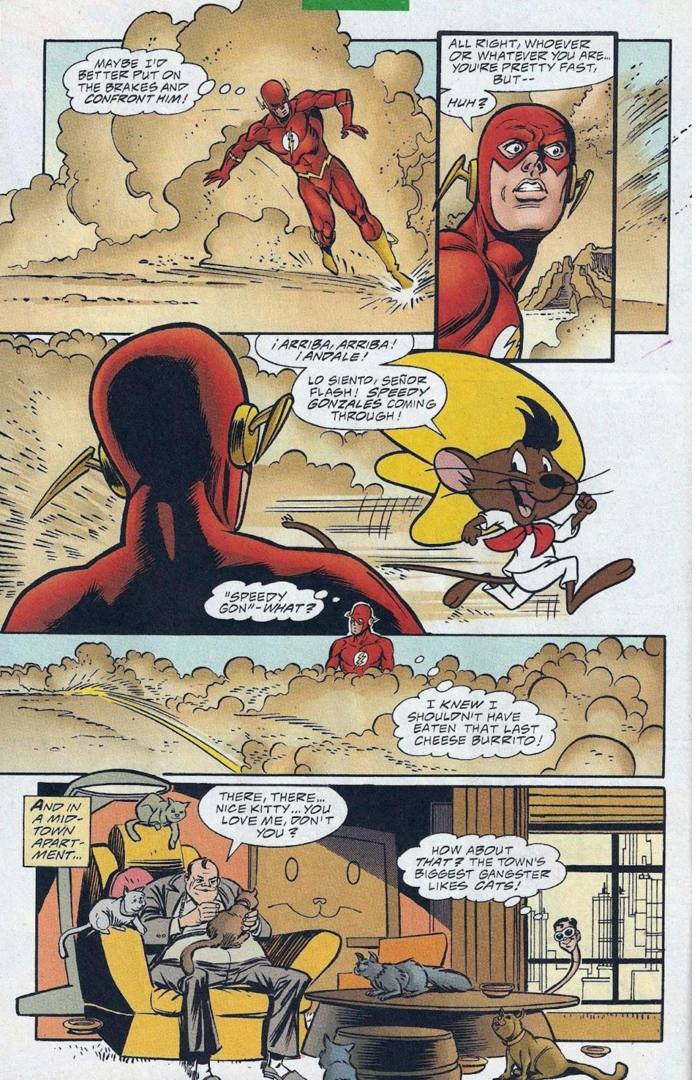
HEY! TAZ NOT ORDER "TO GO!"
CHOMP!
HOW CAN I CAUSE MISCHIEF IN A WORLD FULL OF TASMANIAN DEVILS AND DUCKS WHO DROP ANVILS ON PEOPLE?
THAT'S WHY I LEFT THERE!
NOW I KNOW HOW SUPERMAN FEELS WHEN I'M AROUND!
I WONDER HOW HE'D FARE AGAINST A TASMANIAN DEVIL! IF HE THINKS I'M BAD, HE OUGHTA--
THAT'S IT!
THE MOST FIENDISH, DEVIOUS, ROTTEN, SNEAKY AND MALICIOUS EVIL NOTION EVER!
I THINK SOMEONE ALREADY INVENTED TALK RADIO!
ALL NIGHT, THEY WORK TO MODIFY THE DEVICE...
WE NEED TO HARNESS THE WAVELENGTH TO YOUR WORLD AND LINK IT TO THE GATEWAY I USE TO REACH EARTH!
IF THIS WORKS, MAY-BE I'LL TRY CAUSING TROUBLE ON EARTH!
AND FINALLY...
MOVE THEM ALL OVER! ALL OF THEM!
I JUST PEEKED AT THAT WORLD! I'M NOT SURE TALKING DUCKS WILL FAZE THEM!



...AND, ON THAT OTHER WORLD, CHARACTER AFTER CHARACTER GETS BRZAPPED...
EEP! I'M DISA-DISA-DISA-D-D-D... I'M VANISHING!
OOOH! I TAWT I TAW A PUDDY TAT DISAP-PEAWING!
AND WIDDLE ME, TOO!
GREAT HORNY TOADS! SOMEONE STOLE MY LOWER HALF!
BRZAPP
BRZAPP
BRZAPP
...AND IS SOON FOUND SOMEWHERE ALONG AN INTERDIMENSIONAL OFF-RAMP...
WH-WH-WH-WHERE ARE WE?
TO COIN A PHRASE-- SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH!
WELL, IT AIN'T DAWSON'S CREEK, KIDDO!
LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, NOT FAR FROM THE MOON...
SOMETHING HAPPENING ON THE LUNAR SURFACE? I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK-SEE...



WITHIN MOMENTS...
THAT BUILDING SURE DOESN'T BELONG HERE!
AND FROM THE WAY IT'S FIRING FLARES INTO SPACE, I'D SAY SOMEONE'S TRYING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION--
--SO I'LL PAY 'EM A VISIT!
HOPE IT'S NOT THE WEAPONERS OF QWARD AGAIN... OR A KHUND SQUADRON!
LIEUTENANT K-9! SOMEONE IS SPYING ON ME WHILE I PREPARE TO DESTROY THE EARTH!
OOOH, THAT MAKES ME SIMPLY FURIOUS!
THERE'S A PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS...
...AND I SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT IT WAS!
WHILE OUT ON A DESERT ON EARTH...
SOMEONE IS CHASING ME! I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS BUT THEY CAN'T OUTRUN THE FLASH!
OR MAYBE HE CAN!
I'M GIVING IT ALL I'VE GOT AND HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!


MAYBE I'D BETTER PUT ON THE BRAKES AND CONFRONT HIM!
ALL RIGHT, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU ARE... YOU'RE PRETTY FAST, BUT--
HUH?
¡ARRIBA, ARRIBA! ¡ANDALE!
LO SIENTO, SEÑOR FLASH! SPEEDY GONZALES COMING THROUGH!
"SPEEDY GON"-WHAT?
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT LAST CHEESE BURRITO!
AND IN A MID-TOWN APARTMENT...
THERE, THERE... NICE KITTY... YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
HOW ABOUT THAT? THE TOWN'S BIGGEST GANGSTER LIKES CATS!


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BUT HE MUMBLES SO MUCH! IF I CAN'T HEAR THE GUY, HOW CAN I SPY ON HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO?
UNLESS...
THIS ONE COULD GIVE ME A HERNIA...
...BUT I CAN GET A LOT CLOSER TO HIM IN THE SHAPE OF...
...A PUSSYCAT!
NOW, I'LL JUST SLIP INSIDE, AVOID THE LITTER BOX, AND--
Ah, MA CHERI... LET ME TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS! LET ME TAKE YOU TO ZE CASBAH!
NO, NO! I'M NOT A CAT!
I'M A SUPER HERO! A VERY CONFUSED SUPER HERO!
SOME WOMEN WILL TRY ANYTHING TO APPEAR--HOW DO YOU SAY?--"HARD TO GET," NO?
AND IN GOTHAM CITY...
IF THAT STOOLIE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, THE PENGUIN IS HOLED UP IN ROOM 407!
I'LL GET THE JUMP ON HIM--!


END OF THE LINE! YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE SLAMMER WHERE YOU BELONG...
KRASSH!
...PENGUIN?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S THAT CARD?
"THE WORLD'S ONLY HOBOKEN-BORN PENGUIN."
THIS HAS GOT TO BE SOME SORT OF DIABOLICAL TRICK BY MY ARCH-ENEMIES...
...OR SOME-THING...
ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY, PANICKED CITIZENS REPORT AN INVASION OF CARTOON CHARACTERS...
...WHILE IN THE LAB...
THIS IS GREAT, BUT I'M NOT FINISHED! SWAP SOME REALITY AROUND AND REPLACE SUPERMAN!
"REPLACE SUPER-MAN"? WITH WHOM?
WHY... WITH HIM, OF COURSE!
TWO UNIVERSES ARE NOW CROSS-LINKED, MAYBE FOREVER. CAN THINGS GET ANY WORSE? SURE THEY CAN! BE HERE FOR CHAPTER TWO AS A CERTAIN ELMER J. FUDD BECOMES...
"THE WAST SON OF KWYPTON!"

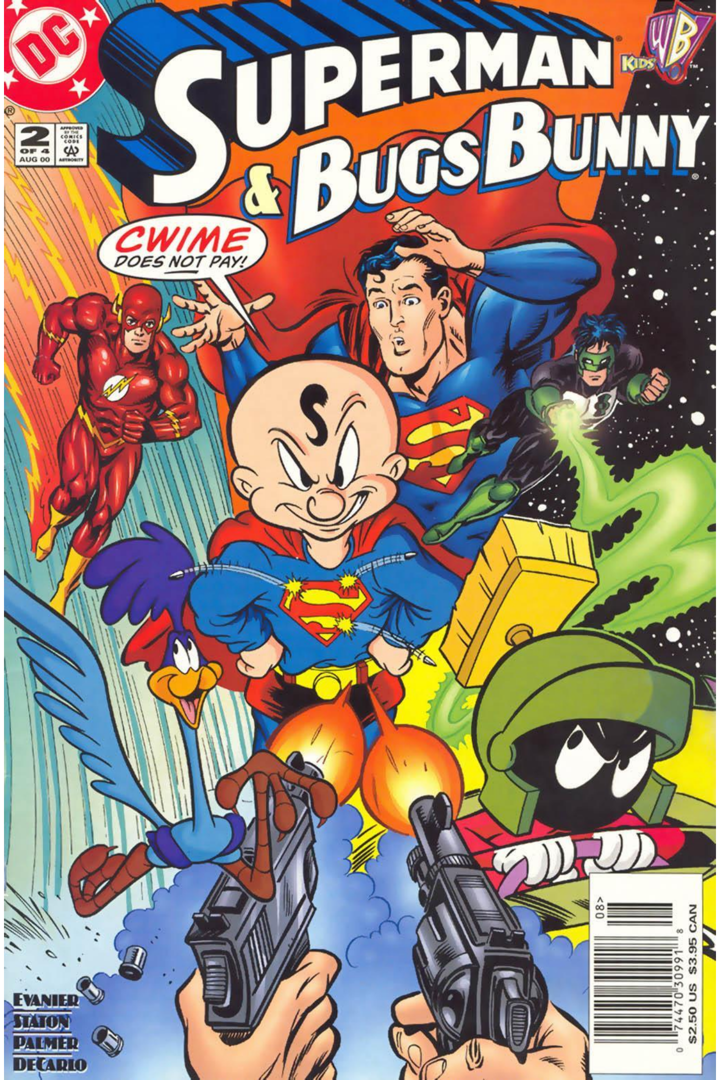
SUPERMAN & BUGS BUNNY

PESKY, VEXATIOUS AND BOTHERSOME THINGS TO DO TODAY
By MR. MXYZPTLK

1. Annoy Superman.
2. Make bags of corn chips impossible to open.
3. Go to art gallery. Say loudly, "My three-year-old could draw better than that!" while pointing at painting.
4. Go to art gallery. Say loudly, "My three-year-old could draw better than that!" while pointing at woman's print dress.
5. Go to art gallery. Say loudly, "My three-year-old could draw better than that!" while pointing at three-year-old.
6. Annoy Superman.
7. Change Superman's costume for a year into something really wonky. Oh, they did?
8. Meet the fellas for my usual weekly card game. Suggest ""Fifty-Two Pick-Up."
9. Invent new card game: "Two Hundred and Fifty-Two Pick-Up."
10. Annoy Superman.
11. Drain water out of snow globes at souvenir stands.
12. Make those plastic bags on a roller at fruit departments of supermarkets impossible to open.
13. Speaking of supermarkets, annoy Superman.
14. Make sure those CD cases crack and shatter as soon as they hit the floor even once.
15. Make sure postage stamps keep going up in price by one-cent increments, so that the previous stamps are useless unless you have lots of those one-cent kind.
16. Mail letters with nothing but those one-cent stamps...Watch mailmen go crazy counting them.
17. Make two plus two equal five occasionally, just to mess with the heads of school kids.
18. Glue shut phone booth doors, so you-know-who can't change in them.
19. Ditto for all doors marked "store room."
20. Actually *store* something in one of those "store rooms," just to mess with *his* head.
21. Put capes on *everybody*. What makes *him* so special?
22. Put a really, really annoying character into a sprillion-dollar science-fiction movie.
23. Give him a goofy name.
24. Like "Mxyzptlk."
25. Every time someone asks me, "How do you pronounce "Mxyzptlk?" pronounce it differently.
26. Then, make sure to get all steamed when they pronounce it "wrong."
27. Annoy Superman.
28. Stagger movie starting times at intervals nobody can keep in their head, like "6:25" or "7:50" instead of "6:00" or "7:00."
28. Annoy the Man of Steel.
29. Get a disk jockey to play a really new, really catchy tune on the radio, and then don't back-announce who does it or what the name of it is. Guaranteed to drive everybody crazy.
30. Get the *Daily Planet* to continue three stories on its front page to three different sections of the paper.
31. Sell lots of that issue of the *Daily Planet* on crowded subway station. Fun.
32. Make all skyscrapers in Metropolis out of glass. This way, when sun sets low on skyline, sun gets reflected into windshields of onrushing midtown traffic. Good fun for slow days.
33. Annoy the Man of Tomorrow. Today.
34. Print whole entire screenplay of bazillion-dollar science-fiction movie on the Internet. Let audience make up its mind about film before ever seeing any of it. Slow fun for good days.
35. Lend books to friends, but underline passages in text for no discernible reason with highlight marker.
36. Make web browser fail in the middle of heated on-line auction.
37. Annoy the Last Son of Krypton.
38. Answer requests for directions by saying, "Can't get there from here."
39. Annoy Superman by asking him, "What's that supposed to be on your chest—like, a picture of a snake or something?"
40. Annoy Superman just on general principles.
41. Look into Kryptonite Burger franchise.
42. Annoy Superman in New York, then fly to California to annoy him three hours earlier.
43. Annoy Superman by showing Lois Lane his baby pictures.
44. Ask Superman what the "S" on his costume stands for.
45. Annoy Supergirl just for the sake of variety.
46. Annoy Superman's pal, Jimmy Olsen.
47. Tell everyone in Metropolis that the green stuff is called "Krypto-Nice" and Superman really, really likes it.
48. Sell tour guides to Superman's Fortress of Solitude.
49. Make up words that rhyme with orange...borange, storange, sodium chlorange, Nightingale-comma-Florange, Arc d'Trorange.
50. Sell box of 64 crayons...all orange.
51. Ask Superman if he's getting enough vitamin C, then change his costume's color to orange. Well, it was funny when I said it during the weekly Fifty-Two Pick-Up game.
52. In fact, a *lot* of this was funnier at the weekly Fifty-Two Pick-Up Game. Oh, well, it's Superman's fault. Annoy him.
53. Let Superman think I'm going to say my name backwards by just saying one syllable, like, "Klt—," or, "Look, that guy's wearing a *kilt!*" or, "A guy could get *kilt!*" and then watch his face light up with anticipation and then get all frustrated.
54. Change alphabetical order so that "M-X-Y-Z-P-T-L-K" are the first letters.
55. Spell "relief" "M-X-Y-Z-P-T-L-K."
56. Spell *everything* "M-X-Y-Z-P-T-L-K."
57. "Mxyzptlk mxyzptlk mxyzptlk mxyzptlk." See, pretty annoying right there, isn't it? Now imagine the Gettysburg Address spelled that way.
58. Better yet, imagine every domain name looking like that.
59. Annoy Superman.
60. Itching powder...tight Spandex. Need I say more?
61. Join Justice League. Become League leader through whirlwind grassroots campaign movement. Kick Superman out of League.
62. Hook up with character from another universe. Switch Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd and all the other cool characters from that universe into Superman's universe. Watch him and his super-hero friends like Batman and Wonder Woman and Green Lantern and the Flash just go nuts trying to clean up after wild mess I've made.
63. Laugh myself sick over their attempts to put things to rights.
64. Do that for four issues of a comic book. Get really talented guys to work on it so everyone can see the big fool I'm making out of Superman. See for yourself.
65. Annoy Superman.

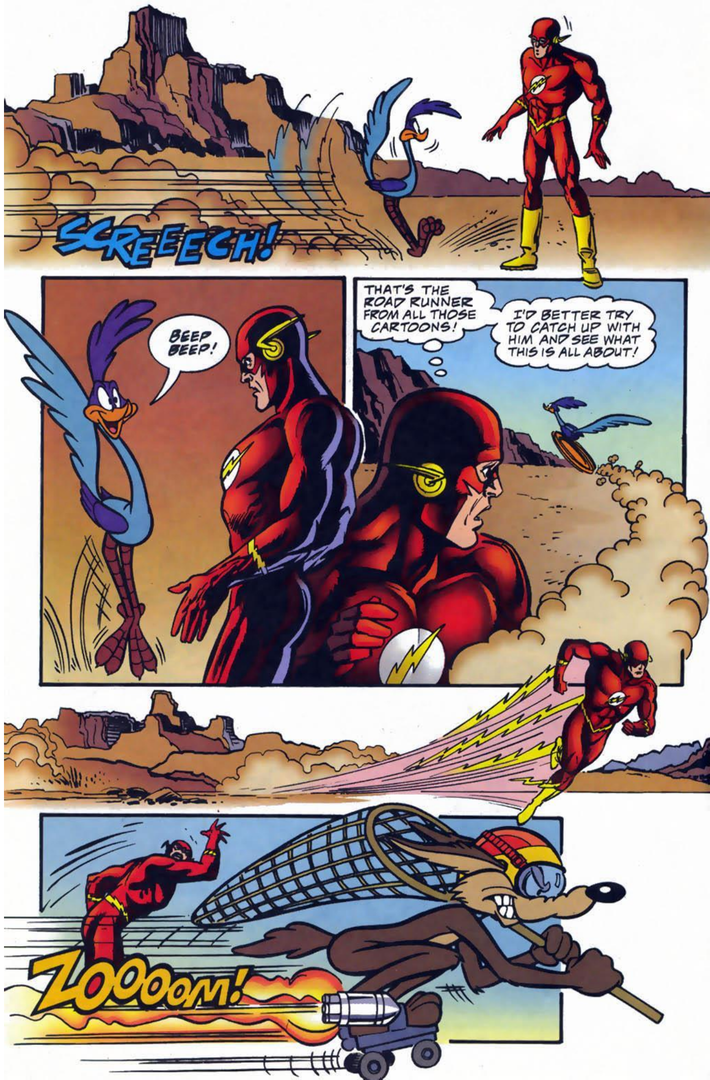
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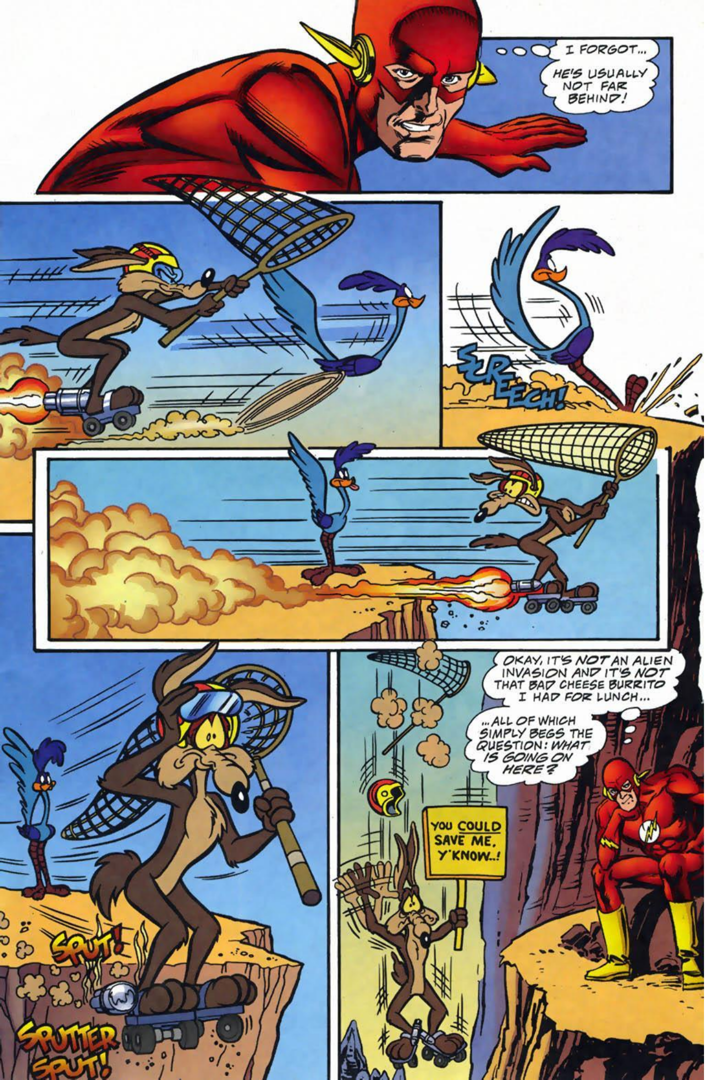
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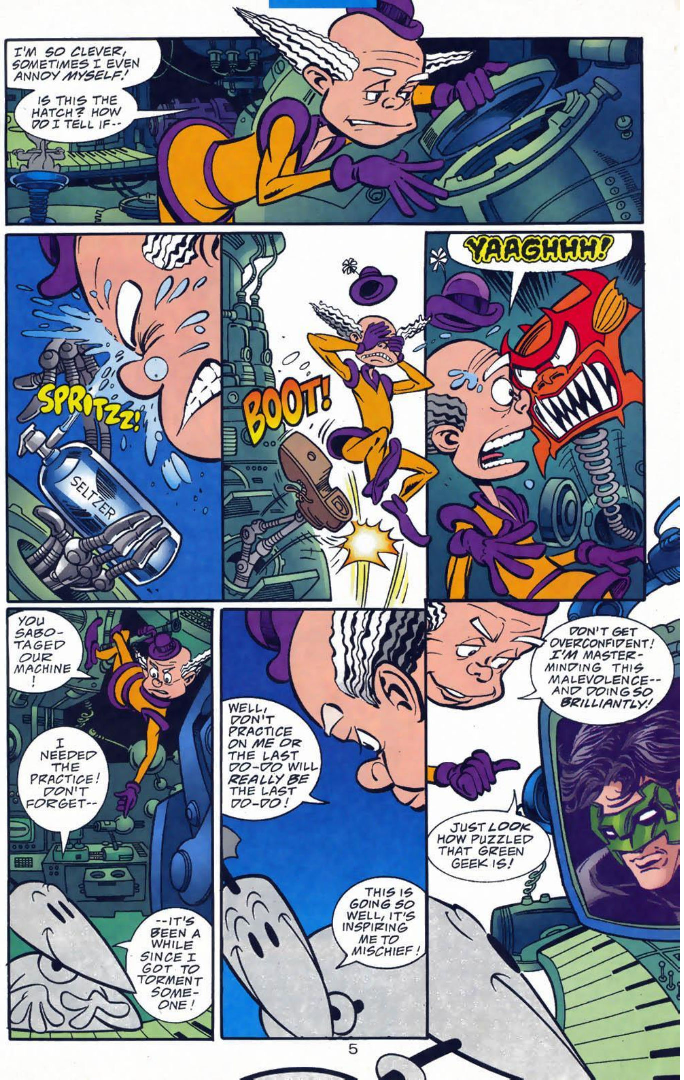




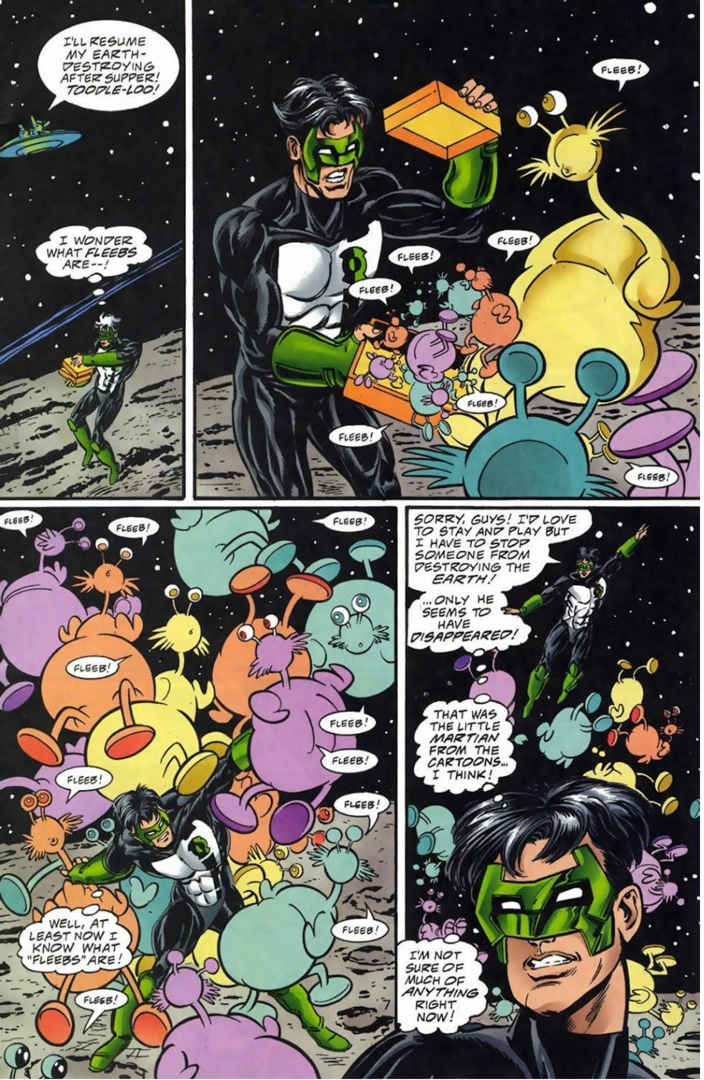
I FORGOT...
HE'S USUALLY NOT FAR BEHIND!
SCREECH!
OKAY, IT'S NOT AN ALIEN INVASION AND IT'S NOT THAT BAD CHEESE BURRITO I HAD FOR LUNCH...
...ALL OF WHICH SIMPLY BEGS THE QUESTION: WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
SPUT!
SPUTTER SPUT!
YOU COULD SAVE ME, Y'KNOW..!



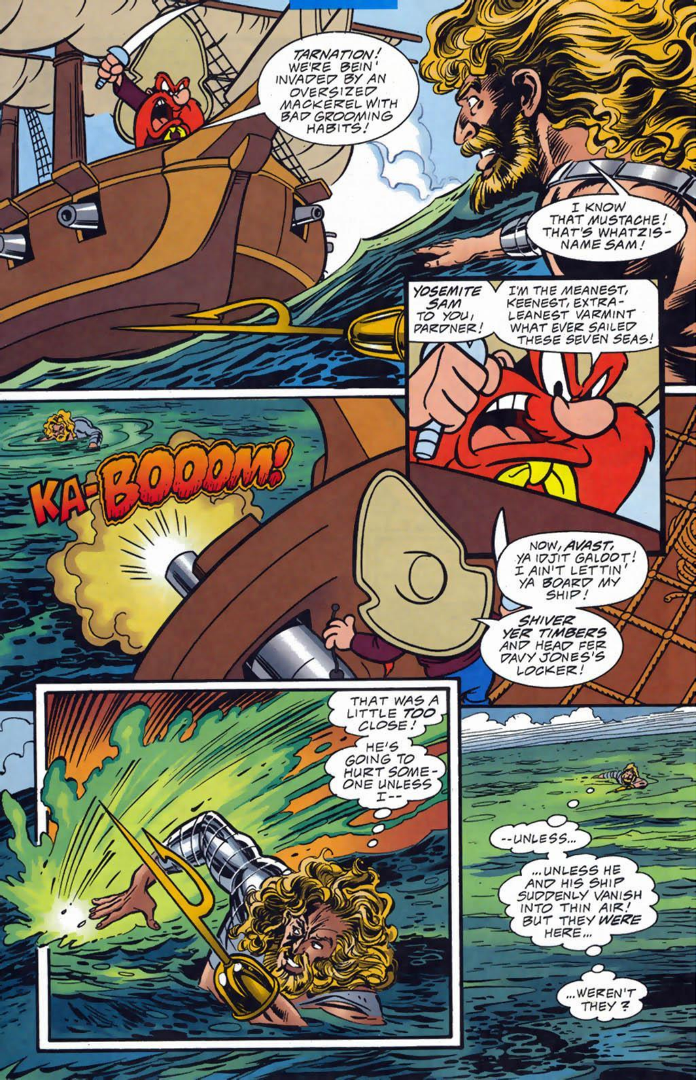
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE IS THAT TWO MASTERS OF MISCHIEF HAVE TAKEN TWO WORLDS, DUMPED THEM INTO AN INTERDIMENSIONAL FOOD PROCESSOR AND PUNCHED PURÉE...
IS THERE NO HERO WHO CAN RECTIFY THIS? IS THERE NO ONE TO RESTORE ORDER FROM THE CHAOS OF TWO WELL-BLENDED CONTINUITIES? ANSWER: PROBABLY NOT... FOR WITHIN MOMENTS, THE MIGHTIEST CHAMPION OF BOTH WORLDS WILL BE...
THE WAST SON OF KWYPTON!
HA HA HA HA HA HA AND HA! IN THAT ORDER!
I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE I EPOXIED ALL THOSE GIRL SCOUTS TOGETHER!
CHECK INSIDE THE POWER HATCH AND MAKE SURE WE'RE NOT OVERHEATING!
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
WRITTEN BY MARK EVANIER
LAYOUTS BY JOE STATON
FINISHED ART BY TOM PALMER AND MIKE DeCARLO
LETTERING: PHIL FELIX
COLORING: TRISH MULVIHILL
SEPARATIONS: DIGITAL CHAMELEON
EDITOR: JOEY CAVALIERI
SPECIAL THANKS: PETER TUMMINELLO


I'M SO CLEVER, SOMETIMES I EVEN ANNOY MYSELF!
IS THIS THE HATCH? HOW DO I TELL IF--
SPRITZZ!
SELTZER
BOOT!
YAAGHHH!
YOU SABO-TAGED OUR MACHINE!
I NEEDED THE PRACTICE! DON'T FORGET--
--IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I GOT TO TORMENT SOME-ONE!
WELL, DON'T PRACTICE ON ME OR THE LAST DO-DO WILL REALLY BE THE LAST DO-DO!
THIS IS GOING SO WELL, IT'S INSPIRING ME TO MISCHIEF!
DON'T GET OVERCONFIDENT! I'M MASTER-MINDING THIS MALEVOLENCE--AND DOING SO BRILLIANTLY!
JUST LOOK HOW PUZZLED THAT GREEN GEEK IS!


BUT I SIMPLY MUST DESTROY THE EARTH! ITS COLORS CLASH WITH NEPTUNE!
I DON'T KNOW WHO--OR WHAT--THIS CREATURE IS... BUT IT SURE SEEMS TO WANT TO DESTROY EARTH!
OOOH, AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, LIEUTENANT K-9!
I SHALL PUT ON THE HYDRO-BRAKES IMMEDIATELY!
SCREECH
DISPATCH
OOOF!
OH, DEAR... I'VE INJURED YOU!
CONTENTS: FLEEBS!
PLEASE ACCEPT THESE FLEEBS AS A GESTURE OF APOLOGY!
"FLEEBS"?
WTF


I'LL RESUME MY EARTH-DESTROYING AFTER SUPPER! TOODLE-LOO!
I WONDER WHAT FLEEBS ARE--!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
FLEEB!
WELL, AT LEAST NOW I KNOW WHAT "FLEEBS" ARE!
FLEEB!
SORRY, GUYS! I'D LOVE TO STAY AND PLAY BUT I HAVE TO STOP SOMEONE FROM DESTROYING THE EARTH!
...ONLY HE SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED!
THAT WAS THE LITTLE MARTIAN FROM THE CARTOONS... I THINK!
I'M NOT SURE OF MUCH OF ANYTHING RIGHT NOW!


SIGHTINGS OF A LOONEY VARIETY CONTINUE EVERYWHERE -- ON LAND...
MMMM! LAWYER AM GOOD FOOD!
TASTE JUST LIKE WEASEL!
...IN THE AIR...
I'M BRINGIN' HOME A BAY-BEE BUMBLE-BEE...
...EVEN AT SEA:
A PIRATE SHIP? IN THESE WATERS?
YES! IT IS DIRECTLY ABOVE US, AQUAMAN!
I'VE NEVER KNOWN A HADDOCK TO LIE TO ME YET!
HEY, IT IS A PIRATE SHIP! BUT WHO COULD BE--?

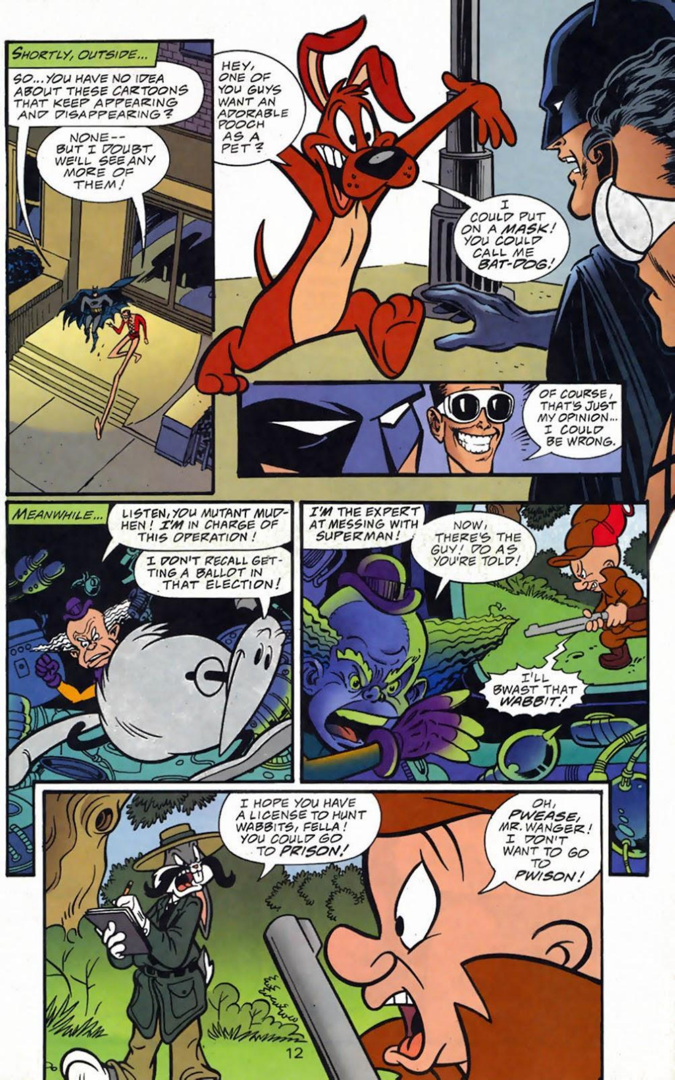


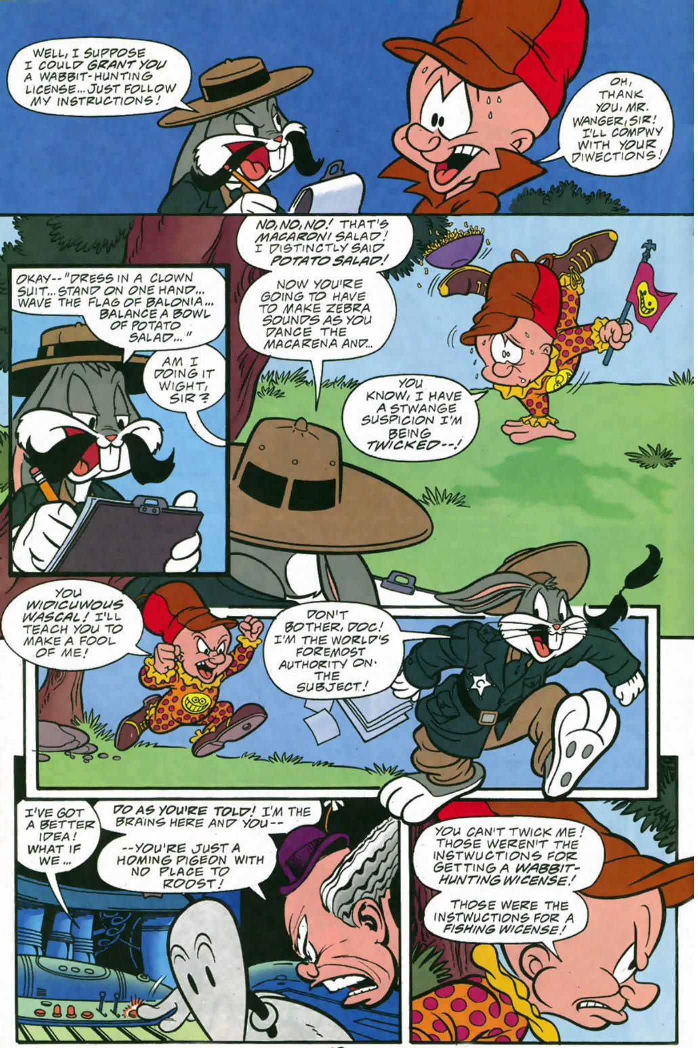
TARNATION! WE'RE BEIN' INVADED BY AN OVERSIZED MACKEREL WITH BAD GROOMING HABITS!
I KNOW THAT MUSTACHE! THAT'S WHATZIS-NAME SAM!
YOSEMITE SAM TO YOU, PARDNER!
I'M THE MEANEST, KEENEST, EXTRA-LEANEST VARMINT WHAT EVER SAILED THESE SEVEN SEAS!
KA-BOOOM!
NOW, AVAST, YA IDJIT GALOOT! I AIN'T LETTIN' YA BOARD MY SHIP!
SHIVER YER TIMBERS AND HEAD FER DAVY JONES'S LOCKER!
THAT WAS A LITTLE TOO CLOSE!
HE'S GOING TO HURT SOME-ONE UNLESS I--
--UNLESS...
...UNLESS HE AND HIS SHIP SUDDENLY VANISH INTO THIN AIR! BUT THEY WERE HERE...
...WEREN'T THEY?



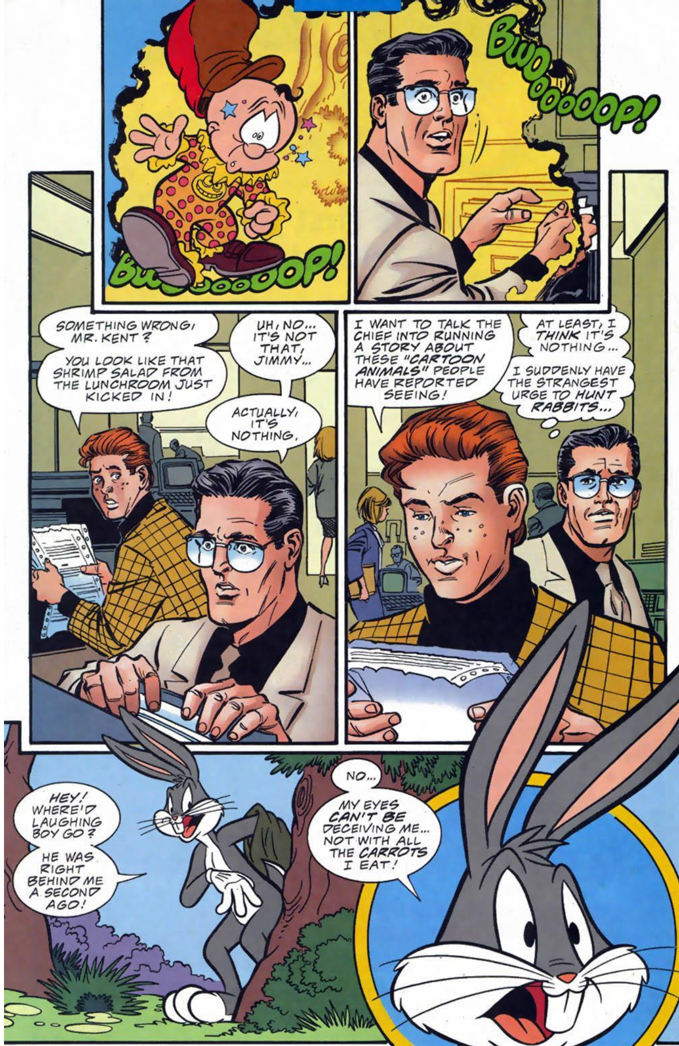
BACK IN MIDTOWN...
THERE WAS A SKUNK HERE A SECOND AGO--A CARTOON SKUNK WHO SPOKE FRENCH AND WANTED TO TAKE ME TO THE CASBAH.
HE WAS HERE BUT HE DISAP-PEARED!
I'LL WORRY ABOUT HIM LATER...
RIGHT NOW, I HAVE TO SPY ON THAT GANGSTER... FIND OUT WHAT HE'S PLANNING...
HE LEFT THE ROOM--BUT HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!
HE LEFT HIS CAT THERE ON THE EASY CHAIR!
SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH!
YOU'RE AWFULLY LIMBER, FELLA! YOU MUST DO LOTSA AEROBICS!
DID I JUST SEE WHAT I THOUGHT I SAW...?
YOU DID! YOU DID SEE A PUDDY TAT!
YOU'RE TWEETY--FROM THE CARTOONS! AND THAT'S SYLVESTER!
BATMAN!
AT LAST... A REAL HUMAN BEING!
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN SEEING SOME "UNUSUAL CREATURES," PLAS!


I SAW A TWEETY BIRD AND A PUDDY TAT! THEY'VE VANISHED LIKE THE SKUNK DID--BUT I DID SEE THEM!
I BELIEVE YOU! I SAW A PENGUIN!
SPEAKING OF WHICH...
AH, A PENGUIN OF THE NON-CUTE VARIETY!
BATMAN!
I HAD A FEELING HE'D SHOW UP! HE ALWAYS DOES!
ACTUALLY, IT TOOK YOU LONGER THAN USUAL, BATMAN! WAUK WAUK!
I WAS DELAYED BY SOMEONE ELSE IN A TOP HAT!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU GUYS ARE GANGING UP ON ME!
CALL THE SUPER-VILLAINS' UNION! FILE A GRIEVANCE AGAINST US!
THANKS, PLAS! WE'LL TIE THESE BOYS UP AND CALL THE POLICE TO MAKE A PICKUP!
THEN I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT--!

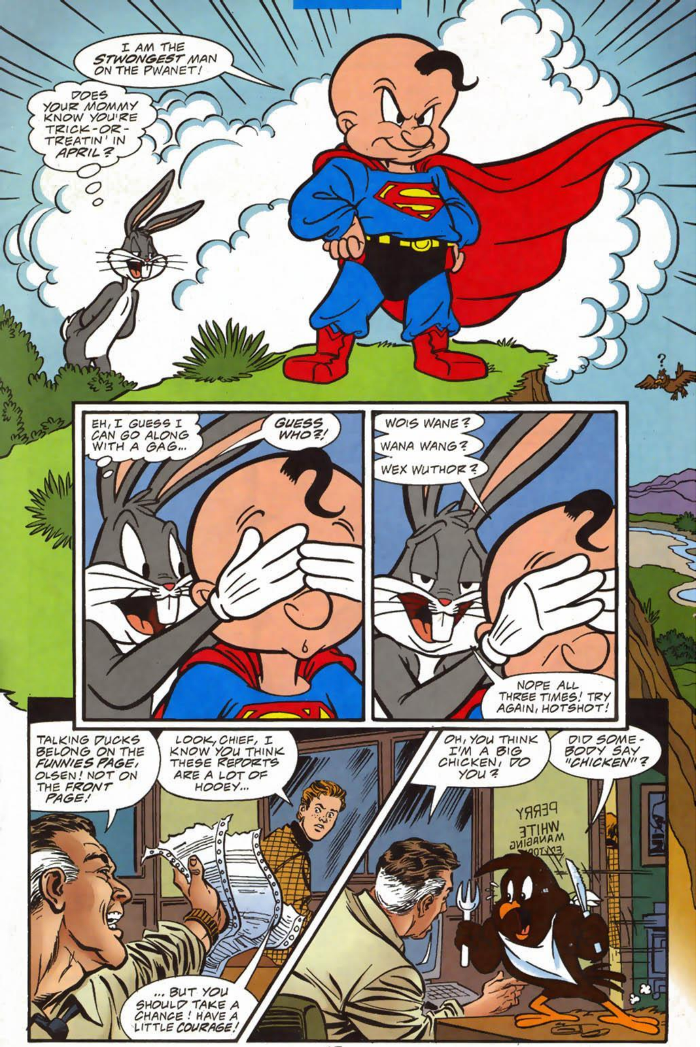

SHORTLY, OUTSIDE...
SO...YOU HAVE NO IDEA ABOUT THESE CARTOONS THAT KEEP APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING?
NONE-- BUT I DOUBT WE'LL SEE ANY MORE OF THEM!
HEY, ONE OF YOU GUYS WANT AN ADORABLE POOCH AS A PET?
I COULD PUT ON A MASK! YOU COULD CALL ME BAT-DOG!
OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST MY OPINION... I COULD BE WRONG.
MEANWHILE...
LISTEN, YOU MUTANT MUD-HEN! I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS OPERATION!
I DON'T RECALL GETTING A BALLOT IN THAT ELECTION!
I'M THE EXPERT AT MESSING WITH SUPERMAN!
NOW, THERE'S THE GUY! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!
I'LL BWAST THAT WABBIT!
I HOPE YOU HAVE A LICENSE TO HUNT WABBITS, FELLA! YOU COULD GO TO PRISON!
OH, PWEASE, MR. WANGER! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO PWISON!
12



WELL, I SUPPOSE I COULD GRANT YOU A WABBIT-HUNTING LICENSE... JUST FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. WANGER, SIR! I'LL COMPWY WITH YOUR DIWECTIONS!
OKAY-- "DRESS IN A CLOWN SUIT... STAND ON ONE HAND... WAVE THE FLAG OF BALONIA... BALANCE A BOWL OF POTATO SALAD..."
AM I DOING IT WIGHT, SIR?
NO, NO, NO! THAT'S MACARONI SALAD! I DISTINCTLY SAID POTATO SALAD!
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE ZEBRA SOUNDS AS YOU DANCE THE MACARENA AND...
YOU KNOW, I HAVE A STWANGE SUSPICION I'M BEING TWICKED--!
YOU WIDICUWOUS WASCAL! I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME!
DON'T BOTHER, DOC! I'M THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT!
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! WHAT IF WE...
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! I'M THE BRAINS HERE AND YOU--
--YOU'RE JUST A HOMING PIGEON WITH NO PLACE TO ROOST!
YOU CAN'T TWICK ME! THOSE WEREN'T THE INSTWUCTIONS FOR GETTING A WABBIT-HUNTING WICENSE!
THOSE WERE THE INSTWUCTIONS FOR A FISHING WICENSE!



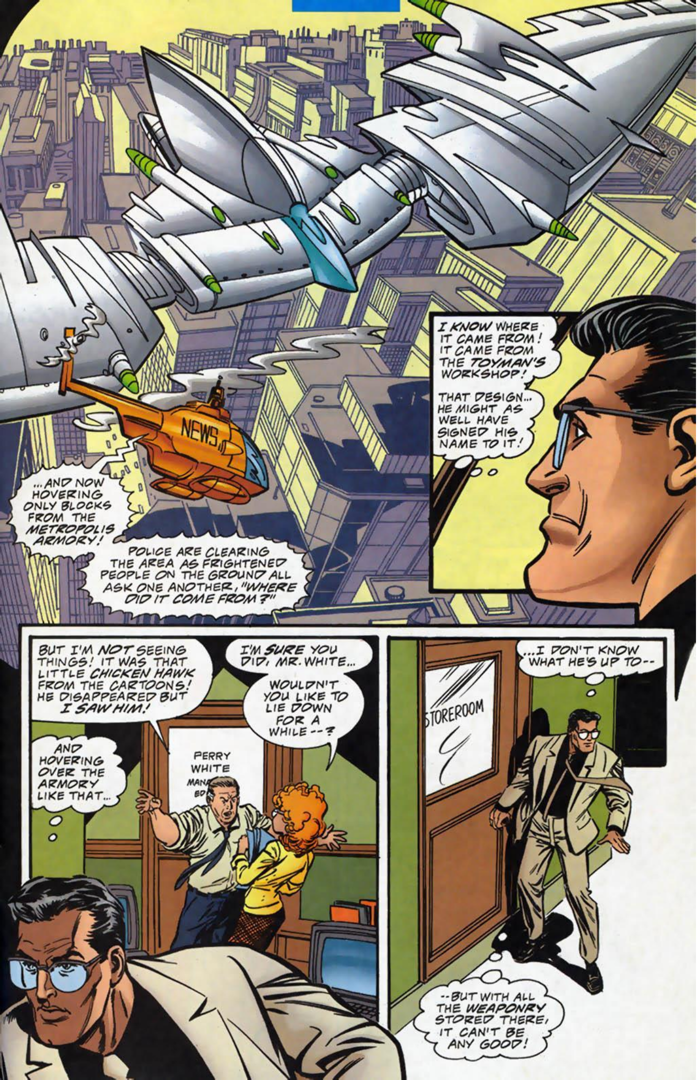
BWOOOOOOOP!
BWOOOOOOP!
SOMETHING WRONG, MR. KENT?
YOU LOOK LIKE THAT SHRIMP SALAD FROM THE LUNCHROOM JUST KICKED IN!
UH, NO... IT'S NOT THAT, JIMMY...
ACTUALLY, IT'S NOTHING.
I WANT TO TALK THE CHIEF INTO RUNNING A STORY ABOUT THESE "CARTOON ANIMALS" PEOPLE HAVE REPORTED SEEING!
AT LEAST, I THINK IT'S NOTHING...
I SUDDENLY HAVE THE STRANGEST URGE TO HUNT RABBITS...
HEY! WHERE'D LAUGHING BOY GO?
HE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME A SECOND AGO!
NO...
MY EYES CAN'T BE DECEIVING ME... NOT WITH ALL THE CARROTS I EAT!



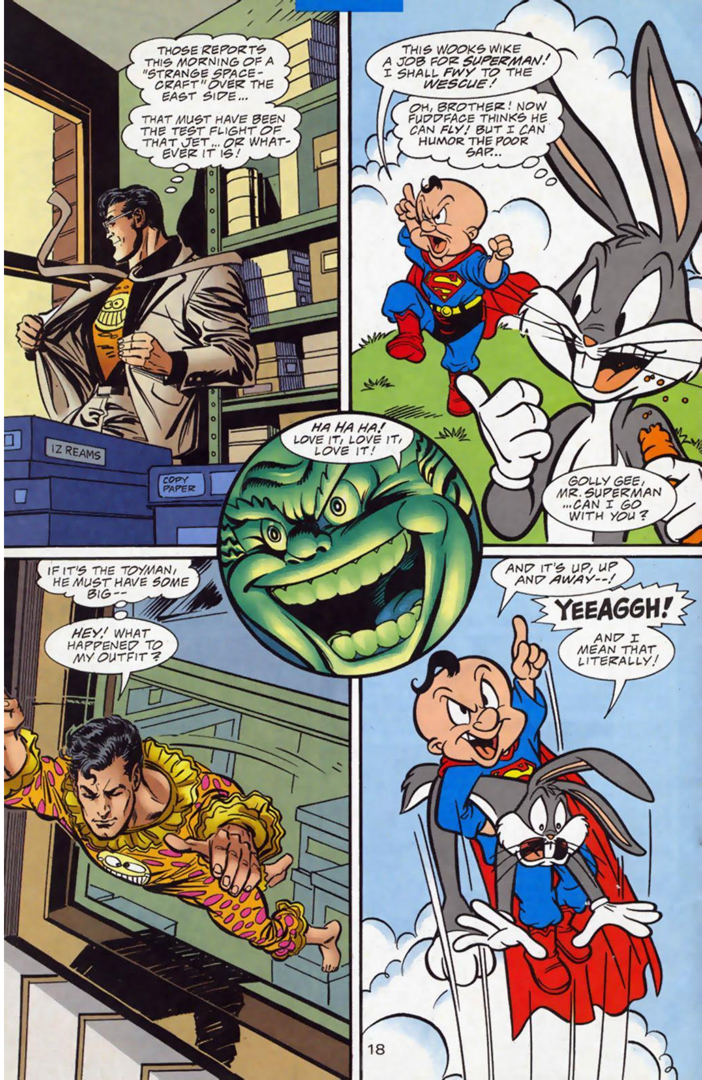
I AM THE STWONGEST MAN ON THE PWANET!
DOES YOUR MOMMY KNOW YOU'RE TRICK-OR-TREATIN' IN APRIL?
EH, I GUESS I CAN GO ALONG WITH A GAG...
GUESS WHO?!
WOIS WANE?
WANA WANG?
WEX WUTHOR?
NOPE ALL THREE TIMES! TRY AGAIN, HOTSHOT!
TALKING DUCKS BELONG ON THE FUNNIES PAGE, OLSEN! NOT ON THE FRONT PAGE!
LOOK, CHIEF, I KNOW YOU THINK THESE REPORTS ARE A LOT OF HOOEY...
...BUT YOU SHOULD TAKE A CHANCE! HAVE A LITTLE COURAGE!
OH, YOU THINK I'M A BIG CHICKEN, DO YOU?
DID SOME-BODY SAY "CHICKEN"?
PERRY WHITE MANAGING EDITOR



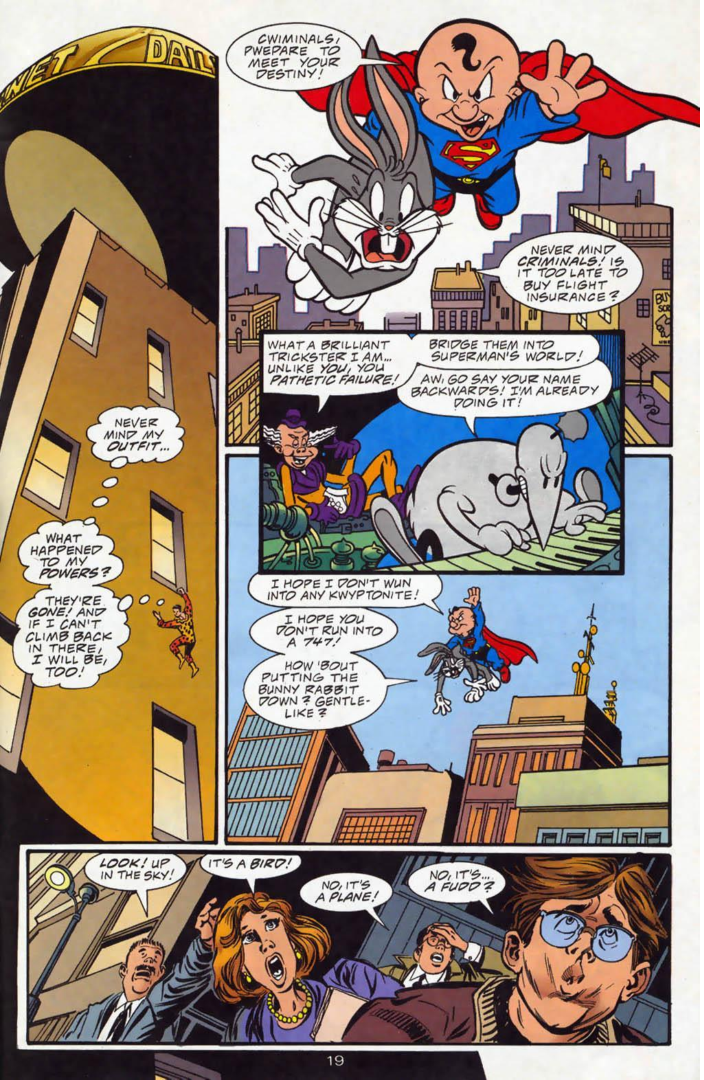
LISTEN, PAL! YOU'RE A CHICKEN AND I'M A CHICKEN HAWK, SEE?
NOW, ARE YOU GONNA COME QUIET-LIKE OR DO I HAVE TO SLAP YOU AROUND--?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST IS GOING ON HERE??
OH, WANNA PLAY ROUGH, DO YA?
CHWIS O'DONNELL? WOBERT WEDFORD? CHWISTOPHER WEEVE?
BWAD PITT? WEONARDO DECAPWIO? CAWISTA FWOCK-HART?
YOU'RE GETTIN' WARMER...
THIS IS GREAT! NOW, WE HAVE TO GET THIS SUPER-MAN OVER TO THE OTHER ONE'S WORLD!
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU... I'VE CROSSED THE TWO WORLDS' RADIO SIGNALS!
AND QUIT SHOV-ING!
--REPORTS OF AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT SIGHTED OVER THE CITY...
GWEAT KWYPTON! SOUNDS LIKE TWOUBLE!
DID YOU HEAR A PANIC IN PERRY'S OFFICE?
YOU WANT TO SEE PANIC, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS--!
...APPEARING ONLY MOMENTS AGO OVER METROPOLIS...
LNN

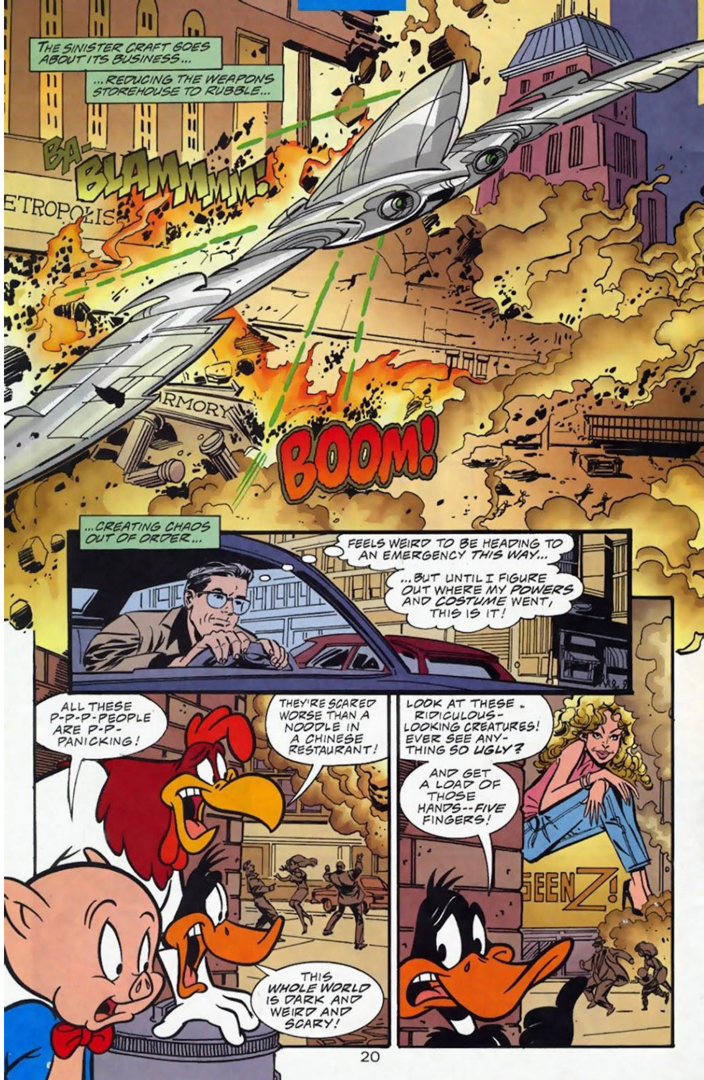


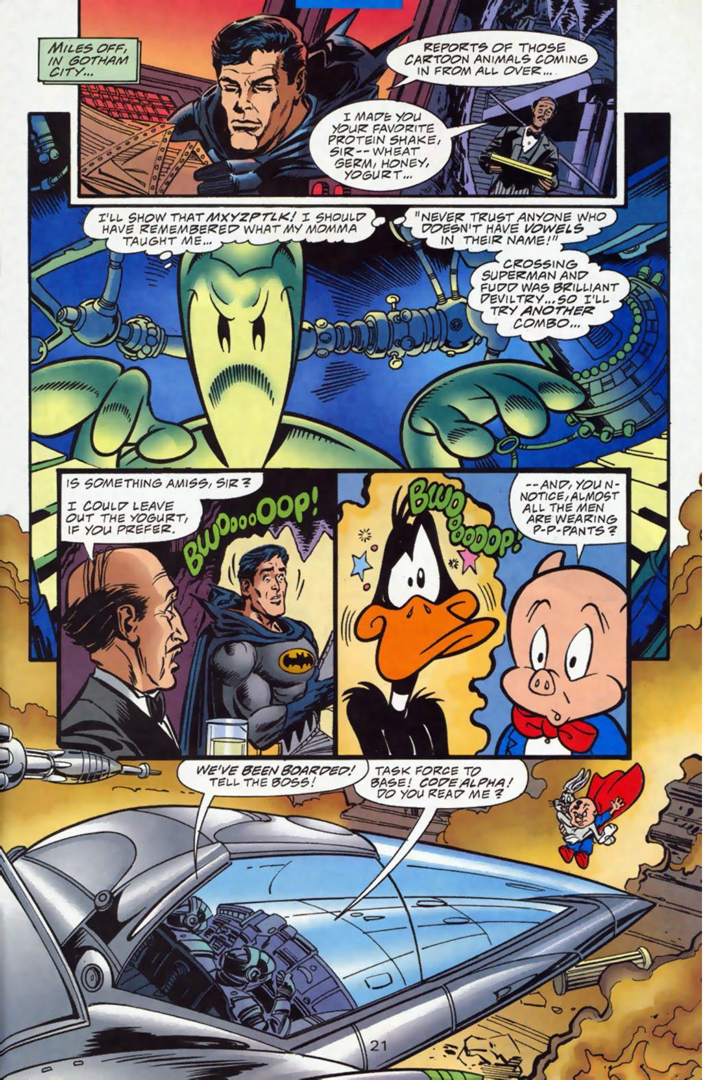
...AND NOW HOVERING ONLY BLOCKS FROM THE METROPOLIS ARMORY!
POLICE ARE CLEARING THE AREA AS FRIGHTENED PEOPLE ON THE GROUND ALL ASK ONE ANOTHER, "WHERE DID IT COME FROM?"
NEWS
I KNOW WHERE IT CAME FROM! IT CAME FROM THE TOYMAN'S WORKSHOP!
THAT DESIGN... HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SIGNED HIS NAME TO IT!
BUT I'M NOT SEEING THINGS! IT WAS THAT LITTLE CHICKEN HAWK FROM THE CARTOONS! HE DISAPPEARED BUT I SAW HIM!
I'M SURE YOU DID, MR. WHITE...
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE--?
AND HOVERING OVER THE ARMORY LIKE THAT...
PERRY WHITE
STOREROOM
...I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO--
--BUT WITH ALL THE WEAPONRY STORED THERE, IT CAN'T BE ANY GOOD!

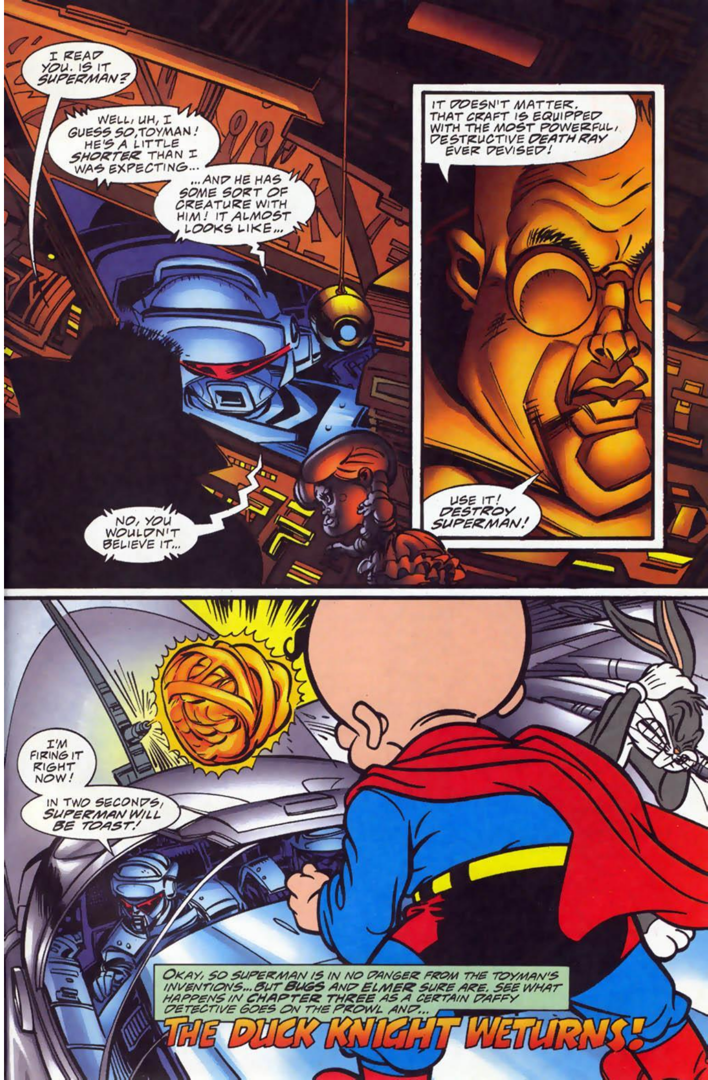


THOSE REPORTS THIS MORNING OF A "STRANGE SPACE-CRAFT" OVER THE EAST SIDE...
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE TEST FLIGHT OF THAT JET... OR WHAT-EVER IT IS!
IZ REAMS
COPY PAPER
THIS WOOKS WIKE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN! I SHALL FWY TO THE WESCUE!
OH, BROTHER! NOW FUDDFACE THINKS HE CAN FLY! BUT I CAN HUMOR THE POOR SAP...
GOLLY GEE, MR. SUPERMAN ...CAN I GO WITH YOU?
HA HA HA! LOVE IT, LOVE IT, LOVE IT!
IF IT'S THE TOYMAN, HE MUST HAVE SOME BIG--
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY OUTFIT?
AND IT'S UP, UP AND AWAY--!
YEEAGGH!
AND I MEAN THAT LITERALLY!


DAILY
CWIMINALS, PWEPARE TO MEET YOUR DESTINY!
NEVER MIND CRIMINALS! IS IT TOO LATE TO BUY FLIGHT INSURANCE?
NEVER MIND MY OUTFIT...
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY POWERS?
THEY'RE GONE! AND IF I CAN'T CLIMB BACK IN THERE, I WILL BE, TOO!
WHAT A BRILLIANT TRICKSTER I AM... UNLIKE YOU, YOU PATHETIC FAILURE!
BRIDGE THEM INTO SUPERMAN'S WORLD!
AW, GO SAY YOUR NAME BACKWARDS! I'M ALREADY DOING IT!
I HOPE I DON'T WUN INTO ANY KWYPTONITE!
I HOPE YOU DON'T RUN INTO A 747!
HOW 'BOUT PUTTING THE BUNNY RABBIT DOWN? GENTLE-LIKE?
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
NO, IT'S A PLANE!
NO, IT'S... A FUDD?


THE SINISTER CRAFT GOES ABOUT ITS BUSINESS...
...REDUCING THE WEAPONS STOREHOUSE TO RUBBLE...
BA-BLAMMMM!
METROPOLIS
ARMORY
BOOM!
...CREATING CHAOS OUT OF ORDER...
FEELS WEIRD TO BE HEADING TO AN EMERGENCY THIS WAY...
...BUT UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHERE MY POWERS AND COSTUME WENT, THIS IS IT!
ALL THESE P-P-P-PEOPLE ARE P-P-PANICKING!
THEY'RE SCARED WORSE THAN A NOODLE IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT!
THIS WHOLE WORLD IS DARK AND WEIRD AND SCARY!
LOOK AT THESE RIDICULOUS-LOOKING CREATURES! EVER SEE ANYTHING SO UGLY?
AND GET A LOAD OF THOSE HANDS--FIVE FINGERS!


MILES OFF, IN GOTHAM CITY...
REPORTS OF THOSE CARTOON ANIMALS COMING IN FROM ALL OVER...
I MADE YOU YOUR FAVORITE PROTEIN SHAKE, SIR-- WHEAT GERM, HONEY, YOGURT...
I'LL SHOW THAT MXYZPTLK! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED WHAT MY MOMMA TAUGHT ME...
"NEVER TRUST ANYONE WHO DOESN'T HAVE VOWELS IN THEIR NAME!"
CROSSING SUPERMAN AND FUDD WAS BRILLIANT DEVILTRY... SO I'LL TRY ANOTHER COMBO...
IS SOMETHING AMISS, SIR?
I COULD LEAVE OUT THE YOGURT, IF YOU PREFER.
BWUooooOOP!
BWUooooOOP!
--AND, YOU N-NOTICE, ALMOST ALL THE MEN ARE WEARING P-P-PANTS?
WE'VE BEEN BOARDED! TELL THE BOSS!
TASK FORCE TO BASE! CODE ALPHA! DO YOU READ ME?


I READ YOU. IS IT SUPERMAN?
WELL, UH, I GUESS SO, TOYMAN! HE'S A LITTLE SHORTER THAN I WAS EXPECTING...
...AND HE HAS SOME SORT OF CREATURE WITH HIM! IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...
NO, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT...
IT DOESN'T MATTER. THAT CRAFT IS EQUIPPED WITH THE MOST POWERFUL, DESTRUCTIVE DEATH RAY EVER DEVISED!
USE IT! DESTROY SUPERMAN!
I'M FIRING IT RIGHT NOW!
IN TWO SECONDS, SUPERMAN WILL BE TOAST!
OKAY, SO SUPERMAN IS IN NO DANGER FROM THE TOYMAN'S INVENTIONS... BUT BUGS AND ELMER SURE ARE. SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN CHAPTER THREE AS A CERTAIN DAFFY DETECTIVE GOES ON THE PROWL AND...
THE DUCK KNIGHT WETURNS!

SUPERMAN & BUGS BUNNY

Greetings, students, and welcome to MXYZPTLK UNIVERSITY.

As first-year students, you are entitled to this, your Disorientation Brochure. Becoming disoriented at Mxy U. is a common occurrence, and the young, fresh, incoming student who experiences Disorientation may want to lie down and get some rest until it passes. Lying down and getting some rest until you pass is also a pretty common occurrence at Mxyzptlk U.

The student enjoys a veritable plethora, a smorgasbord, if you will, of educational opportunities. All courses are designed to uplift and elucidate, but especially to educate in the time-honored practice of becoming annoying. Annoying the three-dimensional beings on the planet Earth is our highest calling, especially if said being is Superman.

For example, you may want to inquire of Superman just what the attraction is to the red cape. Is he a big bullfighting enthusiast? Further, what does big mister bulletproof need with a Fortress of Solitude? A fortress is a military stronghold. Is he planning an attack anytime soon? Stockpiling weapons? And why is he so obsessed with Solitude? Wants to be alone a lot? All of a sudden, the rest of us are too good for him? And the big displays in the place…who are they for? It's not like he gets a lot of visitors, or wants them. It's a Fortress "of Solitude," remember? Is he afraid we'll track all that snow into the place? Now, we hear he's lately got himself another Fortress, a brand new one. This is just greedy. Why doesn't he wear two capes while he's at it? Imagine that…some other super-heroes going around capeless, while Superman hogs all the capes. He deserves to be annoyed more than ever.

And here at Mxy U., you'll learn all the myriad and multitudinous ways to do exactly that. Not with mere Kryptonite, as, in this institute of higher learning, we're far too refined for that. In our course in Applied Psychology, you will appreciate that this is a mind game. A war of nerves. Getting on his nerves, that is.

Pretend to misunderstand his name, and keep asking him for soup.

Ask why that "S" on the back of his cape is a different color than the one on the front. Run out of red thread?

Ask why, if they were so smart on planet Krypton, how come only his dad was swift enough to figure out the place was going to blow sky high? What did the rest of them think all the seismic shocks and quakes were? Gophers? The "E" train? ("E" for earthworms?)

Apply what you've learned in our Ethics and Morality course. First, ask him if in fact he has sworn never to use his super-powers for personal gain. When he takes the moral high ground and tells you, "Never!" you merely reply, "Don't you ever even reheat your cold soup with your heat vision? Isn't that personal gain? How do you manage to cook all that soup in the first place, hey, Soupman? And I'll try the chicken noodle. Is it fresh?"

Or, try our Advanced Cosmology course. Here, you will learn to take two universe, or their plural, "universi," and smash them both together mighty good and tight, in Fifth-Dimensional fashion. One universe will be an Earth filled with super-heroes—Superman, Batman, the Flash, Green Lantern, Wonder Woman…the whole Justice League. The other universe is filled with the well-known Looney Tunes characters: Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Porky Pig, Yosemite Sam, Tweety and Sylvester…all the gang from the great old Warner Bros. cartoons. Smooshing them all into the same universe will force them to coexist and otherwise get on each other's nerves. Then, the fun really starts! See the next two issues for how it all works out! Or better yet, how it doesn't!

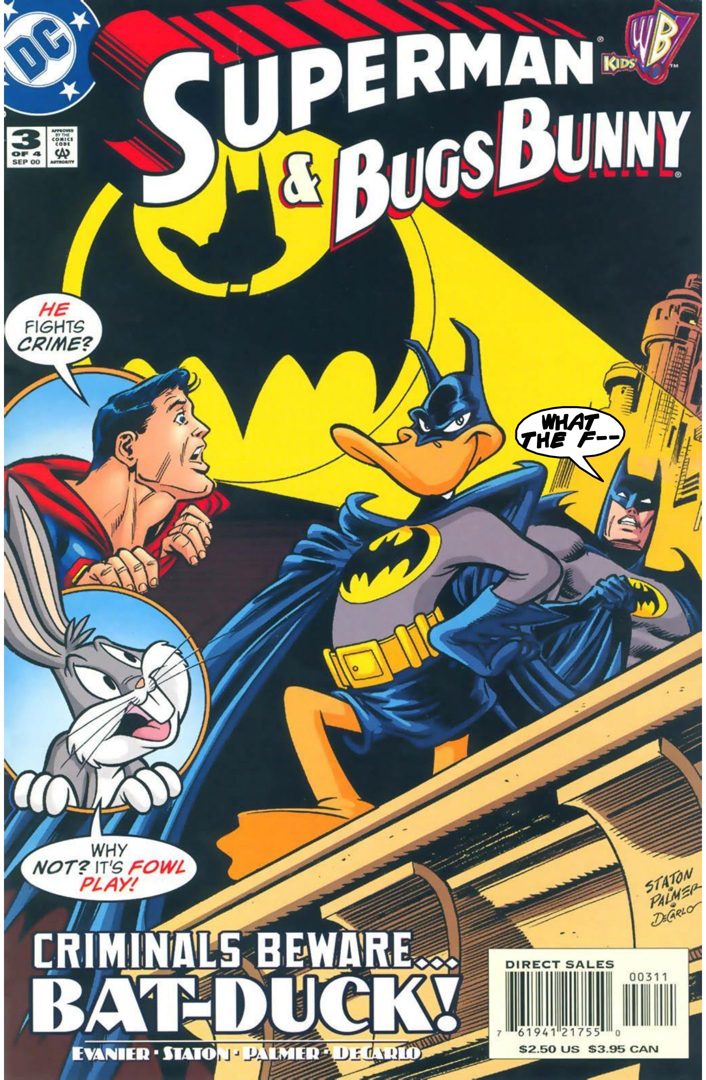
And remember, here at Mxyzptlk University, we don't mind if you get our name wrong, as long as you keep getting it wrong the same way every time.

NEXT ISSUE

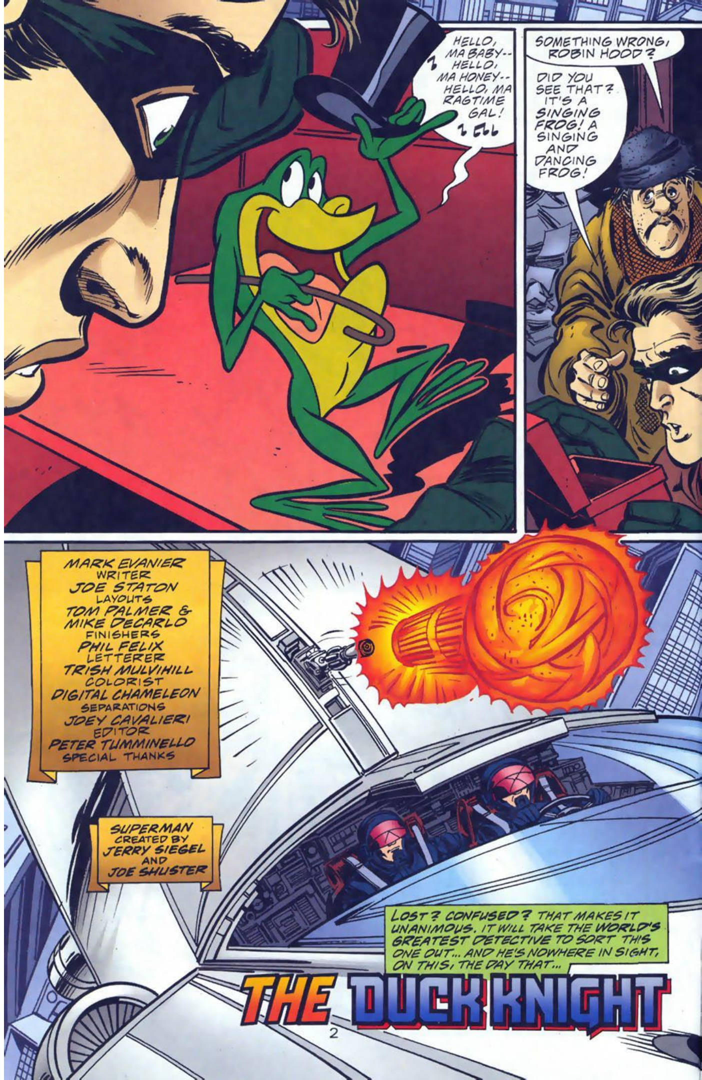


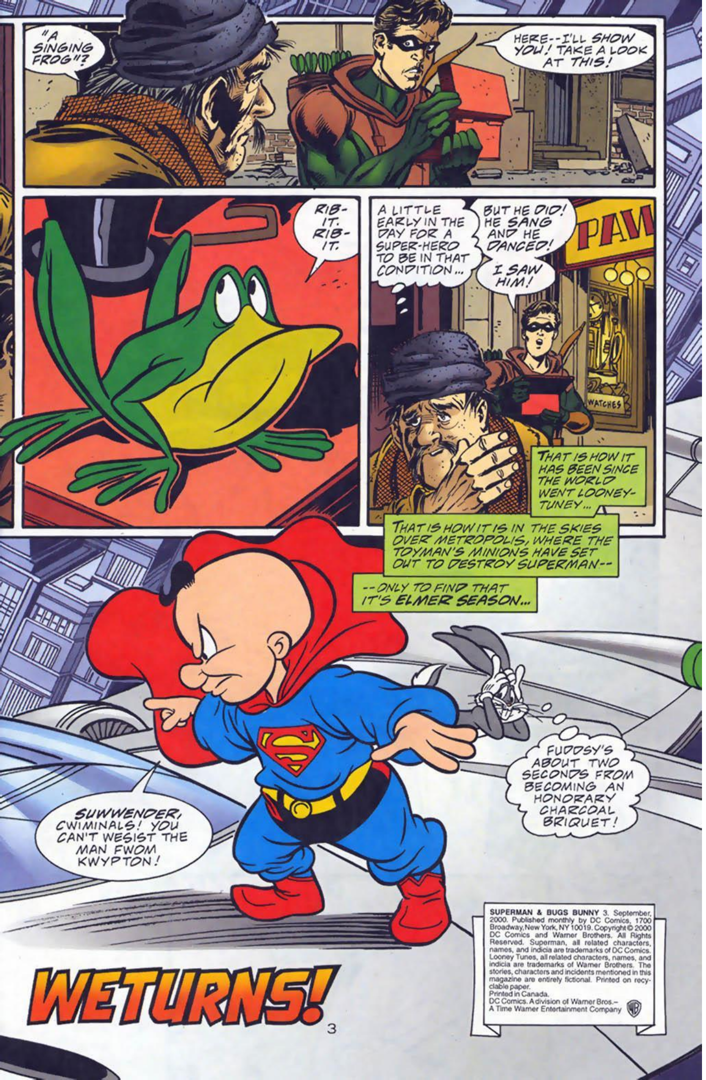
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SUPERMAN
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3 OF 4
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CRIMINALS BEWARE...
BAT-DUCK!
EVANIER · STATON · PALMER · DeCARLO
DIRECT SALES
$2.50 US $3.95 CAN

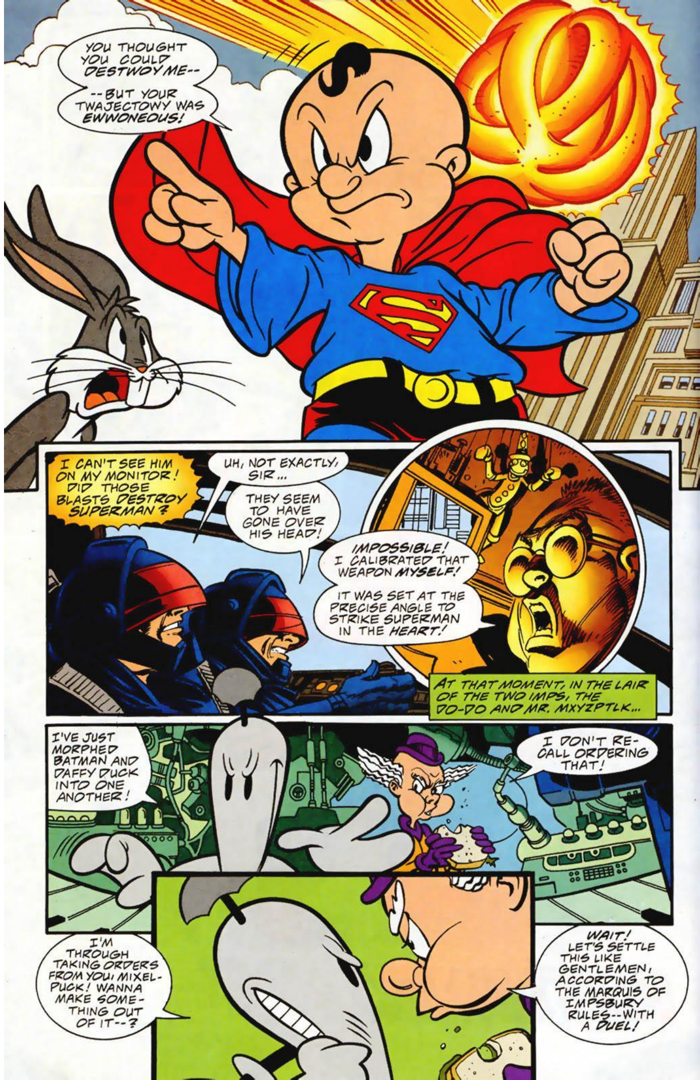

THE NEWS REPORTS "WEIRD CREATURES" ALL OVER TOWN AND AT ONE INTERSECTION IN PARTICULAR...
GREEN ARROW HAS DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE...
IT LOOKED KINDA... SORTA LIKE A BIG BEAR...
...ONLY A BABY! IT WAS BIG BUT IT WAS WEARING, LIKE, A DIAPER...
YEAH, RIGHT.
A LITTLE EARLY IN THE DAY FOR A MAN TO BE IN THAT CONDITION...
"A BIG BEAR IN A DIAPER!" THAT'S ABSOLUTELY AND TOTALLY--
--RIDICULOUS?
WHOOSH
HERE YA GO, MISTER ARROW, SIR! THIS IS FOR YOU! REALLY AND FOR TRULY!
I DONE A GOOD THING! MY PAW WILL BE SO PROUD OF ME!
A COSTUME, OBVIOUSLY! MUST BE SOME KIND OF ADVERTISING STUNT!
SO LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS BOX HE GAVE ME--!
CREDIT

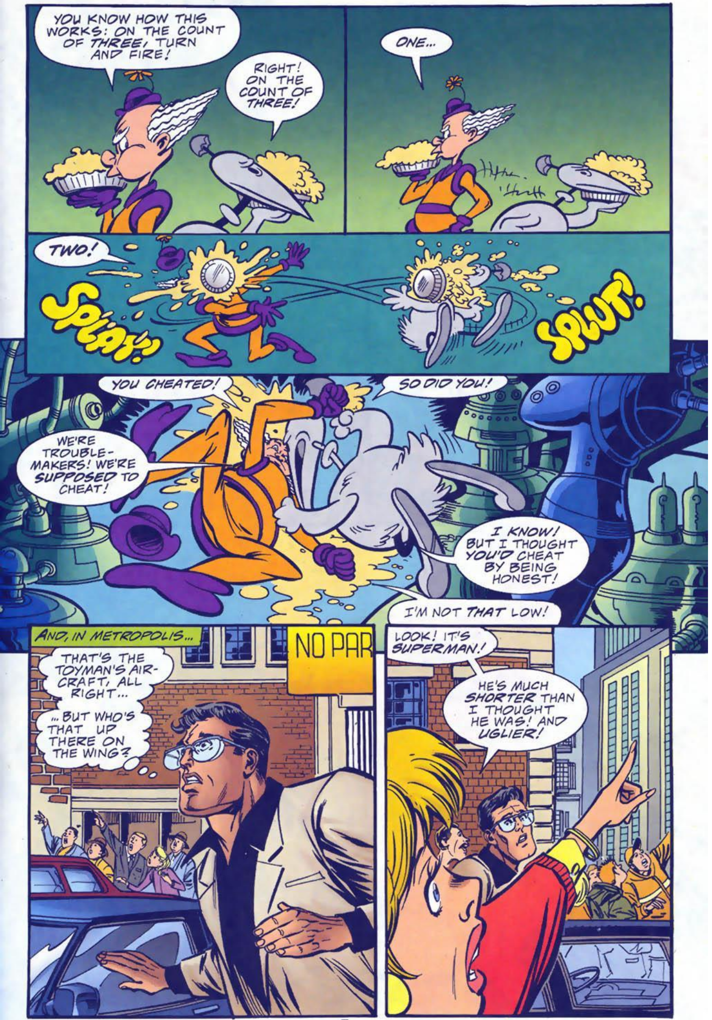

HELLO, MA BABY-- HELLO, MA HONEY-- HELLO, MA RAGTIME GAL!
SOMETHING WRONG, ROBIN HOOD?
DID YOU SEE THAT? IT'S A SINGING FROG! A SINGING AND DANCING FROG!
MARK EVANIER WRITER
JOE STATON LAYOUTS
TOM PALMER & MIKE DECARLO FINISHERS
PHIL FELIX LETTERER
TRISH MULVIHILL COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON SEPARATIONS
JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR
PETER TUMMINELLO SPECIAL THANKS
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
LOST? CONFUSED? THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS. IT WILL TAKE THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE TO SORT THIS ONE OUT... AND HE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT, ON THIS, THE DAY THAT...
THE DUCK KNIGHT



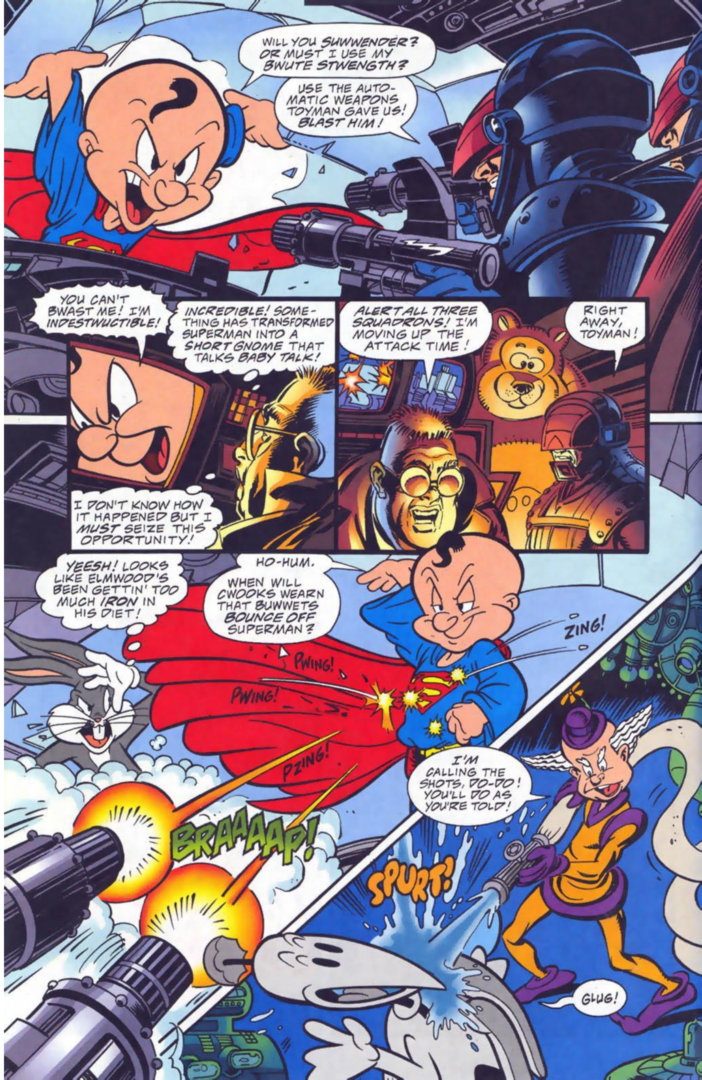
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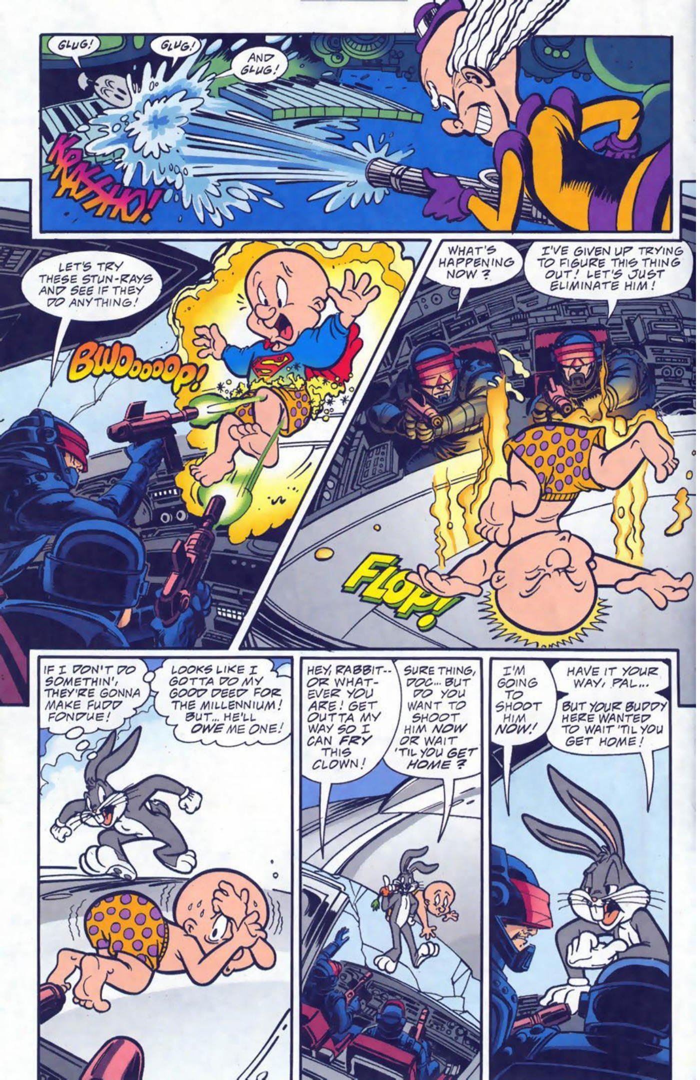


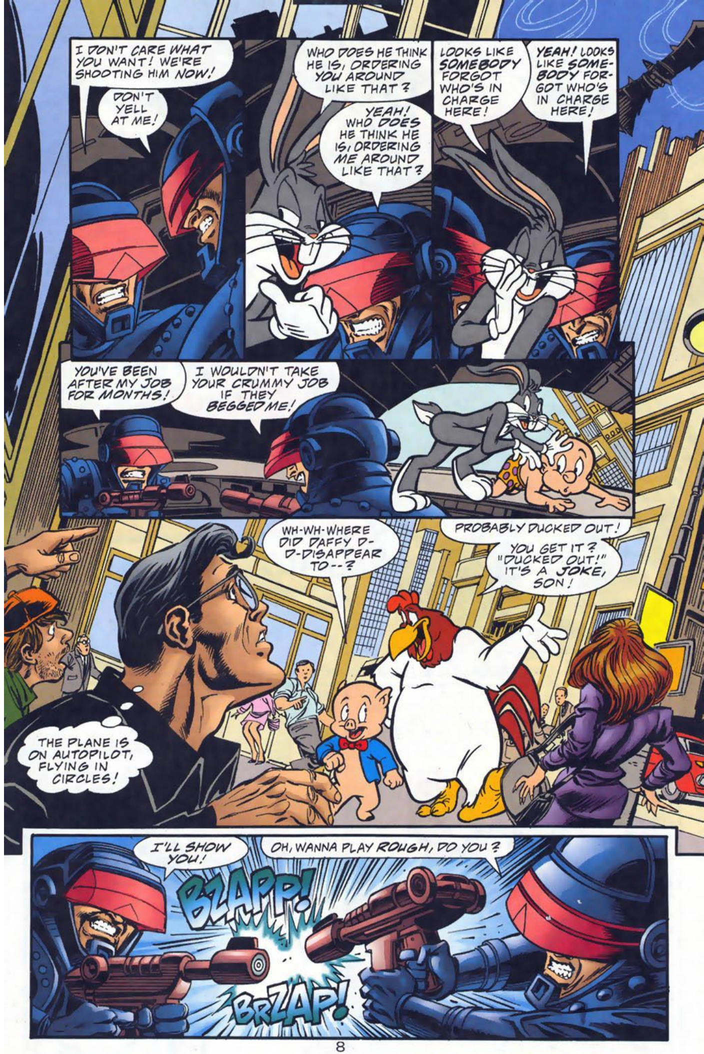


YOU KNOW HOW THIS WORKS: ON THE COUNT OF THREE, TURN AND FIRE!
RIGHT! ON THE COUNT OF THREE!
ONE...
TWO!
SPLAT!
SPLUT!
YOU CHEATED!
SO DID YOU!
WE'RE TROUBLE-MAKERS! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CHEAT!
I KNOW! BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D CHEAT BY BEING HONEST!
I'M NOT THAT LOW!
AND, IN METROPOLIS...
NO PAR
THAT'S THE TOYMAN'S AIR-CRAFT, ALL RIGHT...
...BUT WHO'S THAT UP THERE ON THE WING?
LOOK! IT'S SUPERMAN!
HE'S MUCH SHORTER THAN I THOUGHT HE WAS! AND UGLIER!

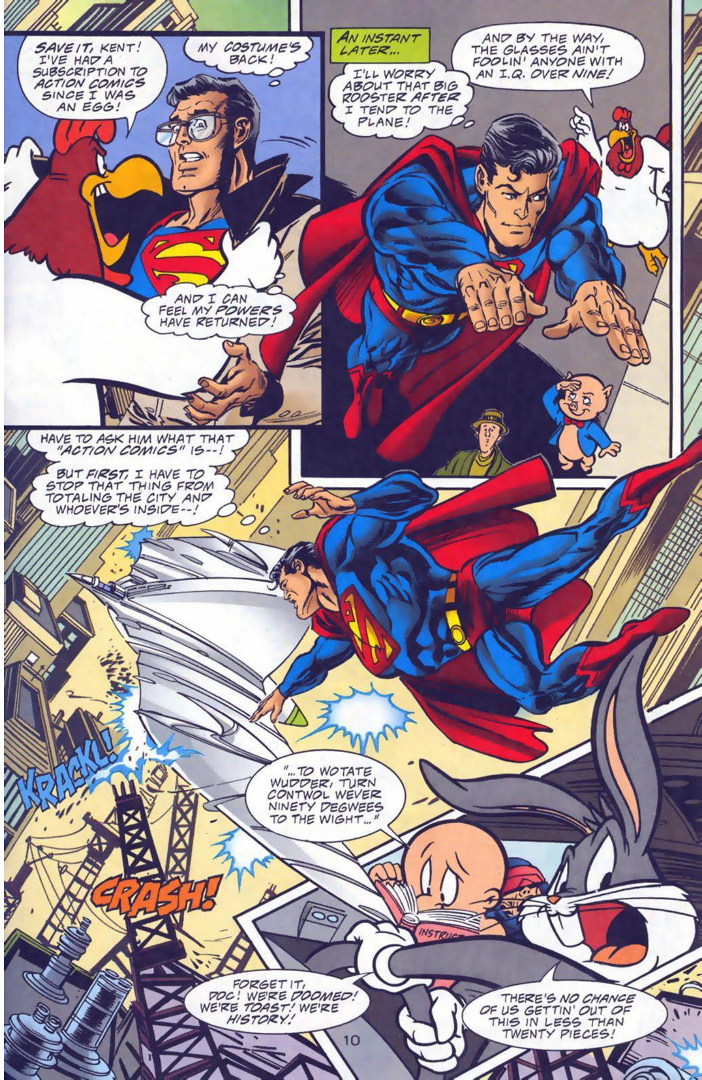


WILL YOU SUWWENDER? OR MUST I USE MY BWUTE STWENGTH?
USE THE AUTO-MATIC WEAPONS TOYMAN GAVE US! BLAST HIM!
YOU CAN'T BWAST ME! I'M INDESTWUCTIBLE!
INCREDIBLE! SOME-THING HAS TRANSFORMED SUPERMAN INTO A SHORT GNOME THAT TALKS BABY TALK!
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED BUT I MUST SEIZE THIS OPPORTUNITY!
ALERT ALL THREE SQUADRONS! I'M MOVING UP THE ATTACK TIME!
RIGHT AWAY, TOYMAN!
YEESH! LOOKS LIKE ELMWOOD'S BEEN GETTIN' TOO MUCH IRON IN HIS DIET!
HO-HUM.
WHEN WILL CWOOKS WEARN THAT BUWWETS BOUNCE OFF SUPERMAN?
ZING!
PWING!
PWING!
PZING!
BRAAAAP!
I'M CALLING THE SHOTS, DO-DO! YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!
SPURT!
GLUG!


GLUG!
GLUG!
AND GLUG!
LET'S TRY THESE STUN-RAYS AND SEE IF THEY DO ANYTHING!
BWOOOOOP!
WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?
I'VE GIVEN UP TRYING TO FIGURE THIS THING OUT! LET'S JUST ELIMINATE HIM!
FLOP!
IF I DON'T DO SOMETHIN', THEY'RE GONNA MAKE FUDD FONDUE!
LOOKS LIKE I GOTTA DO MY GOOD DEED FOR THE MILLENNIUM! BUT... HE'LL OWE ME ONE!
HEY, RABBIT-- OR WHAT-EVER YOU ARE! GET OUTTA MY WAY SO I CAN FRY THIS CLOWN!
SURE THING, DOC... BUT DO YOU WANT TO SHOOT HIM NOW OR WAIT 'TIL YOU GET HOME?
I'M GOING TO SHOOT HIM NOW!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, PAL...
BUT YOUR BUDDY HERE WANTED TO WAIT 'TIL YOU GET HOME!


I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU WANT! WE'RE SHOOTING HIM NOW!
DON'T YELL AT ME!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, ORDERING YOU AROUND LIKE THAT?
YEAH! WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, ORDERING ME AROUND LIKE THAT?
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY FORGOT WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE!
YEAH! LOOKS LIKE SOME-BODY FOR-GOT WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE!
YOU'VE BEEN AFTER MY JOB FOR MONTHS!
I WOULDN'T TAKE YOUR CRUMMY JOB IF THEY BEGGED ME!
WH-WH-WHERE DID DAFFY D-D-DISAPPEAR TO--?
PROBABLY DUCKED OUT!
YOU GET IT? "DUCKED OUT!" IT'S A JOKE, SON!
THE PLANE IS ON AUTOPILOT, FLYING IN CIRCLES!
I'LL SHOW YOU!
OH, WANNA PLAY ROUGH, DO YOU?
BZAPP!
BRZAP!


YOU WESCUED ME, WABBIT! WE'RE SAFE!
WELL, WE WOULD BE IF WE HAD ONE TEENSY LITTLE THING...
SMASH!
METROPOL IS A WORLD UNTO ITSELF READ TH
DAILY PLANET
...SAY, SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS HOW TO FLY THIS CRATE!
THE CRAFT'S OUT OF CONTROL, AND ME WITHOUT MY POWERS... HELPLESS!
HEY, I KNOW--I SAY, I KNOW THAT FELLA! I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM ONE O' THEM THERE COMICAL BOOKS!
I JUST LOVE COMICAL BOOKS!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, SON! DROP THE MILD-MANNERED ACT AND GO FIND YOURSELF A PHONE BOOTH! A CHANGING BOOTH, THAT IS! C'MON, SON! BEND THOSE BARS, JUMP THAT BUILDING, RACE THAT TRAIN... ANY OF THIS GETTIN' THROUGH THAT KRYPTONIAN HEAD OF YOURS? CHANGE INTO SUPERMAN!
WHAT IS THIS CREATURE?
UH, I'M NOT SUPERMAN! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK...

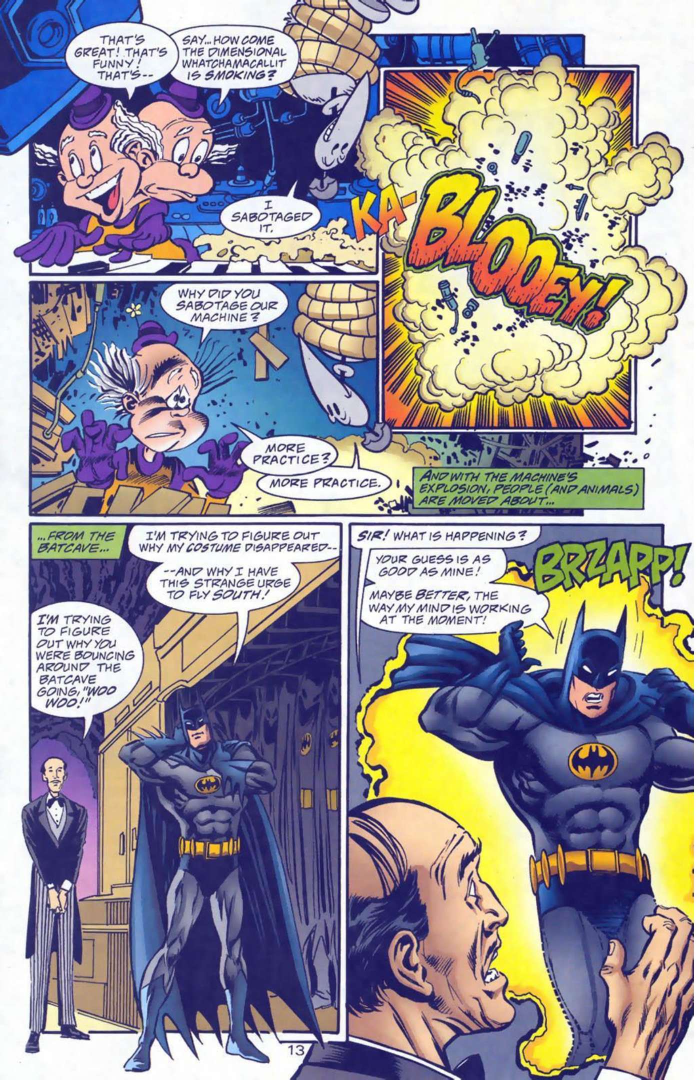

SAVE IT, KENT! I'VE HAD A SUBSCRIPTION TO ACTION COMICS SINCE I WAS AN EGG!
MY COSTUME'S BACK!
AND I CAN FEEL MY POWERS HAVE RETURNED!
AN INSTANT LATER...
I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT BIG ROOSTER AFTER I TEND TO THE PLANE!
AND BY THE WAY, THE GLASSES AIN'T FOOLIN' ANYONE WITH AN I.Q. OVER NINE!
HAVE TO ASK HIM WHAT THAT "ACTION COMICS" IS--!
BUT FIRST, I HAVE TO STOP THAT THING FROM TOTALING THE CITY AND WHOEVER'S INSIDE--!
KRACKL!
"...TO WOTATE WUDDER, TURN CONTWOL WEVER NINETY DEGWEES TO THE WIGHT..."
CRASH!
FORGET IT, DOC! WE'RE DOOMED! WE'RE TOAST! WE'RE HISTORY!
THERE'S NO CHANCE OF US GETTIN' OUT OF THIS IN LESS THAN TWENTY PIECES!

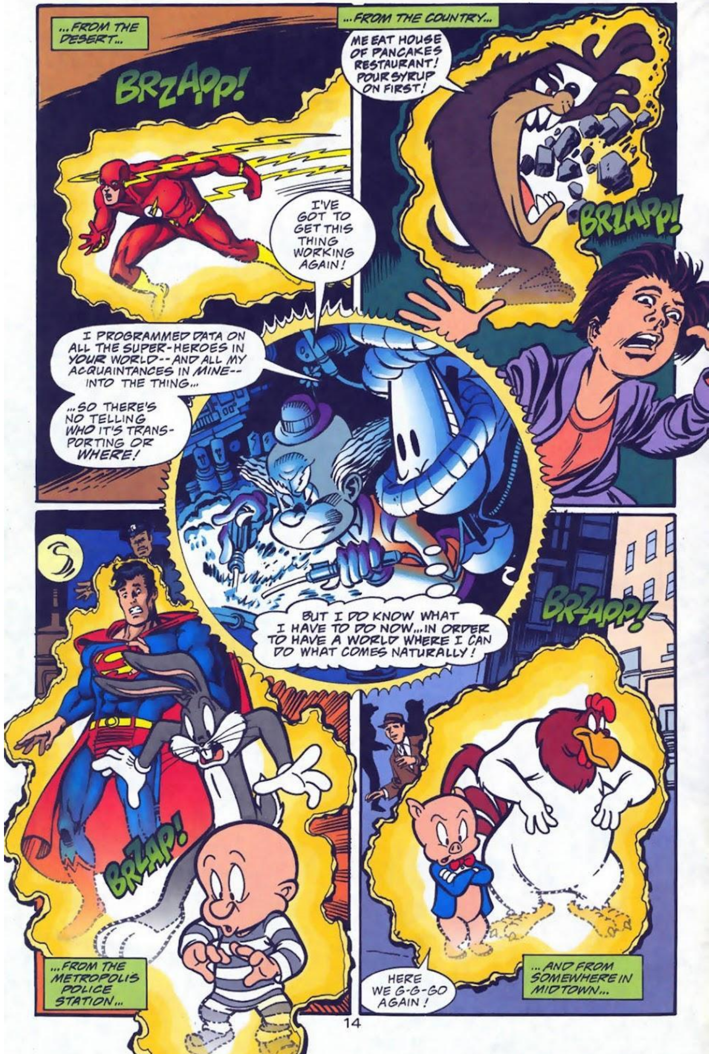


WHATTAYA KNOW--SANTA CAME A-CALLIN' EARLY!
WHAT KIND OF PARTNERSHIP IS THIS?
THE ONLY KIND THAT EVER WORKS: THE KIND WHERE ONE PARTNER BETRAYS THE OTHER!
NOW LET'S SEE HOW SUPERFUDD IS MAKING OUT--!
HEY! WHY IS SUPERMAN SUPERMAN AGAIN!?
MUST'VE UN-PROGRAMMED THAT ASPECT WHEN I CRASHED IN-TO THE KEY-BOARD!
I JAMMED THE STEERING MECHANISM AND POINTED IT OUT TO SEA!
THESE BOYS ARE JUST STUNNED! I'LL DROP 'EM OFF AT THE POLICE STATION!
WHATEVER YOU SAY! YOU'RE THE GUY WITH THE "S" ON HIS CHEST!
HEY! THE RESALE ON THAT THING IS GOIN' DOWN TO NOTHIN'!
KRASSHH!



LOOK AT WHAT I DID TO BATMAN AND DAFFY DUCK!
SHUT UP! I'LL DO WHATEVER I WANT!
I THINK I'LL LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID TO BATMAN AND DAFFY DUCK!
AT THAT MOMENT, NIGHT FALLS ON GOTHAM CITY...
...AND A FAMILIAR SIGNAL RISES ON THE CLOUDS...
...BRINGING A VISITOR TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...
THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME, BATMAN!
MECHANICAL PARTS ARE BEING STOLEN FROM GOTHAM SHIPYARD...PARTS TO MAKE WAR MACHINERY AND...
SAY NO MORE, COMMISH! THE DUCK-KNIGHT DETEC-A-TIVE IS ON THE JOB!
EVILDOERS, BEWARE! I SHALL FERRET YOU OUT, NO MATTER WHERE YOU TRY AND HIDE!
YOO-HOO? ANY EVILDOERS UNDER HERE?
TWO-FACE? RIDDLER? INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE?
I'M OFF!
WHILE I'M GONE, TELL GEORGE CLOONEY HE CAN'T PLAY ME AGAIN UNTIL HE GROWS A BEAK AND WEBBED FEET!
ANOTHER ONE OF THE JOKER'S SCHEMES! THAT'S WHAT THIS MUST BE!


THAT'S GREAT! THAT'S FUNNY! THAT'S--
SAY...HOW COME THE DIMENSIONAL WHATCHAMACALLIT IS SMOKING?
I SABOTAGED IT.
KA-BLOOEY!
WHY DID YOU SABOTAGE OUR MACHINE?
MORE PRACTICE?
MORE PRACTICE.
AND WITH THE MACHINE'S EXPLOSION, PEOPLE (AND ANIMALS) ARE MOVED ABOUT...
...FROM THE BATCAVE...
I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY MY COSTUME DISAPPEARED--
--AND WHY I HAVE THIS STRANGE URGE TO FLY SOUTH!
I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY YOU WERE BOUNCING AROUND THE BATCAVE GOING, "WOO WOO!"
SIR! WHAT IS HAPPENING?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
MAYBE BETTER, THE WAY MY MIND IS WORKING AT THE MOMENT!
BRZAPP!
13


...FROM THE DESERT...
BRZAPP!
...FROM THE COUNTRY...
ME EAT HOUSE OF PANCAKES RESTAURANT! POUR SYRUP ON FIRST!
BRZAPP!
I'VE GOT TO GET THIS THING WORKING AGAIN!
I PROGRAMMED DATA ON ALL THE SUPER-HEROES IN YOUR WORLD--AND ALL MY ACQUAINTANCES IN MINE--INTO THE THING...
...SO THERE'S NO TELLING WHO IT'S TRANSPORTING OR WHERE!
BUT I DO KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO NOW...IN ORDER TO HAVE A WORLD WHERE I CAN DO WHAT COMES NATURALLY!
BRZAPP!
BRZAP!
...FROM THE METROPOLIS POLICE STATION...
HERE WE G-G-GO AGAIN!
...AND FROM SOMEWHERE IN MIDTOWN...
14


...EVEN FROM THE VERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT OF A UNIVERSITY...
I KNOW HE'S NOT SINGING NOW!
BUT ON THE WAY HERE, HE DID SIXTEEN CHORUSES OF "LADY OF SPAIN" AND THE ENTIRE SCORE OF "THE MUSIC MAN!"
RIB-IT!
AN ODD, UN-FAMILIAR SPECIES...
IT ALMOST RESEMBLES A CARTOON FROG!
BRZAPP!
BUT, THAT BUSINESS ABOUT ITS SINGING AND DANCING IS ABSURD!
SOMETHING MISSING, PROFESSOR MALTESE?
THERE WAS A SUPER-HERO HERE, DR. JONES! HE CLAIMED TO HAVE A SINGING FROG!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A "SUPER-HERO!"
ALMOST EVERYONE IN THE DO-DO AND MXYZPTLK'S COMPUTER (WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS) MAKES AN INVOLUNTARY SHORTCUT THROUGH A DIMENSION OR THREE...
...WE LIVE IN TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS...
BWOooooP!
...AND FINDS THEMSELVES DRAWN TO ONE SPOT...
15

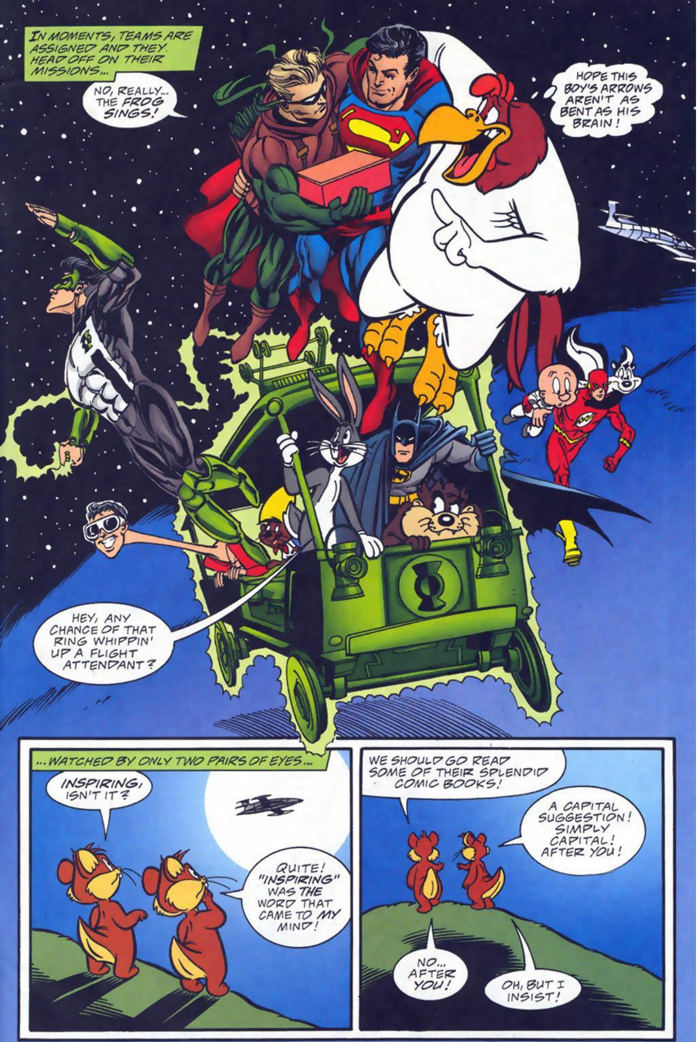

...WHERE AN UNUSUAL ASSEMBLAGE TAKES PLACE.
YOU'RE PRETTY FAST FOR A MOUSE!
AND YOU, SEÑOR, ARE PRETTY FAST FOR SOMEONE CATS DO NOT CHASE!
IS THERE M-M-MONEY IN BEING A S-S-SUPER HERO?
NOT MUCH. MY CHECKS ARE GOOD BUT I BOUNCE!
Ah, MA CHERI! YOU ARE TRULY ZE WOMAN WONDER!
HE STILL SMELLS BETTER THAN HALF THE MEN I'VE MET!
DROP BY AND VISIT SOME TIME! JUST GIVE ME A RING!
GET IT? "RING!"
IT'S A JOKE, SON!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO TOUGH? WELL, YOU AIN'T MESSED WITH ME!
AND I SURE HOPE I NEVER DO!
I WAS THAT SHADE OF GREEN ONCE! GOT HOLD OF A BATCH OF BAD CARROTS!
ME LIKE JAPANESE FOOD! ONCE EAT TOYOTA!
HE'S LOOKING AT ME LIKE HE HAS A TASTE FOR SEA-FOOD!
DO YOU LIKE BIRDS, BATMAN?
WELL, I HAVE BEEN SEEN AROUND A ROBIN...
HE WAS SINGING AND DANCING. HONEST!
HEWOES ON THIS PWANET ARE WEALLY SCWEWY!
RIB-IT.
16

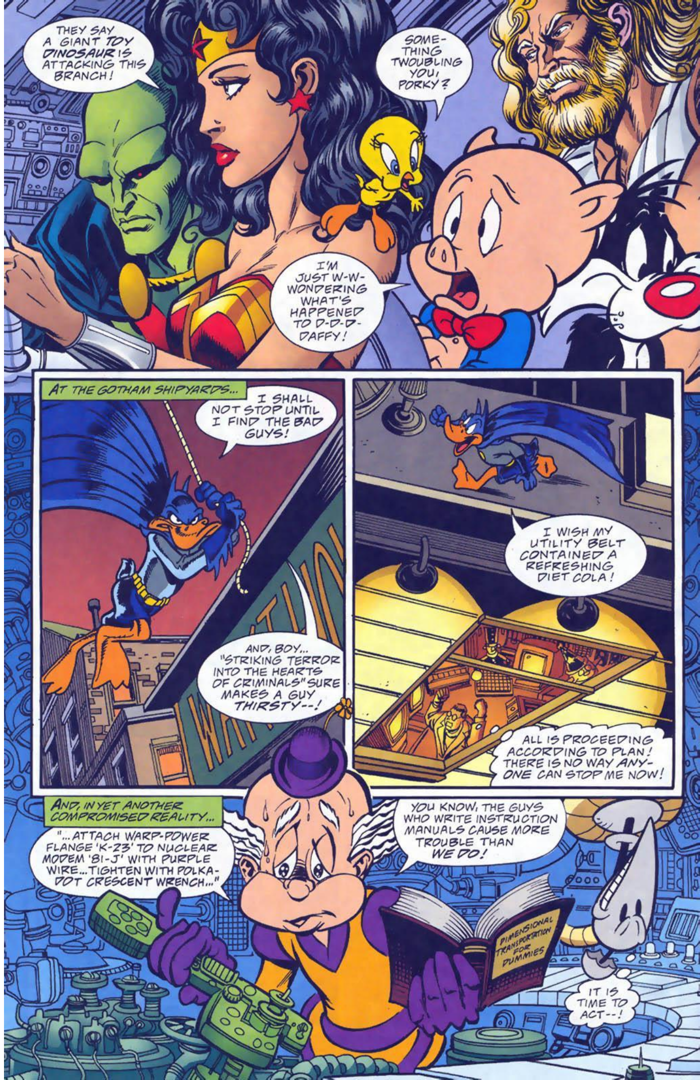


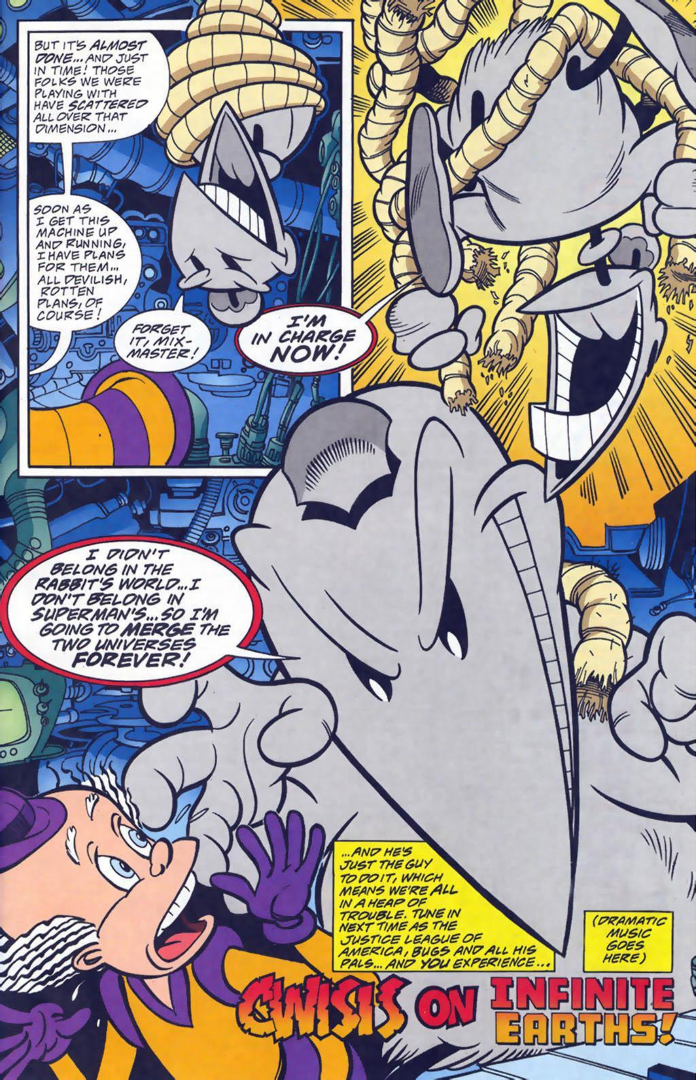
GREAT MEETIN' ALL YOUSE, BUT IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHAT WE'RE DOIN' ON THIS PLANET!
AND IT'S NOT J-J-JUST US!
OUI! SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS... THEY ARE ALSO ROAMING ABOUT!
I DON'T HAVE A CLUE!
IT'S LIKE TWO UNIVERSES HAVE GOTTEN SCRAMBLED!
I HAVE ONE THOUGHT! I HAVE THIS "FRIEND" NAMED MXYZPTLK...
"MXYZPTLK"? I MET A GUY NAMED MXYZPTLK JUST THIS MORNIN'!
WONDER IF IT WAS THE SAME MXYZ-WHATEVER!
SOMETHING WEIRD'S GOING ON ALL OVER!
ANYTHING UNUSUAL OR DIFFEWENT ON YOUR NEWS BWOADCASTS?
EASY ENOUGH TO CHECK...
--REPORTS OF GIANT, ROBOTIC "TOYS" ATTACKING THREE LOCAL BRANCHES OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SIMULTANEOUSLY, WREAKING MASS DESTRUCTION...
"TOYS"? WELL, I KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THEM!
¡AY, CARAMBA! WE MUST DO SOME-THING TO HELP!



YOU ALL WAIT HERE!
RESCUING MAN-KIND IS OUR DEPARTMENT, AFTER ALL!
HOLD ON, DOC! TIME OUT! LET THE RABBIT SAY SOMETHING!
HEY, I KNOW YOU THINK WE'RE JUST HA-HA FUNNY CREATURES...
...PIE-IN-THE-FACE AND LIKE THAT...
...BUT A COUPLE OF US HAVE SAVED THE EARTH A COUPLE TIMES TOO, Y'KNOW!
YEAH! AND WE DID IT THE HARD WAY...
...WITHOUT THEM MAGICAL RINGS OR SUPER-TYPE POWERS!
I DON'T KNOW! THIS COULD BE--WILL BE--DANGEROUS!
WE GO 'LONG! WE GO 'LONG!
HARD TO ARGUE WITH THAT. I SAY WE TAKE THEM!
WE'LL MAKE YOU HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!
MY GWAY-HAIRED MOTHER WOULD BE SO PWOUD!
TANKS, GANG! WE CAN MAYBE GET YOU AN AUTO-GRAPHED PITCHER OF MICHAEL JORDAN OR SOMETHIN'!
WE SHOULD WUSH TO THE WESCUE, SHOULDN'T WE?


IN MOMENTS, TEAMS ARE ASSIGNED AND THEY HEAD OFF ON THEIR MISSIONS...
NO, REALLY... THE FROG SINGS!
HOPE THIS BOY'S ARROWS AREN'T AS BENT AS HIS BRAIN!
HEY, ANY CHANCE OF THAT RING WHIPPIN' UP A FLIGHT ATTENDANT?
...WATCHED BY ONLY TWO PAIRS OF EYES...
INSPIRING, ISN'T IT?
QUITE! "INSPIRING" WAS THE WORD THAT CAME TO MY MIND!
WE SHOULD GO READ SOME OF THEIR SPLENDID COMIC BOOKS!
A CAPITAL SUGGESTION! SIMPLY CAPITAL! AFTER YOU!
NO... AFTER YOU!
OH, BUT I INSIST!


THEY SAY A GIANT TOY DINOSAUR IS ATTACKING THIS BRANCH!
SOME-THING TWOUBLING YOU, PORKY?
I'M JUST W-W-WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO D-D-D-DAFFY!
AT THE GOTHAM SHIPYARDS...
I SHALL NOT STOP UNTIL I FIND THE BAD GUYS!
I WISH MY UTILITY BELT CONTAINED A REFRESHING DIET COLA!
AND, BOY... "STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS" SURE MAKES A GUY THIRSTY--!
ALL IS PROCEEDING ACCORDING TO PLAN! THERE IS NO WAY ANYONE CAN STOP ME NOW!
AND, IN YET ANOTHER COMPROMISED REALITY...
"...ATTACH WARP-POWER FLANGE 'K-23' TO NUCLEAR MODEM '81-J' WITH PURPLE WIRE...TIGHTEN WITH POLKA-DOT CRESCENT WRENCH..."
YOU KNOW, THE GUYS WHO WRITE INSTRUCTION MANUALS CAUSE MORE TROUBLE THAN WE DO!
DIMENSIONAL TRANSPORTATION FOR DUMMIES
IT IS TIME TO ACT--!



SUPERMAN & BUGS BUNNY

THE ANSWERS TO THIS ISSUE'S SPOT-THE-MISTAKES CHALLENGE!

1. Superman's cape was depicted fluttering in the breeze in a southwesterly direction, when the weather report for Metropolis said that the winds would be blowing from the west to the east!

2. Despite the name "Green Lantern," there isn't anything resembling a green lantern in the entire issue...

3. except for those two things on page 20 that look like green lanterns.

4. Batman's utility belt was drawn without the little vial for the chemical analysis kit in two panels. Instead, the little vial for the microscope kit was substituted. He wears that at the *back* of the belt, silly!

5. Clark Kent was not wearing a necktie this issue. That's not specifically a story mistake, but it sure as heck is a fashion mistake!

6. The Flash is shown in this issue, when he was actually fighting Abra Kadabra in the 64th century in his own magazine at the same time that this was being published. Later, we'll claim that this was not a mistake but retroactive continuity which we'll explain in a six-part miniseries, so reserve your copies at your local comic-book store today.

7. Green Arrow tends not to whine as much as he does in this issue.

8. Well, he whines about more serious things, usually.

9. The number "nine," as printed to the left, is actually in the Cheltenham extended font, instead of the Courier bold font. All right, it's not much of a mistake, but every so often, we like to tell a joke just for the typesetters.

10. The man playing the university professor on page 15 cut himself shaving.

11. Actually, he cut himself shaving his legs.

12. On page 16, Aquaman still has yesterday's tuna salad stuck in his beard.

13. Shame on you for believing the above! Aquaman would never eat tuna salad! What's the matter with you?

14. Alfred, Batman's butler, is depicted as having 32 teeth in his mouth. In reality, he's had his wisdom teeth pulled.

15. The Bat-Signal appears on page 12. It was actually down for repairs on that particular day.

16. In fact, that whole section of Gotham City is really about two blocks from where it was depicted.

17. Mr. Mxyzptlk could not use a screwdriver in the manner shown on page 14. He would need a phillips-head.

18. Green Lantern has a bad haircut.

19. And, let's face it, Wonder Woman's gotta do something with those split ends.

20. Speaking of which, Wonder Woman's "invisible" plane is easily visible on page 20.

21. The pawnshop on page 3 closed down a week ago. I brought my watch and my electric guitar there, and I can't get them out of hock.

22. They don't make comic-book artists' pen points like they used to. That's not a mistake, but it *is* a complaint.

23. The tubes in the machinery on page 5 are outmoded and should be replaced with solid state technology.

24. The Manhunter from Mars, J'onn J'onzz, and the Martian Manhunter are all the same person, thereby giving him three phone listings...

25. ...in the Green Pages. Ha ha. Green Lantern, Green Arrow, what is it with us and green? It's not like anybody looks good in it.

26. Have you wondered by now what keeps Green Arrow's arrows in his quiver when he falls upside-down, like on page 15?

27. Wonder Woman's lipstick is carmine red on page 19, when it should have been fire engine red as it was earlier in the story.

28. Superman's muscles were inked with a number three brush, instead of the number two brush, the industry standard. That's not a mistake, either. That's just some shop talk. You may want to take some notes if you're thinking about breaking into the business.

29. The Toyman's henchmen have no medical plan.

30. Their retirement benefits aren't so hot, either.

31. And they get no holidays off.

32. The Justice League, on the other hand, offers a terrific dental plan and stock options. So if you're deciding whether or not to be a good guy or a bad guy, the above pretty much speaks for itself.

33. But the Justice League doesn't get holidays off either.

34. Traffic in Metropolis gets backed up too frequently, what with people standing around pointing at the sky and shouting, "It's a bird, it's a plane..."

35. That's not a mistake either, just an observation I read in the *New York Times* real estate section's article "If You're Thinking of Living in Metropolis..."

36. Kryptonite is stated as having an atomic number of 298. The correct number is 398. But I'll knock off another ten percent, because I like your face.

37. The title of this issue's story is loosely based on a Mozart opera. So loosely that even Mozart wouldn't recognize it.

38. On page 17, Green Lantern isn't carrying enough life insurance.

39. This issue, Superman's heat vision was woefully underutilized.

40. Wonder Woman's earrings don't match her bracelets.

41. The Gotham City water towers shown on page 12 were outlawed by the city commission since it was rezoned in the early nineties. The new water towers were built by an outfit that probably gave somebody a kickback, if you know what I mean. Maybe that Commissioner Gordon should look into that, and maybe earn his paycheck instead of having Batman do *everything.*

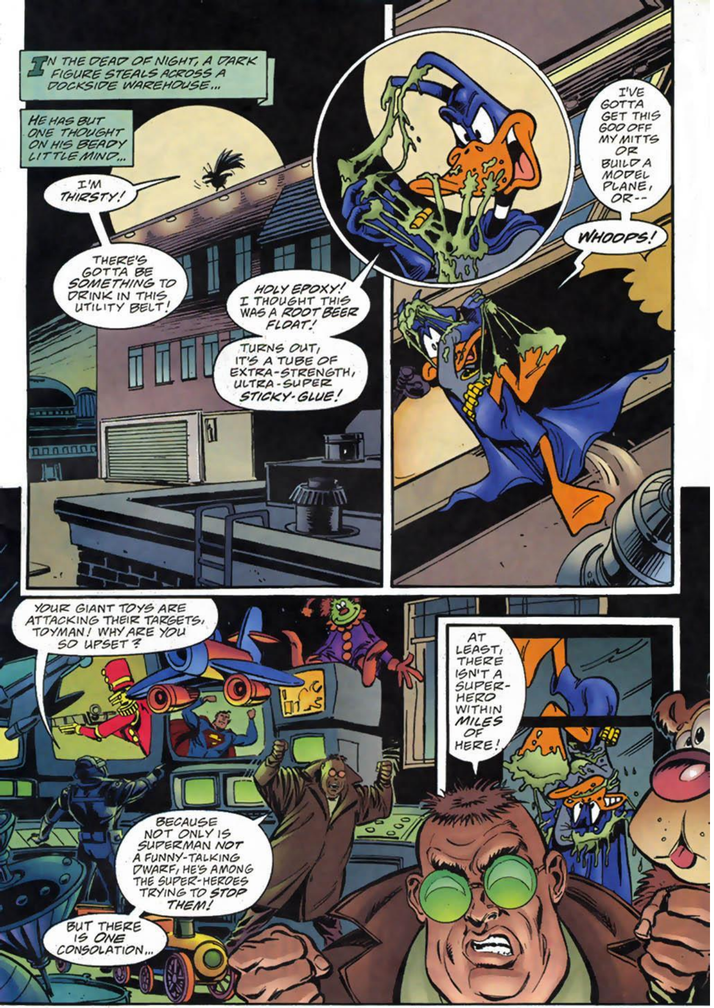
42. There's no "spot-the-mistakes challenge"! What's the matter with you?

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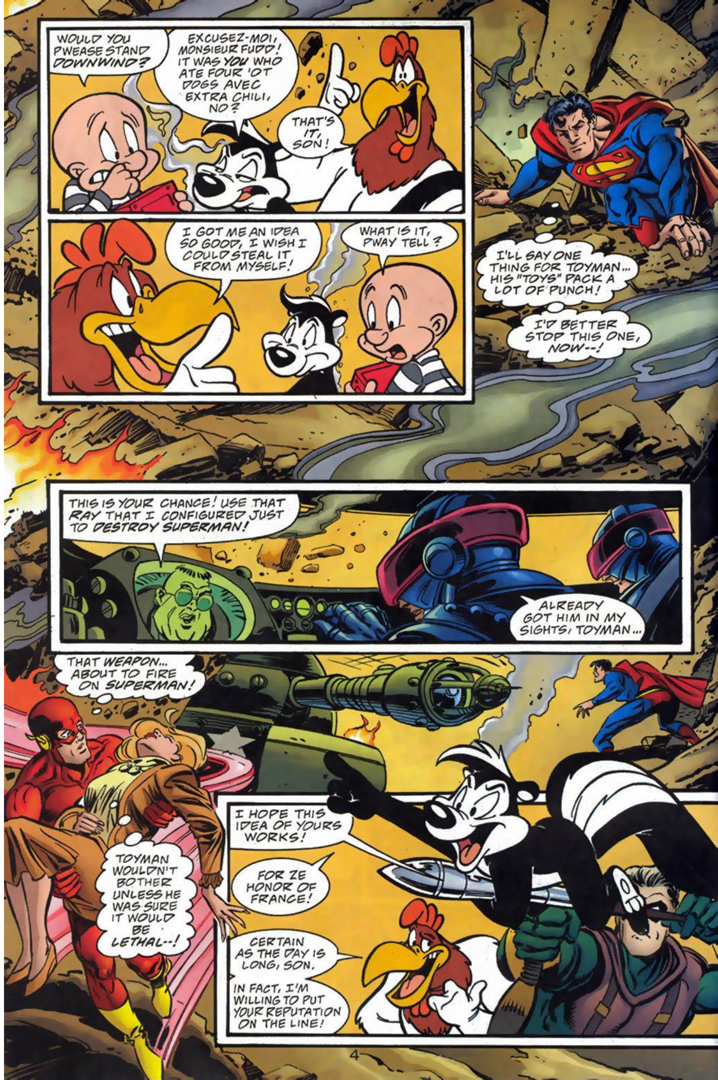
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SUPERMAN
& BUGS BUNNY
KIDS WB
4 OF 4
OCT 00
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE AIMIN' THAT, BUB! THIS SUIT'S A RENTAL!
EVANIER · STATON · PALMER · DECARLO



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OOOF!
SMASH!
HERE--HOLD THIS! IT'S A SINGING FROG SOMEBODY GAVE ME!
DON'T BE WIDICUWOUS! FWOGS DON'T SING--THEY CWOAK!
YOU GUYS STAY HERE OUT OF HARM'S WAY!
OUI, MONSIEUR FLASH! I AM A LOVER, NOT A FIGHTER!
NOW, HOLD ON THERE A SEC--!
BLAMM!
THAT TANK IS BLASTING EVERYTHING!
AND IF SUPERMAN COULDN'T STOP IT, I'M NOT SURE HOW WE'RE GOING TO MANAGE IT!
WE'RE--I SAY, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HONORARY MEMBERS OF THAT THERE JUSTICE LEAGUE!
I FEEL ABOUT AS USEFUL AS A NOSE-RING ON AN OYSTER!

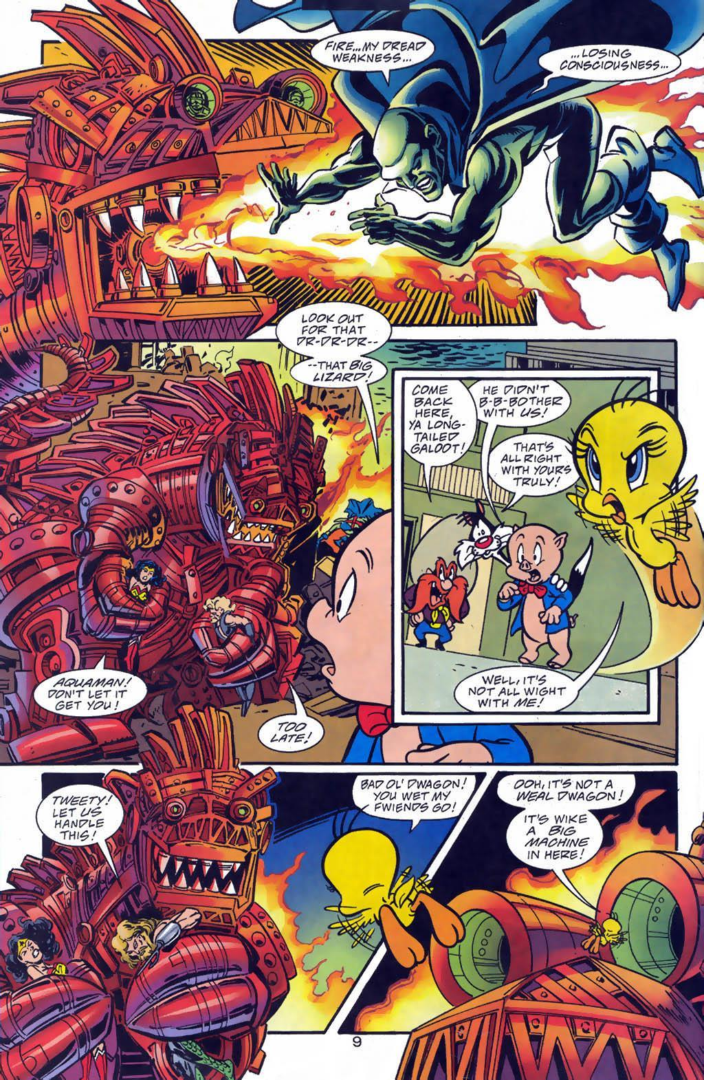

WOULD YOU PWEASE STAND DOWNWIND?
EXCUSEZ-MOI, MONSIEUR FUDD! IT WAS YOU WHO ATE FOUR 'OT DOGS AVEC EXTRA CHILI, NO?
THAT'S IT, SON!
I GOT ME AN IDEA SO GOOD, I WISH I COULD STEAL IT FROM MYSELF!
WHAT IS IT, PWAY TELL?
I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR TOYMAN... HIS "TOYS" PACK A LOT OF PUNCH!
I'D BETTER STOP THIS ONE, NOW--!
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! USE THAT RAY THAT I CONFIGURED JUST TO DESTROY SUPERMAN!
ALREADY GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS, TOYMAN...
THAT WEAPON... ABOUT TO FIRE ON SUPERMAN!
TOYMAN WOULDN'T BOTHER UNLESS HE WAS SURE IT WOULD BE LETHAL--!
I HOPE THIS IDEA OF YOURS WORKS!
FOR ZE HONOR OF FRANCE!
CERTAIN AS THE DAY IS LONG, SON.
IN FACT, I'M WILLING TO PUT YOUR REPUTATION ON THE LINE!

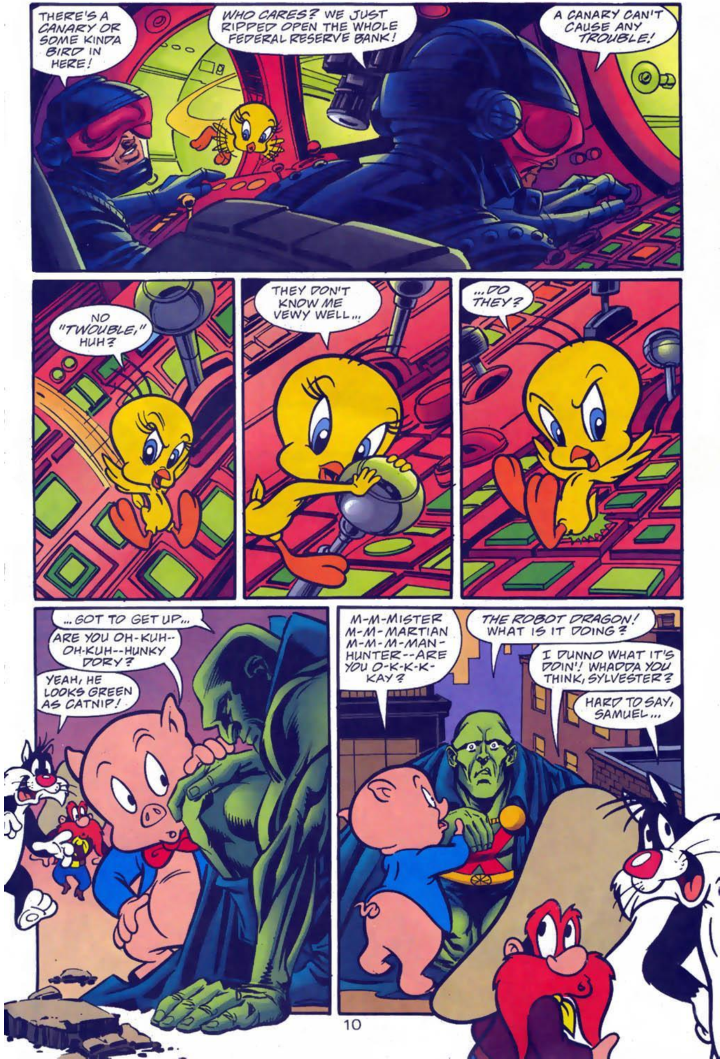

BONJOUR, MES AMIS! IT IS I, PEPE!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
AIR! HELP!
IT'S TEAR GAS!
OR WORSE!
I DON'T BLAME YOU! THAT SMELL COULD EVEN KILL ME!
ACTS OF HEROISM IMPRESS ZE LADIES, NO?
HERE'S YOUR FWOG BACK, GWEEN AWWOW!
DID HE SING?
FWOGS DON'T SING!
BUT HE DID! HE SANG AND HE DANCED!
G.A. IS REALLY STARTING TO LOSE IT!
I HOPE THE OTHER TEAMS ARE DOING AS WELL... AND THAT WE CAN GET THESE REALITIES STRAIGHTENED OUT SOON...

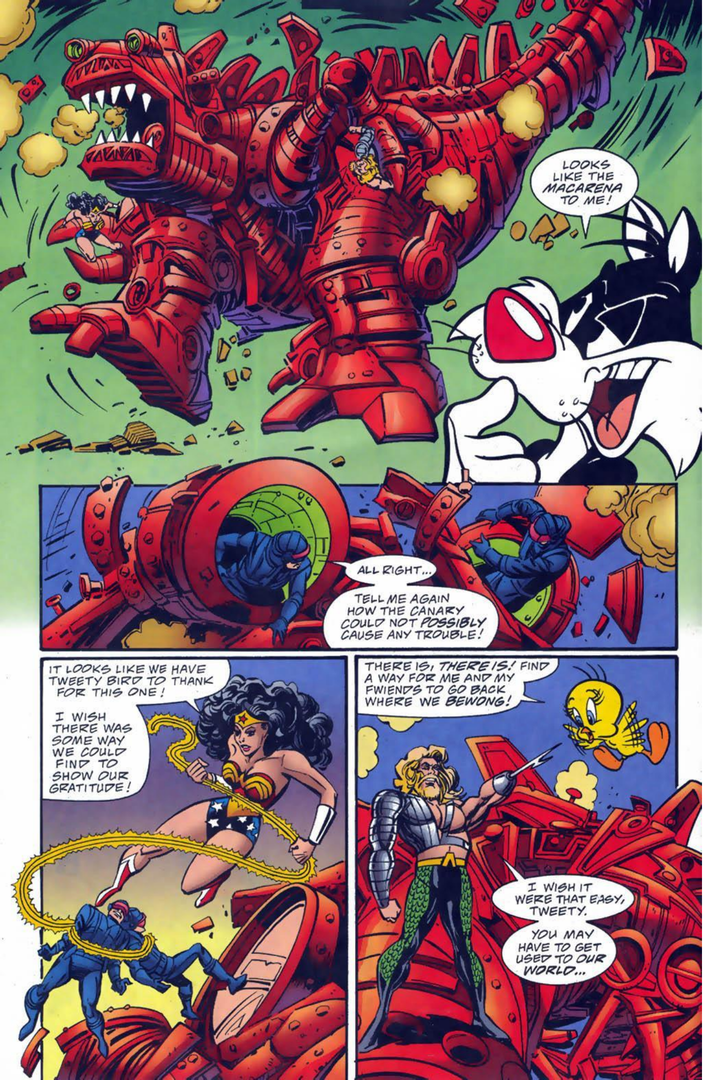

WHILE, MILES AWAY...
IT LOOKS LIKE THERE ARE MEN INSIDE DRIVING THAT THING--
--SO, FIRST STEP IS TO GET UP NEAR THE CONTROL ROOM!
WOW! CAN YA IMAGINE HOW MANY AAA BATTERIES IT MUST TAKE TO RUN THAT CONTRAPTION?
UHNH! TOO CLOSE!
SWATT!
G.L.'S UNCONSCIOUS!
HE'S GONNA HIT THE GROUND HARD!
NOT IF THE FASTEST MOUSE IN ALL OF MEXICO HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!
FAST THINKING, SPEEDY!
MUCHAS GRACIAS, SEÑOR BAT-HOMBRE!
HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
AND, FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY, "SPEEDY GONZALES"...

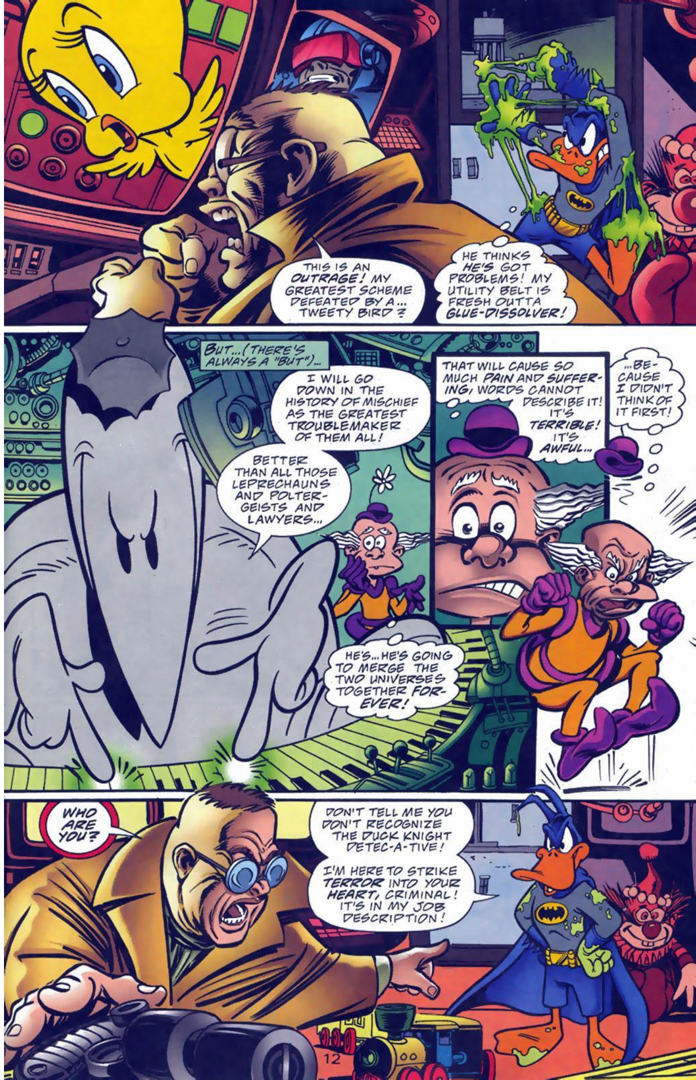

HEY, LAUGHING BOY! YOU HUNGRY? (AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW...)
@#%*! TAZ WANT FOOD!
TAKE A LOOK-SEE AT WHAT'S OVER YONDER--!
WHATSAMATTER, REGIS? YOU NEVER HEARD OF "FILLET-OF-SOLE"?
YUM! YUM! FISH FOOT! FISH FOOT!
I'VE SEEN SOME FIENDISH PLANS IN MY DAY, BUT THAT PUN...
AW, KEEP YOUR BAT-SHIRT ON! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS YOU DIDN'T THINK OF IT FIRST!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
CONTACT TOYMAN! TELL HIM WHAT'S HAPPENING!
I CAN'T!
HOW CAN I TELL HIM A TASMANIAN DEVIL IS EATING ONE OF OUR FEET?
MMMM. COULD USE TOUCH OF PAPRIKA!
CHOMP! CHEW! GULP!

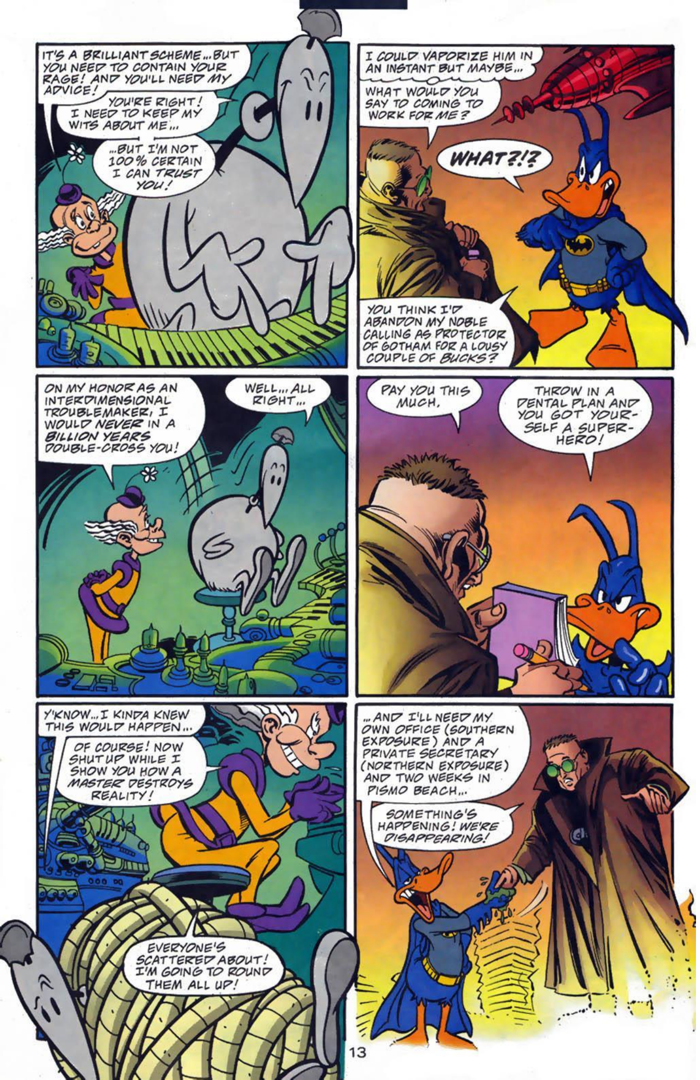

EIGHT BITES (AND THREE BELCHES) LATER...
KRASH!
A FINE BIT OF QUICK THINKING, BUGS!
HEY, IF I KEEP THIS UP, YOU THINK GEORGE CLOONEY WILL PLAY ME IN A MOVIE?
WE CAN MOP UP THE REST!
LET'S JUST HOPE OUR OTHER FRIENDS ARE MAKING OUT AS WELL!
AND, AT THE SEASIDE BRANCH OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK...
OOOOH! I TAWT I TAW A BIG DWAGON!
I B-B-BEG YOUR P-P-PARDON!
NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!
AND IT'S BREAKING OPEN THAT BUILDING LIKE A PIGGY BANK!
SUFFERIN' SALAMANDERS!

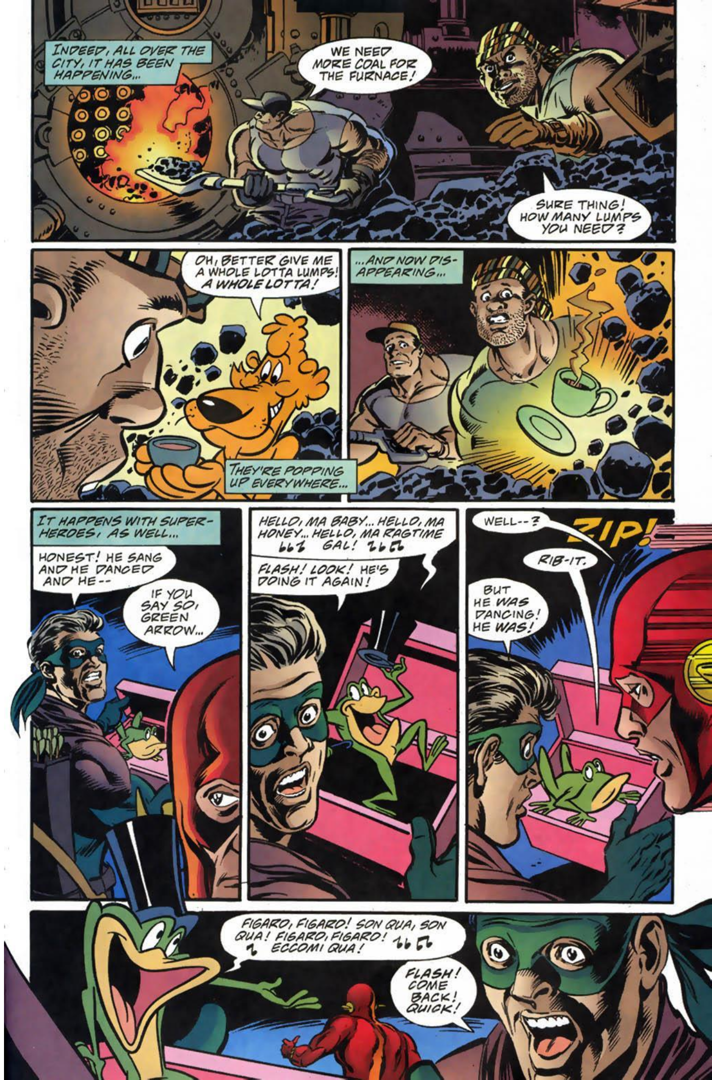

FIRE... MY DREAD WEAKNESS...
...LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS...
LOOK OUT FOR THAT DR-DR-DR--
--THAT BIG LIZARD!
COME BACK HERE, YA LONG-TAILED GALOOT!
HE DIDN'T B-B-BOTHER WITH US!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOURS TRULY!
WELL, IT'S NOT ALL WIGHT WITH ME!
AQUAMAN! DON'T LET IT GET YOU!
TOO LATE!
TWEETY! LET US HANDLE THIS!
BAD OL' DWAGON! YOU WET MY FWIENDS GO!
OOH, IT'S NOT A WEAL DWAGON!
IT'S WIKE A BIG MACHINE IN HERE!


THERE'S A CANARY OR SOME KINDA BIRD IN HERE!
WHO CARES? WE JUST RIPPED OPEN THE WHOLE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK!
A CANARY CAN'T CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!
NO "TWOUBLE," HUH?
THEY DON'T KNOW ME VEWY WELL...
...DO THEY?
...GOT TO GET UP...
ARE YOU OH-KUH-- OH-KUH--HUNKY DORY?
YEAH, HE LOOKS GREEN AS CATNIP!
M-M-MISTER M-M-MARTIAN M-M-M-MAN-HUNTER--ARE YOU O-K-K-K-KAY?
THE ROBOT DRAGON! WHAT IS IT DOING?
I DUNNO WHAT IT'S DOIN'! WHADDA YOU THINK, SYLVESTER?
HARD TO SAY, SAMUEL...

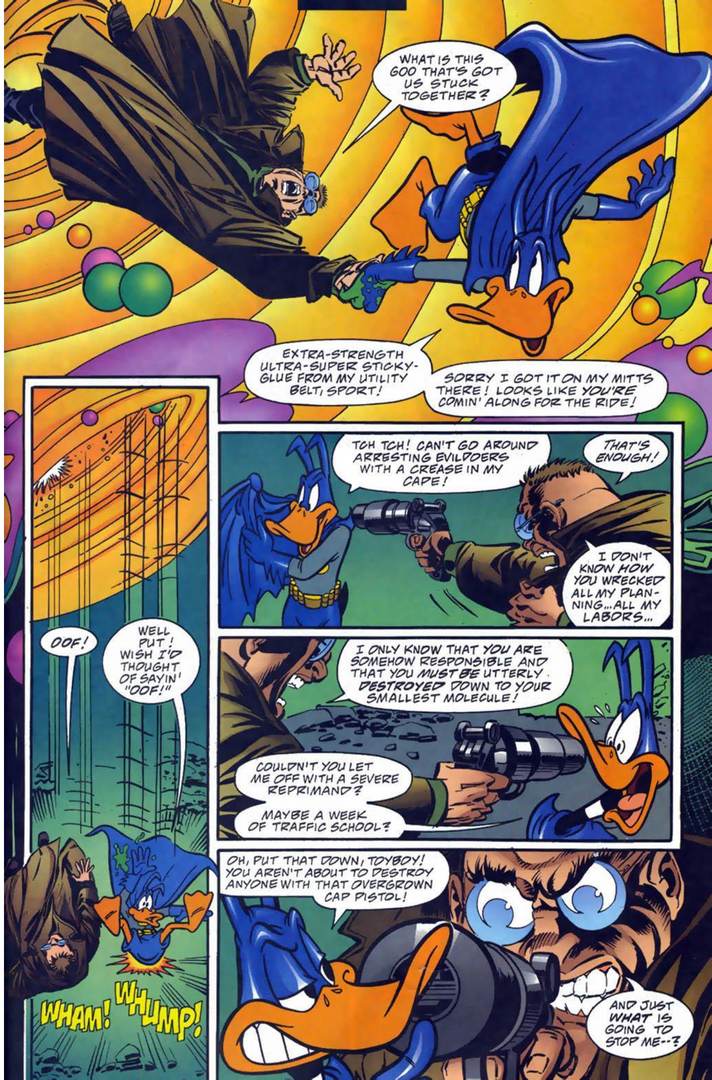

LOOKS LIKE THE MACARENA TO ME!
ALL RIGHT...
TELL ME AGAIN HOW THE CANARY COULD NOT POSSIBLY CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!
IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TWEETY BIRD TO THANK FOR THIS ONE!
I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY WE COULD FIND TO SHOW OUR GRATITUDE!
THERE IS, THERE IS! FIND A WAY FOR ME AND MY FWIENDS TO GO BACK WHERE WE BEWONG!
I WISH IT WERE THAT EASY, TWEETY.
YOU MAY HAVE TO GET USED TO OUR WORLD...


THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! MY GREATEST SCHEME DEFEATED BY A... TWEETY BIRD?!
HE THINKS HE'S GOT PROBLEMS! MY UTILITY BELT IS FRESH OUTTA GLUE-DISSOLVER!
BUT... (THERE'S ALWAYS A "BUT")...
I WILL GO DOWN IN THE HISTORY OF MISCHIEF AS THE GREATEST TROUBLEMAKER OF THEM ALL!
BETTER THAN ALL THOSE LEPRECHAUNS AND POLTER-GEISTS AND LAWYERS...
THAT WILL CAUSE SO MUCH PAIN AND SUFFER-ING, WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE IT! IT'S TERRIBLE! IT'S AWFUL...
...BE-CAUSE I DIDN'T THINK OF IT FIRST!
HE'S... HE'S GOING TO MERGE THE TWO UNIVERSES TOGETHER FOR-EVER!
WHO ARE YOU?
DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THE DUCK KNIGHT DETEC-A-TIVE!
I'M HERE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO YOUR HEART, CRIMINAL! IT'S IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION!

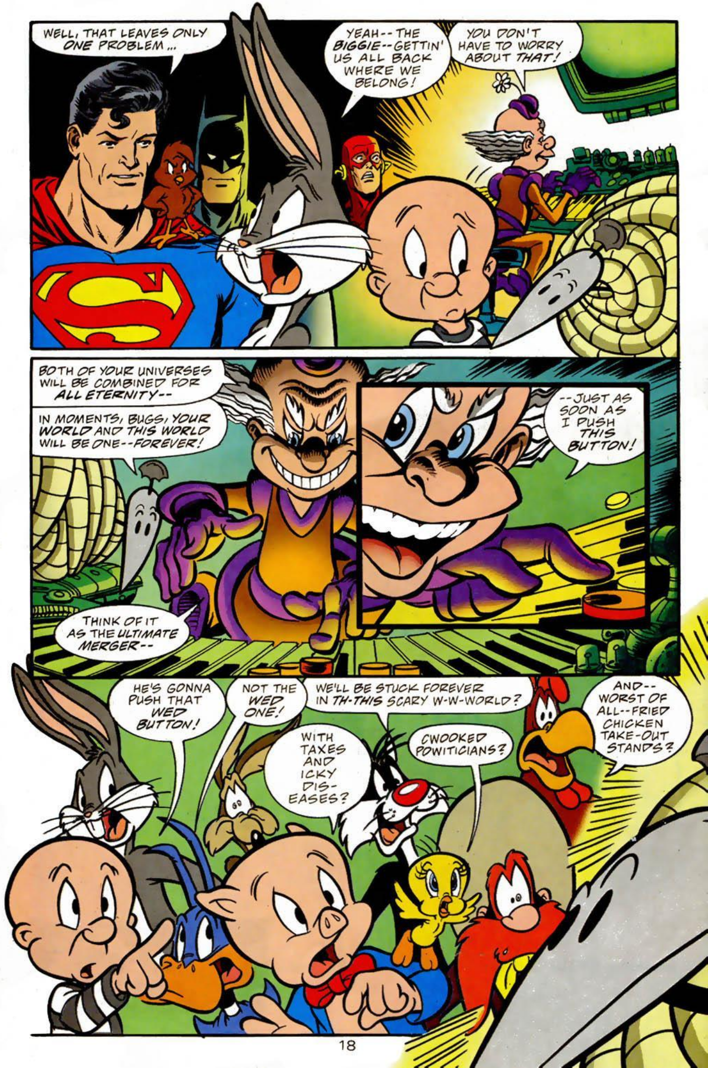

IT'S A BRILLIANT SCHEME...BUT YOU NEED TO CONTAIN YOUR RAGE! AND YOU'LL NEED MY ADVICE!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I NEED TO KEEP MY WITS ABOUT ME...
...BUT I'M NOT 100% CERTAIN I CAN TRUST YOU!
I COULD VAPORIZE HIM IN AN INSTANT BUT MAYBE...
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO COMING TO WORK FOR ME?
WHAT?!?
YOU THINK I'D ABANDON MY NOBLE CALLING AS PROTECTOR OF GOTHAM FOR A LOUSY COUPLE OF BUCKS?
ON MY HONOR AS AN INTERDIMENSIONAL TROUBLEMAKER, I WOULD NEVER IN A BILLION YEARS DOUBLE-CROSS YOU!
WELL... ALL RIGHT...
PAY YOU THIS MUCH.
THROW IN A DENTAL PLAN AND YOU GOT YOURSELF A SUPER-HERO!
Y'KNOW...I KINDA KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN...
OF COURSE! NOW SHUT UP WHILE I SHOW YOU HOW A MASTER DESTROYS REALITY!
EVERYONE'S SCATTERED ABOUT! I'M GOING TO ROUND THEM ALL UP!
...AND I'LL NEED MY OWN OFFICE (SOUTHERN EXPOSURE) AND A PRIVATE SECRETARY (NORTHERN EXPOSURE) AND TWO WEEKS IN PISMO BEACH...
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING! WE'RE DISAPPEARING!

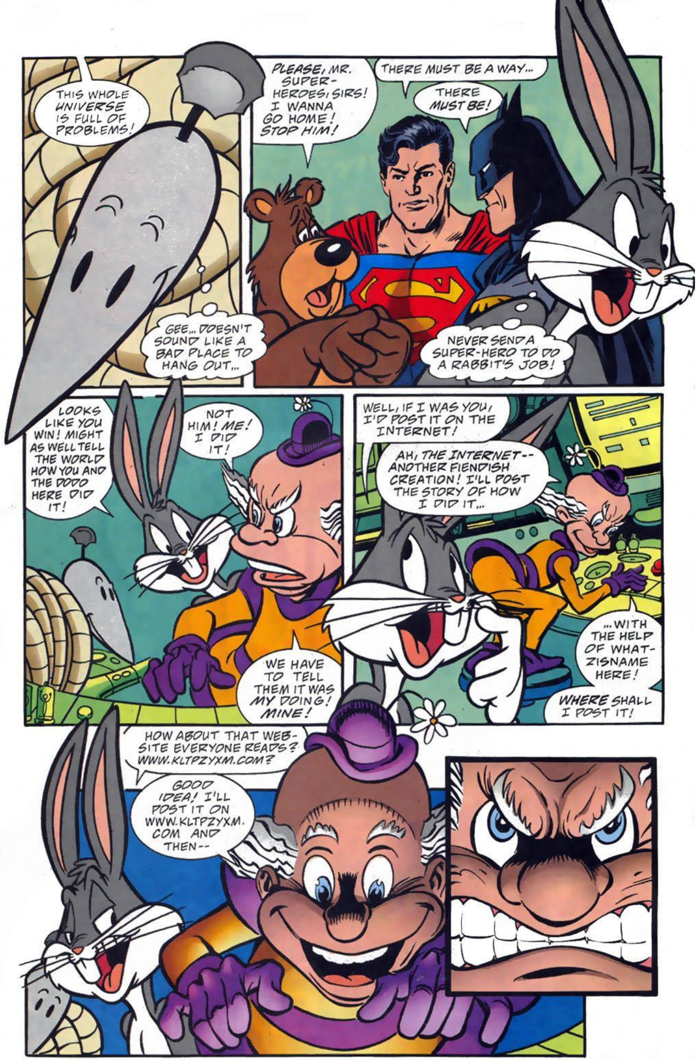

INDEED, ALL OVER THE CITY, IT HAS BEEN HAPPENING...
WE NEED MORE COAL FOR THE FURNACE!
SURE THING! HOW MANY LUMPS YOU NEED?
OH, BETTER GIVE ME A WHOLE LOTTA LUMPS! A WHOLE LOTTA!
...AND NOW DISAPPEARING...
THEY'RE POPPING UP EVERYWHERE...
IT HAPPENS WITH SUPER-HEROES, AS WELL...
HONEST! HE SANG AND HE DANCED AND HE--
IF YOU SAY SO, GREEN ARROW...
HELLO, MA BABY... HELLO, MA HONEY... HELLO, MA RAGTIME GAL!
FLASH! LOOK! HE'S DOING IT AGAIN!
WELL--?
ZIP!
RIB-IT.
BUT HE WAS DANCING! HE WAS!
FIGARO, FIGARO! SON QUA, SON QUA! FIGARO, FIGARO! ECCOMI QUA!
FLASH! COME BACK! QUICK!

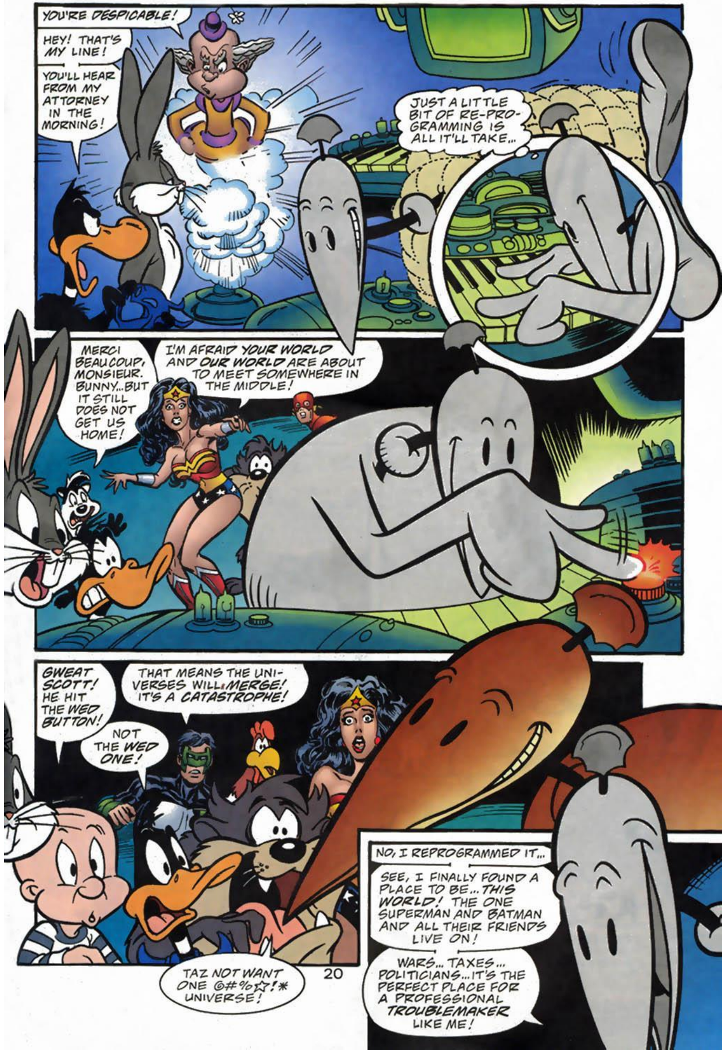

RIB-IT!
≋SIGH!≋ NEVER MIND.
BUT THEN...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?
OH, GREAT! FIRST, PHONY SINGING FROGS... NOW THIS!
THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL MAGNET ROUNDS UP EVERYONE...
BWOOOoop!
WE'RE ALL BEING TRANS-PORTED... SOME-WHERE!
" TAKE ME TO ANOTHER WORLD... "
MY! WE SEEM TO BE TUMBLING THROUGH SOME SORT OF INTERDIMENSIONAL WARP! AFTER YOU!
NO, I INSIST! AFTER YOU!

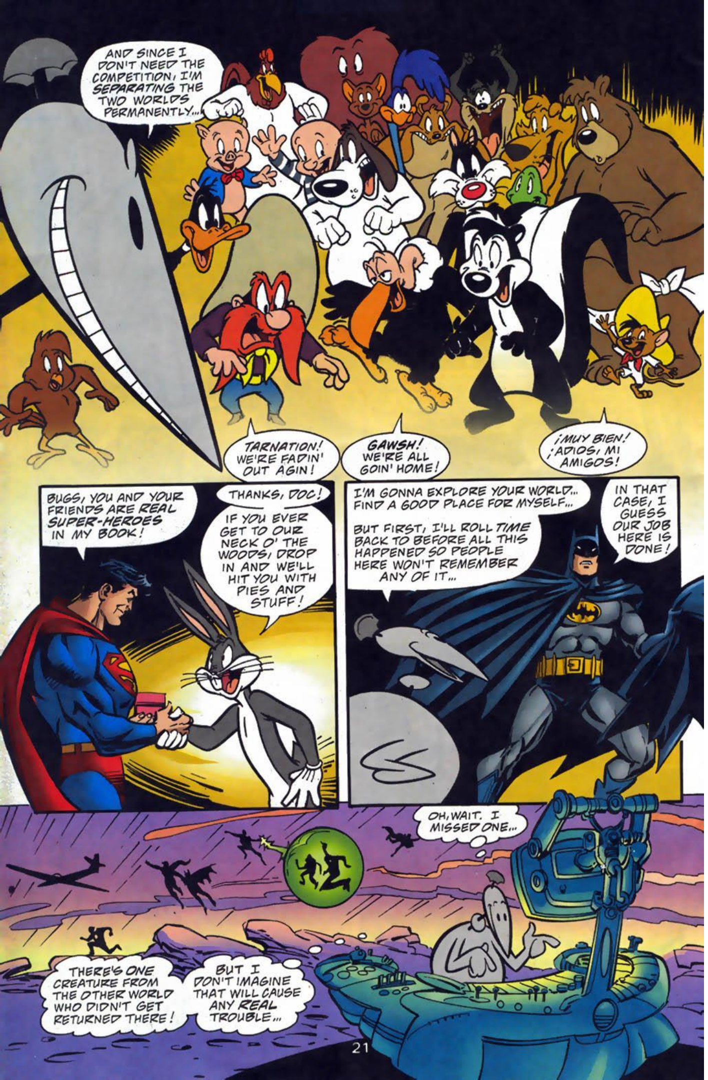

WHAT IS THIS GOO THAT'S GOT US STUCK TOGETHER?
EXTRA-STRENGTH ULTRA-SUPER STICKY-GLUE FROM MY UTILITY BELT, SPORT!
SORRY I GOT IT ON MY MITTS THERE! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE COMIN' ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
OOF!
WELL PUT! WISH I'D THOUGHT OF SAYIN' "OOF!"
WHAM! WHUMP!
TCH TCH! CAN'T GO AROUND ARRESTING EVILDOERS WITH A CREASE IN MY CAPE!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU WRECKED ALL MY PLAN-NING... ALL MY LABORS...
I ONLY KNOW THAT YOU ARE SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE AND THAT YOU MUST BE UTTERLY DESTROYED DOWN TO YOUR SMALLEST MOLECULE!
COULDN'T YOU LET ME OFF WITH A SEVERE REPRIMAND?
MAYBE A WEEK OF TRAFFIC SCHOOL?
OH, PUT THAT DOWN, TOYBOY! YOU AREN'T ABOUT TO DESTROY ANYONE WITH THAT OVERGROWN CAP PISTOL!
AND JUST WHAT IS GOING TO STOP ME--?


DO THE WORDS "JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
Hmm?
I'LL GO QUIETLY.
GOOD! ON ACCOUNT OF I DIDN'T WANNA HAVE TO MUSS YOU UP!
MAYBE WE CAN HAVE OUR MARTIAN FRIEND TAKE HIM TO THE POLICE STATION!
I'LL BE GLAD TO!
I'LL TAKE HIM IN! HOLD ONTO THIS FOR ME!

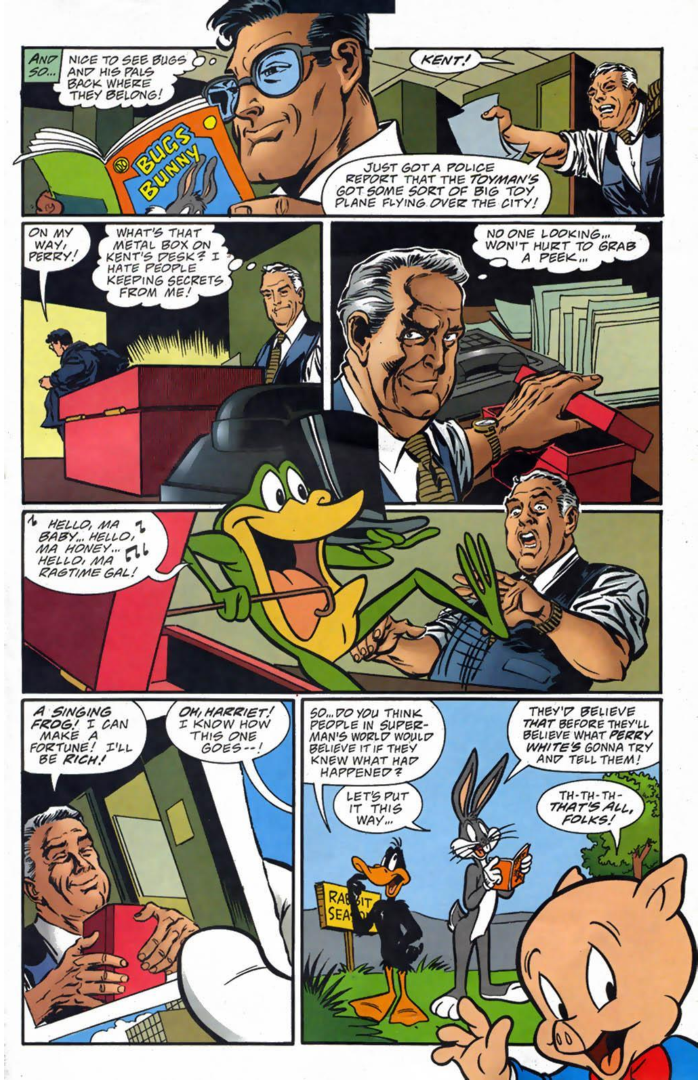

WELL, THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE PROBLEM...
YEAH--THE BIGGIE--GETTIN' US ALL BACK WHERE WE BELONG!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!
BOTH OF YOUR UNIVERSES WILL BE COMBINED FOR ALL ETERNITY--
IN MOMENTS, BUGS, YOUR WORLD AND THIS WORLD WILL BE ONE--FOREVER!
--JUST AS SOON AS I PUSH THIS BUTTON!
THINK OF IT AS THE ULTIMATE MERGER--
HE'S GONNA PUSH THAT WED BUTTON!
NOT THE WED ONE!
WE'LL BE STUCK FOREVER IN TH-THIS SCARY W-W-WORLD?
WITH TAXES AND ICKY DIS-EASES?
CWOOKED POWITICIANS?
AND--WORST OF ALL--FRIED CHICKEN TAKE-OUT STANDS?


THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE IS FULL OF PROBLEMS!
GEE... DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A BAD PLACE TO HANG OUT...
PLEASE, MR. SUPER-HEROES, SIRS! I WANNA GO HOME! STOP HIM!
THERE MUST BE A WAY...
THERE MUST BE!
NEVER SEND A SUPER-HERO TO DO A RABBIT'S JOB!
LOOKS LIKE YOU WIN! MIGHT AS WELL TELL THE WORLD HOW YOU AND THE DODO HERE DID IT!
NOT HIM! ME! I DID IT!
WE HAVE TO TELL THEM IT WAS MY DOING! MINE!
WELL, IF I WAS YOU, I'D POST IT ON THE INTERNET!
AH, THE INTERNET-- ANOTHER FIENDISH CREATION! I'LL POST THE STORY OF HOW I DID IT...
...WITH THE HELP OF WHATZISNAME HERE!
WHERE SHALL I POST IT!
HOW ABOUT THAT WEB-SITE EVERYONE READS? WWW.KLTPZYXM.COM?
GOOD IDEA! I'LL POST IT ON WWW.KLTPZYXM.COM AND THEN--


YOU'RE DESPICABLE!
HEY! THAT'S MY LINE!
YOU'LL HEAR FROM MY ATTORNEY IN THE MORNING!
JUST A LITTLE BIT OF RE-PROGRAMMING IS ALL IT'LL TAKE...
MERCI BEAUCOUP, MONSIEUR. BUNNY...BUT IT STILL DOES NOT GET US HOME!
I'M AFRAID YOUR WORLD AND OUR WORLD ARE ABOUT TO MEET SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE!
GWEAT SCOTT! HE HIT THE WED BUTTON!
THAT MEANS THE UNI-VERSES WILL MERGE! IT'S A CATASTROPHE!
NOT THE WED ONE!
TAZ NOT WANT ONE 6#%☆!* UNIVERSE!
NO, I REPROGRAMMED IT...
SEE, I FINALLY FOUND A PLACE TO BE... THIS WORLD! THE ONE SUPERMAN AND BATMAN AND ALL THEIR FRIENDS LIVE ON!
WARS... TAXES... POLITICIANS... IT'S THE PERFECT PLACE FOR A PROFESSIONAL TROUBLEMAKER LIKE ME!



AND SINCE I DON'T NEED THE COMPETITION, I'M SEPARATING THE TWO WORLDS PERMANENTLY...
TARNATION! WE'RE FADIN' OUT AGIN!
GAWSH! WE'RE ALL GOIN' HOME!
¡MUY BIEN! ¡ADIOS, MI AMIGOS!
BUGS, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE REAL SUPER-HEROES IN MY BOOK!
THANKS, DOC!
IF YOU EVER GET TO OUR NECK O' THE WOODS, DROP IN AND WE'LL HIT YOU WITH PIES AND STUFF!
I'M GONNA EXPLORE YOUR WORLD... FIND A GOOD PLACE FOR MYSELF...
BUT FIRST, I'LL ROLL TIME BACK TO BEFORE ALL THIS HAPPENED SO PEOPLE HERE WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF IT...
IN THAT CASE, I GUESS OUR JOB HERE IS DONE!
OH, WAIT. I MISSED ONE...
THERE'S ONE CREATURE FROM THE OTHER WORLD WHO DIDN'T GET RETURNED THERE!
BUT I DON'T IMAGINE THAT WILL CAUSE ANY REAL TROUBLE...



AND SO...
NICE TO SEE BUGS AND HIS PALS BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!
BUGS BUNNY
KENT!
JUST GOT A POLICE REPORT THAT THE TOYMAN'S GOT SOME SORT OF BIG TOY PLANE FLYING OVER THE CITY!
ON MY WAY, PERRY!
WHAT'S THAT METAL BOX ON KENT'S DESK? I HATE PEOPLE KEEPING SECRETS FROM ME!
NO ONE LOOKING... WON'T HURT TO GRAB A PEEK...
HELLO, MA BABY... HELLO, MA HONEY... HELLO, MA RAGTIME GAL!
A SINGING FROG! I CAN MAKE A FORTUNE! I'LL BE RICH!
OH, HARRIET! I KNOW HOW THIS ONE GOES--!
SO... DO YOU THINK PEOPLE IN SUPERMAN'S WORLD WOULD BELIEVE IT IF THEY KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED?
THEY'D BELIEVE THAT BEFORE THEY'LL BELIEVE WHAT PERRY WHITE'S GONNA TRY AND TELL THEM!
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY...
TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

SUPERMAN & BUGS BUNNY

LETTERS TO MXYZPTLK

Dear Mr. Mxyzptlk,

I am an undergraduate at a small college in the Northeast. I have always wanted to be an artist, or perhaps spend my life working in the field of applied graphics. I am happiest when I am behind an easel or a drawing board. So my schedule is full of classes devoted to learning the fundamentals of drawing, as well as the history of art. My friends, on the other hand, are all business majors, and see this as a foolish waste of my time. Instead, they feel I should strive to be more like them, and that I'll be happier in the long run if I get my business degree. They think that if I take care of my financial future, I'll be in better shape to pursue my artistic dreams.

I find that I can't wait. I don't want to postpone my happiness just to make money. But are they right?

X.
AT A SMALL COLLEGE
IN THE NORTHEAST

As you spend your days in pursuit of your goals, whether you decide to follow your head or follow your heart, you'll find there's one thing that's most important in life, and that's annoying Superman. If you hear the beat of a distant drummer, get that drummer to drum really, really loudly and do it around Superman's ears to drive him crazy. There's no richer, more rewarding experience than driving the Man of Steel absolutely insane. If you feel you are one of those lucky people who have some rare talent, put it to good use by giving Superman a hard time. You could paint sensationally large billboards that read, "YOU'RE A MENACE TO FLIGHT NAVIGATION, CAPE-FOR-BRAINS" all over Metropolis. Or daub every bank vault in town with lead so he won't be able to see robberies going on with his X-ray vision.

Dear Mr. Mxyzptlk,

I become tense at parties. I try to talk to women and I freeze up. I consider myself a bright, well-read individual, but every time the opportunity to make small talk comes up, I suddenly can't think of a thing to say. Conversation seems to come so easily to other people. What's wrong with me? Am I doomed to be a wallflower my whole life?

Y.
PRACTICALLY ANONYMOUS
AT A PARTY NEAR YOU

Look in the mirror, my friend. When you do, you'll see there's nothing wrong with you that annoying Superman wouldn't cure. Stand up straight, make eye contact, and annoy Superman. The more confidence you have in yourself, the more you'll be able to annoy Superman. Remember, if you don't like yourself, how can you possibly annoy Superman?

Dear Mr. Mxyzptlk,

I'm a mother of three. What is it with kids today? They yak yak yak on those wireless phones all day, but just try to get them to tell you where they've been or where they're going. They seem to have no respect for their elders. You can't get them to do any work, they don't listen to a thing you tell them, and that junk they listen to — you can't call that music, can you? And the way they dress...are they all on their way to some kind of crazy costume party? I certainly don't want to be around when this generation grows up!

How can I get them to toe the line?

Z.
AT MY WITS' END

It's true that the young people of today don't always seem to have the same cherished values we all shared, like annoying Superman. Maybe they don't see the value of making Superman's life miserable, like we did when we were kids, selling Kryptonite lemonade on the street corner, to save those pennies and nickels and dimes just so we could buy some fantastic weapon to attack Superman with. Have faith that they'll come to annoy Superman in their own ways. Maybe they'll even grow up to invent whole new ways of annoying Superman! Maybe those cordless phones will be used to send pizzas to the Fortress of Solitude at all hours of the night. Maybe that music can be played at high volume outside the Daily Planet at all hours of the day. Get used to it, "Z." It's a different world than the one we grew up annoying Superman in. And just think, someday they'll have kids who can annoy Superman on their own.

Dear Mr. Mxyzptlk,

The wife and I are planning a trip to commemorate our tenth wedding anniversary. I thought a tour of all the European capitals would be a romantic way to celebrate our long relationship. She, however, feels that, having read so much about Asia, that she'd much prefer to visit those countries. We've reached an impasse. Can you settle this with a recommendation?

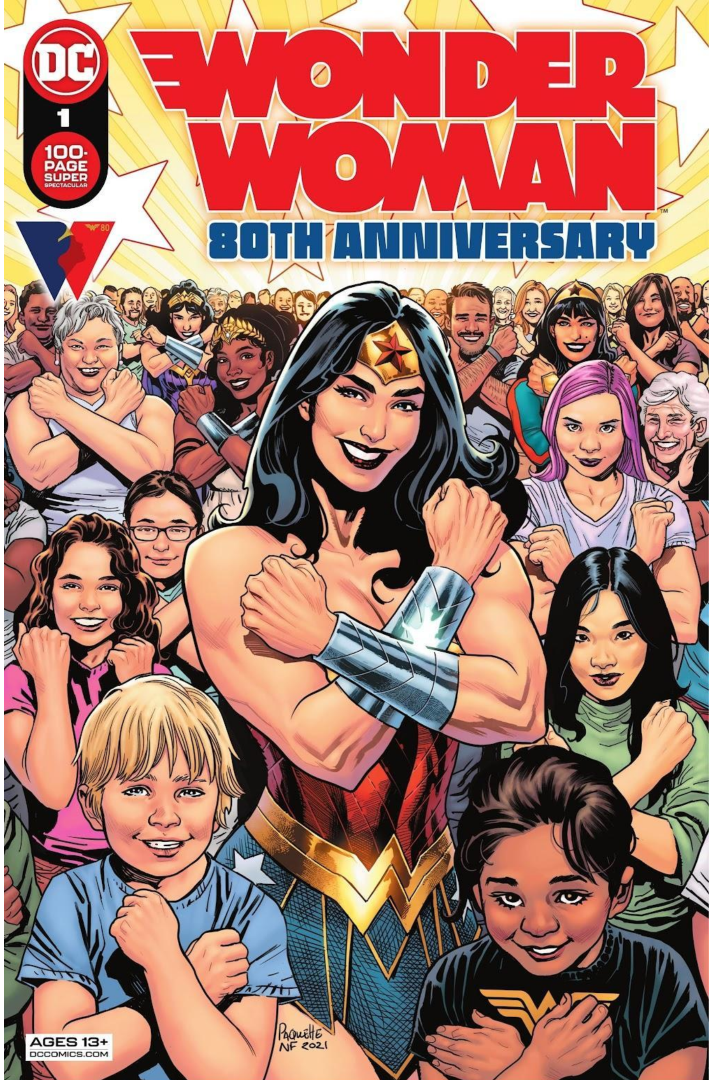
M.
ON THE FENCE

You've left out a very important possibility. Here in America, there are far greater opportunities to annoy Superman than you could ever anticipate or imagine anywhere else. From sea to shining sea, there's no place like home for annoying Superman. You should be glad that you live in a country where annoying Superman is not only tolerated, but actively encouraged. You can spell out "GET A JOB, YOU FLYING FREAK!" in Red, White and Blue Kryptonite all across the White House lawn. You can fill the Grand Canyon with recycled bales of the Daily Planet. You can run a riverboat down the mighty Mississippi River, sounding a giant foghorn with the news, "SUPERMAN IS CLARK KENT!" You owe it to yourself to take advantage of the possibilities of annoying Superman in America first!

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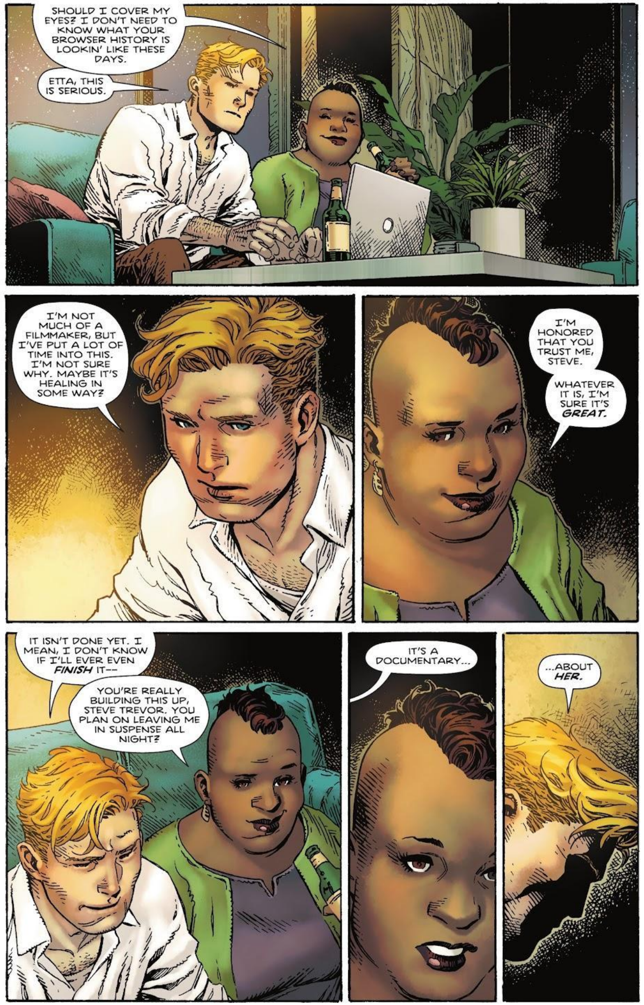
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GOLDEN AGE VARIANT COVER BY **AMY REEDER**
SILVER AGE VARIANT COVER BY **MICHAEL CHO**
BRONZE AGE VARIANT COVER BY **TRAVIS MOORE** & **ADRIANO LUCAS**
MODERN AGE VARIANT COVER BY **CLIFF CHIANG**
FILM-INSPIRED VARIANT COVER BY **WILL MURAI**
TELEVISION-INSPIRED VARIANT COVER BY **CAT STAGGS**
ANIMATION-INSPIRED VARIANT COVER BY **BRUCE TIMM**
COSTUME CELEBRATION VARIANT COVER BY **JEN BARTEL**


STEVE TREVOR'S APARTMENT. WASHINGTON, D.C.
2:54 A.M.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE, ETTA, I'LL GET 'EM IN THE MORNING.
WILL YOU THOUGH? I SUSPECT YOU'LL BE MOVING PRETTY SLOW TOMORROW.
WELL...I APPRECIATE YOU VERY MUCH, MS. CANDY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, ESPECIALLY OVER THESE PAST FEW MONTHS.
PLEASE. ALL I DO IS KEEP YOU BUSY.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE YOU'VE HAD FRIENDS OVER. WAS IT GOOD TO SEE 'EM?
YEAH, IT WAS. HONESTLY? I ALMOST FORGOT WHAT HAVING FRIENDS WAS LIKE.
SOME OF THEM ARE REAL CHARACTERS...
YOUR ROUGHNECK BUDDIES HAVE GOT A LOT TO LEARN, HONEY.
HAH. I GUESS I DO TOO.
ETTA, BEFORE YOU LEAVE...CAN I SHOW YOU SOMETHING? IT WON'T TAKE LONG, AND--
--WELL, I KNOW IT'S LATE. YOU PROBABLY NEED TO GET HOME...
STEVE, IT'S THREE A.M. I'VE ALREADY MISSED MY BEDTIME.
OF COURSE YOU CAN, JUST QUIT BEIN' ALL NERVOUS ABOUT IT. YOU'RE MAKING MY ANXIETY FLARE UP.
THANKS. IT'S JUST A THING I'VE BEEN WORKING ON...I HAVEN'T SHOWN ANYONE YET.

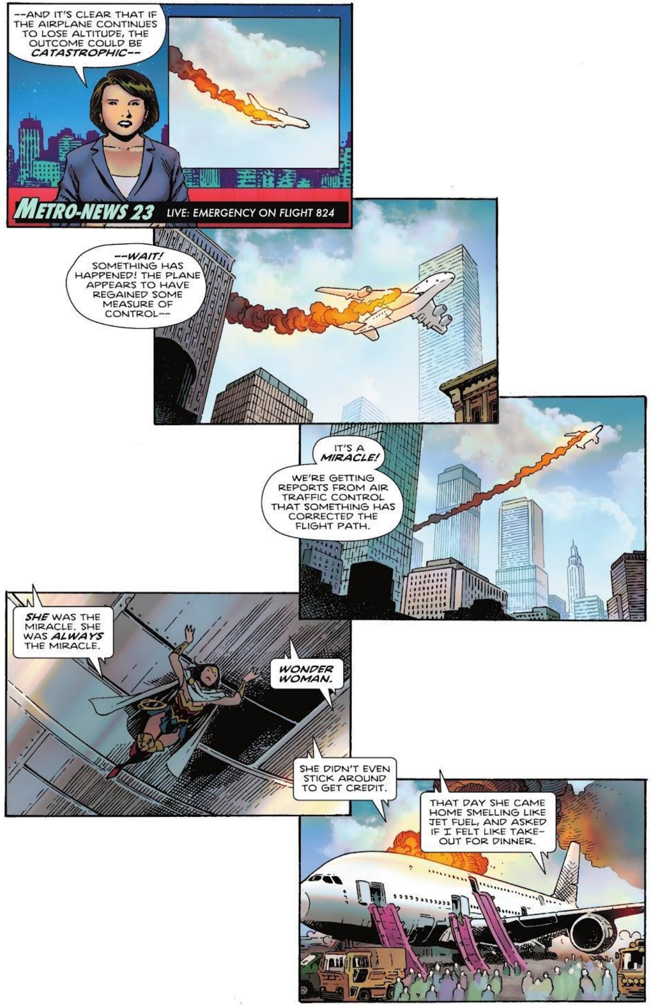

SHOULD I COVER MY EYES? I DON'T NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOUR BROWSER HISTORY IS LOOKIN' LIKE THESE DAYS.
ETTA, THIS IS SERIOUS.
I'M NOT MUCH OF A FILMMAKER, BUT I'VE PUT A LOT OF TIME INTO THIS. I'M NOT SURE WHY. MAYBE IT'S HEALING IN SOME WAY?
I'M HONORED THAT YOU TRUST ME, STEVE.
WHATEVER IT IS, I'M SURE IT'S GREAT.
IT ISN'T DONE YET. I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL EVER EVEN FINISH IT--
YOU'RE REALLY BUILDING THIS UP, STEVE TREVOR. YOU PLAN ON LEAVING ME IN SUSPENSE ALL NIGHT?
IT'S A DOCUMENTARY...
...ABOUT HER.



IMMORTAL WONDER WOMAN
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LIFT A TRUCK?
I KNOW I CAN LIFT A TRUCK...
WHAT IF IT WAS A TRUCK THAT, LIKE, HAD A TRAILER WITH OTHER TRUCKS ON IT?
HAH! YEAH, I BELIEVE SO.
WOULD IT BE HARD?
I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE EASY!
WHAT CAN'T YOU LIFT?
PLENTY OF THINGS.
LIKE WHAT? NAME THEM.
OH, I DON'T KNOW!
I'LL TELL YOU IF I EVER FIND OUT.
THIS WAS WONDER WOMAN.
SHE WAS MY PERSONAL HERO...
...AND THE FIRST WOMAN I EVER LOVED.



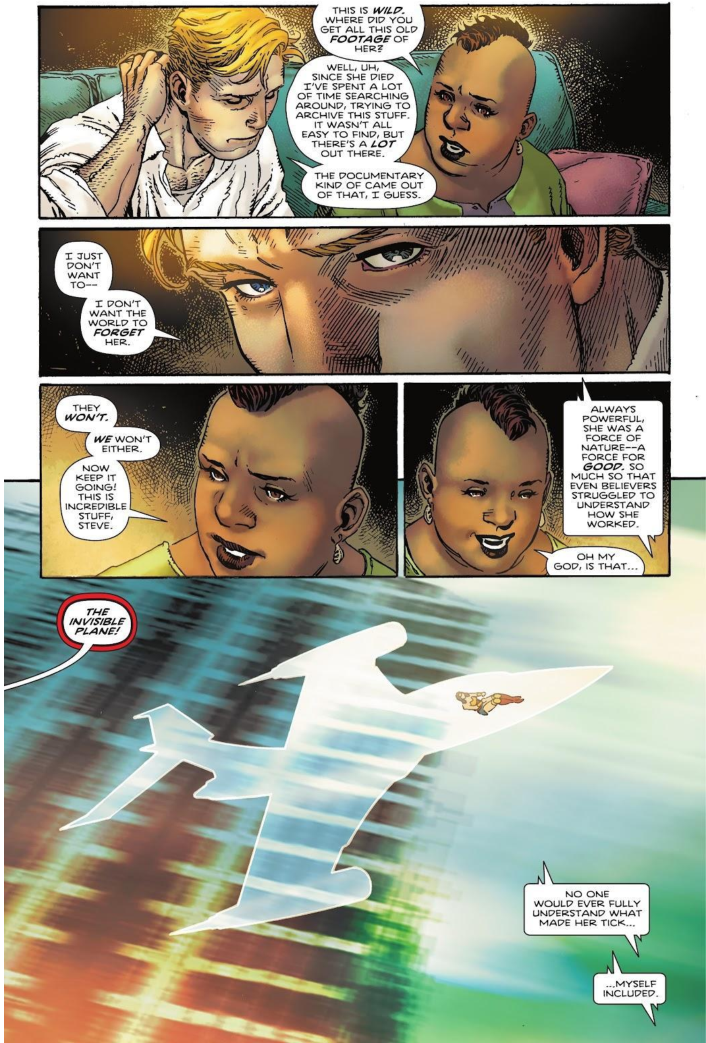
--I HAVE COMPLETE FAITH THAT S.T.A.R. LABS WILL NOT ONLY TREAT HER WITH DIGNITY, BUT PROTECT THE PUBLIC FROM ANY FURTHER DISTURBANCES.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--
--DID YOU GET THAT, JOHNNY?!
WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE MAXWELL LORD SITUATION?
HE WILL BE DEALT WITH.
CRISIS NARROWLY AVOIDED
52 NEWS
<--THIS APPEARS TO BE THE LAST OF THOSE TRAPPED IN THE FIRE...WE MAY HAVE MANAGED TO AVOID ANY CASUALTIES!>*
*TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH --BRITTANY
<THANKS TO HER, WONDER WOMAN! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?>
OBTENIR DE L'AIDE.
HEROISM WEARS MANY HATS. WONDER WOMAN KNEW MORE THAN MOST THAT BEING A HERO OFTEN INVOLVES VIOLENT EXCHANGES, SNAP JUDGMENTS, AND MORAL GRAY AREAS.
HER FAVORITE VICTORIES WERE THE ONES THAT DIDN'T CALL FOR VIOLENCE.
SHE WAS AT HER HAPPIEST WHEN SHE WAS SIMPLY HELPING THOSE IN NEED.


--AND IT'S CLEAR THAT IF THE AIRPLANE CONTINUES TO LOSE ALTITUDE, THE OUTCOME COULD BE *CATASTROPHIC*--
METRO-NEWS 23
LIVE: EMERGENCY ON FLIGHT 824
--*WAIT!* SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED! THE PLANE APPEARS TO HAVE REGAINED SOME MEASURE OF CONTROL--
IT'S A *MIRACLE!*
WE'RE GETTING REPORTS FROM AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL THAT SOMETHING HAS CORRECTED THE FLIGHT PATH.
SHE WAS THE MIRACLE. SHE WAS *ALWAYS* THE MIRACLE.
WONDER WOMAN.
SHE DIDN'T EVEN STICK AROUND TO GET CREDIT.
THAT DAY SHE CAME HOME SMELLING LIKE JET FUEL, AND ASKED IF I FELT LIKE TAKE-OUT FOR DINNER.


NO ONE EVEN KNEW IT HAD BEEN HER--NOT UNTIL THE CELL PHONE FOOTAGE STARTED SHOWING UP.
THERE WERE A TOTAL OF 247 SOULS ABOARD THAT PLANE.
247 MORE PEOPLE WHO OWED THEIR LIVES TO HER.
BUT THIS WASN'T UNIQUE. THIS WASN'T A REMARKABLE MOMENT FOR HER.
TO WONDER WOMAN, IT WAS JUST AN AVERAGE DAY.
MODERN TIME
THE RESCUE OF FLIGHT 824
THIS WAS WHAT SHE DID.
HER HEROISM WAS SO HARD TO FATHOM THAT TO SOME IT BECAME A *MYTH.*
HER ACTIONS WERE SO GREAT AND UNIMAGINABLE, MANY SIMPLY COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
TO HER, THIS WAS OF LITTLE CONCERN.



BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A HERO, YOU HAVE TO CONTEND WITH THOSE WHO HAVE TAKEN THE *OTHER* PATH.
SHE WOULDN'T LIKE ME USING THE WORD *VILLAINS,* BUT THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL THEM IF SHE WRAPPED ME IN HER LASSO.
SOME OF THEM HAD A TWISTED LOGIC BEHIND THEIR ACTIONS--
--WHILE OTHERS JUST SEEMED TO *HATE* HER.
SHE OFTEN WONDERED *WHY?* WHAT CAUSED CERTAIN PEOPLE TO LASH OUT THE WAY THEY DID?
IT'S A BIT OF A TIRED EXPRESSION, BUT I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS *TRUE,* WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE LIGHT AND THE DARK.
ONE CAN'T EXIST WITHOUT THE OTHER.
THROUGH THE YEARS SHE TRIED CHANGING IT UP, THINKING MAYBE A DIFFERENT APPROACH MIGHT HELP.
BUT EVEN WITH A NEW COSTUME...
...SHE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME WONDER WOMAN.
HEY. CAN YOU PAUSE THIS FOR A SEC?
SURE.

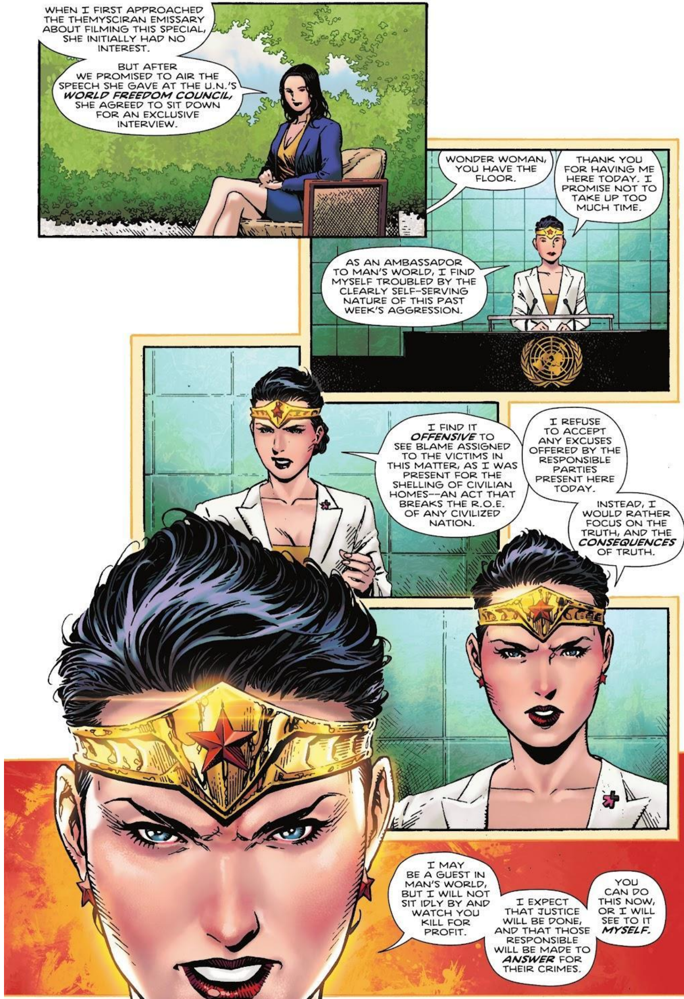


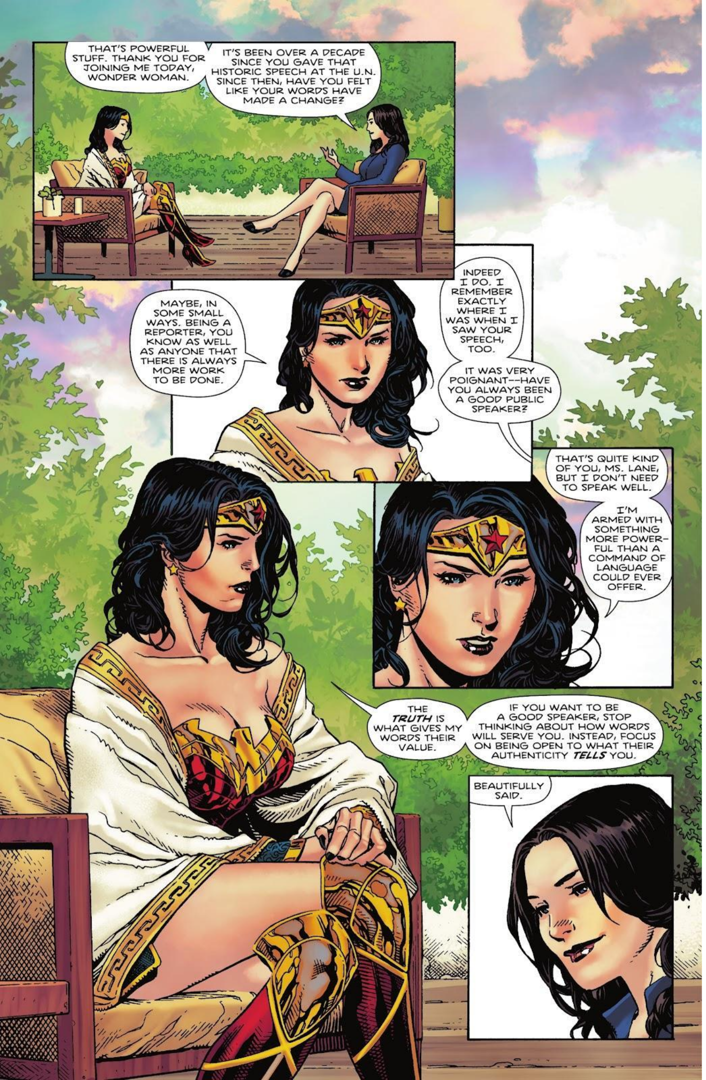
THIS IS *WILD.* WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THIS OLD *FOOTAGE* OF HER?
WELL, UH, SINCE SHE DIED I'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME SEARCHING AROUND, TRYING TO ARCHIVE THIS STUFF. IT WASN'T ALL EASY TO FIND, BUT THERE'S A *LOT* OUT THERE.
THE DOCUMENTARY KIND OF CAME OUT OF THAT, I GUESS.
I JUST DON'T WANT TO--
I DON'T WANT THE WORLD TO *FORGET* HER.
THEY *WON'T.*
WE WON'T EITHER.
NOW KEEP IT GOING! THIS IS INCREDIBLE STUFF, STEVE.
ALWAYS POWERFUL, SHE WAS A FORCE OF NATURE--A FORCE FOR *GOOD.* SO MUCH SO THAT EVEN BELIEVERS STRUGGLED TO UNDERSTAND HOW SHE WORKED.
OH MY GOD, IS THAT...
THE INVISIBLE PLANE!
NO ONE WOULD EVER FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT MADE HER TICK...
...MYSELF INCLUDED.


--SO YOU WERE SAYING THERE WAS A CLOSE CALL WITH THE PYROTECHNICS DURING FILMING?
UH, YEAH, IT SEEMS SOMEONE WAS ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL AND OVERLOADED THE CHARGES IN THE HELICOPTER SCENE.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN REAL BAD, BUT WONDER WOMAN SHOWED UP AND SAVED THE DAY.
FRANKLY, SHE HAD BETTER TIMING THAN ANYONE ELSE ON SET!
MAXIMUM HOWL
SO, AS PART OF THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE* YOU'VE GOTTEN TO RUB SHOULDERS WITH SOME REAL HEROES!
I MEAN... I'M A HERO TOO--
--WHAT'S WONDER WOMAN LIKE? HOW TALL IS SHE?
SHE'S ABOUT MY HEIGHT.
REALLY? I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE HAD A FEW INCHES ON YOU.
...MAYBE, LIKE ONE OR TWO. BUT--
CAN YOU TELL HER TO COME ON THE SHOW?
HA HA HA!
NOBODY KNEW HOW SHE DID IT, BUT THEY AGREED ALL THE SAME.
--WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT WONDER WOMAN. SHE'S TRULY THE *BEST* OF US!
--I SUSPECT THIS WON'T BE THE *LAST* TIME I SAY IT, BUT WE ALL OWE OUR SURVIVAL TO WONDER WOMAN.
SHE WAS A SYMBOL FOR *PEACE...*
...BUT THAT'S NOT HOW *I* KNEW HER.


WAR.
PEOPLE TEND TO FORGET THAT WONDER WOMAN SPENT A *LIFETIME* IN PREPARATION FOR THE THING SHE HATED MOST.
AS SOLDIERS, WE HAVE TO BECOME NUMB.
WE COMMIT OURSELVES TO THE IDEA THAT WE'RE MAKING A DIFFERENCE, THAT WE'RE THE *HEROES.*
AT SOME POINTS, YOU KNOW YOU'RE SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DEVIL.
MAKING CONCESSIONS FOR THIS VAGUE IDEA OF THE *GREATER GOOD.*
BUT SHE *REFUSED* TO BE OKAY WITH COLLATERAL DAMAGE.
SHE WAS ON ONE SIDE, AND ONE SIDE ALONE.
TRUTH.

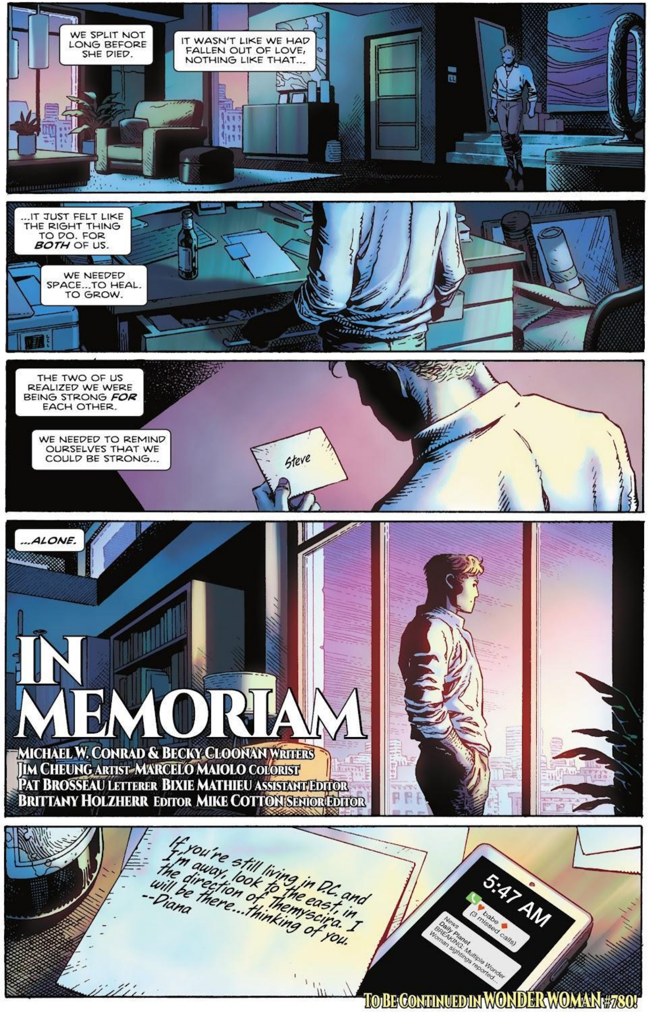

SOME OF US THINK WE KNOW WHO WE ARE. WE BECOME SO SURE OF IT, WE HANG ON TO IT LIKE A DIAMOND--
--A REFINED VERSION OF OUR IDENTITY.
WHEN TESTED, THOUGH, WE DISCOVER ITS FLAWS.
OUR BIASES, OUR BLIND SPOTS.
IT'S PAINFUL SEEING YOURSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT IT'S THROUGH THAT RECOGNITION THAT WE CAN BECOME BETTER.
SHE GAVE ME THAT.
HER EXAMPLE WAS A SHINING LIGHT THAT ALLOWED ME TO SEE.
LIKE AN ANGEL--MY ANGEL.
OH MY GOD, IS THAT--
YEAH. THAT'S ME.
SOMETIMES YOU GET SO LOST IN THE FOG OF WAR, YOU FORGET THAT PEACE IS EVEN AN OPTION.


WHEN I FIRST APPROACHED THE THEMYSCIRAN EMISSARY ABOUT FILMING THIS SPECIAL, SHE INITIALLY HAD NO INTEREST.
BUT AFTER WE PROMISED TO AIR THE SPEECH SHE GAVE AT THE U.N.'S WORLD FREEDOM COUNCIL, SHE AGREED TO SIT DOWN FOR AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW.
WONDER WOMAN, YOU HAVE THE FLOOR.
THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME HERE TODAY. I PROMISE NOT TO TAKE UP TOO MUCH TIME.
AS AN AMBASSADOR TO MAN'S WORLD, I FIND MYSELF TROUBLED BY THE CLEARLY SELF-SERVING NATURE OF THIS PAST WEEK'S AGGRESSION.
I FIND IT OFFENSIVE TO SEE BLAME ASSIGNED TO THE VICTIMS IN THIS MATTER, AS I WAS PRESENT FOR THE SHELLING OF CIVILIAN HOMES--AN ACT THAT BREAKS THE R.O.E. OF ANY CIVILIZED NATION.
I REFUSE TO ACCEPT ANY EXCUSES OFFERED BY THE RESPONSIBLE PARTIES PRESENT HERE TODAY.
INSTEAD, I WOULD RATHER FOCUS ON THE TRUTH, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF TRUTH.
I MAY BE A GUEST IN MAN'S WORLD, BUT I WILL NOT SIT IDLY BY AND WATCH YOU KILL FOR PROFIT.
I EXPECT THAT JUSTICE WILL BE DONE, AND THAT THOSE RESPONSIBLE WILL BE MADE TO ANSWER FOR THEIR CRIMES.
YOU CAN DO THIS NOW, OR I WILL SEE TO IT MYSELF.


THAT'S POWERFUL STUFF. THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME TODAY, WONDER WOMAN.
IT'S BEEN OVER A DECADE SINCE YOU GAVE THAT HISTORIC SPEECH AT THE U.N. SINCE THEN, HAVE YOU FELT LIKE YOUR WORDS HAVE MADE A CHANGE?
MAYBE, IN SOME SMALL WAYS. BEING A REPORTER, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS ANYONE THAT THERE IS ALWAYS MORE WORK TO BE DONE.
INDEED I DO. I REMEMBER EXACTLY WHERE I WAS WHEN I SAW YOUR SPEECH, TOO.
IT WAS VERY POIGNANT--HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD PUBLIC SPEAKER?
THAT'S QUITE KIND OF YOU, MS. LANE, BUT I DON'T NEED TO SPEAK WELL.
I'M ARMED WITH SOMETHING MORE POWER-FUL THAN A COMMAND OF LANGUAGE COULD EVER OFFER.
THE *TRUTH* IS WHAT GIVES MY WORDS THEIR VALUE.
IF YOU WANT TO BE A GOOD SPEAKER, STOP THINKING ABOUT HOW WORDS WILL SERVE YOU. INSTEAD, FOCUS ON BEING OPEN TO WHAT THEIR AUTHENTICITY *TELLS* YOU.
BEAUTIFULLY SAID.


...THEN IT HAPPENED.
A DAY I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE.
CDAC 7 NEWS
SHE WAS GONE--DEAD. NO ONE WAS REALLY SURE WHAT HAPPENED.
GRIEF, SHOCK, DENIAL--A WORLD LEFT WITHOUT CLOSURE.
WE DIDN'T GET TO SAY GOODBYE. OUR HOPE, OUR TRUTH, OUR LIGHT...
ONE MINUTE SHE WAS HERE, THE NEXT--
--SHE WAS *GONE.*


I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO *END* IT.
IT FEELS TERRIBLE TO HAVE IT JUST...BE *THAT.* BUT FOR SOME REASON I CAN'T GET MYSELF TO FINISH IT EITHER.
IT'S LIKE... THEN SHE'LL *REALLY* BE GONE.
THAT'S DEATH THOUGH, ISN'T IT? I JUST HOPE WHEN MY STORY ENDS, SOMEONE MAKES A MOVIE ABOUT ME.
BUT SERIOUSLY, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE. ARE YOU...
STEVE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH. I GUESS, AS ALL RIGHT AS I CAN BE. THINGS ARE GOING GOOD WITH--
OH MY GOD!
YOU HAVEN'T *SHOWN* HER THIS, HAVE YOU?
NO, JEEZ! C'MON, ETTA--I KNOW I CAN BE A LITTLE DIM, BUT I'M NOT A *TOTAL* IDIOT.
GOOD. KEEP IT THAT WAY. I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT SOMEONE SPECIAL, BUT *NO* GIRL NEEDS THE EXTRA PRESSURE OF LIVING UP TO *ALL THAT!*
ANYWAY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU *SMILING* AGAIN. IT REALLY HAS BEEN A SPECIAL NIGHT.
BUT NOW IT'S SO LATE THAT IT'S EARLY! I'M GONNA HEAD OUT.
WANT ME TO CALL YOU A CAB?
THANKS, HON, BUT I GOT A CAR COMING!
GET HOME SAFE, ETTA. I'LL SEE YOU ON MONDAY. AND THANK YOU FOR...YOU KNOW.
EVERYTHING.
YOU GOT MY NUMBER IF YOU NEED ANYTHING. NOW GO GET SOME REST.

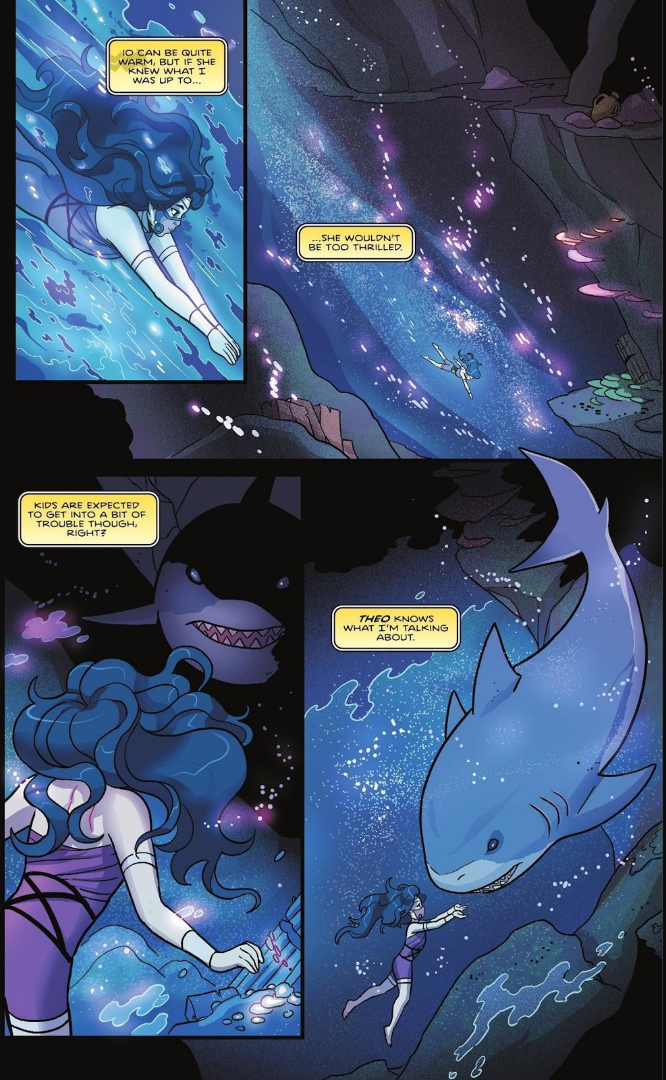

WE SPLIT NOT LONG BEFORE SHE DIED.
IT WASN'T LIKE WE HAD FALLEN OUT OF LOVE, NOTHING LIKE THAT...
...IT JUST FELT LIKE THE RIGHT THING TO DO. FOR *BOTH* OF US.
WE NEEDED SPACE...TO HEAL. TO GROW.
THE TWO OF US REALIZED WE WERE BEING STRONG *FOR* EACH OTHER.
WE NEEDED TO REMIND OURSELVES THAT WE COULD BE STRONG...
Steve
...ALONE.
IN MEMORIAM
MICHAEL W. CONRAD & BECKY CLOONAN WRITERS
JIM CHEUNG ARTIST MARCELO MAIOLO COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU LETTERER BIXIE MATHIEU ASSISTANT EDITOR
BRITTANY HOLZHERR EDITOR MIKE COTTON SENIOR EDITOR
If you're still living in D.C. and I'm away, look to the east, in the direction of Themyscira. I will be there...thinking of you.
--Diana
5:47 AM
babe (3 missed calls)
News
Daily Planet
BREAKING: Multiple Wonder Woman sightings reported.
TO BE CONTINUED IN WONDER WOMAN #780!



DIANA

PINUP BY NICK ROBLES




IO CAN BE QUITE WARM, BUT IF SHE KNEW WHAT I WAS UP TO...
...SHE WOULDN'T BE TOO THRILLED.
KIDS ARE EXPECTED TO GET INTO A BIT OF TROUBLE THOUGH, RIGHT?
THEO KNOWS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.


THEO TOLD ME OF A SECRET UNDERWATER PASSAGE TO *DOOM'S DOORWAY...*
...MOTHER HAS NEVER ALLOWED ME TO SEE IT.
BUT I WANT TO KNOW *EVERYTHING* I'M UP AGAINST IF I'M MEANT TO BE QUEEN SOMEDAY.
HELLO? WHO'S THERE? FRIEND...OR *FOE?*

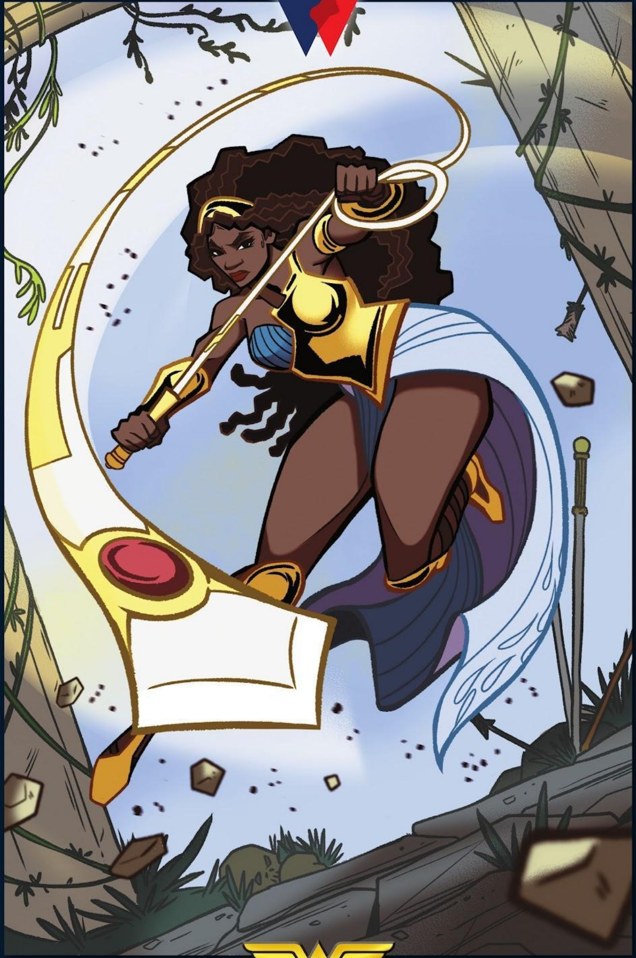

NUBIA. SHE'S ANOTHER MYSTERY.
PRINCESS DIANA...IS THAT YOU?
HOW... DID YOU KNOW IT WAS ME?
YOU ARE THE ONLY CHILD ON THEMYSCIRA AND THE HEIR TO THE THRONE. AN EASY MARK.
YOU SWIM WITH SHARKS OFTEN?
OH, SOMETIMES. THIS IS THEO-- HE'S THE ONE WHO TOLD ME ABOUT THIS SECRET PASSAGE.
YOU WON'T TELL MY MOTHER... WILL YOU?
YOU'VE EXPOSED A CRITICAL WEAKNESS THAT COULD JEOPARDIZE THOSE GUARDING DOOM'S DOORWAY, WHICH IS WORTH MENTIONING TO THE QUEEN... BUT I WILL LEAVE YOU OUT OF IT, I SUPPOSE.
WHEW.
SO, WHAT'S IT LIKE GUARDING DOOM'S DOORWAY ANYWAY?
UNEVENTFUL.
NUBIA RULES


IS THAT YOURS? DO YOU PLAY?
!!!
AH YES, I BEGAN MY WATCH WITH NO SKILL IN MUSIC...BUT FOUND THAT I HAVE QUITE A LOT OF TIME TO PRACTICE NOW.
I DIDN'T KNOW CHAMPIONS WERE ALLOWED TO HAVE A HOBBY. THAT MUST BE NICE TO PASS THE TIME.
I SHOULD CONFESS, IT ISN'T EXACTLY PERMITTED BY THE QUEEN TO HAVE A HOBBY, DIANA.
OH.
WHAT... WOULD YOU DO OTHERWISE? YOU'RE JUST EXPECTED TO DO NOTHING?


AMAZONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD TO WORK *HARD* AND BE READY FOR *ANYTHING.*
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY WE EXPECT A LOT FROM EACH OTHER, DON'T WE, DIANA?
I'LL SAY. SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE... YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A MISTAKE WITHOUT FEELING LIKE THE WHOLE OF THEMYSCIRA COULD FALL APART AT THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF PRESSURE.
WHEN DOES IT END?
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'LL FEEL ENCUMBERED BY JUDGMENTS FROM OTHERS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
HOW IS ANYONE MEANT TO BE THEMSELVES IF IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
YOU NEVER STOP BEING YOURSELF. YOU PUSH FORWARD DOING WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL YOUR BEST. ONLY *YOU* KNOW YOUR OWN TRUTH.
UGH, I'M SO SICK OF THE *TRUTH.* I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH MY MOTHER.
EVEN AFTER ALL THAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I DON'T EVEN THINK I KNOW MY *OWN* TRUTH...
THERE'S NO RUSH IN FIGURING OUT WHO YOU ARE, DIANA. THE REAL TRICK IS NOT GETTING SWEPT UP IN WHAT OTHERS EXPECT OF YOU.
YOU MUST TEND TO *YOU* BEFORE YOU TEND TO OTHERS. DOES THIS MAKE SENSE?


WHAT'S *YOUR* TRUTH, NUBIA?
I'M STILL FIGURING THAT OUT, PRINCESS...
THOUGH, IN MY MARROW, I KNOW I'M DESTINED FOR SOMETHING *GREAT.*
I FEEL THAT TOO.

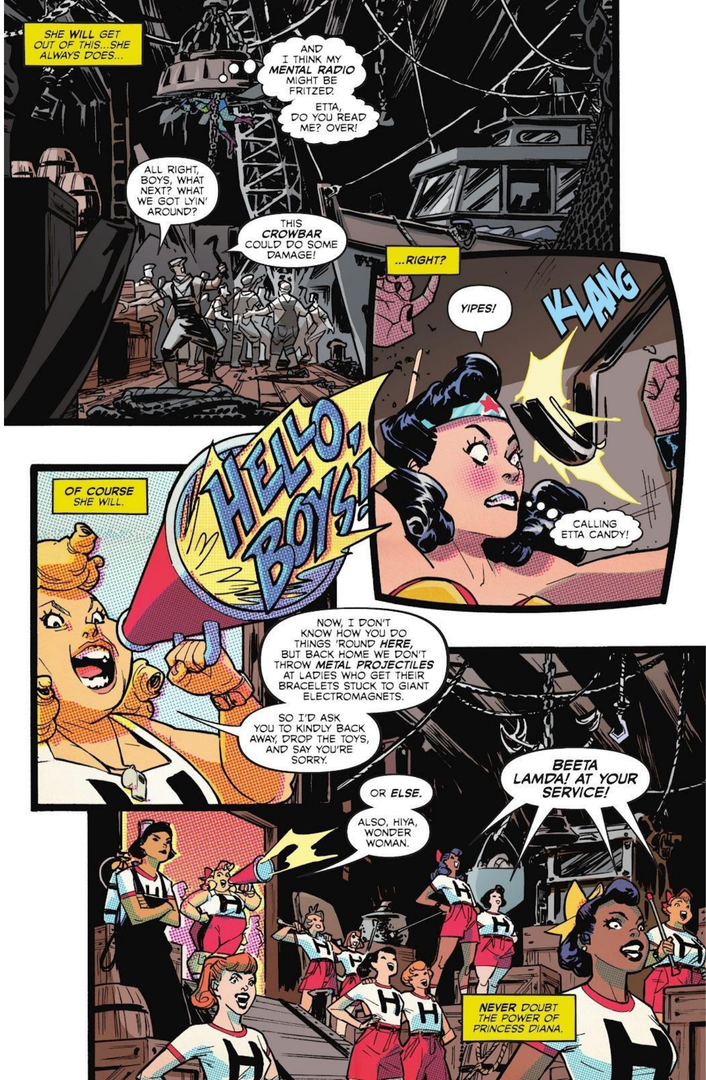




NUBIA

PINUP BY BRITTNEY WILLIAMS


THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT THERE SHINES A VISION OF HOPE, A HALF-GOD PRINCESS KNOWN TO MORTALS SIMPLY AS WONDER WOMAN.
IN A WORD, SHE IS UNSTOPPABLE.
EXCEPT, WHAT'S THIS? OUR HEROINE...IS IN A BIND?!
OOH! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT YOU FISHERMEN!
HA HA HA!
THAT CHAIN! GOOD THINKIN', BOSS!
NOW I'VE MET MY MATCH...THIS GIANT MAGNET IS RENDERING ME POWERLESS!
SHOULDA MINDED YOUR OWN BUSINESS, LADY! YOU'RE ON OUR TURF NOW!
HOW WILL SHE GET OUT OF THIS ONE?
FRESH CATCH
AMY REEDER--WRITER/ARTIST
MARISSA LOUISE--COLORIST
CARLOS M. MANGUAL--LETTERER
BIXIE MATHIEU--ASSISTANT EDITOR
BRITTANY HOLZHERR--EDITOR
MIKE COTTON--SENIOR EDITOR

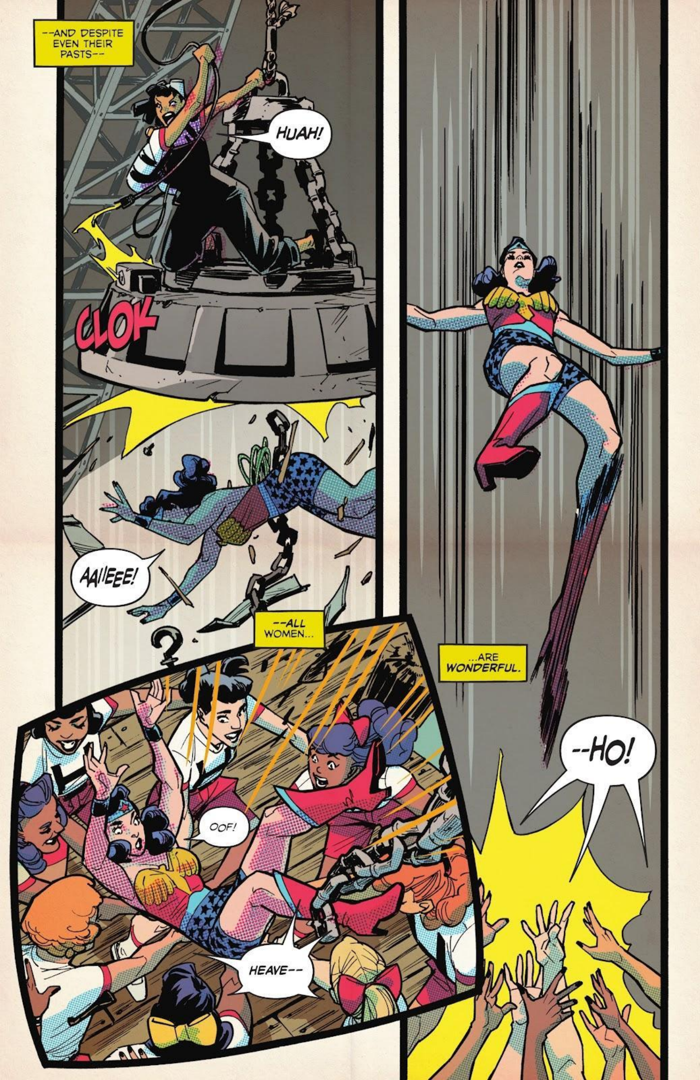

SHE WILL GET OUT OF THIS...SHE ALWAYS DOES...
AND I THINK MY MENTAL RADIO MIGHT BE FRITZED.
ETTA, DO YOU READ ME? OVER!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, WHAT NEXT? WHAT WE GOT LYIN' AROUND?
THIS CROWBAR COULD DO SOME DAMAGE!
...RIGHT?
YIPES!
KLANG
CALLING ETTA CANDY!
OF COURSE SHE WILL.
HELLO, BOYS!
NOW, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO THINGS 'ROUND HERE, BUT BACK HOME WE DON'T THROW METAL PROJECTILES AT LADIES WHO GET THEIR BRACELETS STUCK TO GIANT ELECTROMAGNETS.
SO I'D ASK YOU TO KINDLY BACK AWAY, DROP THE TOYS, AND SAY YOU'RE SORRY.
OR ELSE.
ALSO, HIYA, WONDER WOMAN.
BEETA LAMDA! AT YOUR SERVICE!
NEVER DOUBT THE POWER OF PRINCESS DIANA.



...BECAUSE WHEN YOU UNDERESTIMATE WONDER WOMAN...
ETTA, MY HERO! HI, GIRLS!
...YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE WOMANKIND.
HAHAHAHAHA!
THIS IS RICH! GUYS, SHE BROUGHT BACKUP!
I THINK YOU SHOULD BACK UP!
FOR WHERE YOU FIND WONDER WOMAN, YOU'LL FIND THE AMAZONS...
GO...
POK
...TEAM!
...OR ETTA CANDY AND THE HOLLIDAY GIRLS.



THAT'S THE REAL POWER OF WONDER WOMAN...
...SHE SENSES POWER IN EVERYONE ELSE.
SHE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WOMEN COME TOGETHER.
BEFORE HER EYES, GROUPS FORM, TAKING ON A LIFE OF THEIR OWN.
ALL BECAUSE SHE RECOGNIZES WHAT MANY REFUSE TO SEE--
THAT REGARDLESS OF BACKGROUND--
POW
BAM
--NO MATTER THE HARDSHIPS--


--AND DESPITE EVEN THEIR PASTS--
HUAH!
CLOK
AAIIEEE!
--ALL WOMEN...
...ARE WONDERFUL.
OOF!
HEAVE--
--HO!

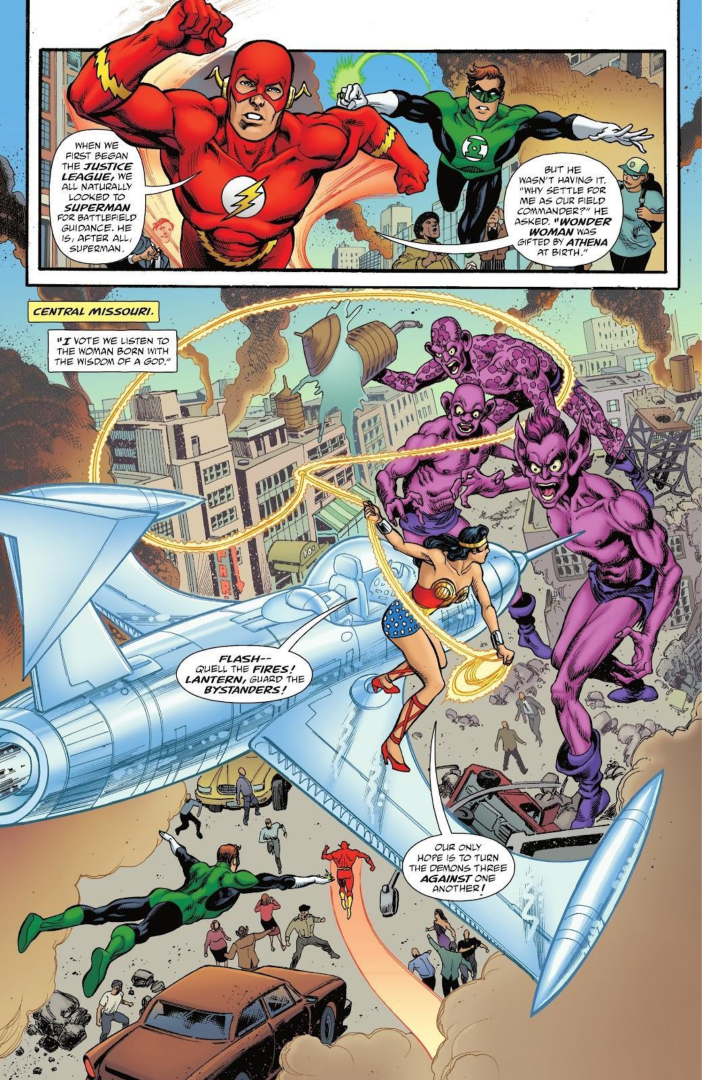

SURRENDER YOURSELVES, AND NO ONE GETS...
BOOM
...WELL... EXTRA HURT.
NOW, GIRLS, NOT TOO ROUGH!
GET BACK HERE!
WE'RE NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!
OUTTA THE WAY! OUTTA THE WAY!
SPLOOSH
OOH BOY!
THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT, GALS! WHADDAYA SAY WE REEL 'EM IN?
WOO WOO!
HONK
HONK
KER-KRANK
A-KRANK
SWISH



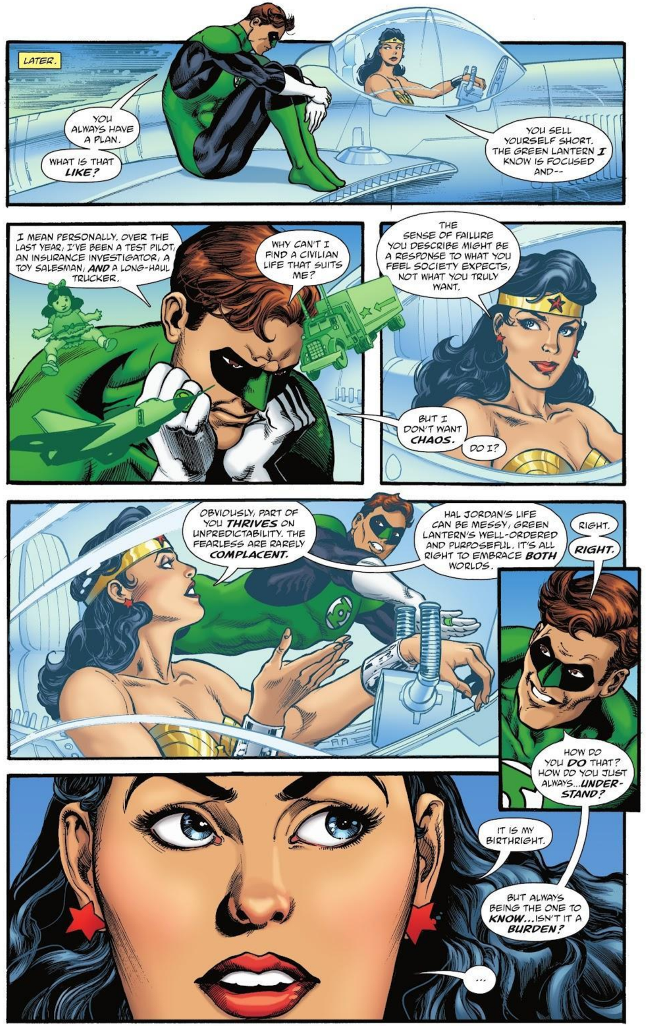


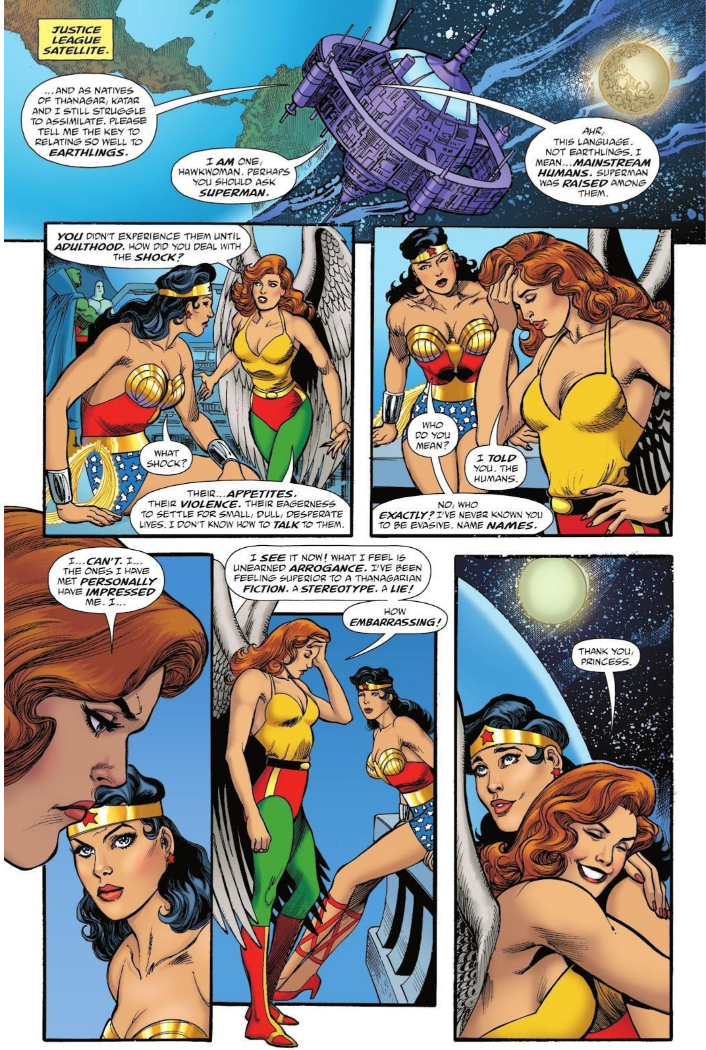
HIPPOLYTA

PINUP BY DAVID MARQUEZ


WHEN WE FIRST BEGAN THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, WE ALL NATURALLY LOOKED TO SUPERMAN FOR BATTLEFIELD GUIDANCE. HE IS, AFTER ALL, SUPERMAN.
BUT HE WASN'T HAVING IT. "WHY SETTLE FOR ME AS OUR FIELD COMMANDER?" HE ASKED. "WONDER WOMAN WAS GIFTED BY ATHENA AT BIRTH."
CENTRAL MISSOURI.
"I VOTE WE LISTEN TO THE WOMAN BORN WITH THE WISDOM OF A GOD."
FLASH-- QUELL THE FIRES! LANTERN, GUARD THE BYSTANDERS!
OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO TURN THE DEMONS THREE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER!


THE LASSO OF TRUTH!
DREADFUL, FILTHY TRUTH!
BAH! WHAT SECRET COULD IT POSSIBLY REVEAL THAT WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO US?
RATH! HOW DO YOU JUDGE YOUR BROTHERS, ABNEGAZAR AND GHAST? SPEAK YOUR VERDICT NOW!
ABNEGAZAR... IS COWARDLY...
...AND GHAST IS... GHAST IS...
HOW DARE YOU?
...PITIABLY STUPID!
GRAAAR!
SLASH
SCHUTT
RAAH!
RURR!
SPLUTCH
GREAT CALL. DID YOU KNOW THAT WOULD HAPPEN?
IT WAS THE ONLY POSSIBLE OUTCOME.
I HATE TO GENERALIZE-- I TRULY DO--
FOOF
--BUT DEMON PSYCHOLOGY RARELY REACHES FAR BEYOND HATRED AND ANGER.


LATER.
YOU ALWAYS HAVE A PLAN.
WHAT IS THAT LIKE?
YOU SELL YOURSELF SHORT. THE GREEN LANTERN I KNOW IS FOCUSED AND--
I MEAN PERSONALLY. OVER THE LAST YEAR, I'VE BEEN A TEST PILOT, AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR, A TOY SALESMAN, AND A LONG-HAUL TRUCKER.
WHY CAN'T I FIND A CIVILIAN LIFE THAT SUITS ME?
THE SENSE OF FAILURE YOU DESCRIBE MIGHT BE A RESPONSE TO WHAT YOU FEEL SOCIETY EXPECTS, NOT WHAT YOU TRULY WANT.
BUT I DON'T WANT CHAOS.
DO I?
OBVIOUSLY, PART OF YOU THRIVES ON UNPREDICTABILITY. THE FEARLESS ARE RARELY COMPLACENT.
HAL JORDAN'S LIFE CAN BE MESSY; GREEN LANTERN'S WELL-ORDERED AND PURPOSEFUL. IT'S ALL RIGHT TO EMBRACE BOTH WORLDS.
RIGHT.
RIGHT.
HOW DO YOU DO THAT? HOW DO YOU JUST ALWAYS...UNDER-STAND?
IT IS MY BIRTHRIGHT.
BUT ALWAYS BEING THE ONE TO KNOW...ISN'T IT A BURDEN?
...


JUSTICE LEAGUE SATELLITE.
...AND AS NATIVES OF THANAGAR, KATAR AND I STILL STRUGGLE TO ASSIMILATE. PLEASE TELL ME THE KEY TO RELATING SO WELL TO EARTHLINGS.
I AM ONE, HAWKWOMAN. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD ASK SUPERMAN.
AHH, THIS LANGUAGE. NOT EARTHLINGS. I MEAN...MAINSTREAM HUMANS. SUPERMAN WAS RAISED AMONG THEM.
YOU DIDN'T EXPERIENCE THEM UNTIL ADULTHOOD. HOW DID YOU DEAL WITH THE SHOCK?
WHAT SHOCK?
THEIR...APPETITES. THEIR VIOLENCE. THEIR EAGERNESS TO SETTLE FOR SMALL, DULL, DESPERATE LIVES. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TALK TO THEM.
WHO DO YOU MEAN?
I TOLD YOU. THE HUMANS.
NO, WHO EXACTLY? I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO BE EVASIVE. NAME NAMES.
I...CAN'T. I... THE ONES I HAVE MET PERSONALLY HAVE IMPRESSED ME. I...
I SEE IT NOW! WHAT I FEEL IS UNEARNED ARROGANCE. I'VE BEEN FEELING SUPERIOR TO A THANAGARIAN FICTION. A STEREOTYPE. A LIE!
HOW EMBARRASSING!
THANK YOU, PRINCESS.


...NO IDEA WHAT TO GET **CANARY** FOR HER **BIRTHDAY**, AND **YOU'RE** GOOD WITH THAT STUFF...
SIGH
--GOT TIME TO TRY OUT FOR BASEBALL **OR** FOOTBALL BUT NOT BOTH. WHAT DO **YOU** THINK?
PUT DOWN THE COMMUNICATOR. **NOW.**
WHOOPS. GOTTA GO.
TELL HER.
TELL HER.
BUT I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT MONTHS AGO.
IT'S TOO WEIRD NOW.
WASHINGTON, D.C.
IRIS HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW THAT WHEN SHE MARRIED BARRY ALLEN, SHE ALSO MARRIED THE FLASH. TELL HER.
SHE'LL DIVORCE ME.
THAT IS **ALSO** HER RIGHT!
I COMMAND YOU TO FORGET WHAT YOU'RE HEARING.
LISTEN TO ME. IRIS WEST IS A COSMOPOLITAN JOURNALIST. SHE LOVES SECRETS. DISCOVERY. RISK. SHE WILL BE THRILLED.
I'LL TELL HER.
GOOD. AND IF YOU BACKPEDAL **AGAIN,** DO **NOT** COME TO ME ABOUT IT.
?


METROPOLIS.
HEY, JUST WANTED TO ASK. AS DIANA PRINCE, YOU KNOW THE MILITARY CHAIN OF COMMAND. CLARK KENT IS WORKING ON THIS STORY, AND HE'S HAVING TROUBLE--
I AM **NOT** A **VENDING MACHINE** THAT DISPENSES **LIFE'S ANSWERS!**
NOR AM I ENTIRELY MADE OF WISDOM. THERE ARE **OTHER** PARTS OF ME, AND SOMETIMES THERE IS **CONFLICT.**
I'M SEEING THAT.
FORGIVE ME. WHAT I AM FEELING HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR ANYTHING YOU HAVE DONE.
WHAT DID YOU WANT TO ASK ME?
THE EASIEST WAY TO GET GENERAL BLANKENSHIP ON THE LINE.
I AM SORRY. THIS IS ALL SO CONFUSING. I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING.
DIANA! WHATEVER IT IS, IF YOU NEED A SYMPATHETIC EAR, OR SOME ADVICE--!
SIGH



DIANA PRINCE'S APARTMENT. WASHINGTON, D.C.
I BIT SUPERMAN'S HEAD OFF FOR NOTHING, AND THIS MOOD WILL ONLY GET WORSE--
--UNLESS I GET TO THE TRUTH OF IT.
LASSO, FIND IN ME THE HONEST ANSWER. HOW DO I MAKE MY TEAMMATES STOP CONSTANTLY ASKING MY ADVICE?
THE FIRST STEP IS, I MUST WANT THEM TO STOP.
I THOUGHT I DID.
AS I COUNSELED HAL, IT IS POSSIBLE TO CONFUSE EXPECTATIONS FOR DESIRE. I FEEL I SHOULD BE TIRED, BECAUSE ANY-ONE WOULD. BUT, IN TRUTH--



--SOME-TIMES I GET TO IMPROVE THE WORLD WITHOUT THROWING A PUNCH OR WAVING A SWORD--
--AND THAT IS EVERY-THING!
CENTRAL CITY.
FLASH! WAIT FOR ME!
OH, GREAT...
DID YOU TELL HER?
AHHH...
NO JUDGMENTS, MY FRIEND.
I KNOW YOU'LL DO THE RIGHT THING.
REALLY?
YOU DO?
OF COURSE. SHALL WE TALK IT OUT OVER COFFEE?
YES, PLEEEASE.
CAFE
OPEN
Dear Diana...
MARK WAID WRITER
JOSÉ LUIS GARCIA-LÓPEZ PENCILLER
JOE PRADO INKER
TRISH MULVIHILL COLOR
CLEM ROBINS LETTERER
BIXIE MATHIEU ASST. EDITOR
BRITTANY HOLZHERR EDITOR
MIKE COTTON SENIOR EDITOR



WONDER GIRLS

PINUP BY GABRIEL PICOLO




DIANA?!
CLARK?!
Di's Boutique
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD BE, *UM*, I MEAN, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU GAVE UP YOUR POWERS AND LEFT THE JUSTICE LEAGUE AND...
WELL, LOIS WOULDN'T KNOW... SHE DOESN'T...
NO, I BET SHE ***DOESN'T.***
ARE THOSE FOR ME?
UH...WELL, NOT SPECIFICALLY. I MEAN, THEY'RE FOR...
YES. ***YES.*** THEY'RE FOR YOU.
IT SEEMS.
FREAKING OUT ON THE TOWN WITH SUPERMAN.
WELL, THERE ARE ***LESS*** INTERESTING WAYS TO SPEND A FRIDAY NIGHT.
C'MON. FOLLOW ME. WE'LL FIND YOU SOMETHING TO WEAR.
YOU CAN'T GO AROUND LIKE THAT. EVERYONE'S GOING TO THINK YOU'RE A COP.
I HAVE ANOTHER SUIT. IT'S...LESS GRAY.
I'M NOT A COP.


I HAVE TICKETS TO THE OPERA. VERDI. THE TENOR GOT AN EXCELLENT WRITE-UP IN THE *PLANET*.
IT'S 1969. NO VERDI. THE ***DO-NOTHINGS*** ARE PLAYING AT THE HASH. I KNOW THE DOOR GUY.
NOW COME ON OUT AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE WORKING WITH.
IS...
AM I DOING THIS RIGHT?
THERE ARE AT ***LEAST*** 74 CRIMES CURRENTLY BEING COMMITTED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT.
IF I LOOK IN THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS THE NUMBER GROWS... EXPONENTIALLY.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD...
CLARK, HONEY, IS ANYONE GETTING HURT? DOES ANYONE NEED TO BE RESCUED RIGHT NOW?
NO.
AND ***ARE*** YOU A COP?
NO.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THE DO-NOTHINGS.
BUT THEY CAN GET A LITTLE ***LOUD.*** I'D TRY TO TURN DOWN THE SUPER-HEARING IF YOU CAN.


ARE WE GOING TO CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!
OR IS IT JUST A BASH! BASH! BASH!
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT TRASH! TRASH! TRASH!
NOW WE'LL MAKE A SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!
I REALLY LIKE THIS! IT FEELS REALLY **GOOD!** THANK YOU!
BUT...THERE'S AN **ASTEROID** HEADED TOWARD SOUTH AMERICA! I SHOULD PROBABLY GET IT AFTER THIS SET!
MAYBE THEN WE COULD GET SOME ICE CREAM AFTER?! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG!
CLARK KENT, YOU'RE SUCH A **PRETTY** DORK!


DO YOU WANT A CONE OR A CUP?
ALL RIGHT! ALL THE CASH! RIGHT #$%#@# NOW!
YOU PIGS CAN'T CONTROL US, MAN! GIVE US THE #%@% MONEY!
CRASH CRASH CRASH.
OKAY, OKAY, OKAY, JUST GIVE ME A SECOND. WE DON'T HAVE ALL THAT MUCH HERE. IT'S JUST--
BASH BASH BASH!
TRASH! TRASH! TRASH!
SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!
CONES'LL BE FAB.
THANKS.


HOW WAS THE ASTEROID?
IT WAS AN ASTEROID. I MISS ANYTHING?
SOME SCUZZBUCKETS TRIED TO ROB THE ICE CREAM STORE, SO I HAD TO KICK THEM ALL OVER.
HA. YEAH, THAT HAPPENS. WANT TO GO FOR A WALK? IT'S A NICE NIGHT.
IT IS.
IS YOUR BOYFRIEND GOING TO GET ONE TOO? SECOND ONE'S HALF-PRICE, Y'KNOW.
HE'S NOT... YEAH, ACTUALLY, I THINK I KNOW SOMETHING THAT WOULD BE A REAL GAS.
IT'S NOT FUNNY.
DO YOU KNOW THAT IN ANCIENT GREEK THE S IS A PROFOUND SYMBOL THAT ROUGHLY TRANSLATES TO DORK?
YOU'LL BE GREAT.
THIS ISN'T ME.
JUST FEEL THE MUSIC. SING YOUR HEART.
RAGE AND WAR AND HATE AND SIN!
LET ME OUT, LET ME IN!
LOVE AND PEACE AND JOY AND BLISS!
TAKE A HUG, GET A KISS!
WE'RE BOTH STRANGERS HERE. IT'S NOT OUR WORLD, CLARK.
BUT IT'S NEW AND IT'S YOUNG AND IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
THIS IS WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING SO HARD TO SAVE.


...WITH LOIS, I JUST THINK I'M A DANGER TO HER EVERY DAY. BUT YOU WOULDN'T--YOU WOULD JUST KICK EVERYONE.
MAYBE WE COULD START...
CLARK. DON'T. WE WOULD NEVER ACTUALLY WORK. I MEAN, THIS IS FUN AND ALL, BUT IT'S NOT REAL.
CLARK, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN I DO. I'M PARADISE ISLAND.
WORSE, I'M THE ONE PERSON WHO SAW PARADISE, LOVED PARADISE, AND RAN AWAY FROM IT.
I'M--FOR BETTER AND WORSE-- I'M WHAT ALL THESE PEOPLE, THIS WHOLE NEW GENERATION, I'M WHAT THEY'RE CHASING SO HARD--
I'M FREE.
OKAY.
BUT THEN WHAT...
WHAT AM I?
OH, DON'T YOU KNOW BY NOW, YOU BLUE-EYED, SQUARE-JAWED HUNK OF A MAN?
YOU'RE A COP.



DC Comics presents Dated



Tom King – Writer Evan "Doc" Shaner – Artist Clayton Cowles – Letterer



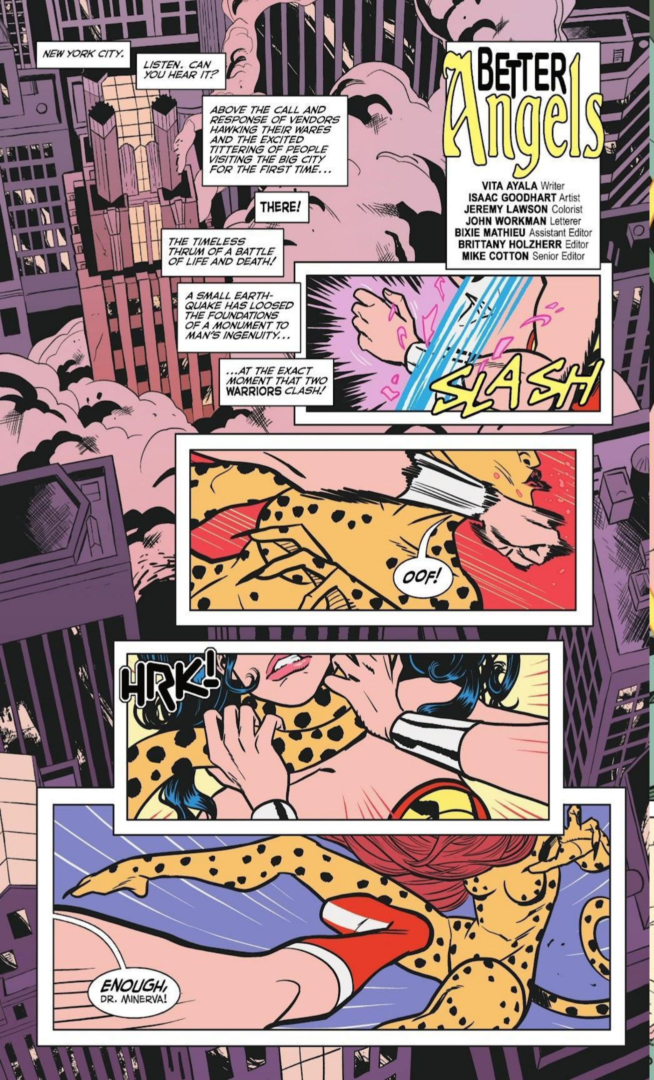
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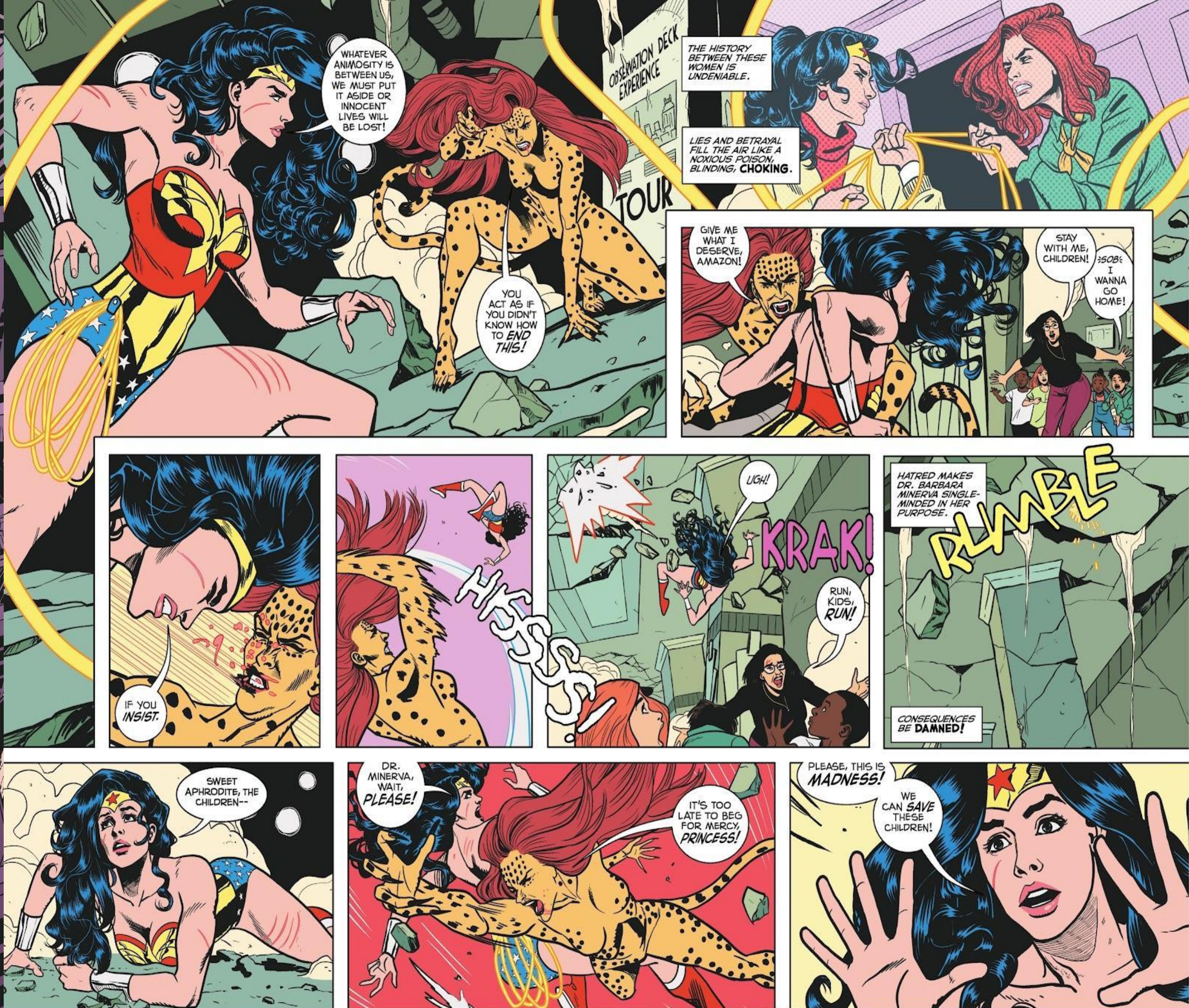


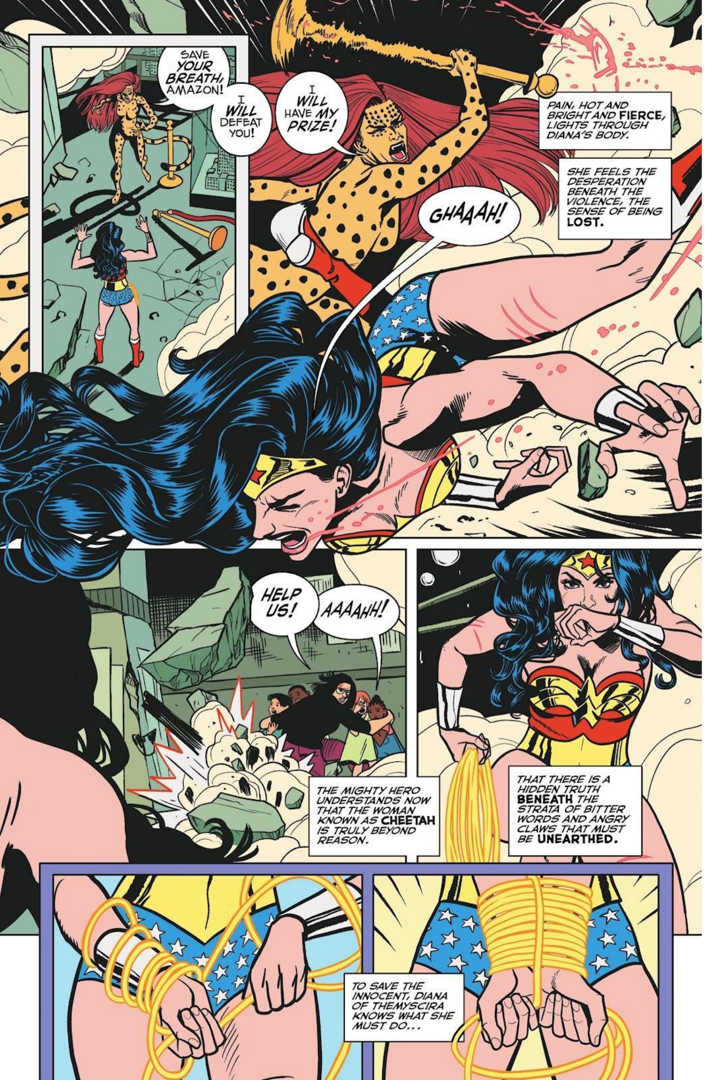


WONDER WOMEN OF THE MULTIVERSE

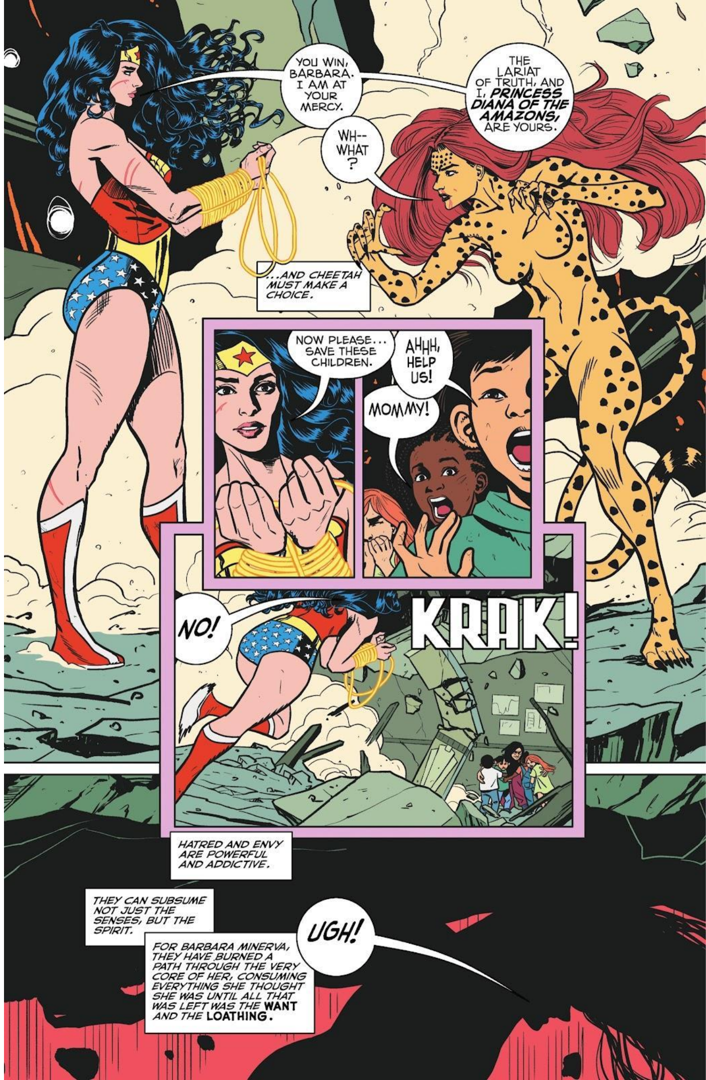
PINUP BY NICOLA SCOTT & ANNETTE KWOK


NEW YORK CITY.
LISTEN. CAN YOU HEAR IT?
ABOVE THE CALL AND RESPONSE OF VENDORS HAWKING THEIR WARES AND THE EXCITED TITTERING OF PEOPLE VISITING THE BIG CITY FOR THE FIRST TIME...
THERE!
THE TIMELESS THRUM OF A BATTLE OF LIFE AND DEATH!
A SMALL EARTH-QUAKE HAS LOOSED THE FOUNDATIONS OF A MONUMENT TO MAN'S INGENUITY...
...AT THE EXACT MOMENT THAT TWO WARRIORS CLASH!
BETTER Angels
VITA AYALA Writer
ISAAC GOODHART Artist
JEREMY LAWSON Colorist
JOHN WORKMAN Letterer
BIXIE MATHIEU Assistant Editor
BRITTANY HOLZHERR Editor
MIKE COTTON Senior Editor
SLASH
OOF!
HRK!
ENOUGH, DR. MINERVA!


WHATEVER ANIMOSITY IS BETWEEN US, WE MUST PUT IT ASIDE OR INNOCENT LIVES WILL BE LOST!
YOU ACT AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO END THIS!
OBSERVATION DECK EXPERIENCE
TOUR
THE HISTORY BETWEEN THESE WOMEN IS UNDENIABLE.
LIES AND BETRAYAL FILL THE AIR LIKE A NOXIOUS POISON, BLINDING, CHOKING.
GIVE ME WHAT I DESERVE, AMAZON!
STAY WITH ME, CHILDREN!
SOB I WANNA GO HOME!
IF YOU INSIST.
HISSSS
UGH!
KRAK!
RUN, KIDS, RUN!
HATRED MAKES DR. BARBARA MINERVA SINGLE-MINDED IN HER PURPOSE.
RUMBLE
CONSEQUENCES BE DAMNED!
SWEET APHRODITE, THE CHILDREN--
DR. MINERVA, WAIT, PLEASE!
IT'S TOO LATE TO BEG FOR MERCY, PRINCESS!
PLEASE, THIS IS MADNESS!
WE CAN SAVE THESE CHILDREN!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, AMAZON!
I WILL DEFEAT YOU!
I WILL HAVE MY PRIZE!
PAIN, HOT AND BRIGHT AND FIERCE, LIGHTS THROUGH DIANA'S BODY.
SHE FEELS THE DESPERATION BENEATH THE VIOLENCE, THE SENSE OF BEING LOST.
GHAAAH!
HELP US!
AAAAHH!
THE MIGHTY HERO UNDERSTANDS NOW THAT THE WOMAN KNOWN AS CHEETAH IS TRULY BEYOND REASON.
THAT THERE IS A HIDDEN TRUTH BENEATH THE STRATA OF BITTER WORDS AND ANGRY CLAWS THAT MUST BE UNEARTHED.
TO SAVE THE INNOCENT, DIANA OF THEMYSCIRA KNOWS WHAT SHE MUST DO...

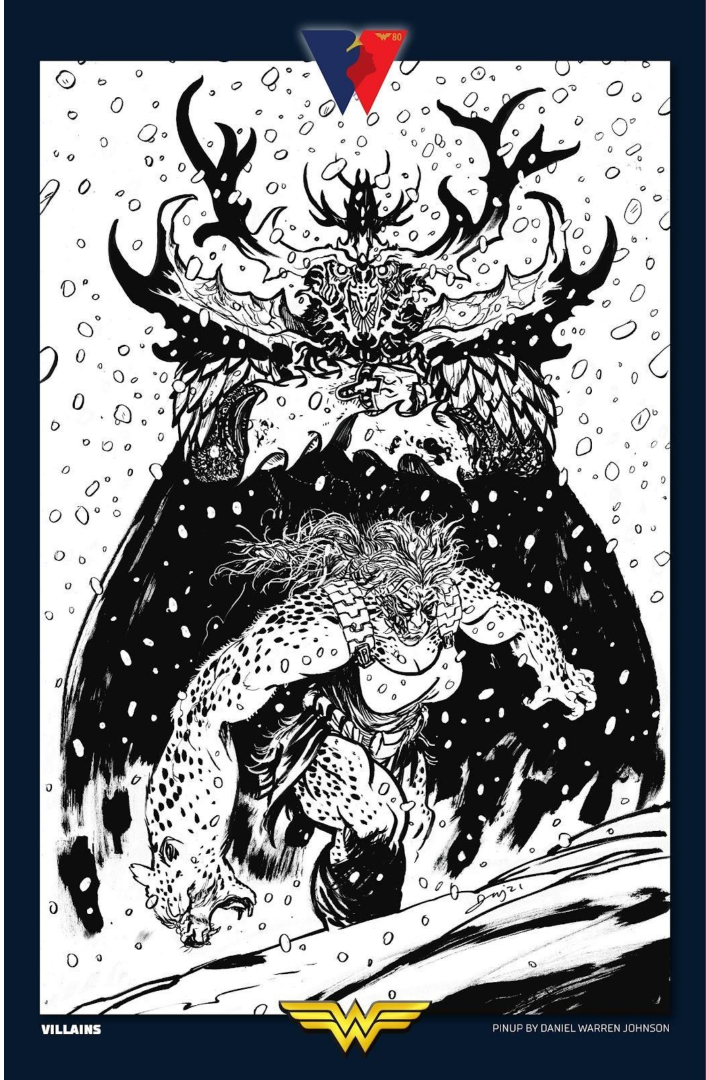


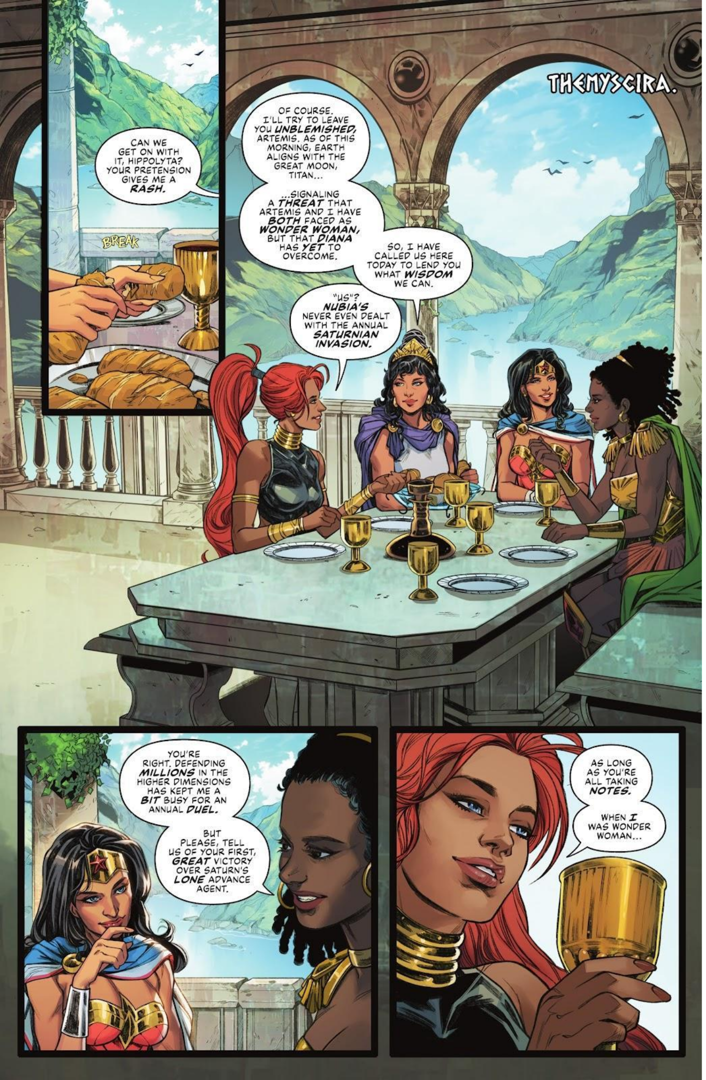
YOU WIN, BARBARA. I AM AT YOUR MERCY.
THE LARIAT OF TRUTH, AND I, PRINCESS DIANA OF THE AMAZONS, ARE YOURS.
WH-- WHAT?
...AND CHEETAH MUST MAKE A CHOICE.
NOW PLEASE... SAVE THESE CHILDREN.
AHHH, HELP US!
MOMMY!
NO!
KRAK!
HATRED AND ENVY ARE POWERFUL AND ADDICTIVE.
THEY CAN SUBSUME NOT JUST THE SENSES, BUT THE SPIRIT.
FOR BARBARA MINERVA, THEY HAVE BURNED A PATH THROUGH THE VERY CORE OF HER, CONSUMING EVERYTHING SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS UNTIL ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS THE WANT AND THE LOATHING.
UGH!


THE WEIGHT OF THE CONCRETE BOWS THE CHEETAH'S BACK, MUCH AS THE VAULT OF THE HEAVENS HUMBLED ATLAS.
BUT THE HEAVINESS BRINGS A FLASH OF CLARITY ROARING THROUGH BARBARA MINERVA'S VEINS.
THIS RABID CREATURE IS NOT WHO SHE IS.
THIS IS NOT WHAT SHE WANTS.
KRA-BOOM
HNNN-- ARRGH!
QUICKLY, THIS WAY!
FOLLOW WONDER WOMAN.
AAAH!
I HAVE YOU, LITTLE ONE!
TWO WOMEN, ENEMIES TURNED TEMPORARY ALLIES, REGARD EACH OTHER.
THEIR BUSINESS IS NOT FINISHED, BUT IT WILL KEEP.
FOR NOW, THE WORLD IS CRUMBLING AROUND THEM.
NOW, TO ACTION!


WORKING TOGETHER AS IF THEY SHARE A MIND, IT IS MERE MINUTES BEFORE THE AMAZON AND THE CHEETAH HAVE THE TEACHER AND HER CHARGES OUT IN THE STREET.
RELIEF AT A RESCUE GONE SMOOTHLY IS SHORT-LIVED, HOWEVER.
ISAAC, I--I LOST TRACK OF HIM.
I THINK HE'S STILL INSIDE!
ALMOST-- THERE!
LET ME, MY SPEED IS SUPERIOR.
W-W-WANT MY MOMMY!
KEEP UP, DAUGHTER OF THEMYSCIRA.
HMPF.
FOR A MOMENT, DIANA CAN SEE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE FRIENDS WITH BARBARA MINERVA. TO RECEIVE HER HUMOR AND APPROVAL INSTEAD OF HER ANGER AND DISDAIN.
THE REALITY OF WHAT THEY ARE TO EACH OTHER IS A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW.
STILL...


AND THEN SHE CAUGHT THE *WHOLE ROOF!*
...THE SPARK OF IT IGNITES HOPE IN DIANA'S HEART.
HOPE FOR A POSSIBLE FUTURE.
EMS
AND HOPE FOR THIS MOMENT IN TIME, THAT THE DANGEROUS WOMAN AT HER SIDE WILL ONCE AGAIN MAKE THE **RIGHT CHOICE.**
I MADE AN OFFER TO YOU IF YOU WOULD HELP SAVE THE INNOCENTS.
I AM A WOMAN OF MY WORD, MINERVA.
THE LARIAT AND I ARE YOURS TO DO WITH AS YOU WILL.
HMPH.
I WILL DEFEAT YOU BECAUSE I AM *BETTER* THAN YOU ARE, *NOT* BECAUSE YOU SURRENDERED IN A MOMENT OF DESPERATION.
AND WHATEVER YOU *THINK* OF ME, I WOULD NOT CLAIM VICTORY AT THE EXPENSE OF *CHILDREN.*
IT WAS A GAMBLE, BUT DIANA FEELS VINDICATED.
THERE'S **HOPE** FOR BARBARA MINERVA YET.
THE END


VILLAINS
PINUP BY DANIEL WARREN JOHNSON


THEMYSCIRA.
CAN WE GET ON WITH IT, HIPPOLYTA? YOUR PRETENSION GIVES ME A RASH.
BREAK
OF COURSE. I'LL TRY TO LEAVE YOU UNBLEMISHED, ARTEMIS. AS OF THIS MORNING, EARTH ALIGNS WITH THE GREAT MOON, TITAN...
...SIGNALING A THREAT THAT ARTEMIS AND I HAVE BOTH FACED AS WONDER WOMAN, BUT THAT DIANA HAS YET TO OVERCOME.
SO, I HAVE CALLED US HERE TODAY TO LEND YOU WHAT WISDOM WE CAN.
"US"? NUBIA'S NEVER EVEN DEALT WITH THE ANNUAL SATURNIAN INVASION.
YOU'RE RIGHT. DEFENDING MILLIONS IN THE HIGHER DIMENSIONS HAS KEPT ME A BIT BUSY FOR AN ANNUAL DUEL.
BUT PLEASE, TELL US OF YOUR FIRST, GREAT VICTORY OVER SATURN'S LONE ADVANCE AGENT.
AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALL TAKING NOTES.
WHEN I WAS WONDER WOMAN...


"...THEY SENT THE WRETCHED MEPHISTO SATURNO.
"THAT FOOL CAME TO PLANT HIS FLAG FOR THE EMPEROR OF SATURN.
"HAD HE SAFELY MADE EARTHFALL, AN ARMY WOULD'VE FOLLOWED.
"SO, I SHAVED AN INCH OFF HIS STATURE, HUMBLED HIM BEFORE THE WORLD'S EYES...
"...AND SENT HIM BACK TO HIS LITTLE EMPEROR IN SHAME.
"BUT WHAT OF THEIR NEXT ATTEMPT, HIPPOLYTA?"



"AFTER ARTEMIS REPELLED SATURNO, SATURN SENT A NEW ADVANCE AGENT.
"SO, AS WONDER WOMAN, I FACED THE DEADLY SATURNETTE.
"NOT SEEKING THE GLORY OF MY PREDECESSOR...
"...I DREW SATURNETTE TO THE SONORAN DESERT, WHERE WE WOULD HARM NO MORTAL.
"WE DUELED WITH HONOR, AND AFTER DAYS, SHE FELL. I OFFERED HER MY HAND, AND A HOME AMONG THE AMAZONS...
"...IF SHE WERE WILLING TO RENOUNCE HER WAYS.
"BUT SHE REJECTED MY CHARITY AND RETURNED TO SATURN IN DISGUST."



CHARITY... OF COURSE. YOU WANT TO TELL THEM, DIANA? OR SHOULD I?
THANK YOU, NUBIA. I THINK YOU'LL ALL FIND...
...THE SITUATION WITH SATURN IS WELL IN HAND.
THEIR FACES ARE EVEN BETTER THAN I HOPED, DIANA.
MOTHER, SISTERS...MAY I INTRODUCE SATURNETTE, AMBASSADOR OF SATURN.
AMBASSADOR?!
GREAT HERA.
PLEASE, SIT...
YOU ARE WELCOME HERE.



ARE YOU SURE? THE ANGRY ONE LOOKS LIKE SHE WANTS TO TEST ME.
THAT IS A BANA-MIGHDALL WELCOME.
YOUR DATES SEEM TO BE A BIT OFF, MOTHER. IT WAS LAST WEEK THAT EARTH ALIGNED WITH SATURN'S MOON.
AND WHILE I DID FACE ITS ADVANCE AGENT, IT WAS NOT A DUEL AT ALL.
SO YOU'RE SAYING YOU LOST?
SATURNETTE COULDN'T HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR OFFER EVEN IF SHE WANTED TO, MOTHER. SATURN IS HER HOME.
NEVER MIND THAT YOU'D HAVE HER CAST OFF ALL HER WAYS FOR THEMYSCIRA.
AND WHILE THE MAN YOU FACED WAS A TRUE BELIEVER, ARTEMIS...
...SATURNETTE FOUGHT TO SPARE HER FAMILY THE EMPEROR'S WRATH. SHE WAS TOO PROUD TO ADMIT IT.
BUT IN THE GOLDEN PERFECT, ONLY TRUTH CAN SURVIVE.
SO, WE DID NOT BATTLE ON EARTH. WE RETURNED TO TITAN. AND THEN...



"...THE BATTLE CAME."


"I FOUGHT WITH SATURNETTE.
"TOGETHER, WE RAISED AN ARMY OF SATURNIAN REBELS...
"...AND LIBERATED THEIR WORLD.
"ON HIS KNEES, IN TEARS, THE EMPEROR CONFESSED TO THE OPPRESSION OF HIS PEOPLE...
"...AND WAS SENTENCED TO EXILE ON SATURN'S SMALLEST MOON. THERE...
"...HE WOULD LIVE OUT HIS LIFE, POWERLESS, WITH HIS LOST SEAT OF GLORY ALWAYS IN VIEW...
"...BUT EVER OUT OF REACH, IN THE HANDS OF THOSE HE PERSECUTED.
"SATURN AGAIN BELONGS TO ITS PEOPLE. THANKS TO AN AMAZON ENCHANTMENT HONORING IRIS...
"...EVERY SATURNIAN WILL HAVE A VOICE IN DRAFTING THEIR NEW CONSTITUTION.
"AND WHEN NEXT OUR WORLDS ALIGN...
"...IT WILL BE IN CELEBRATION."


AS MUCH AS THE WORDS TASTE LIKE SAND IN MY MOUTH...
...YOU'RE NOT THE WORST WONDER WOMAN, DIANA.
OF COURSE, YOU KNOW I'LL KILL YOU ALL IF ANYONE LEARNS I SAID THAT.
YOU'D THREATEN THE QUEEN WHEN I HAVE CUTLERY SO CLOSE AT HAND?
I WOULD WORRY MORE IF SHE DIDN'T.
AMAZING. THEY ARGUE JUST LIKE MY FAMILY...MAYBE I AM WELCOME, DIANA.
I DID PROMISE YOU PEACE. ACROSS THE STARS, ACROSS OUR CULTURES.
A TRUE AMAZON WAR...
"...HAS ONLY VICTORS."
SATURN RISING
STEVE ORLANDO WRITER
LAURA BRAGA ARTIST
ROMULO FAJARDO JR. COLORIST
BECCA CAREY LETTERER
BIXIE MATHIEU ASSISTANT EDITOR
BRITTANY HOLZHERR EDITOR
MIKE COTTON SENIOR EDITOR



ARTEMIS

PINUP BY DANI




WHAT THE HELL?!
"SEE, IMMORTALITY, IF ACHIEVABLE AT ALL, IS NOT *FREE*... IT IS NOT A *GIFT*...
"...IT'S A *BARGAIN*."
HELLO? IS SOMEONE THERE?
"WHEN EOS, THE GODDESS OF THE DAWN, FELL IN LOVE WITH A *MORTAL* NAMED TITHONUS, SHE COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF HIS EVENTUAL DEATH.
"EOS APPEARED BEFORE ZEUS AND BEGGED FOR HER LOVER'S IMMORTALITY."
Huh?
"AND, TO HER SURPRISE, ZEUS *AGREED*.
"BUT IN ASKING FOR *ETERNAL LIFE*, EOS FORGOT TO ASK FOR *ETERNAL YOUTH*."
WHAT--?
"EOS WATCHED TITHONUS GROW OLDER EVERY DAY BUT NEVER DIE.
"HIS FACULTIES CRUMBLED... HIS BODY DECAYED...
WHUMP
"...AND HE *BEGGED* FOR DEATH."

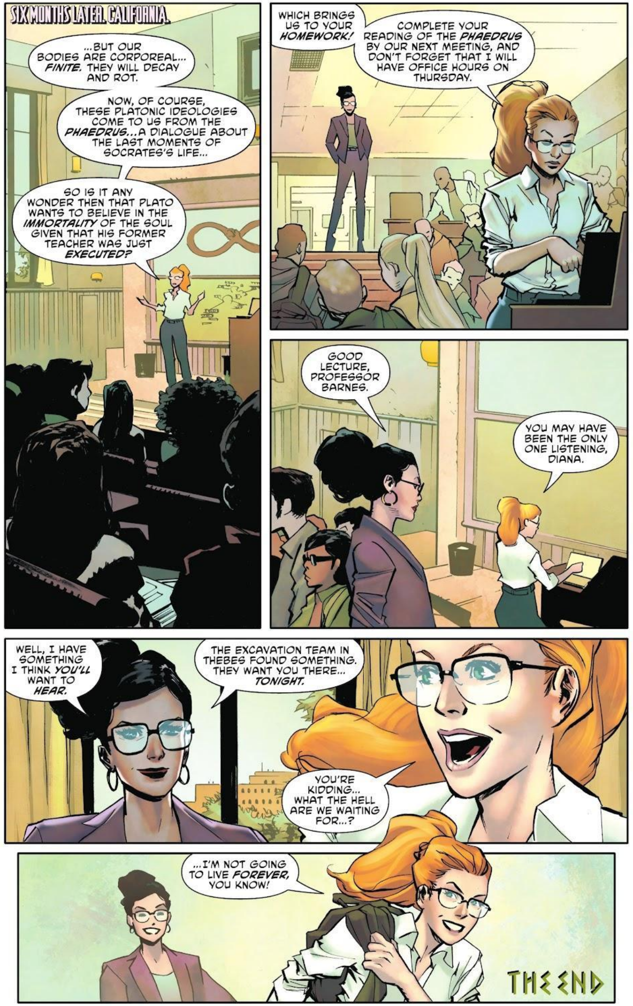

"EOS COULDN'T STAND TO *LOOK* AT TITHONUS..."
HREEEE!
NO! PLEASE...
"...TO LOOK AT THE REMINDER OF WHAT *CHEATING DEATH* COST THEM.
"INTERESTINGLY, MOST WORLD RELIGIONS AND BELIEF SYSTEMS HAVE TOUCHSTONES REVOLVING AROUND RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY...
"...*GLORIFYING* LIFE BEYOND DEATH OR A SOUL BEYOND A BODY."
DIDN'T ANYONE EVER TELL YOU NOT TO SNEAK INTO RESTRICTED ARCHEOLOGICAL SITES AFTER DARK?
WONDER WOMAN?
HRAAAAH!


"IS IT OUR EGOS THAT STRUGGLE TO GRASP THE NOTION OF NON-PERMANENCE...?
WHAK
"THE IDEA THAT WE ARE TOO IMPORTANT TO JUST... STOP EXISTING?"
I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...
KREEEEAH!
WH-WHAT IS THAT THING?
I'M NOT SURE...BUT THIS TEMPLE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SANCTUARY THAT HAS BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES.
IT WAS SAID TO HOUSE THE SECRET CULT OF DEMETER...A CULT DEVOTED TO THE REBIRTH OF HER DAUGHTER PERSEPHONE--
RIGHT... AFTER HER ABDUCTION BY HADES. THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES. MANY BELIEVE THEY WERE JUST A MYTH.
YOU KNOW YOUR MYTHOLOGY.
I SHOULD HOPE SO... SEEING AS I'M A CLASSICS PROFESSOR. BUT THIS... THIS TEMPLE...IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A STORY--

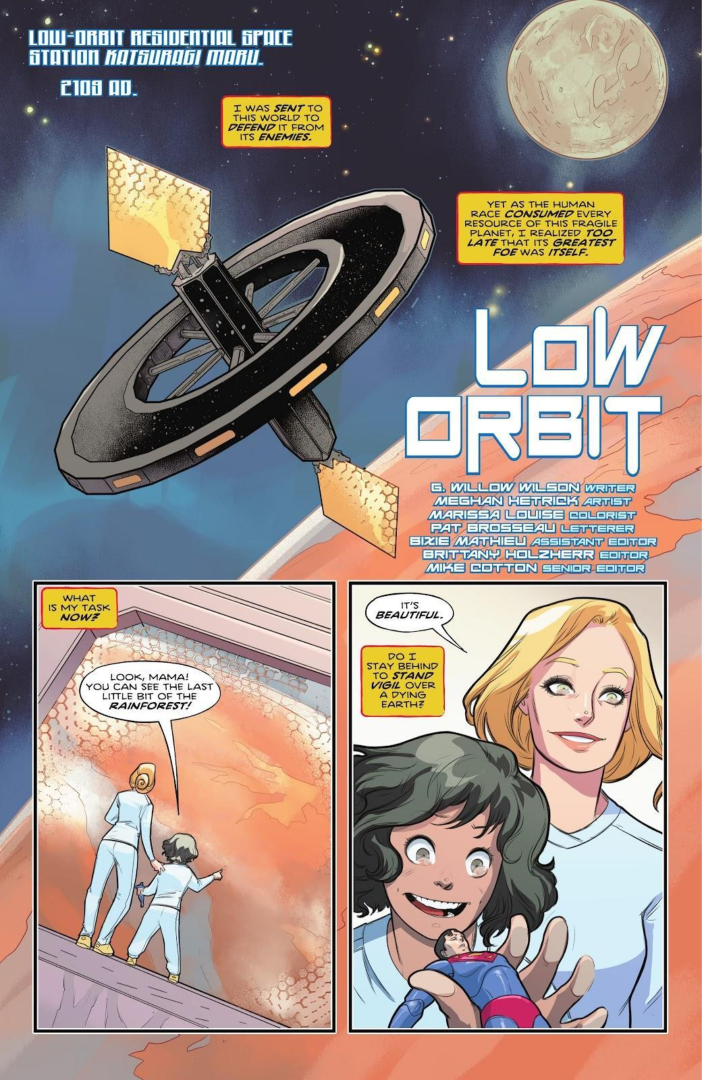

ALL STORIES BEAR A LITTLE TRUTH, DO THEY NOT?
WHERE ELSE DO YOU THINK STORIES COME FROM?
DEMETER.
I SHOULD BE THANKING YOU, DIANA. YOU'VE SAVED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE CATCHING THIS ONE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES BEING A KIND OF CULT...
"...THEY BELIEVED THAT IF PERSEPHONE COULD RISE FROM THE DEAD...THAT DEATH WAS SOMETHING TO BE DEFEATED...
"INITIATES WENT THROUGH A SERIES OF SACRED AND SECRET TRIALS TO BE INDUCTED INTO THE CULT...
"...OFFERING SACRIFICES IN PURSUIT OF WHAT THEY REFERRED TO AS ASCENSION...
"ASCENDING THE HUMAN FORM...
"...AND BECOMING A GOD."


"AND THEY SUCCEEDED...
...IF YOU CAN CALL THIS SUCCESS.
THEY GAVE UP THEIR HUMANITY FOR IMMORTALITY IN MY NAME.
I HUNTED THEM DOWN...GOT RID OF THEM SO NO ONE WOULD FOLLOW SUIT...
...BUT CLEARLY I MISSED ONE.
NO.
YOU DARE CROSS ME?
THOOM
UNGH!

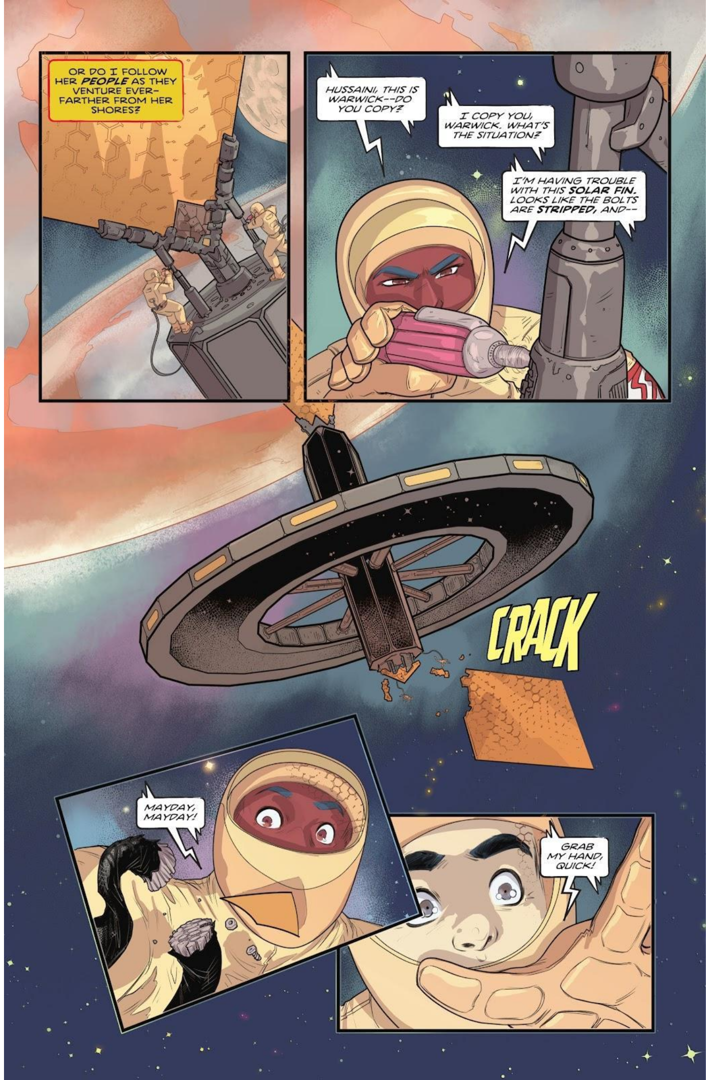

"PLATO TELLS US THAT IF THE BODY IS MORTAL AND PERISHABLE, THEN THE SOUL IS ITS INDESTRUCTIBLE OPPOSITE..."
KRSSSH
YOU REALLY THINK THAT CREATURE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO EXIST?
IT'S NOT HUMAN.
I DISAGREE. WANTING TO LIVE FOREVER IS ONE OF THE MOST HUMAN QUALITIES I COULD THINK OF.
SHE CAN COME BACK TO THEMYSCIRA... THE AMAZONS WILL WATCH OVER HER.
FINE...
SNAP!
...THEN IT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY NOW.
SHE'LL LIVE FOREVER... BUT HER LIFE IS JUST THIS.
AT LEAST ON THEMYSCIRA WE CAN TRY TO MAKE HER COMFORTABLE.
"...THE SOUL EXISTED BEFORE WE WERE BORN... IT IS INCORPOREAL AND INVISIBLE..."


SIX MONTHS LATER. CALIFORNIA.
...BUT OUR BODIES ARE CORPOREAL... FINITE. THEY WILL DECAY AND ROT.
NOW, OF COURSE, THESE PLATONIC IDEOLOGIES COME TO US FROM THE PHAEDRUS...A DIALOGUE ABOUT THE LAST MOMENTS OF SOCRATES'S LIFE...
SO IS IT ANY WONDER THEN THAT PLATO WANTS TO BELIEVE IN THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL GIVEN THAT HIS FORMER TEACHER WAS JUST EXECUTED?
WHICH BRINGS US TO YOUR HOMEWORK!
COMPLETE YOUR READING OF THE PHAEDRUS BY OUR NEXT MEETING, AND DON'T FORGET THAT I WILL HAVE OFFICE HOURS ON THURSDAY.
GOOD LECTURE, PROFESSOR BARNES.
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN THE ONLY ONE LISTENING, DIANA.
WELL, I HAVE SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO HEAR.
THE EXCAVATION TEAM IN THEBES FOUND SOMETHING. THEY WANT YOU THERE... TONIGHT.
YOU'RE KIDDING... WHAT THE HELL ARE WE WAITING FOR...?
...I'M NOT GOING TO LIVE FOREVER, YOU KNOW!
THE END

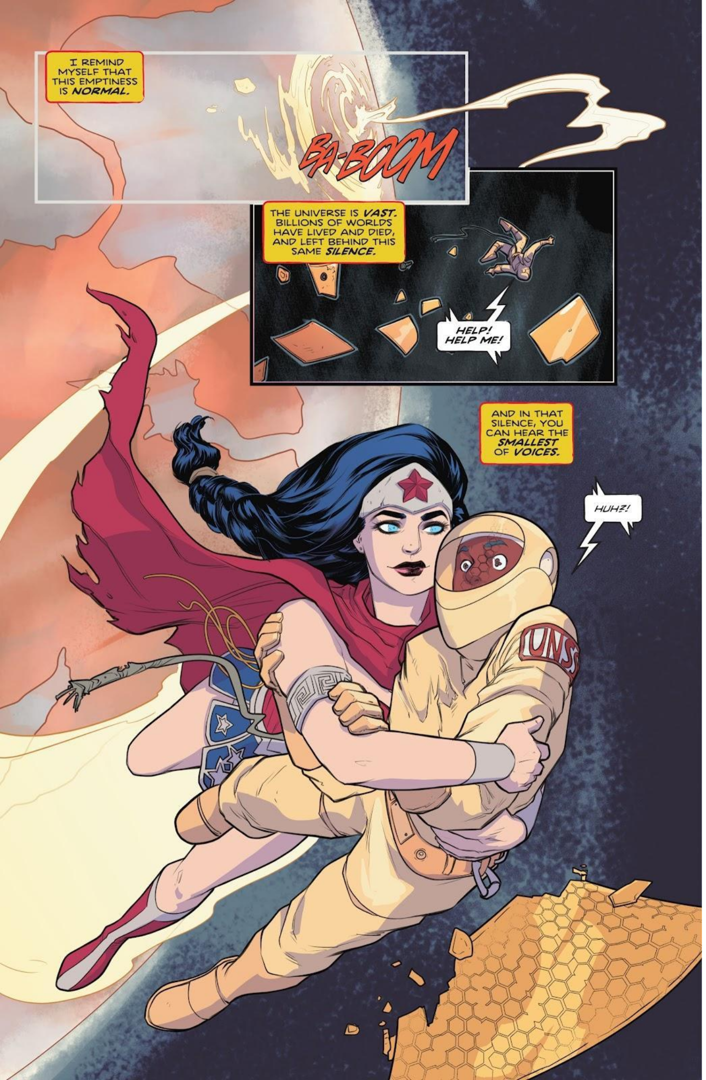

YARA
PINUP BY JANAINA MEDIEROS



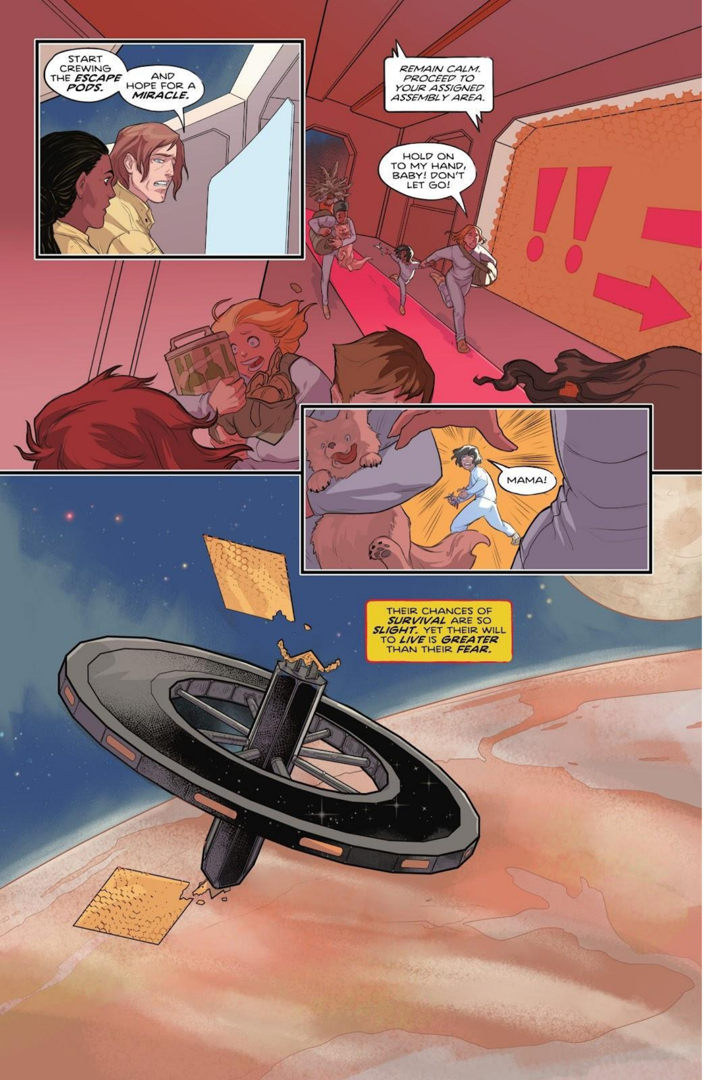
LOW-ORBIT RESIDENTIAL SPACE STATION KATSURAGI MARU.
2108 AD.
I WAS SENT TO THIS WORLD TO DEFEND IT FROM ITS ENEMIES.
YET AS THE HUMAN RACE CONSUMED EVERY RESOURCE OF THIS FRAGILE PLANET, I REALIZED TOO LATE THAT ITS GREATEST FOE WAS ITSELF.
LOW ORBIT
G. WILLOW WILSON WRITER
MEGHAN HETRICK ARTIST
MARISSA LOUISE COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU LETTERER
BIXIE MATHIEU ASSISTANT EDITOR
BRITTANY HOLZHERR EDITOR
MIKE COTTON SENIOR EDITOR
WHAT IS MY TASK NOW?
LOOK, MAMA! YOU CAN SEE THE LAST LITTLE BIT OF THE RAINFOREST!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
DO I STAY BEHIND TO STAND VIGIL OVER A DYING EARTH?



OR DO I FOLLOW HER PEOPLE AS THEY VENTURE EVER-FARTHER FROM HER SHORES?
HUSSAINI, THIS IS WARWICK--DO YOU COPY?
I COPY YOU, WARWICK. WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
I'M HAVING TROUBLE WITH THIS SOLAR FIN. LOOKS LIKE THE BOLTS ARE STRIPPED, AND--
CRACK
MAYDAY, MAYDAY!
GRAB MY HAND, QUICK!


I REMIND MYSELF THAT THIS EMPTINESS IS NORMAL.
BA-BOOM
THE UNIVERSE IS VAST. BILLIONS OF WORLDS HAVE LIVED AND DIED, AND LEFT BEHIND THIS SAME SILENCE.
HELP! HELP ME!
AND IN THAT SILENCE, YOU CAN HEAR THE SMALLEST OF VOICES.
HUHZ?!
UNS


THEY HAVE LEFT THEIR WORLD BEHIND, BUT THEY HAVE NOT ADMITTED DEFEAT.
THEY LOOK OUTWARD TOWARD NEW WORLDS...
...WITH A FEARLESSNESS I CANNOT HELP BUT ADMIRE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. THAT WAS HER. I THOUGHT SHE WAS A MYTH--
MYTH OR NOT, WE'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN EVEN SHE CAN SOLVE...
UNSS
THE BRIDGE.
THAT DAMN SOLAR FIN KNOCKED US OUT OF ALIGNMENT. WE'RE GOING TO SLIDE RIGHT INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE UNLESS WE CAN FIX THIS!
SHOULD WE ORDER AN EVACUATION?


START CREWING THE ESCAPE PODS.
AND HOPE FOR A MIRACLE.
REMAIN CALM. PROCEED TO YOUR ASSIGNED ASSEMBLY AREA.
HOLD ON TO MY HAND, BABY! DON'T LET GO!
!!
MAMA!
THEIR CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE SO SLIGHT. YET THEIR WILL TO LIVE IS GREATER THAN THEIR FEAR.


EVERY STEP THEY TAKE INTO THIS NEW WORLD IS FILLED WITH PERIL.
EVERY MISTAKE COULD BE THEIR LAST.
MOST IMMORTALS WOULD LEAVE THEM TO THEIR FATE.
THEY WOULD SIGH, AND SHRUG, AND PUMMEL THE MORTAL CLAY BACK INTO A BALL TO BEGIN AGAIN.
BUT I CANNOT ABANDON THEM.
FOR IN MY OWN WAY, I AM ONE OF THEM.
AND SO I PUT MY FINGER UPON THE SCALE OF THEIR DESTINY.


I KNOW MY HELP MAY NOT BE ENOUGH.
THE OBSTACLES THEY FACE ARE SO GREAT THAT IT WOULD TAKE A GOD TO EVEN THE ODDS.
I CAN ONLY GIVE THEM MY STRENGTH.


AND HOPE THAT MY STRENGTH-- WITH THEIR COURAGE-- WILL SEE THEM THROUGH.
BABY! THANK GOD! I THOUGHT I LOST YOU!
LOOK, MAMA! OUTSIDE!
A LADY SAVED US!
WHAT LADY?!
...SHE WAS RIGHT THERE! I SAW HER.
YOU BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE I DO, BABY.
ALL I CAN DO IS HOPE.
FOR HOPE IS THE GREATEST POWER OF ALL.
THE END

WONDER WOMAN 80TH ANNIVERSARY
100-PAGE SUPER SPECTACULAR

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SUPERMAN CREATED BY **JERRY SIEGEL** & **JOE SHUSTER.**
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE **JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.**

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80
BELIEVE IN WONDER
DC

IDW

BATMAN TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES ADVENTURES

ISSUE 1

MANNING • SOMMARIVA • PARSONS • ITO





THE FACE OF TWO WORLDS

WRITER: MATTHEW K. MANNING | ARTIST: JON SOMMARIVA
INKER: SEAN PARSONS | COLORIST: LEONARDO ITO
LETTERER: SHAWN LEE | EDITOR: BOBBY CURNOW | PUBLISHER: TED ADAMS

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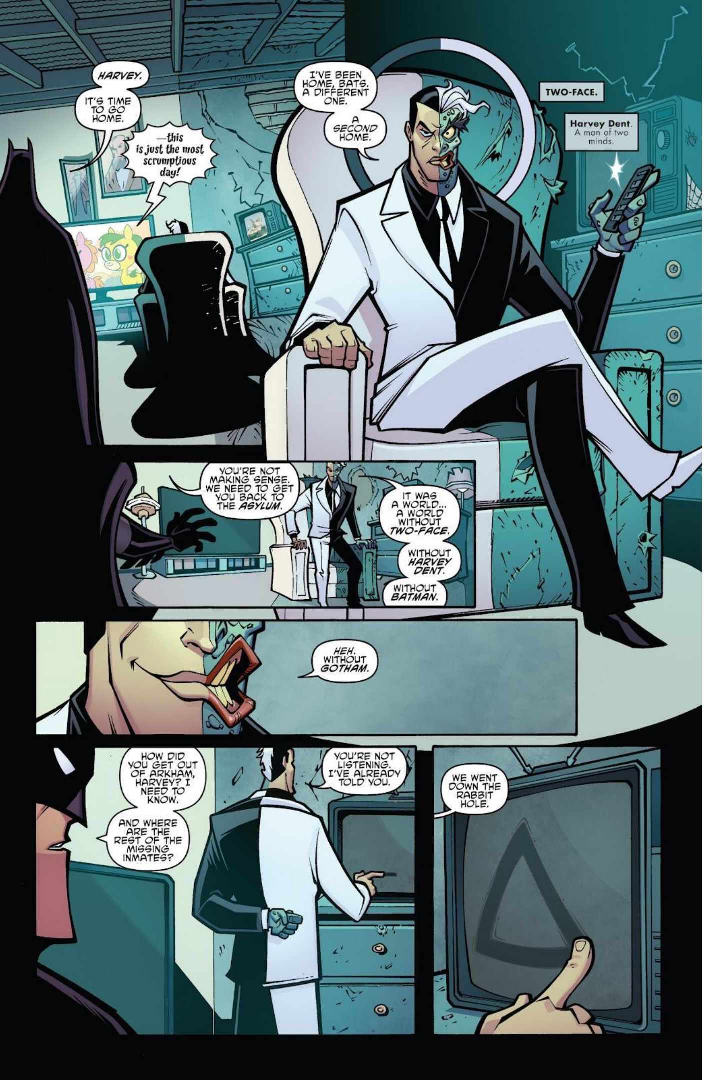


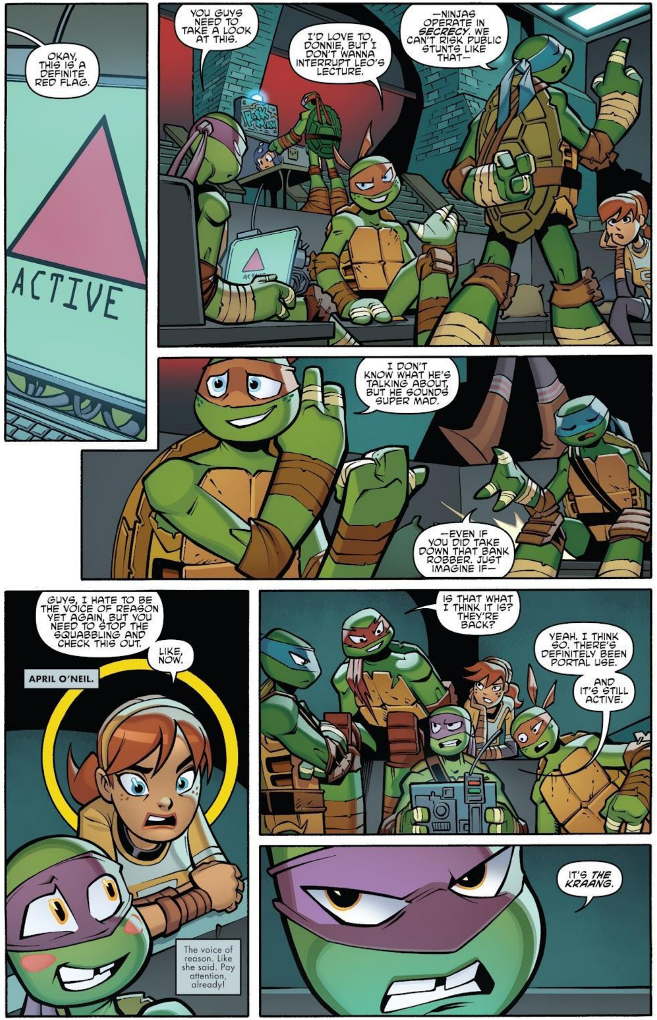

I'M... LIKE SUPER HUNGRY. YOU KNOW IF THERE'S A PIZZA PLACE NEARBY?

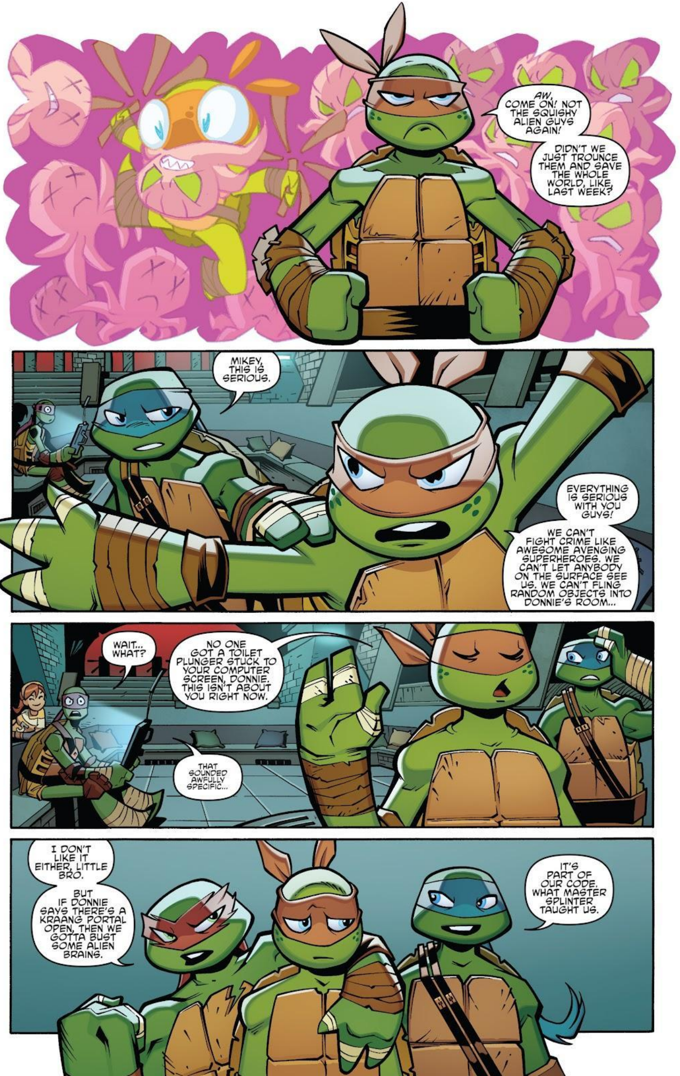

ANSWER ME!
I AM VENGEANCE! I AM THE NIGHT!
WHAT YOU ARE IS TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO'S COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS.
RAPHAEL.
He's rude. Not always wrong, but definitely rude.
MICHELANGELO.
Kind of on a superhero kick right now. It'll probably pass.
AW, MAN. YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I PRACTICED THOSE LINES?
I THINK HE FAINTED AROUND THE TIME YOU WANTED HIM TO REFER TO YOU AS "VENGEANCE."
DONATELLO.
The smart one. Enjoys messing with machines, and occasionally his brothers.
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER.
LEONARDO.
The leader. Not exactly happy at the moment.
NEW YORK CITY.
TURTLES. SCATTER.


"BACK TO THE SHADOWS."
GOTHAM CITY.
THE BATMAN.
Less happy than Leonardo. Especially tonight.


–claimed another two casualties as bombs continue to fall on–
—why you're the prettiest one of all—
–the eastern border. times look bleak for the many civilians huddled–
—aw, you sure know how to put a smile on my face—
–in their homes, just trying to survive the–


HARVEY.
IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.
—this is just the most scrumptious day!
I'VE BEEN HOME, BATS. A DIFFERENT ONE.
A SECOND HOME.
TWO-FACE.
Harvey Dent. A man of two minds.
YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE. WE NEED TO GET YOU BACK TO THE ASYLUM.
IT WAS A WORLD... A WORLD WITHOUT TWO-FACE.
WITHOUT HARVEY DENT.
WITHOUT BATMAN.
HEH. WITHOUT GOTHAM.
HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF ARKHAM, HARVEY? I NEED TO KNOW.
AND WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE MISSING INMATES?
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING. I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU.
WE WENT DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE.


OKAY, THIS IS A DEFINITE RED FLAG.
ACTIVE
YOU GUYS NEED TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.
I'D LOVE TO, DONNIE, BUT I DON'T WANNA INTERRUPT LEO'S LECTURE.
—NINJAS OPERATE IN SECRECY. WE CAN'T RISK PUBLIC STUNTS LIKE THAT—
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, BUT HE SOUNDS SUPER MAD.
—EVEN IF YOU DID TAKE DOWN THAT BANK ROBBER. JUST IMAGINE IF—
GUYS, I HATE TO BE THE VOICE OF REASON YET AGAIN, BUT YOU NEED TO STOP THE SQUABBLING AND CHECK THIS OUT.
LIKE, NOW.
APRIL O'NEIL.
The voice of reason. Like she said. Pay attention, already!
IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS? THEY'RE BACK?
YEAH. I THINK SO. THERE'S DEFINITELY BEEN PORTAL USE.
AND IT'S STILL ACTIVE.
IT'S THE KRAANG.


AW, COME ON! NOT THE SQUISHY ALIEN GUYS AGAIN!
DIDN'T WE JUST TROUNCE THEM AND SAVE THE WHOLE WORLD, LIKE, LAST WEEK?
MIKEY, THIS IS SERIOUS.
EVERYTHING IS SERIOUS WITH YOU GUYS!
WE CAN'T FIGHT CRIME LIKE AWESOME AVENGING SUPERHEROES. WE CAN'T LET ANYBODY ON THE SURFACE SEE US. WE CAN'T FLING RANDOM OBJECTS INTO DONNIE'S ROOM...
WAIT... WHAT?
NO ONE GOT A TOILET PLUNGER STUCK TO YOUR COMPUTER SCREEN, DONNIE. THIS ISN'T ABOUT YOU RIGHT NOW.
THAT SOUNDED AWFULLY SPECIFIC...
I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER, LITTLE BRO.
BUT IF DONNIE SAYS THERE'S A KRAANG PORTAL OPEN, THEN WE GOTTA BUST SOME ALIEN BRAINS.
IT'S PART OF OUR CODE. WHAT MASTER SPLINTER TAUGHT US.


"WE GO WHERE WE'RE NEEDED."
ARKHAM ASYLUM
TETCH, JERVIS
JOKER, THE
HM.
—BACK NOW IN PROCESSING THANKS TO THE BAT.
SO HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN RETURNED?
YEAH, SO FAR. STILL NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW HE GOT OUT, THOUGH. SECURITY CAMERAS WERE ALL FRIED, JUST LIKE WHEN THE OTHERS ESCAPED.
ISLEY, PAMELA
HUH.
WELL, LET'S GET THIS CELL READY.
PLACE IS A MESS.



CONGRATULATIONS, DONNIE.
YOU OFFICIALLY FOUND THE CREEPIEST CORNER OF THE NEW YORK CITY SEWER SYSTEM.
AND THAT'S EVEN COUNTING MIKEY'S ROOM.
SORRY, RAPH. THIS IS WHERE THE ENERGY TRAIL LEADS.
IF THERE REALLY IS AN OPEN KRAANG PORTAL, IT'S SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.
GUYS!
THERE. THAT'S IT, RIGHT?
EVERYONE ON GUARD. IF SOMETHING CAME HERE THROUGH THAT PORTAL, IT'S NEARBY.



I DON'T LIKE THIS, YOU GUYS.
MIKEY!
SPLOOSH!
GASP
I DON'T LIKE THIS EVEN MORE!
HOLD ON!
SPLOOSH!


WHERE ARE YOU, LITTLE BRO?!
HUH?
splush
HEY!
splush
A LITTLE LIGHT HERE, GUYS?
MIKEY?


THAT YOU?
IT'S ME.
JEEZ, MAN. YOU ABOUT GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK.
ARE... ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M FINE.
NEVER BETTER.
CLAYFACE.
Shape-shifting villain. Most certainly not Michelangelo.


AH!
WHO ARE YOU... PEOPLE?
YOU WANNA THROW DOWN? THAT WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?
YOU'RE THE ONE ATTACKING US!
SLICE
SLICE


OH, I'LL THROW DOWN. I'LL—
HEY, MUDBUTT!
RRRRH?
THE NAME'S CLAYFACE, YOU LITTLE PUNK!
NO ONE CARES, MUDBUTT.
UM... SO... YOUR DAD WAS FERTILIZER AND YOUR MOM WAS A PUDDLE!
RARRRHHHHH!
EEP!
WANNA SAY THAT AGAIN, YOU SCRAWNY LITTLE...
...WHATEVER YOU ARE.


MIKEY! WHAT'S THE PLAN?
PLAN? AM I SUPPOSED TO DO EVERYTHING NOW?
YOU CAN HOLD STILL. THAT WAY THIS WON'T TAKE HALF AS LONG.
THE WATER. I THINK IT'S DISSOLVING HIM...
RAPH, GIVE ME A BOOST.
LISTEN, *MUDBUTT*, I THINK WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT.
STOP CALLING ME THAT!
OKAY. HOW ABOUT WE CALL YOU...


...*ALL WASHED UP!*
WOOOOOSH
RAAAGGGH!
YOU KNOW, I WOULDN'T HAVE HELPED YOU IF I KNEW THAT PUN WAS COMING.
YEAH.
I KNOW.
FWASH
ANYBODY ELSE HUNGRY FOR PUDDING?


I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD SPARE SOME TIME FOR A LATE-NIGHT DINNER, MASTER BRUCE?
NOT RIGHT NOW, ALFRED. THANK YOU.
I'M SHOCKED, SIR. AND HERE I WENT AND PREPARED THIS GENEROUS PORTION OF NOTHING.
NOW IT WILL ALL GO TO WASTE.
ALFRED PENNYWORTH.
Batman's butler and right-hand man. Rarely shocked.
CUTE, ALFRED.
SO WHAT'S THE CONUNDRUM OF THE EVENING, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING?
TWO-FACE. HE'S BACK IN ARKHAM NOW, BUT I CAN'T GET OVER THE WAY HE WAS RANTING EARLIER. ABOUT ANOTHER WORLD.
IT WAS INSANE. EVEN FOR HIM.
ARKHAM ESCAPEES:
TWO-FACE - APPREHENDED
THE JOKER
HARLEY QUINN
SCARECROW
MAD HATTER
CLAYFACE
POISON IVY
AND THEN I FOUND THIS... ENERGY RESIDUE AT HIS OLD CELL. IT'S LIKE NOTHING FROM THIS PLANET.
I PROGRAMMED THE BATCOMPUTER TO LOCATE ANY SIMILAR SPIKES IN POWER. IF THERE ARE ANY OTHERS, WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THEM SHORT--
beep beep beep
ALFRED, CALL IN ROBIN ON THIS ONE. HAVE HIM MEET ME AT THE COORDINATES ON THE SCREEN.
WHATEVER THAT ENERGY IS...


CHINATOWN. NEW YORK CITY.
"...THERE'S MORE OF IT OUT THERE THAN I REALIZED."
OH, GOODY. REINFORCEMENTS.
WE'RE NEW TO THIS WORLD, SO LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY, SHALL WE?


TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.
THE JOKER.
HARLEY QUINN.
Trouble.
TO BE CONTINUED...


IDW
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BATMAN
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES
ISSUE 2
ADVENTURES
MANNING • SOMMARIVA • PARSONS • ITO
nickelodeon



THE CLOWN AND THE CLAN

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BATMAN/TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES ADVENTURES #2. DECEMBER 2016. FIRST PRINTING.





UP AN' AT 'EM, MR. J!
C'MON, PUDDING! STOP THE FROWNIN'...
...AND GET TO CLOWNIN'!
HONESTLY, IT'S LIKE YOU'VE LEARNED NOTHING FROM ME, HARLEY.
HOW MANY YEARS HAVE I BEEN... MENTORING YOU? AND THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF AN ESCAPE?
WHERE'S THE STYLE? THE FLAIR?
WHERE'S THE *PANACHE?*
OOOH, *PANACHE.* I LOVE THEIR BAGELS.



I'M AT MY WIT'S END WITH YOU, KIDDO. EITHER SHAPE UP OR...
PRETTY!
WELL, THAT'S NEW.
LIGHT BULB!
JUST A LITTLE ADJUSTMENT HERE...
LET'S PUT THIS FELLA OVER—
WHUMP
...OOPS! HE'S GONNA FEEL THAT ONE IN THE MORNING!
AND THERE. WE. GO.
VOILA!
IT'S... SPECTACULAR!
TAKE NOTES HARL—


—NOW *THAT'S* HOW YOU MAKE AN EXIT.


NEW YORK CITY.
NOW.
"AND THEN WE WOUND UP HERE, MISTER..."
...WHAT WAS IT AGAIN? *SLICER? GRATER?* NO, THAT'S NOT IT.
DON'T TELL ME...
THE NAME IS *SHREDDER.*
THE SHREDDER.
Leader of the Foot Clan. Not known for his patience.
NO, THAT DOESN'T RING A BELL. *THE JUICER?* I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S THE JUICER.
THAT SOUNDS RIGHT.
I SHOULD HAVE NEVER AGREED TO MEET WITH YOU... CLOWNS.
GET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT.
OH! AREN'T YOU AN IMPRESSIVE PAIR!
ARE YOU RESCUES OR FROM A LITTLE PET SHOP?
ROCKSTEADY.
BEBOP.
Shredder's mutant henchmen. They'd take offense to being called pets if they were paying attention. They rarely pay attention.


HANDS OFF THE UPHOLSTERY. I JUST HAD ME CLEANED.
BUT TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS, WANT TO SEE SOME MAGIC, MIKE?
WHAT YOU MEAN "MAGIC?"
NOW PAY ATTENTION. THERE'S NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE.
OH, EXCEPT THIS.
EWW. I THINK IT'S RAW.
HERE. YOU HOLD IT.
KABOOM


FOOT! ATTACK!
I'D BE CAREFUL IF I WERE YOU, SPARKY!
UNLESS YOU WANT TO PUT THAT FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH, SO TO SPEAK.
AND HONESTLY, DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN?


"HA! HA! HA!"
GOTHAM CITY.
BATMAN. I GOT ALFRED'S CALL.
WHAT'S UP?
ROBIN.
The Boy Wonder. The lighter side of the Dark Knight.
YOU BROUGHT A FRIEND.
UM, HEY.
WE WERE ON A... TEAM-UP.
BATGIRL.
Fairly new to the whole crime-fighting thing. It rarely shows.
HM.
I'VE BEEN TRACKING A SERIES OF INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTALS FROM THE BATCAVE. THIS IS THE FIRST TO SHOW UP ON MY SYSTEM.
BUT THERE WILL BE MORE.


INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTALS? THAT'S— REALLY?
pfft
REALLY?
REALLY.
pfft
pfft
IT'S HOW THE JOKER AND THE OTHERS GOT OUT OF ARKHAM.
BEST GUESS IS THAT THEY ENTER A PORTAL, IT DISAPPEARS, THEN RELOCATES SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY.
MAKES IT HARD FOR ANYONE TO FOLLOW, AND LEAVES THE METHOD OF ESCAPE A MYSTERY.
TO EVERYONE BUT YOU.
NATURALLY.
THERE.
WHOA.
WHAT SHE SAID.
OKAY, SO THAT'S WHAT A PORTAL TO ANOTHER DIMENSION LOOKS LIKE.
WHICH KIND OF BEGS THE QUESTION—


"WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE?"
HOW MANY OF THESE THINGS ARE THERE?
NEW YORK CITY. CENTRAL PARK.
I'M NOT SURE, APRIL. MY LOCATOR CAN ONLY FIND ONE AT A TIME.
SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THE ENERGY IS DISPLACED.
IT'S SO... GLOWY. YOU THINK IT'S JUST CHOCK FULL OF MUD DUDES?
WHO KNOWS WHAT THE KRAANG ARE CAPABLE OF ENGINEERING. OR WHAT'S COME THROUGH ALREADY.
WE NEED TO KEEP OUR GUARD UP AND SURVEY THE AREA BEFORE—
I FEEL SOMETHING!


MIKEY!
IT'S... IT'S A... A GARGOYLE, I THINK.
A REALLY ANGRY GARGOYLE.
POW


EXPLAIN YOURSELVES.
QUICKLY.
AH! MUTANT BAT-CREATURE FROM BEYOND!
EXPLAIN THIS!


CRACK
WHOA! SLOW DOWN GUYS, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DEALING—
—WITH.
AH! ANOTHER MUTANT BAT CREATURE FROM BEYOND!
AND...
...AND...
...A KID DRESSED IN RED!
A KID DRESSED IN RED!


SITUATION?
I'D GUESS GENETIC MUTATION.
NINJUTSU TRAINING.
POSSIBLY HOSTILE.
RRRAAAAGGGHH!
OKAY. DEFINITELY HOSTILE.
ESPECIALLY THE LITTLE ONE.
UM, HI. I'M DONATELLO. I THINK WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG—
THUNK
LEAVE HIM ALONE!


OKAY, MIKEY. YOU CAN DO THIS.
I GOT THE *PIRATE*, YOU GUYS!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DON'T TRY TO DENY IT, CAP'N NO BEARD.
I'M *NOT* A PIRATE!
OH YEAH?
THEN EXPLAIN THE *RRRRRR*.
CRACK
WOW...
JUST... *WOW*.


UHFF!
YOU'RE HUMAN, SO WHY ARE YOU WORKING FOR THE KRAANG?
AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT A KRAANG IS?
YOU TRAVEL THROUGH AN ALIEN PORTAL AND DON'T NOTICE ANY... OH, I DON'T KNOW... *ALIENS?*
SERIOUSLY?
I'M NOT THE ONE HANGING OUT WITH THE LITTLE GREEN MEN.


KIAI!
HMPH.
YOU'RE HESITATING. PULLING YOUR PUNCHES.
AND YOU'RE NOT GOING FOR LETHAL STRIKES.
YEAH, WELL... NEITHER ARE YOU.
WAIT, WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE, AREN'T WE?
AAIIIIEEEEEEEE!
HOLD THAT THOUGHT.


HELP ME! SOMEONE... HELP!
PLEASE... NO!
SLICE
SNAKEWEED.
Mutant/plant hybrid. Your garden's worst enemy.


WE'VE FOUGHT THIS GUY BEFORE.
THIS IS OUR MESS.
NO.
THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOURS.


IT'S ONE OF *MINE*.
POISON IVY.
Mother Nature on a bad day. A really bad day.
TO BE CONTINUED...


IDW
DC
BATMAN
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
ISSUE
3
ADVENTURES
MANNING • SOMMARIVA • PARSONS • ITO
nickelodeon



GREENER ON THE OTHER SIDE

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THIS IS THE BEST DAY EVER!


THE LOWER WEST SIDE.
I ASSUME YOU HAVE DEMANDS.
DEMANDS? SHREDDY-POO, WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR NEARLY EIGHT MINUTES NOW! I DON'T MAKE DEMANDS OF MY BESTIES.
I WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF A MUTUAL RELATIONSHIP. YOU SCRATCH MY BACK, I PUT A "KICK ME" SIGN ON YOURS.
TALL, DARK, AND SILENT, HUH? YOU KNOW, YOU'RE JUST MY TYPE.
BUT LET'S BE HONEST NOW, SWISS ARMY HELMET, THIS TOWN OF YOURS, WELL, IT'S MY TYPE, TOO.
JUST THE EASE OF FINDING EXPLOSIVES ALONE. WHY, IT'S A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!


YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU'VE SOLD ME! I'LL TAKE THE WHOLE SHEBANG! WRAP IT UP, WILL YOU?
I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH—
YOU'VE ALREADY MADE THE DEAL, MAN. DON'T OVERSELL IT!
TIGER CLAW.
RAHZAR.
FISHFACE.
BAXTER STOCKMAN.
Mutants. Shredder loyalists. Potentially the world's creepiest bobsled team.
OH.
I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT ALONG THE WHOLE DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY.
LOOK! THAT ONE'S A KITTY!
CAN I PET THE KITTY, PUDDIN'?
ONLY IF YOU DON'T VALUE YOUR HAND, YOU—
YOU KNOW, MAYBE THIS MEETING OF THE UNSTABLE MINDS WASN'T THE KEENEST IDEA.
TELL YOU WHAT, YOU GRANT MY GAL FRIDAY AND ME SAFE PASSAGE, AND I WON'T BRING THIS WHOLE PLACE CRASHING DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE ZOO CREW.
WHAT SAY? *SPIT SHAKE?*


NO? THEN HOW 'BOUT A KISS FOR OLD AUNT PETUNIA?
HUH. HUH HU...
HA.
NOW DON'T YOU START. IF YOU START LAUGHING, YOU'LL GET ME GOING.
HA HA HA HA
BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS... LET'S SEE WHO WE HAVE IN THE AUDIENCE TODAY.
YOU! YOU SEEM LIKE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD OVERSIZED HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS. LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION.
HOW DO I GET ME A PAIR OF THOSE?


SLICE
GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME, MIKEY. WE NEED YOU AT 100% RIGHT NOW.
YEAH, LIKE MATH WILL MAKE THIS MORE FUN.
UM, BAT-GUY?
BATMAN.
LISTEN, TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO GO FOR SNAKEWEED'S HEART. IT'S HIS WEAK SPOT.


I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT.
CHUNK
CHUNT CHUNK
WHOA. HE'S... ADAPTING.
EVOLVING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.
I DON'T THINK HE'S THE ONE DOING THE EVOLVING.


BATWOMAN IS RIGHT.
BATGIRL.
SO IS IT MISS BATGIRL, OR MRS. BATGIRL OR BATGIRL WITH A SERIOUS BOYFRIEND WHO ISN'T LOOKING FOR--?
DONNIE.
WHUMP
BATGIRL IS RIGHT. SNAKEWEED'S NEVER BEEN THE BRIGHTEST BULB IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.
NOW HE'S BIGGER, AND FIGHTING WITH A PRECISION WE'VE NOT SEEN BEFORE.
BECAUSE HE'S NOT IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT.
WE'LL KEEP SNAKEWEED BUSY.
pfft
ROBIN...
...YOU TAKE THE FIGHT TO IVY.


WAY AHEAD OF YOU.
I'M WITH THE KID.
SO IT'S ROBIN? SERIOUSLY? YOU HANG WITH PEOPLE CALLED BATMAN AND BATGIRL AND YOU GO BY ROBIN?
BET THAT STRIKES FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE.
ALL RIGHT, TOUGH GUY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
RAPHAEL.
OH, YEAH. YOU SHOWED ME.
REALLY SHAKING IN MY BOOTS OVER HERE.
pfft
HMPH.
THEY ARE PRETTY COOL BOOTS...


YOU KNOW, I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL A LITTLE INSULTED.
I TRAVEL ALL THE WAY TO WHEREVER THIS BEAUTIFUL PLACE IS, AND BATMAN JUST SENDS HIS ERRAND BOYS TO DEAL WITH ME. HE'S MORE INTERESTED IN MY NEW PET.
WHAT'S A GIRL GOTTA DO TO GET SOME REAL ATTENTION?
KABOOM
OH, WELL.
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO NEGLECT THE GENTLEMAN CALLERS I DO HAVE.
HUH. WELL, THAT DIDN'T WORK.

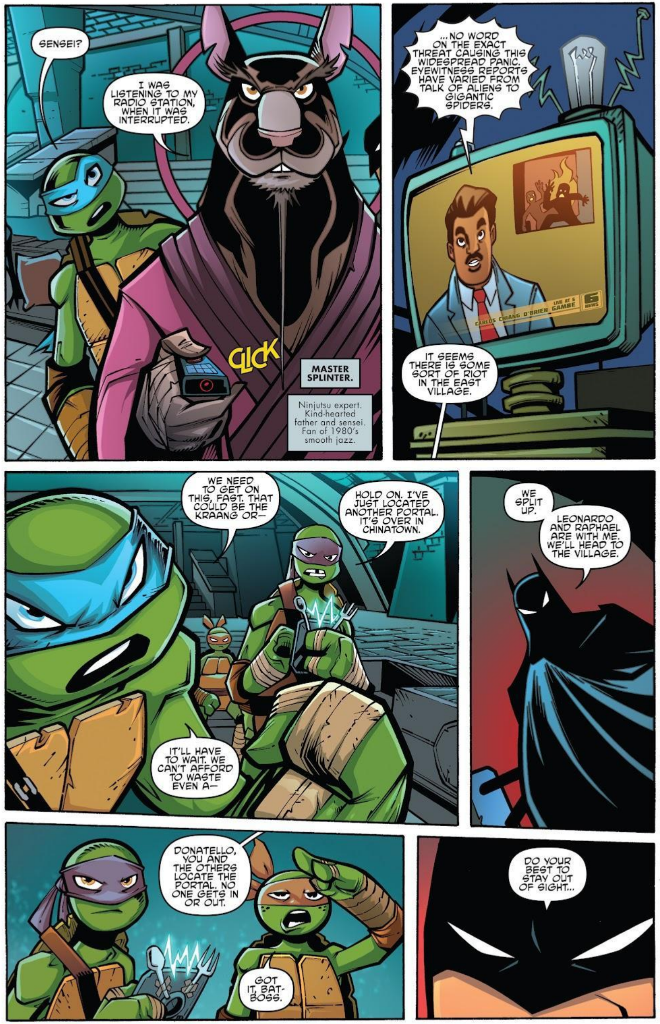

MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.
YOU KNOW, I'VE KILLED A LOT OF PLANTS IN MY DAY.
I KEEP BUYING THEM FOR MY DORM ROOM AND THEY KEEP DYING ON ME.
MAKE... THIS... STORY... SHORTER.
TURNS OUT, I KEPT MAKING THE SAME MISTAKE OVER AND OVER.
OVERWATERING.


TURTLES CAN HOLD THEIR BREATH FOR A WHILE, RIGHT?
SLICE
HEY! NICE SHOT.
IS THIS SUPPOSED TO—
RRRAAAGGGHHH!
SPLOOSH
MOVE! HE'S GOING DOWN!


WHOA. WHO DISHED OUT THE WEED KILLER?
THAT WOULD BE US.
COUGH COUGH
HE'S NOT BEING LITERAL.
COUGH
OKAY, ONCE SHE'S THROUGH THE PORTAL, WE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD TEN MINUTES BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS.
FWASH
UM...?
OKAY, SCRATCH THAT.
MAKE THAT TEN SECONDS. TEN SECONDS UNTIL IT DISAPPEARS.
SORRY, EVERYONE...


"...THAT ONE WAS ON ME."
OKAY, SO LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS STRAIGHT.
APRIL.
LEONARDO.
RAPHAEL.
DONATELLO.
...AND CARAVAGGIO?
DUDE, IT'S *MICHELANGELO*.
AS IN THE STATUE OF DAVID. HELLO? THE RESEMBLANCE IS UNCANNY.
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THESE PORTALS? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM.
WELL, WE HAVE. TOO MANY TIMES.
THEY'RE BUILT AND CONTROLLED BY A GROUP OF ALIENS CALLED THE KRAANG.
WE THOUGHT THAT WE'D TAKEN THEM DOWN, BUT UNTIL TODAY, WE THOUGHT THE SAME THING ABOUT SNAKEWEED.


YOUR CAPE IS SO AWESOME. I'M NOT ALLOWED TO WEAR ONE ANYMORE.
THERE WAS AN INCIDENT WITH A BLENDER. I DON'T REALLY WANT TO GET INTO IT.
OKAY.
IT GOT CAUGHT IN THERE AND I WAS SENT FLYING AROUND THE ROOM.
YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE TO TALK ABOUT—
GOT PIZZA STAINS ON MY FAVORITE PAIR OF UNDERWEAR.
PLEASE STOP.
SO BATGIRL, I LIKE YOUR CAPE, TOO.
THANKS? YOU HAVE A NICE... SHELL?
NOPE. THIS ISN'T AWKWARD ON ANY LEVEL.
I WAS BORN WITH IT. I THINK IT REALLY ACCENTS MY—
WHOA!
EVERYONE'S SEEING THE *GIANT RAT MAN*, RIGHT?
YEAH. THAT'S SORT OF OUR DAD.
OH.
SURE.
WHY NOT.


SENSEI?
I WAS LISTENING TO MY RADIO STATION, WHEN IT WAS INTERRUPTED.
CLICK
MASTER SPLINTER.
Ninjutsu expert. Kind-hearted father and sensei. Fan of 1980's smooth jazz.
...NO WORD ON THE EXACT THREAT CAUSING THIS WIDESPREAD PANIC. EYEWITNESS REPORTS HAVE VARIED FROM TALK OF ALIENS TO GIGANTIC SPIDERS.
IT SEEMS THERE IS SOME SORT OF RIOT IN THE EAST VILLAGE.
WE NEED TO GET ON THIS, FAST. THAT COULD BE THE KRAANG OR—
HOLD ON. I'VE JUST LOCATED ANOTHER PORTAL. IT'S OVER IN CHINATOWN.
IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE EVEN A—
WE SPLIT UP.
LEONARDO AND RAPHAEL ARE WITH ME. WE'LL HEAD TO THE VILLAGE.
DONATELLO, YOU AND THE OTHERS LOCATE THE PORTAL. NO ONE GETS IN OR OUT.
GOT IT, BAT-BOSS.
DO YOUR BEST TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT...


"...WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ANY MORE ATTENTION."
ANYBODY KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?
IT'S TEN-THIRTY—
THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S MIKEY MIX TAPE TIME.
WINGNUT, WINGNUT, RAP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
A SWEET HEAD BOP.
WINGNUT, WINGNUT, RAP!
COULD YOU PLEASE STOP?
I DON'T THINK THAT'S POSSIBLE.
GO GO GO GO!
WELL, THIS IS GONNA' BE A REAL HOOT.
GO WINGNUT, GO WINGNUT, GO!


ONE HOOT LATER...
GO WINGNUT, GO WINGNUT, GO!
GO WINGNUT, GO WINGNUT—
CLICK
—GO!
UM, WE'RE HERE.
WHA—? I MEAN... WHATEVER. I KNOW.
THAT'S COOL.
HOLD UP, GUYS.
SHADOWS. FIVE O'CLOCK.
DUDE, TURTLES DON'T EVEN SHAVE.
YEAH...
...SO THAT'S SUPER CREEPY.

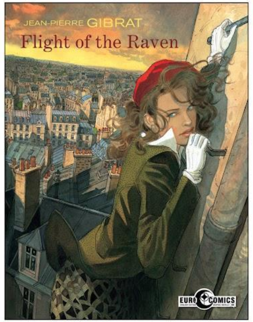

THE EAST VILLAGE.
POLICE
NO SIGN OF THE KRAANG.
SNAKES! GET THEM OFF! GET THEM *OFF ME!*
LET'S GET DOWN THERE.
NO. YOU'RE NOT PREPARED FOR THIS.
STICK TO THE ROOFTOPS. LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU SEE HIM.
HIM? WHO ARE WE LOOKING FOR?
THE MAN DRESSED LIKE A *SCARECROW*.



FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

by Ted Adams

We're kicking off 2017 with two books that I can't wait to read — *Flight of the Raven* from our EuroComics line and *You Might Be An Artist If...* from Top Shelf. I asked my colleagues Dean Mullaney and Chris Staros to tell you more about them.

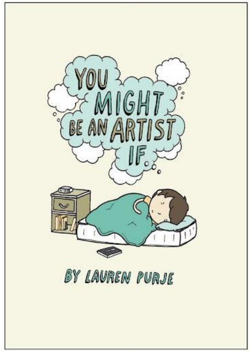


After 40 years as an editor, I sometimes think that I've seen it all. And then last year I discovered the sheer awesome beauty of Jean-Pierre Gibrat's artwork in the French graphic novel *Flight of the Raven*. Gibrat's lush watercolors made my jaw drop and it clearly illustrates why we started our EuroComics imprint in the first place — so that those of us who love comics can enjoy English translations of the best comics from around the world. Just imagine if we lived in a country or spoke a language where there were no comics, for example, by Neil Gaiman, Fiona Staples, Brian K. Vaughan, Will Eisner, Jack Kirby, or Mike Mignola.

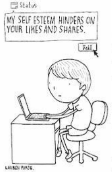


That's the position we are in regarding comics created in other languages. We're missing out on a lot of great comics by writers and artists who are superstars overseas. *Blacksad* artist Juanjo Guarnido said, "Gibrat has a unique vision of comics, one in which color — especially watercolor — stands as a storytelling pillar." Gibrat is also a fantastic writer, creating fully-rounded characters and — surprisingly for a story set in wartime — a gentle, bittersweet tale of love and betrayal. I'm proud to have the English translation of this book on my bookcase and I think you will be too.

— ***Dean Mullaney***, *Editor-in-Chief, EuroComics*

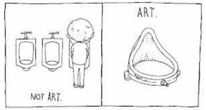


Every artist I know — who takes their craft seriously — is their own worst critic. And as an editor, you often find yourself providing constructive criticism and moral support in equal measure, trying to push the creative envelope and keep someone from falling apart at the very same time.



In *You Might Be An Artist If...*, Lauren Purje perfectly captures all the mood swings of the artistic life: the writer's block, the insecurity, the triumph, and the depression; the yin and yang of that feeling that you've simultaneously made the best and worst career decision of your life (and that if you don't make it, your mom or dad is going to say "I told you so").

And while procrastination may be the highest art form of all, the next time you find yourself in a rut, pick up this book, read a few strips, and remember that you're not alone. I bet the laughter will get you back to the drawing board in no time at all.



— ***Chris Staros***, *Editor-in-Chief, Top Shelf Productions*

Thanks, guys! I'll be back next month to tell you about *Animal Noir*, a creator-owned book that I found last year at a comics festival in Barcelona.


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TO LAUGH SO NOT TO CRY

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CRA—
MONARCH THEATRE
THE MARK
TICKETS
HMPH.
GREAT.
...BRUCE...
...MY BOY...
ALFRED!
WHY... WHY DID YOU GO? WHY ABANDON... GOTHAM?


YOU LEFT US ALONE...
...WITH THEM.
NO, I...
WHACK


ELSEWHERE...
TERRY'S TACOS AND TAXIDERMY.
MR. J?
WHO IS THIS? I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CHANGING MY CABLE PROVIDER.
IT'S ME, YOUR LITTLE HARLEY CAKES!
HARLEY! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? IT'S BEEN AGES!
TWENTY WHOLE MINUTES!
SO HOW GOES THE NIGHT'S ERRAND, DOLL? THE BOYS AT THE ZOO SAID THEY HAD SOME LUCK, SO HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT?
FANTASTIC! I GOTTA TELL YA', I LOVE THIS PLACE!
NO SUPER PEOPLE IN CAPES. NO DISGRUNTLED SIDEKICKS. NOT EVEN A HARD-AS-NAILS POLICE COMMISSIONER WITH A HEART OF GOLD.
SO YOU FOUND ALL THE NECESSARY... INGREDIENTS?
ENOUGH FOR A BATCH OF JOKER GAS TO KEEP THE WHOLE CITY IN STITCHES!
LITERALLY!


THE JOKER.
FZZT
YEAH. THIS ISN'T GOOD.
REALLY? I KINDA LIKE THE NEW LOOK.
FZZT
I MEAN SURE, THEY WANT TO KILL AND/OR MAIM US, BUT THEY'RE ALL SUPER FRIENDLY ABOUT IT.
IT'S LIKE REALLY GOOD CUSTOMER SERVICE.
GUYS, I THINK I FOUND SOMETHING.
IS IT A CREEPY GRINNING FOOTBOT?
BECAUSE I THINK WE'VE ALL FOUND THOSE GUYS, DONNIE.
NO, SERIOUSLY, I NEED A MINUTE WITH THIS.
IT'S... I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.
BUT THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE KRAANG TECH.
TAKE TWO.
KIAI!
WE'VE GOT THIS.
FZZT


SO THIS JOKER GUY, HE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THE ESCAPED CONVICTS BATMAN WAS TELLING US ABOUT?
WORST OF THE WORST.
AND NOW HE'S RUNNING THE FOOT CLAN.
IF THAT'S WHO THESE GUYS ARE, I THINK IT'S A SAFE BET.
WAIT, LET THAT ONE GET AWAY. THAT WAY WE CAN FOLLOW IT TO—
FZZT
FZZT
HEY!
DUDE. THIS IS THE SHREDDER. WE'VE KNOWN WHERE HIS HIDEOUT IS FOR LIKE, YEARS.
THIS IS THE WEIRDEST DIMENSION EVER.
IT'S... COMPLICATED.
JOKER. THIS SHREDDER GUY.
YEAH.
WE CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.


"I'LL MAKE THE CALL."
...UNHH...
...WHERE?
OH, YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE, I'M AFRAID.
...UNHH...
KEEP IT AWAY. I MEAN IT.
I'M SORRY.
GET THE BUGS AWAY. GET THE BUGS AWAY.
I'M SO, SO SORRY.
I BELIEVE THIS IS WORST NIGHTMARE TERRAIN.
AND THE GANG'S ALL HERE.


BEEP BEEP
BATMAN, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
NO.
WE NEED YOUR HELP.
I CAN'T... GOTHAM... I...
THIS IS A BIG ONE.
IT'S THE JOKER.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARK KNIGHT DETECTIVE? NO FINAL WORDS?
YOU'RE...
YES? DO SPEAK UP.
YOU'RE NO JOKER.
WHACK

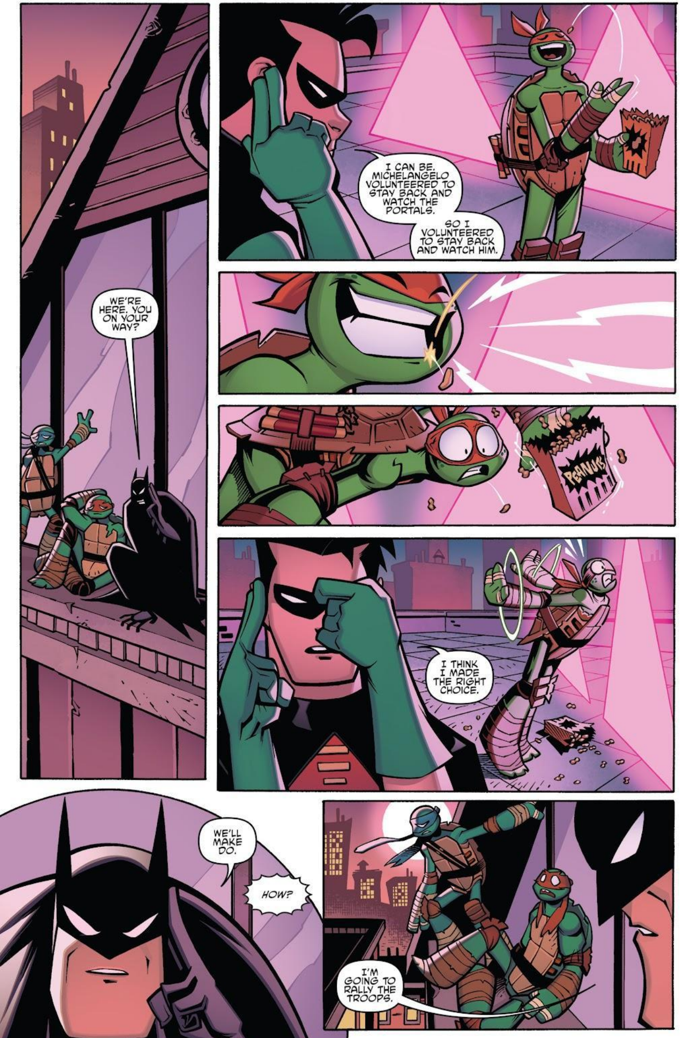

HRRR—
-RAHHH!
SHINK
STOP THAT! STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
GET BACK! KEEP BACK OR I'LL... I'LL...
AHH!
FWASH
PANT PANT


TOXIC
WHUNK
C'MON, SMALL WONDER! WATCH WHATCHA' DOING, ALREADY!
THOSE ARE HIGHLY VOLATILE CHEMICALS YOU'RE MANHANDLING.
OR IS IT ROBOT-HANDLING?
ROBOTMAN-HANDLING?
TOXIC
HEY! DON'T YOU WALK AWAY WHEN I'M TALKING AT YOU!
TOXIC CHEM
WHY, I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO--
YOUR MIND IS A LOT OF THINGS, HARLEY. BUT GOOD ISN'T ONE OF THEM.


BATGIRL! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, RED!
THINGS HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HAND, EVEN FOR ME. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S PLANNING.
HERE, SEE FOR YOURSELF.
WHAT HE'S DOING, IT'S JUST...
...JUST...
...MONSTROUS!
BUD.
LOU.
What happens when you leave the Joker alone with a giant tub of mutagen.


—GET IT? WE PUT THE GAS IN PEANUT BRITTLE JARS, AND SEND 'EM TO OLD FOLKS' HOMES ALL OVER THE CITY.
AND WHEN UNSUSPECTING EUNICE OPENS UP HER SWEET TREAT...
...EVERYBODY SMILES!
WHY NOT JUZZZT POLLUTE THE WATER ZZZUPPLY OR—
WHY DO I DO ANYTHING, REALLY?
HEH HEH HEH
CRASH
UH OH. IS IT THAT SAME BAT-TIME ALREADY?
THAT'S STRANGE.
I DON'T REMEMBER ORDERING SHELLFISH.


WHUMP
HEE HEE
WE SHOULD GET OUT THERE AND BUST SOME—
NO.
THAT CLOWN MAKES MOCKERY OF FOOT.
THIS FIGHT BELONG TO HIM.
ALONE.


WE'RE HERE. YOU ON YOUR WAY?
I CAN BE. MICHELANGELO VOLUNTEERED TO STAY BACK AND WATCH THE PORTALS.
SO I VOLUNTEERED TO STAY BACK AND WATCH HIM.
I THINK I MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE.
WE'LL MAKE DO.
HOW?
I'M GOING TO RALLY THE TROOPS.


I'M HEADED DOWN THERE. AND I NEED YOUR HELP.
IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE.
WHATEVER YOU'RE EXPERIENCING, WHATEVER YOU'RE SEEING, IT ISN'T REAL.
I'VE DEALT WITH SCARECROW'S FEAR GAS BEFORE. TOO MANY TIMES.
IT'S ALL JUST CHEMICALS REACTING WITH YOUR BRAIN.
"BUT THAT MAN DOWN THERE? THAT CLOWN? HE IS VERY, VERY REAL.
"AND HE IS WORSE THAN ANYTHING IN YOUR HEAD."
YOU HAVE TWO OPTIONS. SEE THE WORLD HOW SCARECROW WANTS YOU TO...
...OR STOP IT FROM BECOMING THAT WAY.
I'VE MADE MY CHOICE.


CRASH
HA!
TWHACK
WHUMP
UM... THANKS.
YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME.
HEE HEE HEE HEE


HEE HEE
I CAN'T DO THIS, MAN. I CAN'T DO THIS.
YOU HEARD HIM, RAPH. NONE OF WHAT WE'RE SEEING IS REAL.
WE'RE NINJA. TRAINED BY THE BEST OF THE BEST.
THINK OF MASTER SPLINTER. THINK OF WHAT HE TAUGHT US.
HE COULD SEE THROUGH THIS IN A SECOND.
...UHNNN...
...SPLINTER.
AND IF HE COULD, THEN SO CAN WE.
HEE


RED LIGHT!
HEY, MA, LOOK AT ME!
NOW I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE COMING, BATSY, SO I ONLY HAVE A TINY BIT OF THE OLD JOKER GAS TO SHARE.
IT'S NOT MUCH, JUST ENOUGH TO FILL THE ROOM AND MAKE A MOCKERY OF—
CLANG
MY IT'S LATE. THINK I'LL COUNT SOME SHEEP.
WHUMP
IT'S OVER.
GO.
TAKE YOUR CLOWNS AND GET OUT.
OUR FIGHT IS FOR ANOTHER DAY.


I MEAN, IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?
SHRUGGING OFF THE JOKER'S GAS LIKE THAT?
THE HONEST ANSWER: NO. NOT AT ALL.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR BUDDY SHREDDER IS MADE OF, BUT HE MUST HAVE A WILL LIKE AN IRON—
IT'S NOT THE KRAANG!
WHAT?
THIS WHOLE TIME, WE'VE JUST ASSUMED THAT THE KRAANG IS BEHIND THESE PORTALS. BUT IT'S NOT THEM.
I'VE BEEN STUDYING THIS BEACON, AND I'M SURE OF IT NOW.
IT'S SOMEBODY ELSE. SOMEONE WHO TAPPED INTO THE KRAANG'S FREQUENCY.
THESE BEACONS ARE RECEPTORS. *MANMADE* RECEPTORS.
THEY'RE BUILT TO CONTROL MINDS FROM... FROM SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY.
AND I'D BE WILLING TO BET THAT THE METALS ARE FROM YOUR DIMENSION, BATMAN.
DOES THAT SOUND FAMILIAR? I MEAN...


"...DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO COULD PULL THAT OFF?"
"WHY, SOMETIMES I'VE BELIEVED AS MANY AS SIX IMPOSSIBLE THINGS BEFORE BREAKFAST."
THE MAD HATTER.
The final Arkham Asylum Escapee. Inventor. Genius.
The maddest of them all.
TO BE CONTINUED!


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ARKHAM ASYLUM.
THREE WEEKS AGO.
Quinzel, Harleen
I FOUND IT, YOU KNOW. AFTER YEARS OF SEARCHING.
YOU CAN JUST PUT THAT BOX ANYWHERE, LEWIS. THANK YOU.
I DON'T KNOW WHO LEFT THE LOOKING GLASS THERE FOR ME TO DISCOVER, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.
I TAPPED INTO IT JUST THE SAME.
10/6
I FOUND ITS FREQUENCY ONCE. I'LL FIND IT AGAIN.
AND THIS TIME, I'LL SEND MY MAD LITTLE RABBITS SCURRYING THROUGH FOR THE BAT TO CHASE.
THEN THE TABLE WILL BE SET!
THE ARKHAM ASYLUM COMMON ROOM.
TWO WEEKS AGO.
SO I SAY TO HIM, YOU'VE GOT TWO CHOICES, BATS.
AND THE BAT JUST LOOKS AT ME AND—
SLAP
HA! TWO CHOICES!
OH, HOW RICH!
"IT SOUNDS UNCOMMON NONSENSE!"


THE CONTROL ROOM AT ARKHAM ASYLUM.
ONE WEEK AGO.
10/6
ZZ
NEW YORK CITY.
ONE MINUTE AGO.
WHAT I'M SAYING IS THAT YOUR MAD HATMAN—?
HATTER.



YOUR MAD HATTER PLANTED ONE OF THESE LITTLE GUYS ON EACH OF THE ESCAPED CRIMINALS.
WHEN THE INMATES WENT THROUGH THEIR PORTALS, THEIR BEACONS DETACHED.
NOW, IF I'M RIGHT—AND I REALLY THINK I AM—WHEN THESE BEACONS ARE ACTIVATED, THEY'LL CREATE A SORT OF ELECTRONIC NET.
IF HE PLACED THE BEACONS CAREFULLY ENOUGH, THIS NET COULD BLANKET THE WHOLE CITY.
AND THAT'LL DO WHAT EXACTLY?
WELL, IT'LL PRODUCE A FREQUENCY THAT MOST PEOPLE WILL BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO.
IF MAD HATTER OPENS A CENTRAL PORTAL, AND USES A BROADCASTER AMPLIFIED BY A DEVICE THAT CAN PRODUCE A VIBRATIONAL PULSE OF AT LEAST 1.72—
DONNIE, YOU'VE GONE OFF THE SCIENCE LEDGE AGAIN. WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS.
MIND CONTROL.
"MAD HATTER WILL CONTROL THE MIND OF EVERY SINGLE PERSON ON THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN."



ROBIN. I NEED YOU AND MICHELANGELO THROUGH THE PORTALS.
NOW.
YOU SURE, BATMAN?
FIND WHERE THE HATTER IS HIDING AND SHUT HIM DOWN.
WE'LL MEET YOU AS SOON AS HE OPENS HIS FINAL PORTAL.
AND THEY SAID I COULDN'T MAKE A COSTUME OUT OF GARBAGE...
WE GET TO GO TO THAT BATCAVE PLACE YOU TALKED ABOUT, DON'T WE?
YEP.
WOULD IT BE WEIRD IF I LET OUT A SUPER HAPPY SCREAM?
YEP.
YOU KNOW I'M GONNA HAPPY SCREAM ANYWAY, RIGHT?
YEP.
COWABUN—
FWASH


POLICE
BANK
KABOOOM
HEY, WAIT FOR—
—EEEP!

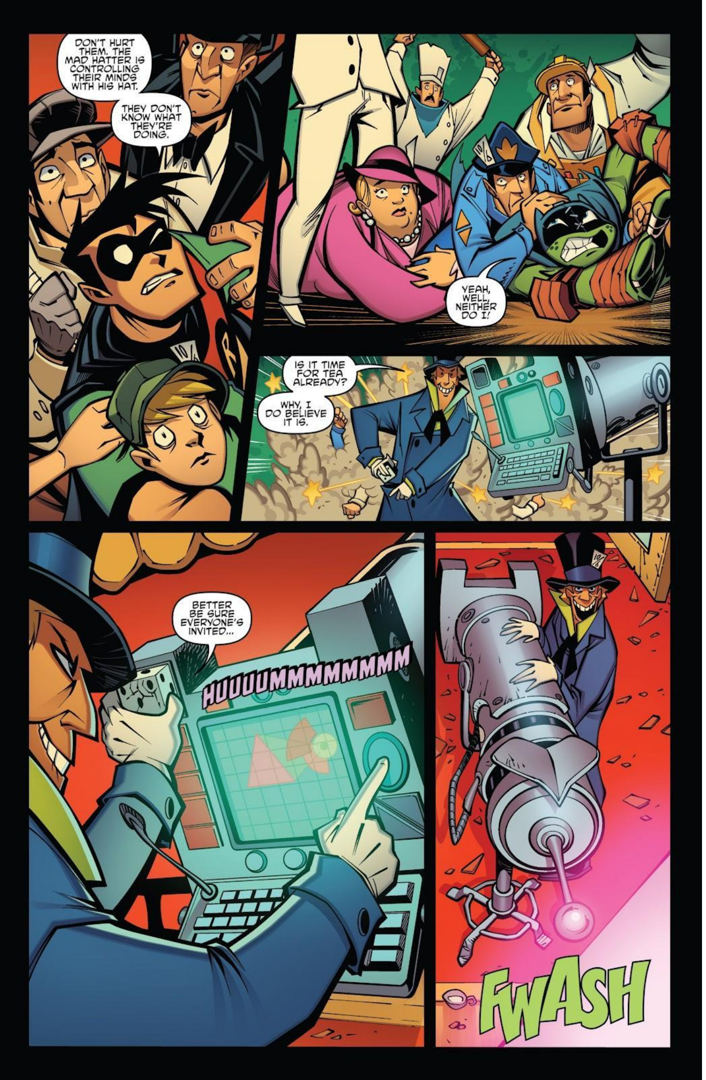

CRACK
DUDE, THAT WAS LOUD.
IS YOUR UTILITY BELT MADE OUT OF BUNGEE CORDS?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW.


WE NEED A LOCATION, DONATELLO.
YEAH, STILL WORKING ON IT.
I'VE INPUT THE APPROXIMATE COORDINATES OF THE OTHER PORTALS.
ALL WE NEED IS A POINT OF INTERSECTION, AND THAT'S THE LIKELY SPOT HATTER WILL OPEN HIS FINAL KRAANG GATEWAY.
OF COURSE, THE FACT THAT WE'VE—
OW.
THAT LOOKS BAD. I'LL GET YOU SOME ICE.
THANKS.
JUST A HEAD'S UP? THERE'S A MUTANT CAT MADE OUT OF ICE CREAM LIVING IN OUR FREEZER.
mrow?
SURE.
THAT SEEMS ABOUT RIGHT.
THERE. GOT IT.
OH, MAN. IT'S SO OBVIOUS NOW.
THE MAD HATTER. HE'S TARGETING TIMES SQUARE.


CAN YOU PLEASE TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY? THIS IS NO CARTOON.
YOU SOUND JUST LIKE MY BROTHERS. I MEAN, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? IT WORKED, DIDN'T IT? THOSE BANK ROBBERS SANG LIKE CANARIES.
HOW'D YOU KNOW THEY USED TO WORK FOR MAD HATTER, ANYWAY?
WE HAVE A BATCOMPUTER.
CONDEMNED
I GOTS TO TALK TO DONNIE.
WE TOTALLY NEED A TURTCOMPUTER.
HM. PAINT.
ALSO, TURTCOMPUTER IS A TERRIBLE NAME.
YEAH, I THOUGHT SO BEFORE I EVEN SAID IT.
BUT YET YOU STILL SAID IT.
I REMAIN A MYSTERY, EVEN TO MYSELF.
EITHER WAY, THIS ISN'T A GAME. THIS IS SERIOUS—
pfft
BUSINESS. YEAH, I GET IT.
THING IS, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS.


NO, NO, NO! THIS IS ALL WRONG!
THE BEACON I PLACED ON HARLEY QUINN'S COSTUME, IT WAS MOVED AFTER IT DETACHED.
BY THOSE READINGS, IT'S CLEAR ACROSS TOWN NOW!
THAT SPOT SPECIFICALLY NEEDED TWICE THE BROADCASTING POWER IN ORDER FOR THE LOWER AREAS TO BE AFFECTED...
OH WELL, I GUESS WORST-CASE SCENARIO, WE MISS A FEW MINDS ON WALL STREET.
GOOD THING THOSE TYPES ARE EASY TO MANIPULATE ANYW—
CREAK
—WHO?
WHO'S THERE?!
LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW, YOU DASTARDLY FIEND.
DASTARDLY? REALLY? THIS IS WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW?
WE'RE THE CAPED CRUSADERS, THE DYNAMIC DUO, THE—


ARE YOU A LARGE... A LARGE TURTLE MAN?
DUDE, I HAVE A NAME. AND FEELINGS.
"CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER."
GENTLEMEN!


DON'T HURT THEM. THE MAD HATTER IS CONTROLLING THEIR MINDS WITH HIS HAT.
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING.
YEAH, WELL, NEITHER DO I!
IS IT TIME FOR TEA ALREADY?
WHY, I DO BELIEVE IT IS.
BETTER BE SURE EVERYONE'S INVITED...
HUUUUMMMMMMMMM
FWASH


WHERE IS IT? IT SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW.
IDW
THERE!
APRIL, WE HAVE EYES ON THE PORTAL.
LET'S GET THROUGH IT BEFORE—
CLICK
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS. TWO-FACE.
THE SEWERS OF WEST HARLEM. CLAYFACE.
CHINATOWN. THE JOKER.
CENTRAL PARK. POISON IVY.
THE EAST VILLAGE. SCARECROW.


CITIZENS OF NEW WONDERLAND.
STAND AT ATTENTION.
"O FRABJOUS DAY!"
THIS IS BETTER THAN I EVER EXPECTED!
HUH. I GUESS PEOPLE REALLY RESPECT AN ELEGANT HAT.
THE LASER'S AMPLIFYING HIS... MIND CONTROL CAPABILITIES.
USING THAT HAT TO... CONTROL... THE ENTIRE CITY.
I CAN'T TAKE IT. WE'LL NEVER BEAT HIM! HE'S JUST SO... SO...
AHHHHHHH!
MIKEY!
LARGE TURTLE MEN ARE A STRANGE LOT.


YOU MEAN, BECAUSE WE CARRY MULTI-PURPOSE BUNGEE CORD UTILITY BELTS?
SUPERHERO BATTLE CRY!
TWANG
NO!
CRRRAAASSSHHH


PEOPLE OF NYC.
YOU'RE NOT MINDLESS PUPPETS.
YOU BE YOU, YA'LL.
UM... THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT.
WHAT...?
WELL, THAT WAS UNPLEASANT.


YOU LITTLE FOOL. YOU THINK I CAN'T—
NO.
I THINK YOU SHOULDN'T.
HUURRRAAAHHH!
CRACK
HUH. OURS NEVER LISTEN, EITHER.


THE GOTHAM TEA ROOM.
AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS.
IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU, DONNIE. FEEL BETTER SOON.
SMACK
OH, UH... YOU... TOO...
CAN'T YOU GET SALMONELLA FROM KISSING A TURTLE?
REALLY, BOY WONDER? GREEN LOOKS A LOT BETTER ON THEM THAN IT DOES YOU.
OH, YOU'RE JUST SOOO WITTY.
DONATELLO. APRIL. LEONARDO. RAPHAEL.
IT WAS AN HONOR, SIR.
YEAH, YOU AIN'T SO BAD, BATS.
MICHELANGELO.
THIS WAS LITERALLY THE BEST DAY THAT ANYONE HAS EVER DAYED.
HMM.
IT WASN'T HALF BAD, WAS IT?
OKAY, TURTLES. THAT'S A WRAP.
LET'S MOVE OUT.


FWASH
SO THAT WAS WEIRD.
ZZZZZ...NOT THE FACE... ZZZZZ... I HAVE SENSITIVE CHEEK BONES... ZZZZZ
IT'S NOT OVER. THE ARKHAM ESCAPEES ARE BACK IN OUR DIMENSION, BUT MOST OF THEM ARE STILL AT LARGE.
WE HAVE SERIOUS WORK TO DO.
YEAH, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
AND IT COULD TOTALLY BE THE TURTLES RUBBING OFF ON ME...
BUT MAYBE, MAYBE JUST THIS ONCE...
"...WE TAKE A QUICK BREAK FROM BEING SERIOUS."
PIZZA
GOTHAM CITY


EPILOGUE.
FOURTEEN MILES OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY.
...NOT SCARY. NOT SCARY ENOUGH...
THEY'RE COMING. ALL OF THEM. COMING FOR US.
I HAVE TO BE DIFFERENT. I HAVE TO BE DARKER...
...I HAVE TO BE MORE FRIGHTENING THAN EVER.
NOT THE END.


IDW
DC
BATMAN
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES
ISSUE 6
ADVENTURES
MANNING • SOMMARIVA • PARSONS • HERMS
nickelodeon



EPILOGUE: THE TERROR OF THE KRAANG

WRITER: MATTHEW K. MANNING | ARTIST: JON SOMMARIVA
INKER: SEAN PARSONS | COLORIST: MATT HERMS | LETTERER: SHAWN LEE
EDITOR: BOBBY CURNOW | PUBLISHER: TED ADAMS
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER

nickelodeon™

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AMIDST THE ONCE PEACEFUL CIVILIZATION OF PLANET X, A NOTORIOUS RENEGADE SCIENTIST IS PLANNING A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT...
OH NO, NOT ANOTHER NOTORIOUS RENEGADE SCIENTIST. WHATEVER WILL THEY DO?
SHH.
HOLD ON.
DOWN!
KABOOOOOOM


WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT?
THE PREPOSTEROUS.


BATGIRL.
ALREADY HERE. YOU EN ROUTE?
WHUNK
CLANG
GIVE US TWO MINUTES.
OH.
BETTER MAKE IT ONE.


CRAAASH
OKAY, SO HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO THIS, EXACTLY?
I'M WORKING ON IT.
FWASH
HM.


HI, BOYS.
BATMAN.
SLICE
UM, HEY, BATGIRL.
OH, HEY, DONNIE. LONG TIME NO SEE.
SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS.
WHAT, THE INVADING HORDES OF ALIEN BRAIN CREATURES?
I HARDLY NOTICED.


LEONARDO. SITUATION?
DONNIE HAS A THEORY.
NATURALLY.
BACK WHEN MAD HATTER SOMEHOW HACKED INTO THE KRAANG'S SYSTEMS?
THE KRAANG WAS KIND OF DEFUNCT THEN, BUT WE THINK IT WOKE THEM UP.
INSPIRED THEM BACK INTO ACTION.
SO WHEN RAPH RAN ACROSS A PAIR OF KRAANG ANDROIDS WITH A PORTAL GENERATOR, HE TOOK THEM OUT—
NATURALLY.
THEY TRACKED THE SIGNAL, OR TRACKED ONE OF US.
EXACTLY.
DONNIE TOOK A LOOK AT THEIR LOG HISTORY, AND WE WERE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM HERE.
FZZT


HEY, WHEN DID YOU GET SO SMALL?
HOW ARE YOU TALKING?
I THINK THAT'S A DIFFERENT KID, MIKEY.
COOL!
FUN-SIZE ROBIN!
DID I FALL ASLEEP DURING THE MOVIE?
I THINK I FELL ASLEEP DURING THE MOVIE.
OKAY.
KABOOOM
LET ME TELL YOU, LITTLE GUY, YOU MISSED ALL THE AWESOME. SEE, WE'RE THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES


WE FOUGHT ALONGSIDE YOUR POPS A WHILE BACK.
TOOK OUT THE MAD HATTER, JOKER, EVEN THAT SCARECROW GUY.
BATMAN'S NOT MY DAD.
OH, MAN, THE SCARECROW! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN LEO AND RAPH AFTER THEY GOT SPRAYED WITH HIS FEAR GAS JUNK.
THEY WERE ALL "SAVE ME FROM THE UNDEAD BUG PEOPLE."
OR SOMETHING.
ANYWAY, IT WAS SUPER FUNNY.
GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE.
YOU KNOW, THAT STUFF REALLY DID DO A NUMBER ON US...
IT COULD WORK.
IT WOULD GET THEM OUT OF GOTHAM, AT LEAST.
SO IT'S SETTLED.
pfft
RAPHAEL'S WITH ME. WE'LL HEAD TO—
—GET SOME FISH TACOS!
NO?
HOW DO YOU GUYS DO THAT WHOLE TALKING WITHOUT TALKING THING?
SHOULD I GET THE TACOS?
LEO?
HELLO?


AHH!
WHERE...?
AWK.
CAN'T... I NEED...
...NEED AIR...
NO!
NO!


CRANE.
AH!
WE NEED YOUR HELP.
Y... YOU.
BOTH OF YOU.
SO THAT MEANS *THEY'RE* HERE, TOO.
THEY'RE CALLED *THE KRAANG*. BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 'EM?
LET'S JUST SAY MY TRIP HOME FROM YOUR WORLD WAS A LITTLE... BUMPIER THAN EVERYONE ELSE'S.
I KNOW WHY YOU NEED ME. BUT NEVER FEAR, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO PREPARE FOR THIS DAY DURING SOME OF MY LITTLE... VACATIONS FROM ARKHAM.
EXPLAIN.
WHY, THE BLIMPS, BATMAN. THE ONES THE GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT USE TO SCOUR THE SKIES, LOOKING FOR ANY SIGNS OF TROUBLE.
THE POLICE HAVE BEEN BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT FOR SOME TIME NOW, THEY'VE BEEN FILLING THEIR DIRIGIBLES WITH MY OWN RATHER BRILLIANT CONCOCTION.
IN OTHER WORDS... *FEAR GAS.*


THIS CITY IS ONE THAT IS BELONGING TO YOU BUT IS TO BECOME A CITY THAT IS NOT BELONGING TO YOU AND INSTEAD WILL BE A CITY THAT IS BELONGING TO—
KLANG
SO WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT OTHER ROBIN? YOU KNOW, THE OLDER ONE?
LET'S JUST SAY HE MOVED ON.
SO HE'S NOT AROUND MUCH THEN AND—
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
CRUNCH
BATGIRL.
DONATELLO.
NIGHTWING.
THE GANG'S ALL HERE.
FANTASTIC.


HEY! BIG ROBIN!
HEY, MIKEY. NEED A HAND?
NAH. WE'RE GOOD.
BATGIRL. ROBIN.
WE'RE HEADED TOWARD DOWNTOWN. CRANE HAS A PLAN.
JONATHAN CRANE? WE'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM THE SCARECROW NOW?
HE'S BEEN FILLING THE GCPD BLIMPS WITH A TYPE OF ANTI-KRAANG FEAR GAS HE DEVELOPED. ACCORDING TO CRANE, THE GAS WON'T AFFECT HUMANS, BUT IT MAY AFFECT MUTANTS.
AND YOU TRUST HIM?
NO. BUT YOU COULD SEE IT IN HIS FACE. HE'S TOO TERRIFIED TO TRY ANYTHING FUNNY.
HE HAD AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE KRAANG A WHILE BACK. WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED, ONE OF THEM GRABBED HIS LEG.
HE FOUND A MINUTE TRACE OF DNA FROM WHATEVER SLIME COATS THEIR... TENTACLES.
I'M USING THE CODE HE GAVE US NOW. ACTIVATING THE RELEASE VALVES ON THE BLIMPS.
BE READY FOR ANYTHING.


FFFSSSSS
FFFSSSSS
I THINK IT'S WORKING.
HMPH.
ONE OF THE VENTS IS MALFUNCTIONING.
YEAH, BUT JUST ONE. THAT'S NO BIG DEAL, RIGHT?
"IT'S OVER GOTHAM SQUARE.
"GROUND ZERO OF THE INVASION."
YEAH.
OF COURSE IT IS.


OPEN UP, BATS.
THE GAS COULD AFFECT YOU AS EASILY—
YEAH, YEAH. I GOT IT.
SHUNK
SHUNK
FFFSSSSS


CRASH
GOTHAM CITY
SPLASH
NO... IT'S NOT REAL.
GOT C
IT'S NOT REAL!
WOOOOOSSSSHHHH


POLICE
TURTLES. FILTRATION UNITS ON.
KRAANG, THIS KRAANG DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THE THINGS THAT ARE HAPPENING OUTSIDE THIS KRAANG THAT KRAANG DOES NOT UNDERSTAND.
THIS KRAANG AGREES WITH KRAANG ABOUT THE THINGS KRAANG DOES NOT UNDERSTAND OUTSIDE THIS KRAANG AND THAT KRAANG.
THERE A REASON THEY TALK LIKE A CONFUSED NAVIGATION SYSTEM?
NOT ONE THAT WOULD HOLD UP UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY.
THIS KRAANG MUST REPORT THAT...
...THAT...
...OH DEAR.


YOU OKAY?
AH!
I MEAN, NO. YEAH.
I'M GOOD.
THEN IT'S OVER.
BRO, THAT WAS AWESOME! WE COULD SEE EVERYTHING FROM THE STREET!
AH!
EVERYONE JUST...
...EVERYONE JUST STOP TOUCHING ME FOR A MINUTE.


I HATE TO CUT OUR REUNION SHORT, BUT—
THE KRAANG MIGHT HAVE RETREATED INTO YOUR DIMENSION AND YOU NEED TO DEAL WITH THAT.
EXACTLY.
FWASH
THEY'RE TOTALLY DOING THAT—
—WEIRD TALKING WITHOUT TALKING THING.
DUDE.
YOU JUST BECAME MY FAVORITE ROBIN.
SO, IT WAS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BATGIRL...
ALL RIGHT, PACK IT IN, LOVER BOY.
YOU KNOW I'M FILLING YOUR BED WITH COCKROACHES TONIGHT...
FWASH
YEAH, YEAH. YOU—
WHAT?
...YOU...
RAPH? ARE YOU OKAY?



FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

by Ted Adams



I hope you're enjoying *Animal Noir* and *Helena Crash*, the creator-owned books I told you about in February and March. This month, I'd like to introduce you to James Venhaus and Pius Bak, the creators of *Night Owl Society*.

It's the story of a group of misfit high school kids who decide to take on their local mob boss. Imagine a Quentin Tarantino version of *The Breakfast Club*—great characters who actually sound and act like real high school kids and a complex bad guy who isn't just a mustache-twirling villain.

TA: James, the characters you've created in *Night Owl Society* take some of the usual character tropes and turn them on their head. Was that your intention?

James: Absolutely. I wanted to give the reader a group of characters that they thought they knew, only to see that there is much more to them than meets the eye. I teach at a private high school that is a lot like the school in *Night Owl Society*. And, what I love about my students is how they are so much more complex than their outward appearance would lead you to believe.

TA: Pius, I'm impressed with your panel layout and storytelling. What's your work process?



Pius: With *NOS*, James gave me the freedom to plan the pages by myself. I would divide each scene from the script into separate possible storyboards at first, while trying to visualize them as illustrations in my head. Then I would group the storyboards into comic pages. If there were a storyboard that I thought could look exceptionally interesting, I would consider doing a full-page spread.

Once I have figured out how many panels I want to put on a page, I would start sketching out all the options for layouts. That's when I decide sizes and shapes of the panels. Some panels will be smaller; some will be bigger, depending on its importance and how much dialogue has to fit in it. Knowledge on composition and graphic design becomes somewhat important at this stage.

After finding the layout I like the most, I would start sketching the content into panel frames. At this stage, I think about camera angles, composition and what would be the focal points in the panels. Once I had a somewhat detailed sketch of the page, I would send it to James. If he approved and no changes were needed, I would ink and color the page. That's about it.

TA: Both, what were your influences when you created the *Night Owl Society* world?

James: The school where I teach and my students are a huge influence on the *Night Owl Society*. My students are the perfect subject for a story about crime fighters. They are smarter than the average teenager, have copious amounts of both free time and disposable income, and an overdeveloped sense of right and wrong. They see everything in black and white and aren't afraid to take action when they feel that there is an injustice in their community.

Pius: I think at the time I was drawing the *Night Owl Society*, I was really influenced by comic book artists David Aja and Toni Infante. A lot of it shows in the pages I drew.

TA: Both, anything else you'd like to tell our readers?

James: I love comics, and there are so many truly original and compelling new books out now. I encourage you to read what you love and to broaden your horizons and to try something new. And, as always, support your local comic shop!

Pius: Working with James on *Night Owl Society* was a fun experience and I learned a lot while working on it. Give it a read and I hope you will enjoy it.




Rick and Morty
Go to Hell
FERRIER
OROZA
STERN
CRANK!
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Go to Hell

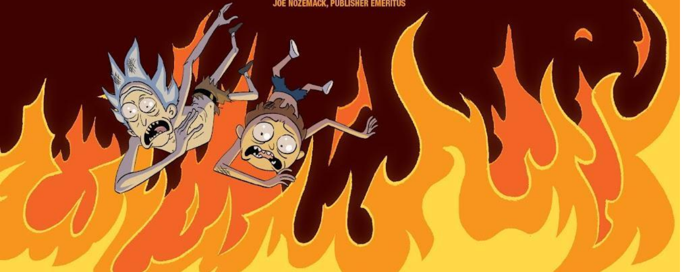
ISSUE #1

WRITTEN BY **RYAN FERRIER** ILLUSTRATED BY **CONSTANZA OROZA**

COLORED BY **SARAH STERN** LETTERED BY **CRANK!**

EDITED BY **SARAH GAYDOS** DESIGNED BY **ANGIE KNOWLES**

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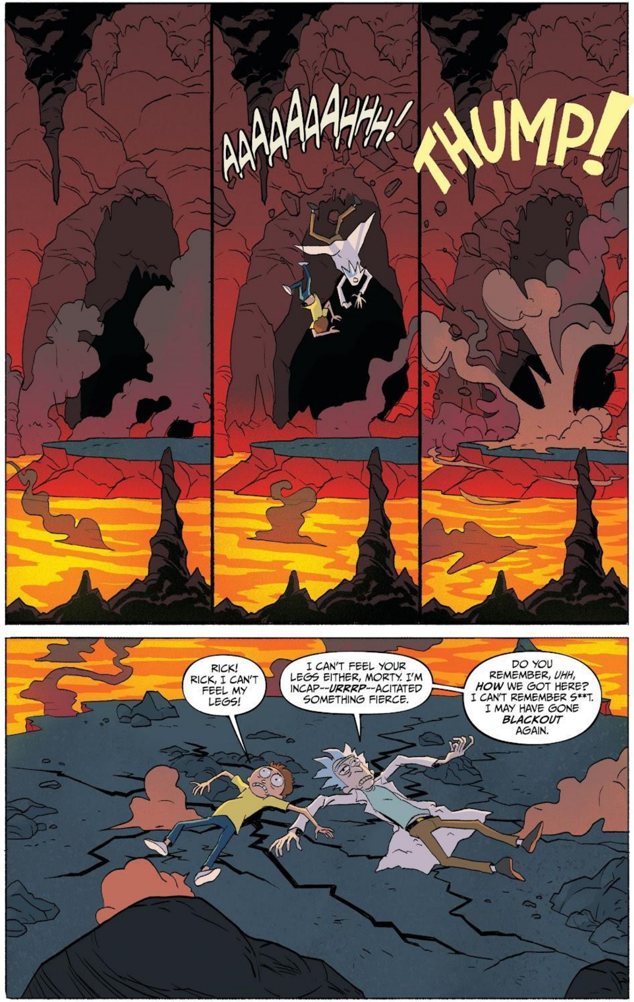


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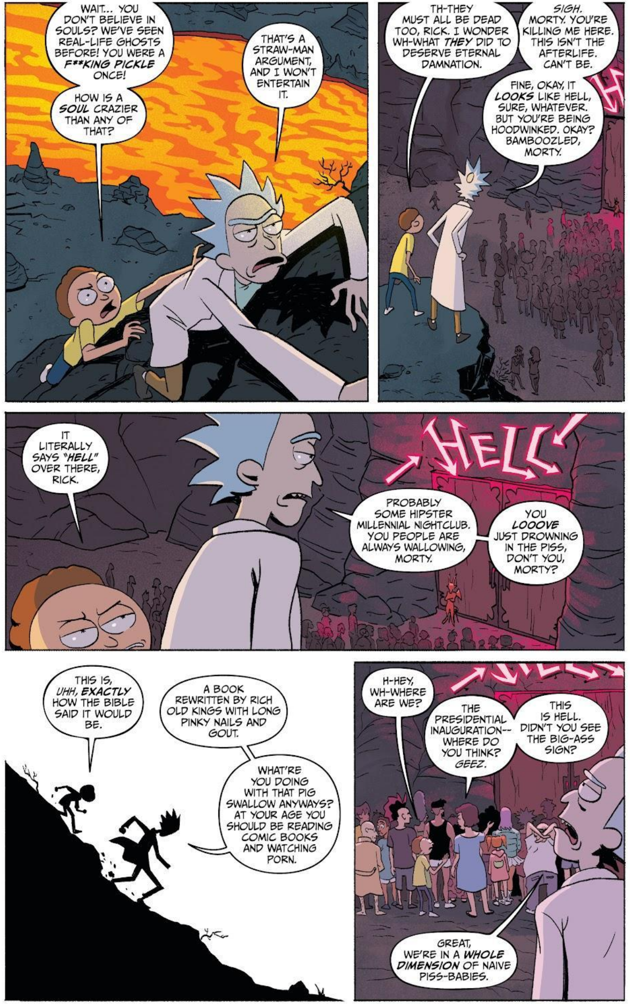
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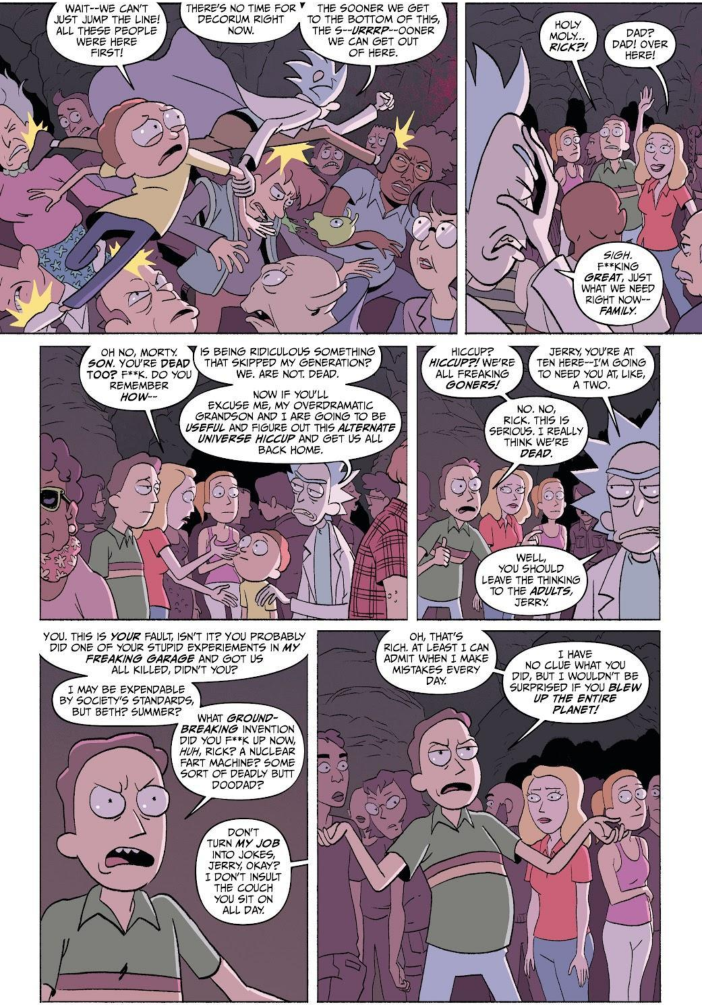
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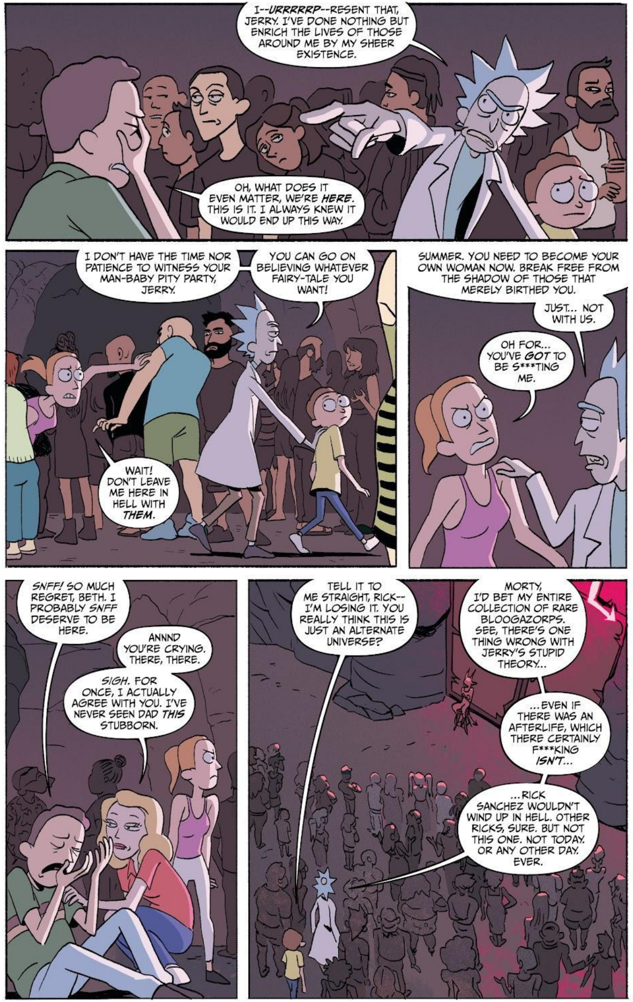
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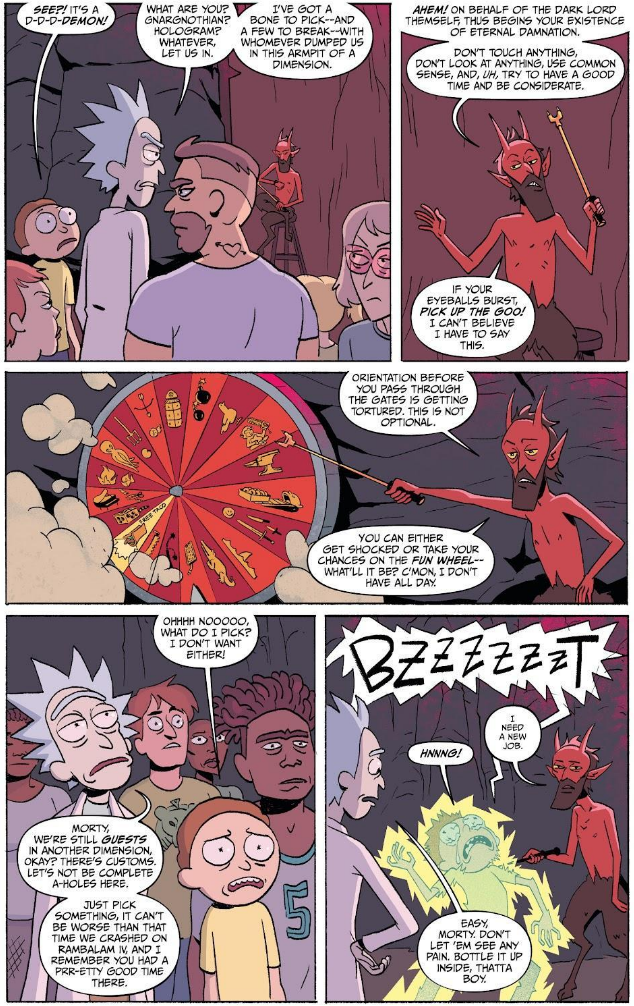



I GOT NOTHING. ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, WE'RE NOT DEAD...
...OR... UHH, ARE WE?
YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, MORTY, OBVIOUSLY WE'RE NOT DEAD. THE THOUGHT OF THAT ALONE IS LUDICROUS.
I AM UN--URRRP--KILLABLE.
CRACK
RICK, LOOK AROUND... IT'S... IT'S...
...WE'RE IN H-HELL!
WE DIED AND NOW WE'RE IN HELL!
PFFFFT, GIVE ME A FRIGGIN' B HERE. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS HELL, MORTY.
THIS HAS TO BE SOME ALTERNATE UNIVERSE THAT LOOKS LIKE OR THINKS IT IS THE GOOFY AFTERLIFE YOU READ ABOUT IN THAT STUPID BOOK.
THERE'S AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE FOR EVERYTHING, MORTY. I ONCE WENT TO AN ENTIRE GALAXY BASED ON HEAVEN--MORE SCENTED CANDLES THAN YOUR MOM'S BIRTHDAY.
I COULD CREATE A BETTER HELL IN A PETRI DISH IN THE GARAGE.
BUT IT'S SO HOT... IT SOUNDS LIKE PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING--
YOU'VE CLEARLY NEVER BEEN TO FLORIDA.
MORTY, THERE IS NOTHING IN EXISTENCE MORE UNREASONABLE THAN THE THOUGHT OF US BEING ANYTHING OTHER THAN WORM FOOD AFTER WE KICK THE BUCKET.
IT SMELLS LIKE AN OLD BARBECUE IN HERE, RICK. WH-WHAT ARE THEY COOKING? OH S**T, I BET THEY'RE COOKING PEOPLE!
STILL DOESN'T PROVE THIS IS HELL. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PLANETS COOK HUMANS?
I DO, MORTY. I KNOW ALL TOO WELL. IT JUST KEEPS FLOPPING ONTO MY PLATE, AND I JUST KEEP EATING IT.
LAVA, FIRE, BRIMSTONE... IT MEANS NOTHING. HELL ASSUMES WE ALL HAVE SOULS, WHICH IS JUST F**--URRRP--KING STUPID.


WAIT... YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN SOULS? WE'VE SEEN REAL-LIFE GHOSTS BEFORE! YOU WERE A F**KING PICKLE ONCE!
HOW IS A SOUL CRAZIER THAN ANY OF THAT?
THAT'S A STRAW-MAN ARGUMENT, AND I WON'T ENTERTAIN IT.
TH-THEY MUST ALL BE DEAD TOO, RICK. I WONDER WH-WHAT THEY DID TO DESERVE ETERNAL DAMNATION.
SIGH. MORTY. YOU'RE KILLING ME HERE. THIS ISN'T THE AFTERLIFE. CAN'T BE.
FINE, OKAY, IT LOOKS LIKE HELL, SURE, WHATEVER. BUT YOU'RE BEING HOODWINKED. OKAY? BAMBOOZLED, MORTY.
IT LITERALLY SAYS "HELL" OVER THERE, RICK.
HELL
PROBABLY SOME HIPSTER MILLENNIAL NIGHTCLUB. YOU PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS WALLOWING, MORTY.
YOU LOOOVE JUST DROWNING IN THE PISS, DON'T YOU, MORTY?
THIS IS, UHH, EXACTLY HOW THE BIBLE SAID IT WOULD BE.
A BOOK REWRITTEN BY RICH OLD KINGS WITH LONG PINKY NAILS AND GOUT.
WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT PIG SWALLOW ANYWAYS? AT YOUR AGE YOU SHOULD BE READING COMIC BOOKS AND WATCHING PORN.
H-HEY, WH-WHERE ARE WE?
THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION--WHERE DO YOU THINK? GEEZ.
THIS IS HELL. DIDN'T YOU SEE THE BIG-ASS SIGN?
GREAT, WE'RE IN A WHOLE DIMENSION OF NAIVE PISS-BABIES.

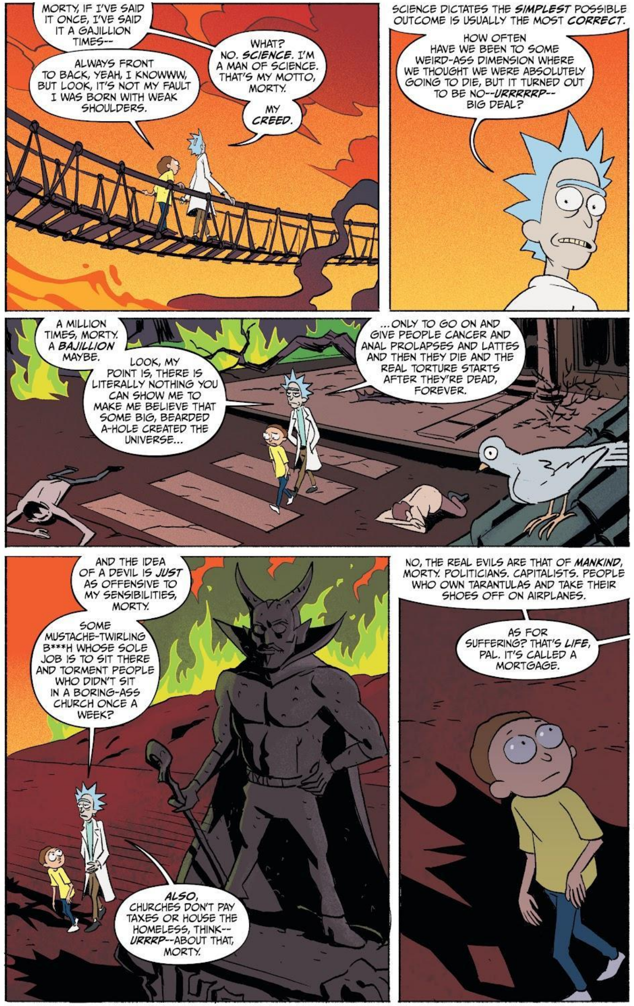

WAIT--WE CAN'T JUST JUMP THE LINE! ALL THESE PEOPLE WERE HERE FIRST!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR DECORUM RIGHT NOW.
THE SOONER WE GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, THE S--URRRP--OONER WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE.
HOLY MOLY... RICK?!
DAD? DAD! OVER HERE!
SIGH. F**KING GREAT, JUST WHAT WE NEED RIGHT NOW--FAMILY.
OH NO, MORTY. SON. YOU'RE DEAD TOO? F**K. DO YOU REMEMBER HOW--
IS BEING RIDICULOUS SOMETHING THAT SKIPPED MY GENERATION? WE. ARE NOT. DEAD.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MY OVERDRAMATIC GRANDSON AND I ARE GOING TO BE USEFUL AND FIGURE OUT THIS ALTERNATE UNIVERSE HICCUP AND GET US ALL BACK HOME.
HICCUP? HICCUP?! WE'RE ALL FREAKING GONERS!
JERRY, YOU'RE AT TEN HERE--I'M GOING TO NEED YOU AT, LIKE, A TWO.
NO. NO, RICK. THIS IS SERIOUS. I REALLY THINK WE'RE DEAD.
WELL, YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE THINKING TO THE ADULTS, JERRY.
YOU. THIS IS YOUR FAULT, ISN'T IT? YOU PROBABLY DID ONE OF YOUR STUPID EXPERIMENTS IN MY FREAKING GARAGE AND GOT US ALL KILLED, DIDN'T YOU?
I MAY BE EXPENDABLE BY SOCIETY'S STANDARDS, BUT BETH? SUMMER?
WHAT GROUND-BREAKING INVENTION DID YOU F**K UP NOW, HUH, RICK? A NUCLEAR FART MACHINE? SOME SORT OF DEADLY BUTT DOODAD?
DON'T TURN MY JOB INTO JOKES, JERRY, OKAY? I DON'T INSULT THE COUCH YOU SIT ON ALL DAY.
OH, THAT'S RICH. AT LEAST I CAN ADMIT WHEN I MAKE MISTAKES EVERY DAY.
I HAVE NO CLUE WHAT YOU DID, BUT I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU BLEW UP THE ENTIRE PLANET!


I--URRRRRP--RESENT THAT, JERRY. I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT ENRICH THE LIVES OF THOSE AROUND ME BY MY SHEER EXISTENCE.
OH, WHAT DOES IT EVEN MATTER, WE'RE HERE. THIS IS IT. I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD END UP THIS WAY.
I DON'T HAVE THE TIME NOR PATIENCE TO WITNESS YOUR MAN-BABY PITY PARTY, JERRY.
YOU CAN GO ON BELIEVING WHATEVER FAIRY-TALE YOU WANT!
WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE IN HELL WITH THEM.
SUMMER. YOU NEED TO BECOME YOUR OWN WOMAN NOW. BREAK FREE FROM THE SHADOW OF THOSE THAT MERELY BIRTHED YOU.
JUST... NOT WITH US.
OH FOR... YOU'VE GOT TO BE S***TING ME.
SNFF! SO MUCH REGRET, BETH. I PROBABLY SNFF DESERVE TO BE HERE.
ANNND YOU'RE CRYING. THERE, THERE.
SIGH. FOR ONCE, I ACTUALLY AGREE WITH YOU. I'VE NEVER SEEN DAD THIS STUBBORN.
TELL IT TO ME STRAIGHT, RICK--I'M LOSING IT. YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS JUST AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE?
MORTY, I'D BET MY ENTIRE COLLECTION OF RARE BLOOGAZORPS. SEE, THERE'S ONE THING WRONG WITH JERRY'S STUPID THEORY...
...EVEN IF THERE WAS AN AFTERLIFE, WHICH THERE CERTAINLY F***KING ISN'T...
...RICK SANCHEZ WOULDN'T WIND UP IN HELL. OTHER RICKS, SURE. BUT NOT THIS ONE. NOT TODAY. OR ANY OTHER DAY. EVER.


SEE?! IT'S A D-D-D-DEMON!
WHAT ARE YOU? GNARGNOTHIAN? HOLOGRAM? WHATEVER, LET US IN.
I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK--AND A FEW TO BREAK--WITH WHOMEVER DUMPED US IN THIS ARMPIT OF A DIMENSION.
AHEM! ON BEHALF OF THE DARK LORD THEMSELF, THUS BEGINS YOUR EXISTENCE OF ETERNAL DAMNATION.
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, DON'T LOOK AT ANYTHING, USE COMMON SENSE, AND, UH, TRY TO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND BE CONSIDERATE.
IF YOUR EYEBALLS BURST, PICK UP THE GOO! I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVE TO SAY THIS.
ORIENTATION BEFORE YOU PASS THROUGH THE GATES IS GETTING TORTURED. THIS IS NOT OPTIONAL.
YOU CAN EITHER GET SHOCKED OR TAKE YOUR CHANCES ON THE FUN WHEEL--WHAT'LL IT BE? C'MON, I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY.
OHHHH NOOOOO, WHAT DO I PICK? I DON'T WANT EITHER!
MORTY, WE'RE STILL GUESTS IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, OKAY? THERE'S CUSTOMS. LET'S NOT BE COMPLETE A-HOLES HERE.
JUST PICK SOMETHING, IT CAN'T BE WORSE THAN THAT TIME WE CRASHED ON RAMBALAM IV, AND I REMEMBER YOU HAD A PRR-ETTY GOOD TIME THERE.
BZZZZZZT
HNNNG!
I NEED A NEW JOB.
EASY, MORTY. DON'T LET 'EM SEE ANY PAIN. BOTTLE IT UP INSIDE, THATTA BOY.


WHAT AM I, AN IDIOT? ALWAYS PICK THE FUN WHEEL.
I SHOULD'VE PICKED THE FUN WHEEL.
COME ONNN, BIG MONEY RICK!
ONE OF THE PRIZES IS A TACO.
TK
WHAT IS THAT, A BIRD? OH NO... DO I GET A BIRD? F**K A BIRD. AVIATORY BEINGS CANNOT BE TRUSTED!
YOU NEED TO RENAME THAT WHEEL!
JUST GOTTA LET 'EM DO THEIR THING, MAN. THEY'LL GET BORED. EVENTUALLY.
YOU CALL THIS TORTURE? PFFT! I'VE BEEN TO NEW YORK, BUSTER BROWN. THESE AREN'T EVEN CENTRAL PARK PIGEONS.
CLACK!
AWRIGHT, PUT AN EGG IN YOUR SHOE AND BEAT IT.
WELCOME TO HELL, YOU LOUSY BUMS.


IT'S JUST LIKE I THOUGHT. THE STREETS ARE RUNNING WITH PEE! AND POO, RICK! THERE'S POO!
IT'S LIKE COLLEGE ALL OVER AGAIN.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO LEARN FROM ALL THIS, MORTY, IT'S THAT PENICILLIN IS NOT THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE MODERN WORLD.
IT'S FLIP-FLOPS.
I HAVE TO ADMIT, IF THERE EVER WAS A REAL GOD, THEY COULDN'T CREATE A MORE REALISTIC VISION OF HELL. THAT BURNT-HAIR SMELL-- WHOOF.
S**T... MAYYYBE THIS IS THE FUTURE, WE-- WE TIME-JUMPED, AND-- AND WE KILLED ALL THE TURTLES WITH DRINKING STRAWS--THE FIRST DOMINO TO FALL.
AND NOW LOOK... CLIMATE CHANGE.
NO RE
THERE ARE DEMONS EVERYWHERE JUST TORTURING PEOPLE ALL WILLY-NILLY! HOW ARE WE GONNA LIVE LIKE THIS?
LIVE HERE? PFFT I'LL HAVE YOU BACK TO OUR COMPLETELY UNREMARKABLE UNIVERSE BEFORE YOU CAN EVEN SAY:
"NOOO, RICK, PLEEEASE, THIS IS SOOO BORING, PLEASE TAKE ME BACK TO THAT PLACE THAT MOST DEFINITELY WASN'T THE AFTERLIFE."
WHAT IS IT GOING TO TAKE FOR YOU TO ADMIT THAT MAYBE-- JUST MAYBE--YOU'RE WRONG FOR ONCE?!

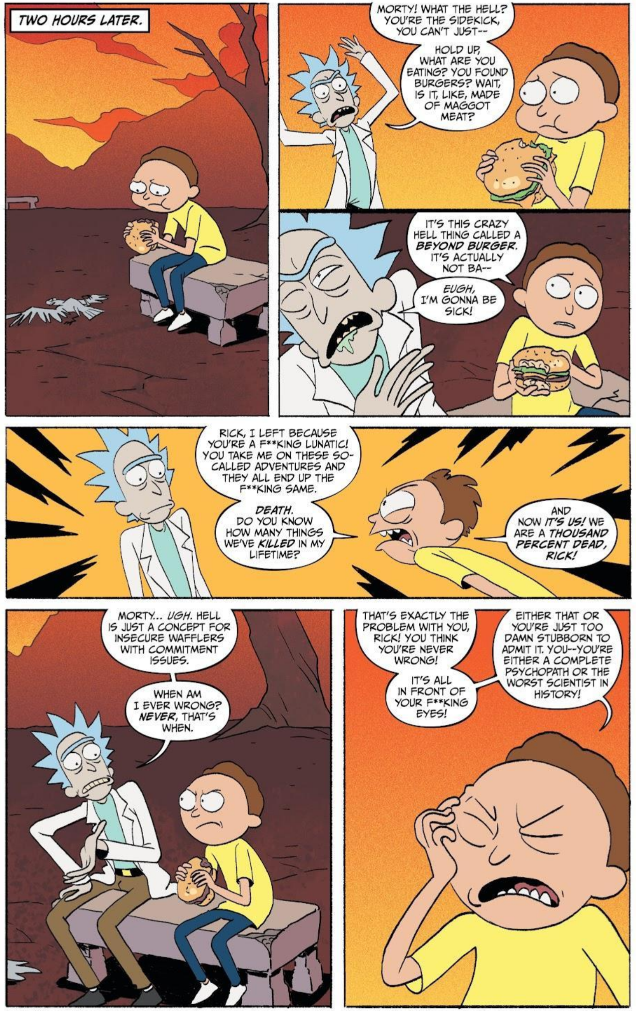

MORTY, IF I'VE SAID IT ONCE, I'VE SAID IT A GAJILLION TIMES--
ALWAYS FRONT TO BACK, YEAH, I KNOWWW, BUT LOOK, IT'S NOT MY FAULT I WAS BORN WITH WEAK SHOULDERS.
WHAT? NO. SCIENCE. I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE. THAT'S MY MOTTO, MORTY.
MY CREED.
SCIENCE DICTATES THE SIMPLEST POSSIBLE OUTCOME IS USUALLY THE MOST CORRECT.
HOW OFTEN HAVE WE BEEN TO SOME WEIRD-ASS DIMENSION WHERE WE THOUGHT WE WERE ABSOLUTELY GOING TO DIE, BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE NO--URRRRRP-- BIG DEAL?
A MILLION TIMES, MORTY. A BAJILLION MAYBE.
LOOK, MY POINT IS, THERE IS LITERALLY NOTHING YOU CAN SHOW ME TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT SOME BIG, BEARDED A-HOLE CREATED THE UNIVERSE...
...ONLY TO GO ON AND GIVE PEOPLE CANCER AND ANAL PROLAPSES AND LATTES AND THEN THEY DIE AND THE REAL TORTURE STARTS AFTER THEY'RE DEAD, FOREVER.
AND THE IDEA OF A DEVIL IS JUST AS OFFENSIVE TO MY SENSIBILITIES, MORTY.
SOME MUSTACHE-TWIRLING B***H WHOSE SOLE JOB IS TO SIT THERE AND TORMENT PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T SIT IN A BORING-ASS CHURCH ONCE A WEEK?
ALSO, CHURCHES DON'T PAY TAXES OR HOUSE THE HOMELESS, THINK-- URRRP--ABOUT THAT, MORTY.
NO, THE REAL EVILS ARE THAT OF MANKIND, MORTY. POLITICIANS. CAPITALISTS. PEOPLE WHO OWN TARANTULAS AND TAKE THEIR SHOES OFF ON AIRPLANES.
AS FOR SUFFERING? THAT'S LIFE, PAL. IT'S CALLED A MORTGAGE.


YOU KNOW WHAT? THIS PLACE ACTUALLY ISN'T TOO BAD.
SERIOUSLY. DECENT HUMIDITY. LOTS OF LOCAL SMALL BUSINESS.
RICK, *PLEASE*. I *HATE* THIS.
I'M TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THE LOCALS, MORTY. SNIFF 'EM OUT. GET MY SEA LEGS. THE LAY OF THE LAND.
YOU WANT ONE OF THESE? THEY DON'T HAVE GELATO. JUST *EYE*.
HERE'S THE DEAL. HOWEVER WE GOT HERE... I LOST MY PORTAL GUN.
WE'RE LIMITED TO THE RESOURCES OF.. WHEREVER THIS IS.
NOT AN--*URRRP*--IDEAL SITUATION, MORTY, BUT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH WORSE.
WE GOT THREE OPTIONS: KILL, TALK, OR SCIENCE OUR WAY BACK HOME.
I'D RATHER NOT, BUT IF I HAVE TO, I'LL TALK.
LET'S FIND WHOEVER RUNS THIS JOINT, OR MAKE A NEW PORTAL GUN.
I'LL JUST NEED TEN DOUBLE-A BATTERIES, SOME COPPER WIRE, A TUB OF PETROLEUM JELLY, A COUPLE CLAMPS, SOME PAPER CLIPS...
...*UHH*, A CLOTHESPIN, TWO PICKLES, CHEWING GUM--*CINNAMON*, A ROTARY PHONE, ONE *SCHOENUS* OF ROPE...


HAHA, WELL I'LL BE. RICK? IS THAT RICK SANCHEZ?
WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS. YOU HAVE GOT TO BE F**KING KIDDING ME.
WHO IS IT? YOU KNOW THAT GUY, RICK?
OH *HOHO* YEAH. VON DINGLE. WILBURM VON DINGLE.
HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT SCIENCE, MORTY.
IT *IS* YOU! WELL, GOODNESS GRACIOUS, LOOK WHAT THE DEVIL DRAGGED DOWN. HOW THE HELL ARE--
F**K YOU!
THOK!
RICK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
THIS A-HOLE WAS MY PARTNER UNTIL HE DISCOVERED I WAS THE REAL GENIUS, MORTY!
BUT, BUT, THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO!
AND I'VE BEEN HUNTING YOUR ASS ALL OVER THE MULTIVERSE SINCE YOU STOLE MY PORTAL TECHNOLOGY, DICK-MUFFIN!



SO, WHAT, YOU'VE BEEN USING MY TECHNOLOGY TO JUST JOYRIDE AROUND THE MULTIVERSE ALL THE LIVELONG DAY, YOU PIECE OF S**T?
I--GLK--USED IT TO RETIRE! I WENT TO THE BAHAMAS!
I DIED HRK FIVE YEARS AGO! HEART--KLG--DISEASE!
YOU CAN UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE, BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT A BUM TICKER, EH?
YEAH. RIGHT. OKAY. SUUURE. NICE SYMPATHY ATTEMPT, DOCTOR MCSTEALY.
KINDA HOPED YOU'D HAVE LED A BETTER LIFE THAN ME, RICK. BUT, ALAS, HERE YOU ARE, TOO.
SEE, RICK? SEE! I F**KING TOLD YOU! HE'S DEAD!
AND THERE'S FRANK! REMEMBER PALICKY? HE TRIED TO STAB ME AND WE FROZE HIM TO DEATH!
BULLS**T! TELL THE TRUTH, VON DINGLE! WHAT THE F**K NIGHTMARE WORLD AM I ON?
MIRROR DIMENSION? IS THIS A MINDSCAPE? ARIZONA? SPILL IT BEFORE I PINCH YOUR NECK VEINS SHUT!
MORTY, GET OVER HERE, I'M ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRUTH OUT OF THIS A-HOLE.
MORTY? MORTY?!



TWO HOURS LATER.
MORTY! WHAT THE HELL? YOU'RE THE SIDEKICK, YOU CAN'T JUST--
HOLD UP, WHAT ARE YOU EATING? YOU FOUND BURGERS? WAIT, IS IT, LIKE, MADE OF MAGGOT MEAT?
IT'S THIS CRAZY HELL THING CALLED A BEYOND BURGER. IT'S ACTUALLY NOT BA--
EUGH, I'M GONNA BE SICK!
RICK, I LEFT BECAUSE YOU'RE A F**KING LUNATIC! YOU TAKE ME ON THESE SO-CALLED ADVENTURES AND THEY ALL END UP THE F**KING SAME.
DEATH. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY THINGS WE'VE KILLED IN MY LIFETIME?
AND NOW IT'S US! WE ARE A THOUSAND PERCENT DEAD, RICK!
MORTY... UGH. HELL IS JUST A CONCEPT FOR INSECURE WAFFLERS WITH COMMITMENT ISSUES.
WHEN AM I EVER WRONG? NEVER, THAT'S WHEN.
THAT'S EXACTLY THE PROBLEM WITH YOU, RICK! YOU THINK YOU'RE NEVER WRONG!
IT'S ALL IN FRONT OF YOUR F**KING EYES!
EITHER THAT OR YOU'RE JUST TOO DAMN STUBBORN TO ADMIT IT. YOU--YOU'RE EITHER A COMPLETE PSYCHOPATH OR THE WORST SCIENTIST IN HISTORY!


I'M THE SMARTEST MOTHER-F**KER TO EVER LIVE, OKAY? MY BACK-UPS HAVE OBVIOUSLY FAILED... THROUGH ABSOLUTELY NO ERROR OF MY OWN... BUT I DON'T FAIL.
THIS IS NOT ACTUALLY HELL, WE'RE NOT ACTUALLY DEAD, AND I'M GETT--URRRP--ING US OUT OF HERE.
JUST... LOOK, JUST TRUST ME... OKAY, MORTY?
TH-THIS IS THE LAST F**KING TIME. IF THIS GOES ASS-UP, I'M FINALLY CUTTING YOU LOOSE AND GOING BACK TO MY FAMILY.
HEY, MAN. FAIR'S FAIR.
LOOK, JUST CHILL OUT, OKAY? GEEZ. IT'S FINE. EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE.
THIS IS YOUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED BIHOURLY RANDOM TORTURE! ENJOY!
BYOO
BYOO BYO
GILA MONSTERS?!
KILL 'EM, MORTY! DON'T LET 'EM CLIMB THE FOOD CHAIN!
BUT--BUT THEY'RE ENDANGERED!
F**K A REPTILE! THEY HAVE POO IN THEIR TEETH, MORTY! THEIR BITE'S FULL OF POO-POISON!
NOW GROW A SET AND FIGHT BACK OR WE'LL BE ENDANGERED!


YEH, YEH, YEH, ANOTHER DAY OF WHUPPIN' ASS AN' DEALIN' SASS. YEHHH, IT'S A JOB THOUGH, AM I RIGHT?
HEYYY, HOLD THE HORN, LENNY. YOU SEE THAT?
GILA MONSTERS ARE ENDANGERED!
S**T. IT'S THE PIGS. WE GOTTA BURN, MORTY.
WEE-WOO!
WEE-WOO!
THIS--HUFF--JOB IS GONNA--HUFF--KILL ME.
Y'KNOW, WE--HUFF--REALLY GOTTA WORK ON OUR CARDIO, CARL. MAYBE DIAL DOWN--HUFF--ON THE CIGARS.



PUNCH IT, MORTY! FEEL THE ROAD! SEE WHAT THIS MONSTER CAN DO!
I'M TRYIN', RICK, BUT SHE HANDLES LIKE A STOUT-BODIED LIZARD!
TIME FOR A BIOLOGY LESSON, MORTY. GILA MONSTERS ARE ENDANGERED BECAUSE THEY ONLY USE TEN PERCENT OF THEIR MOTOR FUNCTIONS...
KRACK!
SCREE!
...AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO TAP INTO THAT OTHER NINETY, MORTY.
SPLRCH!
LIZARD-RIDER RIIIIICK!
VWOOOSH
ANNND THEY'RE GONE.
CARL,--HUFF-- CARL, I CAN'T--HUFF-- I CAN'T DO IT NO MORE. KOFF IT'S THE LUNGS, CARL. THE LUNGS. THEY'RE BURNIN' UP BAD HERE, --KAFF--CARL.
AW HECK, LENNY. TAKE IT EASY NOW. IN THROUGH THE SNOUT, OUT THROUGH THE PIEHOLE. THAT'S IT.



HR
THERE. THAT'S OUR TICKET, MORTY. HUMAN RESOURCES.
WHAT THE HECK ARE WE GONNA DO HERE?
EXACTLY WHAT I HOPED I WOULDN'T HAVE TO-- SPEAK TO THE MANAGER.
STEALING ALLOWED 'CEPT TO STAFF
S
DOING THE DEVIL'S WORK
OKAY, PLAY IT COOL. PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE.
IT'S LIKE THE DMV. TOLD YOU THIS WAS HELL.
TAKE A NUMBER, BWAHAHAHA!
SIGH.
HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT TOO LONG, H-HAH.
1222694
NOW SERVING NUMBER TWELVE!
SIGHHH...


FRIGGIN' KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY. I SHOULD'VE PUT MY FOOT DOWN WHEN THAT ASS-CLOWN MOVED BACK IN.
DAD, THERE'S NO POINT IN WHINING--
SUMMER, JUST LET HIM FINISH. HE'S IN THE ANGER PHASE. HE HAS A PROCESS.
HE'LL PROBABLY END UP HURTING HIMSELF, THEN HE'LL TURN TO SELF-PITY.
FLUMP!
NGOW!
FRIGGIN' SH***Y HELL TERRAIN!
I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO DO ANYTHING RIGHT. I CAN'T EVEN WALK ON F**KING DIRT.
I HURT MY KNEE, BETH. MY KNEE.
SEE?
DO I EVEN ASK WHAT'S NEXT?
RRRIIICCCKKK!
HE'S NOW IN THE DOUBLES-DOWN-ON-ANGER-BLAMING-ANYONE-HE-RESENTS PHASE.
HUH. IT'S LIKE WATCHING THE ENTIRE LIFE CYCLE OF A DROWNING HOUSEFLY.


OH HOHOHO NO. NUH-UH. THIS IS NOT A PHASE, BETH.
ANY IDIOT CAN SEE THIS IS ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR DUMPSTER FIRE GARBAGE MAN OF A FATHER.
JERRY, I KNOW YOU'RE GOING THROUGH SOME S**T, BUT TREAD LIGHTLY--
NO! YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING EXCUSES FOR RICK.
WELL, WE'RE IN HELL NOW, AND THE BUCK STOPS HERE, BETH.
ALL OF THE WEIRD S**T THIS FAMILY-- THE FRIGGIN' EARTH-- HAS BEEN THROUGH HAS BEEN HIS FAULT!
BODY-SNATCHING PARASITES! GIANT FLOATING HEADS! BUG-PEOPLE, BETH. BUG-PEOPLE!
YOU'RE A HORSE DOCTOR-- I'M SURE YOU KNOW A BIG PILE OF THEIR S**T WHEN YOU SEE ONE.
HOW IS IT THAT WE DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT HERE? HMM? HOW WE DIED?
WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT MANIAC, RICK SANCHEZ, HAS WIPED FROM OUR MINDS WHEN WE WERE ALIVE.
WAITAMINUTE, HOW DID I GET HERE? I DON'T 'MEMBER NO DYING!
RICK SANCHEZ? THAT MOTHER-F**KER?
HE CRASHED A UFO INTO MY HOUSE! HE DID THIS!
HE TURNED MY GRAMAMA INTO AN OLD TORTOISE!
YEAH! F**K RICK! MURDER BASTARD!
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE HELD THAT MONSTER ACCOUNTABLE, AND UNTIL WE DO...


"...I HOPE HE'S HAVING A... A REALLY CRAPPY DAY"
SERVING NUMBER ONE-MILLION, TWO-HUNDRED TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND, SIX-HUNDRED NINETY-FOUR!
CLOSED
CLOSED
THE F**K YOU WANT?
THIS IS BULLS**T, AND WE WANT OUT OF HERE PRONTO, BUCKO.
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM? LET ME SPEAK TO YOUR MANAGER.
SIIIIIGH
THIS IS YOUR STANDARD SINNER APPEALS FORM. PLEASE FILL OUT TO COMPLETION AND FOLLOW THE CORRECT PROTOCOL.
NOTE THAT SUCCESS RATE FOR AN APPEAL IS 0.00001%.
PFFT, YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT REAL TORTURE, MORTY? FORMS. THE LOWEST FORM OF INTELLIGENCE.
FORMS ARE THE DRY HUMP OF COMMUNICATION.
YOU DO IT. I DON'T GIVE A S**T.
ENTER THE DOOR ON THE RIGHT.
KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELVES. MAY THE DARK LORD SHOW NO MERCY.
SUCKERS
APPEALS

THIS IS IT, MORTY. ONE STEP CLOSER TO FIGURING OUT JUST WHERE IN THE HELL WE ARE.
WELL, NOT THE HELL, BUT-- WHATEVER.
IT SMELLS LIKE A SWIMMING POOL IN HERE. THE FLOOR IS MOIST.
DEAD MENNNNN WALKIN'! WELCOME TO THE APPEALS PROCESS, B**CH!
AWRIGHT, GET THESE BEEFSACKS CLEAN!
BOSS CAN'T STAND YER UP-TOP STINK.
IT'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN WATER, MORTY. BREATHE THROUGH THE NOSE!
OWW! HEY! G-GO EASY! I HAVE D-DELICATE SKIN!
BIG MAN DON'T LIKE YOUR BOURGEOISIE FASHION, EITHER!
YOU MANIACS, WE COULD'VE JUST UNDRESSED!
TWOOF!
MY CLOTHES! WH-WHAT ARE WE GONNA WEAR?
AWRIGHT. KEEP WALKIN', FRESH MEAT.
WE GOTTA SQUEEGEE THE DRAINS FOR THE NEXT POOR BASTARDS.



TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT HELLISH ISSUE IN STORES

JULY 15th, 2020



JUNE PET OF THE MONTH



NAMES: Ozma & Orion

PARENT: Zack Soto, Editor

AGE: Not quite 1 year old

SPECIAL SKILLS: Extreme snuggling, purring so loud they keep you from falling asleep

SECRET ORIGIN: Litter mates found in a Walmart parking lot and turned over to kitty foster care, which in this case turned out to be my son's mom Krista's girlfriend (Complicated? Or just really Portland—you be the judge). Krista fell in love with them immediately and they were adopted as soon as humanly possible.

KNOWN WEAKNESSES: Both cats are *obsessed* with metallic pipe cleaners

MEOWING: More like croaking, it's a little Godzilla sound

FILTHY HABITS: Orion nibbles on the chandelier just above the top bunk of our son's bed

FAVORITE HANG SPOT: Both of them LOVE crawling up to the top of a Christmas tree and just hanging out on the limbs. No matter where they are, though, they are completely inseparable.



ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

FRANÇOIS VIGNEAULT is a freelance illustrator, designer, and cartoonist (not necessarily in that order) living and working in Montréal, Québec. His work with Geneviève Pettersen on 13e Avenue (La Pastèque) was recently awarded the prestigious Prix des Libraires. His sci-fi graphic novel *TITAN* comes out from Oni Press in Fall 2020!


Rick and Morty
Go to Hell
FERRIER
OROZA
STERN
CRANK!
[adult swim]
ONI PRESS
ISSUE #02
DIGITAL COMIC
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Rick and Morty

Go to Hell

ISSUE #2

WRITTEN BY **RYAN FERRIER** ILLUSTRATED BY **CONSTANZA OROZA**

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RICKANDMORTY

RICK AND MORTY™ CREATED BY JUSTIN ROILAND AND DAN HARMON

RETAIL COVER BY **CONSTANZA OROZA** • B COVER BY **DAVE CROSLAND**

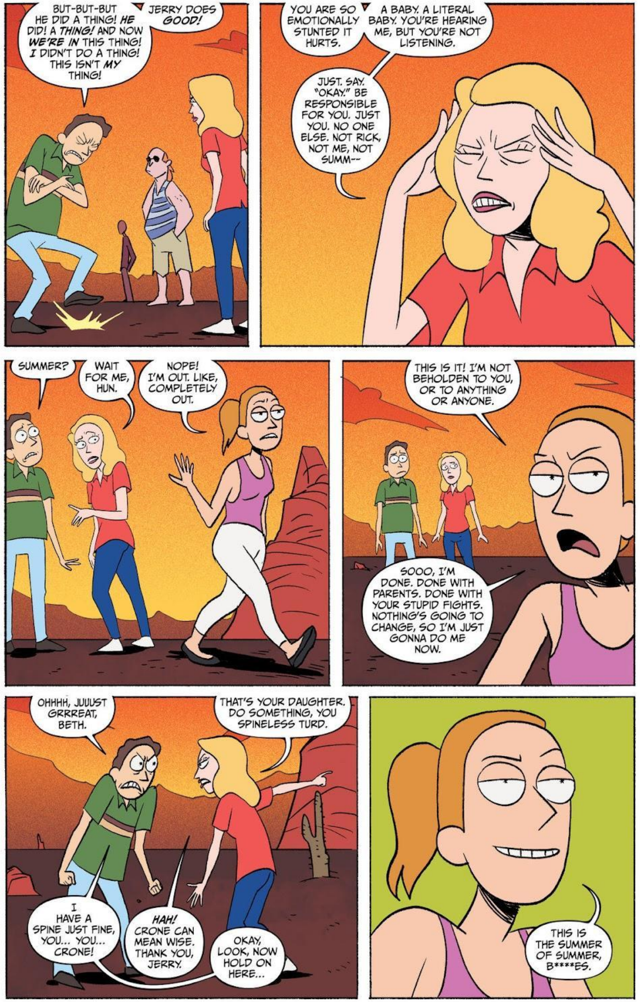
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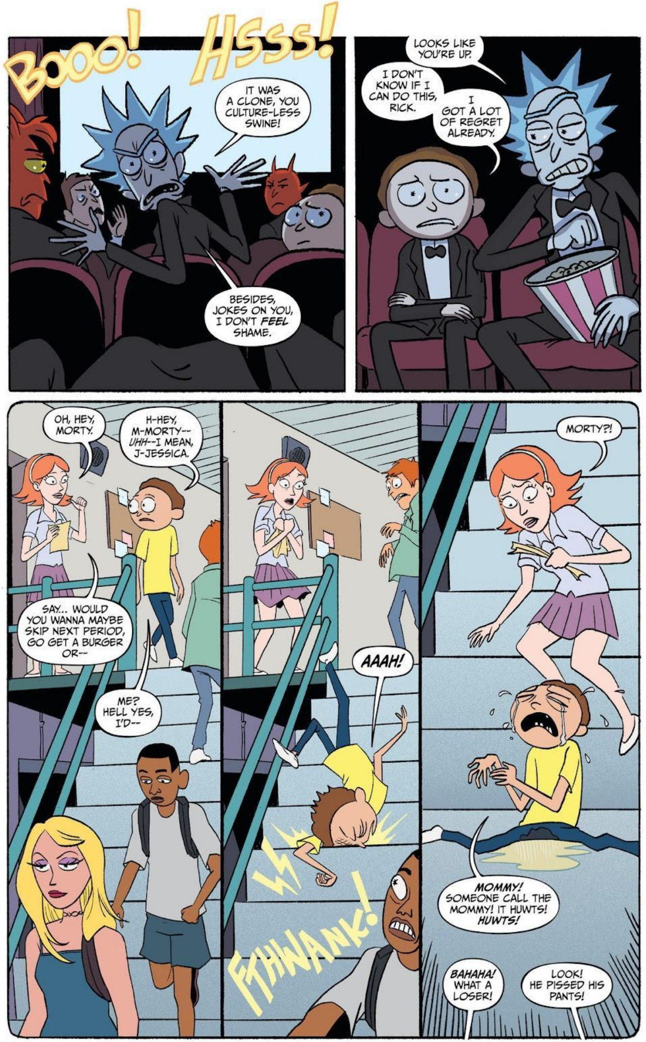



MMM, 'TIS A FINE NIGHT AT THE THEE-AW-TRAH, MMM.
OHH YES, A FINE EVE INDEED, QUITE, YES, MM.
KAFF KAFF!
HAHAHA!
FRBBT!
SO THAT'S WHAT IT FEELS LIKE...
DON'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT THE EXPERIENCE, MORTY!
YOU'LL GET POST-FARTUM DEPRESSION.
AHH YES, WELCOME, YESSS, OUR GUESTS OF HONOR--RICK AND MORTY.
PLEASE, THIS IS A VERY DISTINGUISHED ESTABLISHMENT, WE ASK YOU TO COVER YOUR HORRENDOUS BODIES.
COME WITH ME, POSTHASTE. I WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR SEATS... YOUR FIRST TRIAL IS ABOUT TO START.
I'M GETTING A SUPER-WEIRD VIBE HERE, RICK.
RIGHT? TWENTY F**KING MINUTES OF COMMERCIALS. LIKE, WHY ARE WE PAYING A PREMIUM TO THE ADVERTISERS?
CAPITALISM AT ITS WORST, MORTY.


BETH? BETH, STOP! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE ME HERE! I'M YOUR HUSBAND! THIS IS HELL!
TRUST ME, IT HASN'T BEEN A WALK IN THE PARK FOR ME EITHER, JERRY.
WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER! WE'RE A FAMILY!
PHAH! C'MON. YOU DON'T GET TO JUST USE SUMMER AND I AS A SAFETY NET.
WE'RE DEAD, JERRY! NOTHING MATTERS!
WHAT ARE YOU--
YOU JUST BLAMED THE END OF THE F**KING WORLD ON MY FATHER.
YOU VILLAINIZE HIM EVERY CHANCE YOU GET WITHOUT TAKING ONE SECOND TO LOOK AT YOUR OWN S***TY BEHAVIOR.
SO NO. I DON'T HAVE TO DO S**T. YOU WANT TO THROW YOUR LITTLE POOPY-PANTS TANTRUM, GO RIGHT AHEAD.
BUT MAYYYBE YOU SHOULD STOP AND THINK ABOUT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE HERE, AND YOU DID SOMETHING TO EARN THAT.
JERRY SMITH DIED AND HE WENT TO HELL. THAT'S A JERRY PROBLEM, NOT A RICK PROBLEM.


BUT-BUT-BUT HE DID A THING! HE DID! A THING! AND NOW WE'RE IN THIS THING! I DIDN'T DO A THING! THIS ISN'T MY THING!
JERRY DOES GOOD!
YOU ARE SO EMOTIONALLY STUNTED IT HURTS.
A BABY. A LITERAL BABY. YOU'RE HEARING ME, BUT YOU'RE NOT LISTENING.
JUST. SAY. "OKAY." BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU. JUST YOU. NO ONE ELSE. NOT RICK, NOT ME, NOT SUMM--
SUMMER?
WAIT FOR ME, HUN.
NOPE! I'M OUT. LIKE, COMPLETELY OUT.
THIS IS IT! I'M NOT BEHOLDEN TO YOU, OR TO ANYTHING OR ANYONE.
SOOO, I'M DONE. DONE WITH PARENTS. DONE WITH YOUR STUPID FIGHTS. NOTHING'S GOING TO CHANGE, SO I'M JUST GONNA DO ME NOW.
OHHHH, JUUUST GRRREAT, BETH.
THAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER. DO SOMETHING, YOU SPINELESS TURD.
I HAVE A SPINE JUST FINE, YOU... YOU... CRONE!
HAH! CRONE CAN MEAN WISE. THANK YOU, JERRY.
OKAY, LOOK, NOW HOLD ON HERE...
THIS IS THE SUMMER OF SUMMER, B****ES.

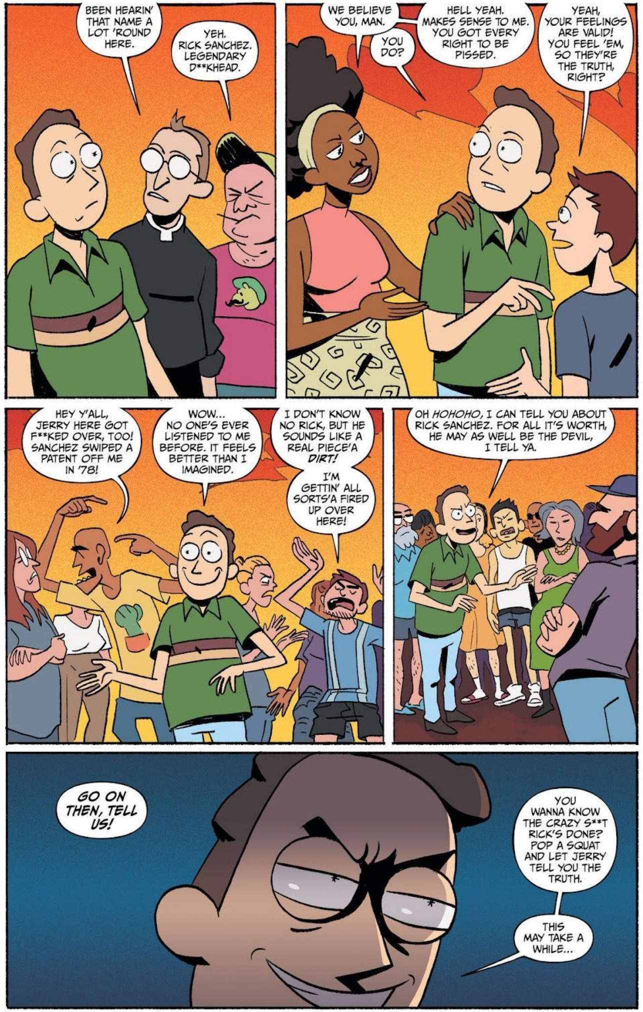

SEATS! SEATS, EVERYONE! SHOWTIME...
Starring
RICH SANCHEZ and MORTY SMITH
in
THE BIG SHAME
PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS GOOD AND SACRED, LET THIS NOT BE WHAT I THINK IT IS...
NOTHING IS SA--URRRP--CRED NOR GOOD, MORTY. EVER.
GGWWAAAH!
HOLY S**T. RICK, YOU GENIUS, YOU DID IT. YOU CREATED LIFE... FROM NOTHING.
YOU. ARE. A. GOD.
GGWAH GWAH!
BUT HEAVY IS THE HEAD THAT--URRRP--WEARS THE CROWN.
YOU MADE AND SLAYED A BABY?!
PFFT. BILLIONS OF PEOPLE MAKE BABIES EVERY DAY, MORTY.
WHAT'S ONE ACCIDENTAL PETRI DISH ZYGOTE MEAN IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THE COSMOS?
THWUNK


BOOO!
HSSS!
IT WAS A CLONE, YOU CULTURE-LESS SWINE!
BESIDES, JOKES ON YOU, I DON'T *FEEL* SHAME.
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE UP.
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO THIS, RICK.
I GOT A LOT OF REGRET ALREADY.
OH, HEY, MORTY.
H-HEY, M-MORTY--*UHH*--I MEAN, J-JESSICA.
SAY... WOULD YOU WANNA MAYBE SKIP NEXT PERIOD, GO GET A BURGER OR--
ME? HELL YES, I'D--
AAAH!
FTHWANK!
MORTY?!
MOMMY! SOMEONE CALL THE MOMMY! IT HUWTS! *HUWTS!*
BAHAHA! WHAT A LOSER!
LOOK! HE PISSED HIS PANTS!

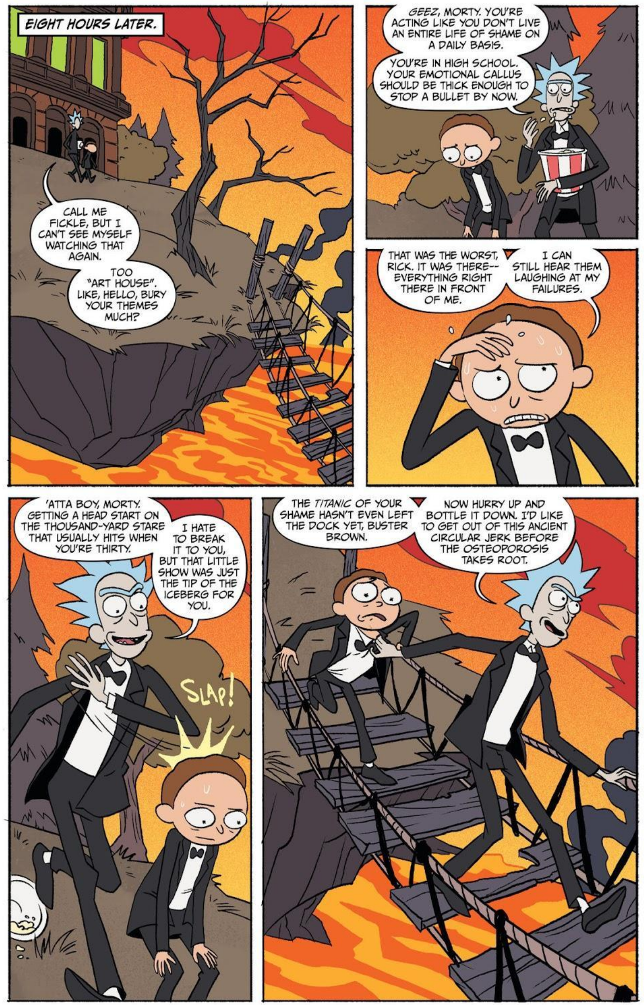

HAHA!
HA HA HA HA!
OH C'MON, MORTY, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT, THAT WAS A THING OF BEAUTY.
I DIDN'T BELIEVE I HAD A SOUL UNTIL THAT MOMENT, RICK.
THE PAIN WENT ALL THE WAY INTO MY EXISTENCE.
F**K YOU, DAD! MOM, EAT S**T! SUMMER, YOU'RE *EHHH.*
THIS FAMILY CAN SUCK IT! MY GENETICS SUCK A**!
NO MORE. PLEASE.

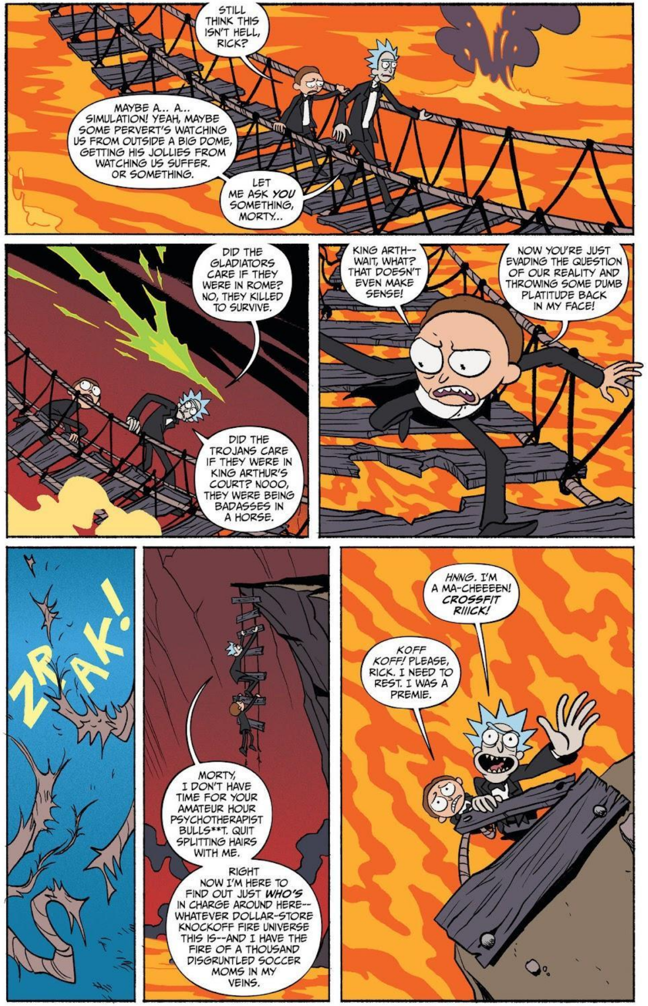


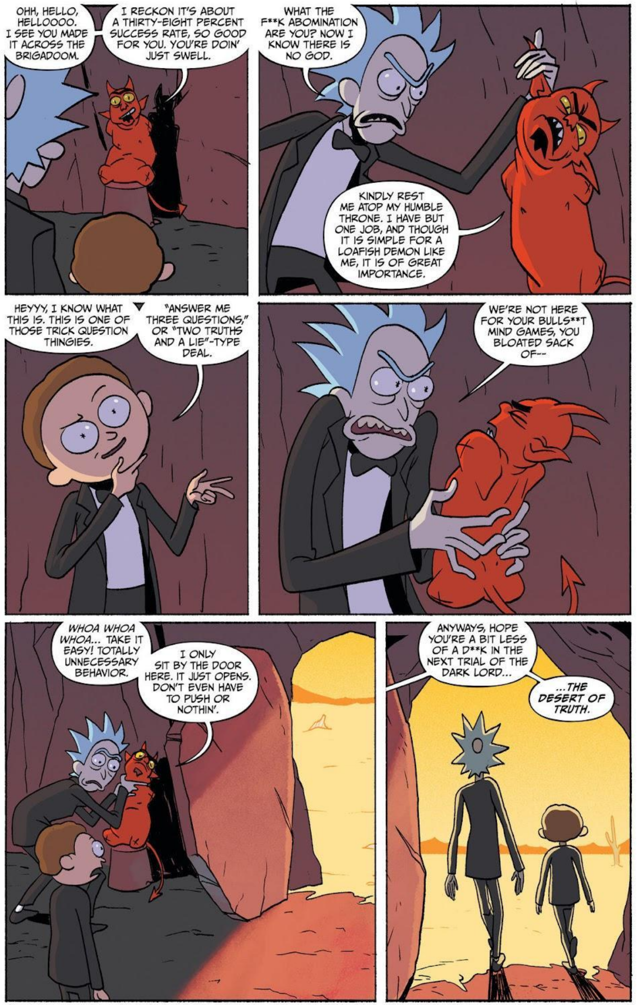
ARE YOU JUST GOING TO STAND THERE, OR ARE YOU GOING TO HELP SUMMER?
YOU HEARD HER, SHE'S AN ADULT. SHE CAN DO WHAT SHE WANTS NOW.
I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T WANT ME.
SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER! YOU DON'T GET THAT CHOICE!
TELL YOU WHAT, I'M GLAD SHE INHERITED MY TOLERANCE FOR BULLS**T AND NOT YOUR STUBBORNNESS.
BETH, FOR ONCE CAN YOU, LIKE, NOT JUST ASSUME I'M AN IDIOT BECAUSE I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU?
NOPE. GUESS NOT!
MAYBE IF IT WAS SOMEONE YOU LOVED BEING ATTACKED, YOU'D HAVE A LITTLE MORE EMPATHY.
LATER, JERRY.
RICK SANCHEZ IS THE SINGLE WORST PERSON TO HAVE EVER LIVED!



BEEN HEARIN' THAT NAME A LOT 'ROUND HERE.
YEH. RICK SANCHEZ. LEGENDARY D**KHEAD.
WE BELIEVE YOU, MAN.
YOU DO?
HELL YEAH. MAKES SENSE TO ME. YOU GOT EVERY RIGHT TO BE PISSED.
YEAH, YOUR FEELINGS ARE VALID! YOU FEEL 'EM, SO THEY'RE THE TRUTH, RIGHT?
HEY Y'ALL, JERRY HERE GOT F**KED OVER, TOO! SANCHEZ SWIPED A PATENT OFF ME IN '78!
WOW... NO ONE'S EVER LISTENED TO ME BEFORE. IT FEELS BETTER THAN I IMAGINED.
I DON'T KNOW NO RICK, BUT HE SOUNDS LIKE A REAL PIECE'A DIRT!
I'M GETTIN' ALL SORTS'A FIRED UP OVER HERE!
OH HOHOHO, I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT RICK SANCHEZ. FOR ALL IT'S WORTH, HE MAY AS WELL BE THE DEVIL, I TELL YA.
GO ON THEN, TELL US!
YOU WANNA KNOW THE CRAZY S**T RICK'S DONE? POP A SQUAT AND LET JERRY TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
THIS MAY TAKE A WHILE...

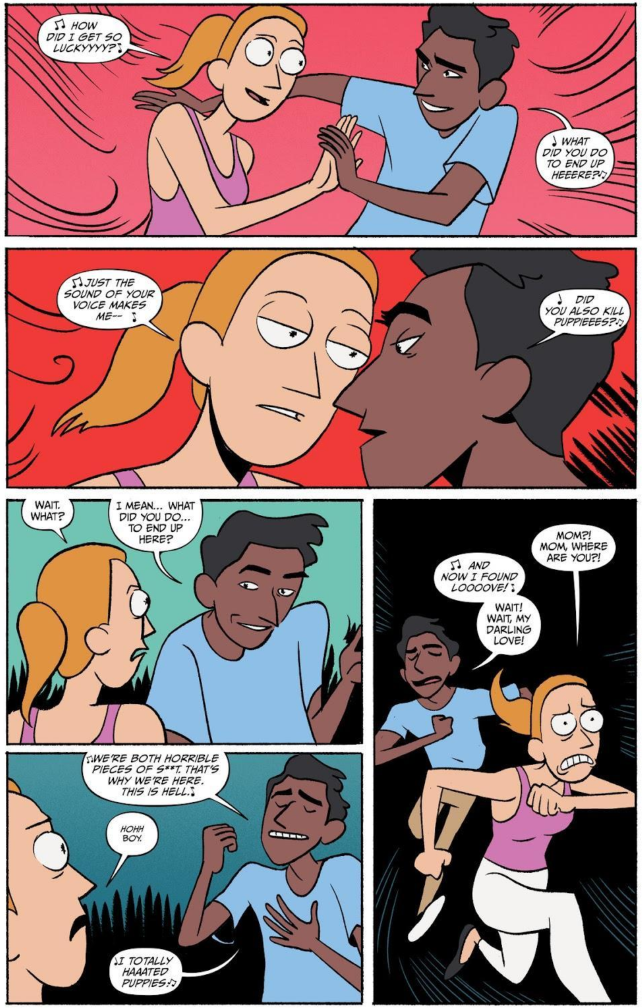

EIGHT HOURS LATER.
CALL ME FICKLE, BUT I CAN'T SEE MYSELF WATCHING THAT AGAIN.
TOO "ART HOUSE". LIKE, HELLO, BURY YOUR THEMES MUCH?
GEEZ, MORTY. YOU'RE ACTING LIKE YOU DON'T LIVE AN ENTIRE LIFE OF SHAME ON A DAILY BASIS.
YOU'RE IN HIGH SCHOOL. YOUR EMOTIONAL CALLUS SHOULD BE THICK ENOUGH TO STOP A BULLET BY NOW.
THAT WAS THE WORST, RICK. IT WAS THERE-- EVERYTHING RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF ME.
I CAN STILL HEAR THEM LAUGHING AT MY FAILURES.
'ATTA BOY, MORTY. GETTING A HEAD START ON THE THOUSAND-YARD STARE THAT USUALLY HITS WHEN YOU'RE THIRTY.
I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, BUT THAT LITTLE SHOW WAS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG FOR YOU.
SLAP!
THE *TITANIC* OF YOUR SHAME HASN'T EVEN LEFT THE DOCK YET, BUSTER BROWN.
NOW HURRY UP AND BOTTLE IT DOWN. I'D LIKE TO GET OUT OF THIS ANCIENT CIRCULAR JERK BEFORE THE OSTEOPOROSIS TAKES ROOT.

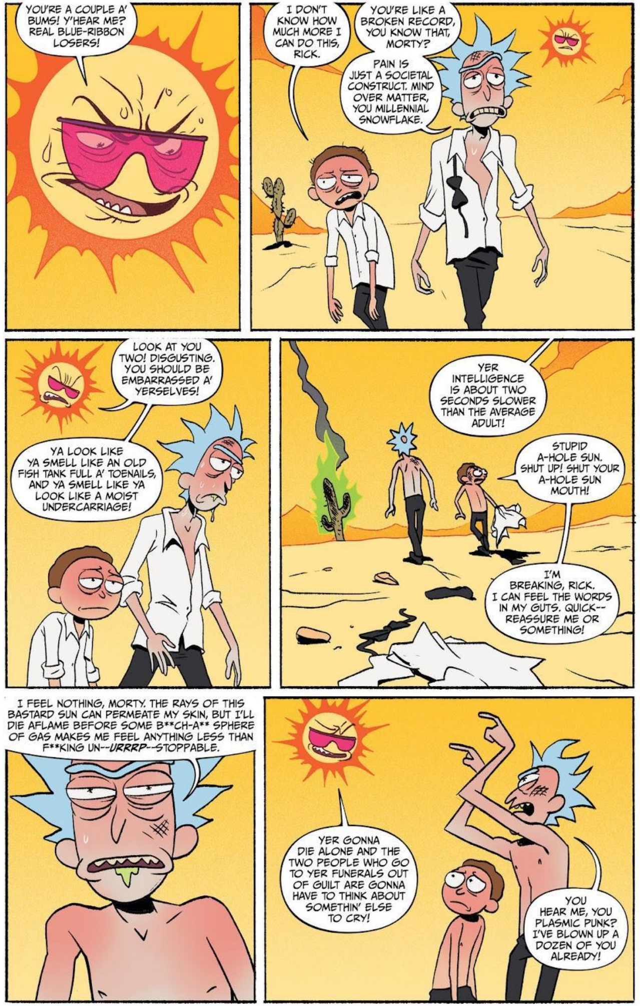

STILL THINK THIS ISN'T HELL, RICK?
MAYBE A... A... SIMULATION! YEAH, MAYBE SOME PERVERT'S WATCHING US FROM OUTSIDE A BIG DOME, GETTING HIS JOLLIES FROM WATCHING US SUFFER. OR SOMETHING.
LET ME ASK *YOU* SOMETHING, MORTY...
DID THE GLADIATORS CARE IF THEY WERE IN ROME? NO, THEY KILLED TO SURVIVE.
DID THE TROJANS CARE IF THEY WERE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT? NOOO, THEY WERE BEING BADASSES IN A HORSE.
KING ARTH-- WAIT, WHAT? THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE!
NOW YOU'RE JUST EVADING THE QUESTION OF OUR REALITY AND THROWING SOME DUMB PLATITUDE BACK IN MY FACE!
ZRAK!
MORTY, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR AMATEUR HOUR PSYCHOTHERAPIST BULLS**T. QUIT SPLITTING HAIRS WITH ME.
RIGHT NOW I'M HERE TO FIND OUT JUST *WHO'S* IN CHARGE AROUND HERE-- WHATEVER DOLLAR-STORE KNOCKOFF FIRE UNIVERSE THIS IS--AND I HAVE THE FIRE OF A THOUSAND DISGRUNTLED SOCCER MOMS IN MY VEINS.
HNNG. I'M A MA-CHEEEEN! ***CROSSFIT RIIICK!***
KOFF KOFF! PLEASE, RICK. I NEED TO REST. I WAS A PREMIE.


OHH, HELLO, HELLOOOO. I SEE YOU MADE IT ACROSS THE BRIGADOOM.
I RECKON IT'S ABOUT A THIRTY-EIGHT PERCENT SUCCESS RATE, SO GOOD FOR YOU. YOU'RE DOIN' JUST SWELL.
WHAT THE F**K ABOMINATION ARE YOU? NOW I KNOW THERE IS NO GOD.
KINDLY REST ME ATOP MY HUMBLE THRONE. I HAVE BUT ONE JOB, AND THOUGH IT IS SIMPLE FOR A LOAFISH DEMON LIKE ME, IT IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.
HEYYY, I KNOW WHAT THIS IS. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TRICK QUESTION THINGIES.
"ANSWER ME THREE QUESTIONS," OR "TWO TRUTHS AND A LIE"-TYPE DEAL.
WE'RE NOT HERE FOR YOUR BULLS**T MIND GAMES, YOU BLOATED SACK OF--
WHOA WHOA WHOA... TAKE IT EASY! TOTALLY UNNECESSARY BEHAVIOR.
I ONLY SIT BY THE DOOR HERE. IT JUST OPENS. DON'T EVEN HAVE TO PUSH OR NOTHIN'.
ANYWAYS, HOPE YOU'RE A BIT LESS OF A D**K IN THE NEXT TRIAL OF THE DARK LORD...
...THE DESERT OF TRUTH.

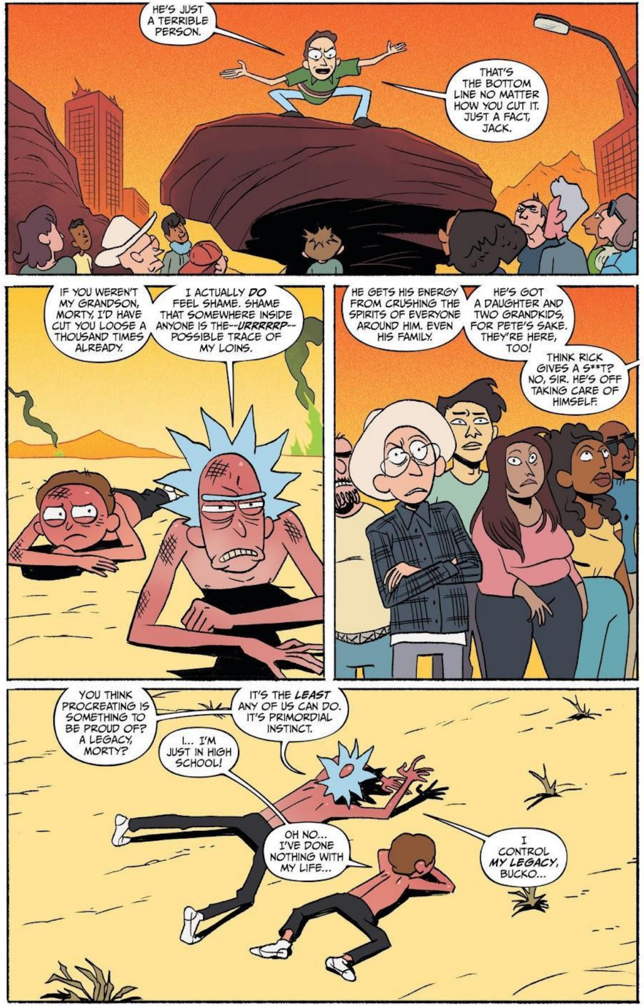

SIGH. ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, SUMMER?
NOTHING CAN GO WRONG IF THERE IS NO RIGHT. THERE'S NO FAILURE IF THERE IS NO WINNING.
IF THIS IS FOREVER, IT ISN'T ANYWHERE AT ALL.
♩IS THERE TRULY BAD IF THERE'S OOONLY SINNINNNNG?♫
HOLY S**T. IT'S HAPPENING.
THIS IS A MUSICAL.
I'M A PRINCESS.
♫I CAN BE MEEE, FOR THE FIRST TIME...♩
♩...LIVING A LIFE THAT IS ALL MINNNE...♫
♫...MY PARENTS ARE GONE AND I'M ALL ALOOONE...♩
♩...AND THIS SUMMER IS GOING TO BE JUST FINNNE!♫


♫IT'S NOT SO BAD DOWN HERE!♪
♪YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU PLEASE!♫
♪NO BEDTIME, NO JAIL!♫
♫JUST ANARCHY!♪
♫NOW THAT I'M PART OF THIS WORLD, NOTHING CAN STOP ME, NOTHING CAN BRING ME DOWN!♪
♪--NOTHING CAN BRING ME DOWN!♫
OH.
OH.
♫HE'S JUST LIKE ME, DOES HE EVEN KNOW I EXIST?♪
♪THERE'S NO ONE LIKE HER, THIS IS FATE, WORTH THE RISK.♫
♫IS HE WHY I'M HERE? IS LOVE THE BIG REASON?♪
♪SUDDENLY WARM IS MY FAVORITE SEASONNN!♫


♫HOW DID I GET SO LUCKYYYY?♪
♪WHAT DID YOU DO TO END UP HEEERE?♫
♫JUST THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE MAKES ME--♪
♪DID YOU ALSO KILL PUPPIEEES?♫
WAIT. WHAT?
I MEAN... WHAT DID YOU DO... TO END UP HERE?
♫WE'RE BOTH HORRIBLE PIECES OF S**T. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. THIS IS HELL.♪
HOHH BOY.
♪I TOTALLY HAAATED PUPPIES♫
♫AND NOW I FOUND LOOOOVE!♪
MOM?! MOM, WHERE ARE YOU?!
WAIT! WAIT, MY DARLING LOVE!

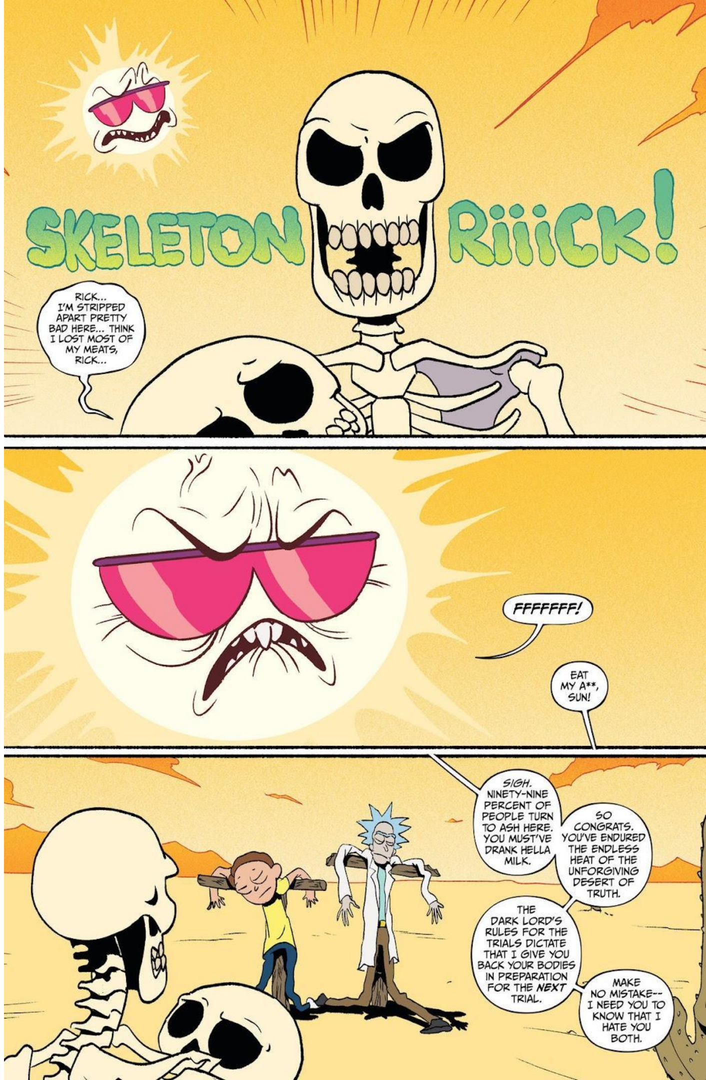

YOU'RE A COUPLE A' BUMS! Y'HEAR ME? REAL BLUE-RIBBON LOSERS!
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE I CAN DO THIS, RICK.
YOU'RE LIKE A BROKEN RECORD, YOU KNOW THAT, MORTY?
PAIN IS JUST A SOCIETAL CONSTRUCT. MIND OVER MATTER, YOU MILLENNIAL SNOWFLAKE.
LOOK AT YOU TWO! DISGUSTING. YOU SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED A' YERSELVES!
YA LOOK LIKE YA SMELL LIKE AN OLD FISH TANK FULL A' TOENAILS, AND YA SMELL LIKE YA LOOK LIKE A MOIST UNDERCARRIAGE!
YER INTELLIGENCE IS ABOUT TWO SECONDS SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE ADULT!
STUPID A-HOLE SUN. SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR A-HOLE SUN MOUTH!
I'M BREAKING, RICK. I CAN FEEL THE WORDS IN MY GUTS. QUICK--REASSURE ME OR SOMETHING!
I FEEL NOTHING, MORTY. THE RAYS OF THIS BASTARD SUN CAN PERMEATE MY SKIN, BUT I'LL DIE AFLAME BEFORE SOME B**CH-A** SPHERE OF GAS MAKES ME FEEL ANYTHING LESS THAN F**KING UN--*URRRP*--STOPPABLE.
YER GONNA DIE ALONE AND THE TWO PEOPLE WHO GO TO YER FUNERALS OUT OF GUILT ARE GONNA HAVE TO THINK ABOUT SOMETHIN' ELSE TO CRY!
YOU HEAR ME, YOU PLASMIC PUNK? I'VE BLOWN UP A DOZEN OF YOU ALREADY!

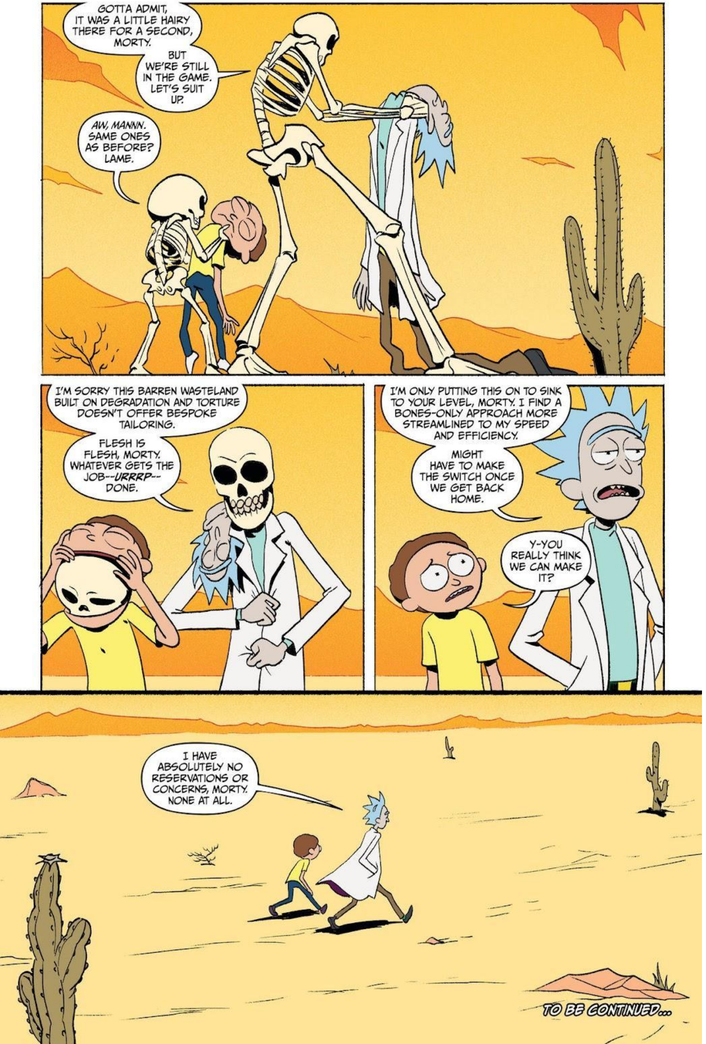

YER PERSONALITIES ARE TOTALLY UNREMARKABLE!
UGHHH...
ADMIT IT, RICK... WE'RE IN HELL!
N-NEVER... I'M... NOT... WRONG... M-MORTY. *KOFF.*
...I'M... *RICK...KAFF!* B***H.
I'VE B-BEEN TH-THINKING... Y-YOUR ARGUMENT... IS F-FALLIBLE.
Y-YOU... FEEL N-NO REGRET... N-NO SHAME... NO PAIN...
YEAH! YER A FRIGGIN' PSYCHOPATH, PAL!
Y'CAN'T PROCESS LOGIC OR EMOTION BECAUSE YER DEVOID OF FEELINGS! EMOTIONALLY BANKRUPT!
YER OPINIONS HAVE NO BASE!
A-HOLE S-SUN IS R-RIGHT.
Y-YOU'RE A TERRIBLE P-PERSON, RICK. N-NO MATTER HOW TEXTBOOK S-SMART YOU ARE.
NOW YOU LISTEN UP, BUTTERCUP.
RICK SANCHEZ IS A F**KING TITAN OF ALL EXISTENCE...


HE'S JUST A TERRIBLE PERSON.
THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE NO MATTER HOW YOU CUT IT. JUST A FACT, JACK.
IF YOU WEREN'T MY GRANDSON, MORTY, I'D HAVE CUT YOU LOOSE A THOUSAND TIMES ALREADY.
I ACTUALLY *DO* FEEL SHAME. SHAME THAT SOMEWHERE INSIDE ANYONE IS THE--*URRRRRP*--POSSIBLE TRACE OF MY LOINS.
HE GETS HIS ENERGY FROM CRUSHING THE SPIRITS OF EVERYONE AROUND HIM. EVEN HIS FAMILY.
HE'S GOT A DAUGHTER AND TWO GRANDKIDS, FOR PETE'S SAKE. THEY'RE HERE, TOO!
THINK RICK GIVES A S**T? NO, SIR. HE'S OFF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.
YOU THINK PROCREATING IS SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF? A LEGACY, MORTY?
IT'S THE *LEAST* ANY OF US CAN DO. IT'S PRIMORDIAL INSTINCT.
I... I'M JUST IN HIGH SCHOOL!
OH NO... I'VE DONE NOTHING WITH MY LIFE...
I CONTROL *MY LEGACY*, BUCKO...


I'M *LIVING*, B***HES!
ME JUST BEING ALIVE IS MORE THAN ANYONE ON ANY EARTH HAS EVER DONE, SO F**K YOU, AND F**K EVERYTHING!
LIVING RIIIICK!
RICK SANCHEZ PUT YOU HERE BECAUSE RICK SANCHEZ IS A *MONSTER!*
NOW, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT WORKS DOWN HERE, BUT--BUT--SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE WITH HIM. LIKE, ABOVE AND BEYOND THE S**T THAT HAPPENS TO US!
YEAH!
TO HELL--*ERR*--MORE HELL WITH RICK!
I CAN'T DIE WITHOUT A LEGACY, YOU GASEOUS BASTARD! F**K YOU, SUN! COME AT US, BRO!
HEY, HEY, HOLD UP, MORTY--HE'S ACTUALLY GOING TO DO SOMETHING...
LET'S KILL RICK!
HOLD HIM ACCOUNTABLE!
HEH. EXACTLY! Y'ALL ARE AWESOME, YOU KNOW THAT? I'VE BEEN SAYING THIS FOR YEARS, HE--
LET'S FIND A WAY TO KILL RICK AND HIS WHOLE FAMILY!
WIPE OUT THE WHOLE FREAKING BLOODLINE, YEAH!
UHMM, EXCUSE ME?


HOT ENOUGH FOR YA NOW? *BAHAHA!*
YOU'RE GOING TO WITHER AND WASTE INTO NOTHIN', AND ALL THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS YOU THINK YOU DID WILL BE FORGOTTEN!
RICK SANCHEZ, THE LEGENDARY BUMBLING RUINER OF UNIVERSES! DOESN'T EVEN BELIEVE HE'S IN HELL! WOULDN'T KNOW HIS A-HOLE FROM HIS ELBOW!
YOU'RE WRONG, SANCHEZ. ABOUT EVERYTHING! WRONG WRONG WRONG WRONG!
HNNG! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU DON'T GET-- IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME BEING RIGHT...
...WHICH I AM, ALWAYS...
...IT'S ABOUT BEING THE BEST.


SKELETON RiiiCK!
RICK... I'M STRIPPED APART PRETTY BAD HERE... THINK I LOST MOST OF MY MEATS, RICK...
FFFFFFF!
EAT MY A**, SUN!
SIGH. NINETY-NINE PERCENT OF PEOPLE TURN TO ASH HERE. YOU MUST'VE DRANK HELLA MILK.
SO CONGRATS. YOU'VE ENDURED THE ENDLESS HEAT OF THE UNFORGIVING DESERT OF TRUTH.
THE DARK LORD'S RULES FOR THE TRIALS DICTATE THAT I GIVE YOU BACK YOUR BODIES IN PREPARATION FOR THE *NEXT* TRIAL.
MAKE NO MISTAKE-- I NEED YOU TO KNOW THAT I HATE YOU BOTH.



NEXT HELLISH ISSUE IN STORES

AUGUST 19th, 2020



JULY PET OF THE MONTH



NAME: Jax

PARENT: Grace Bornhoft, Editor

AGE: 7 Years Old

WEIGHT: 60 pounds (I'm super muscly!)

FAVORITE THINGS: Snow, running, snow, shedding, and my humans: Tim, Aria, and Grace. Did I mention SNOW?!

LEAST FAVORITE THINGS: Summertime, being inside, rain, being told I'm not allowed on the couch, and getting brushed

FUN FACT: I run on a sled dog racing team! We are called Breakaway Siberians. Every winter, I get to hang out with my teammates (20 other Siberian huskies) and run in races all over the country. I've run over 3,000 miles with my team. I'm super strong and super fast!
Find out more about my team on Facebook @breakawaysiberians.



ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

KYLE LATINO is a cartoonist and illustrator from Indianapolis. His work has appeared in the pages of comics such as *Fresh Romance, Rolled & Told, Outlaw Territories,* and many self-published projects. Kyle has received a BFA in Biblical Literature from Taylor University (2007) and an MFA in Visual Fine Arts from the University of Cincinnati (2020). When he is not at the drawing desk, Kyle is often wishing he was playing *Dungeons & Dragons*. Kyle's new book, *The Savage Beard of She Dwarf,* is out from Oni Press this June.


Rick and Morty
Go to Hell
FERRIER
OROZA
STERN
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[adult swim]
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RICK AND MORTY

GO TO HELL

ISSUE #3

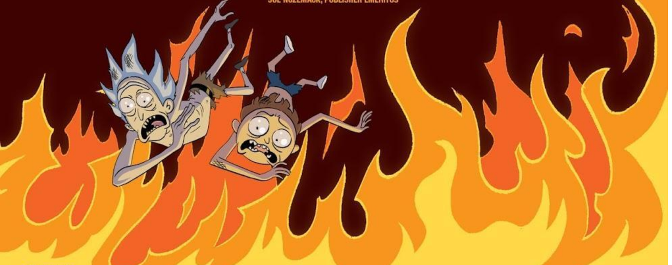
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COLORED BY **SARAH STERN** LETTERED BY **CRANK!**

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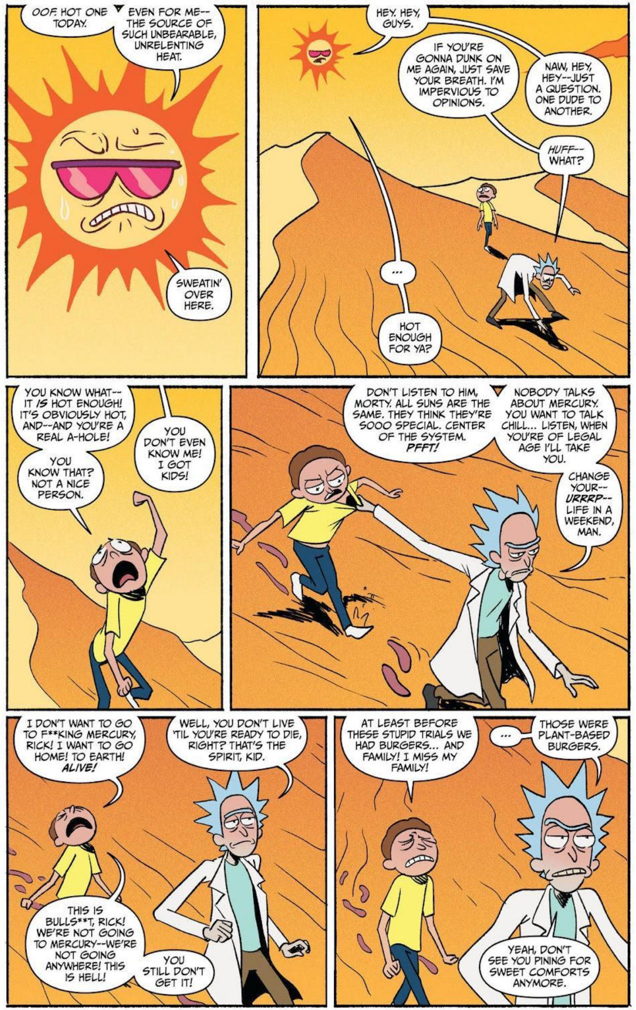


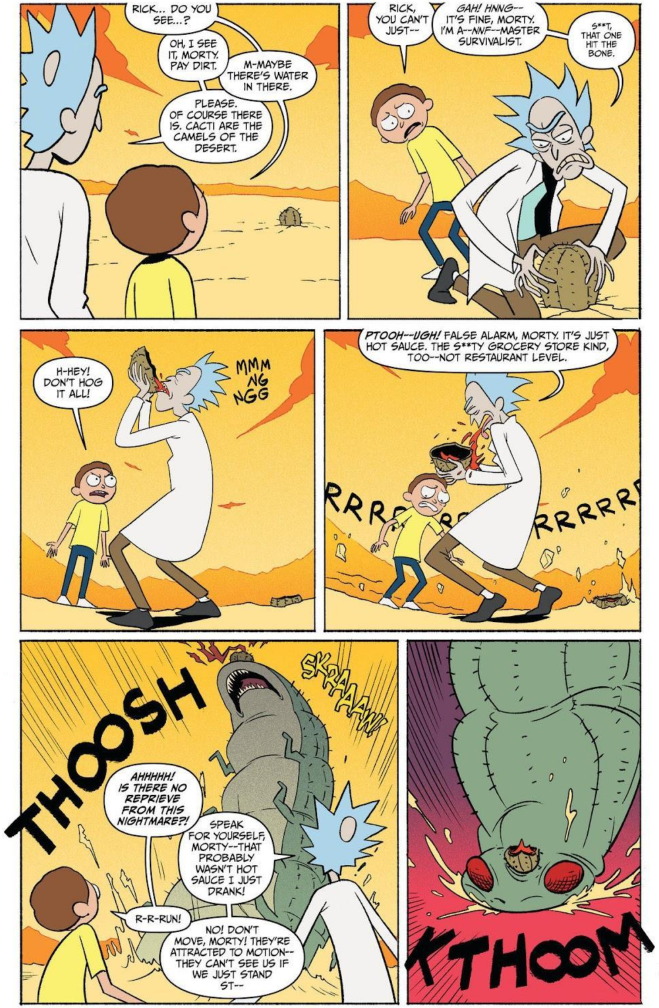
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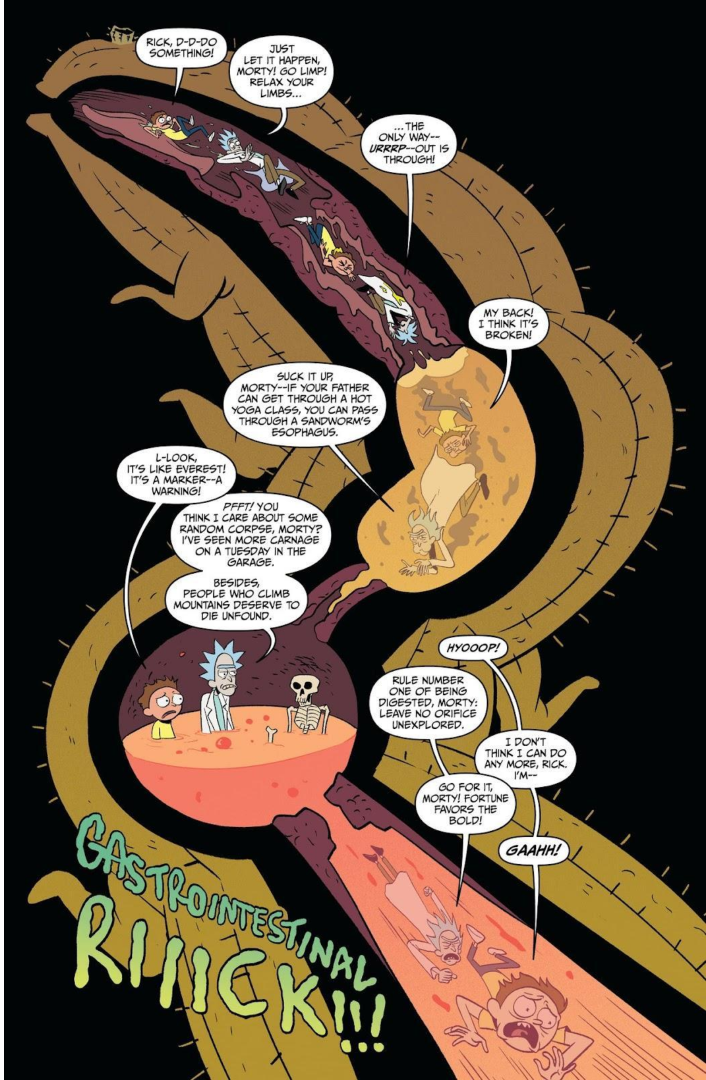
RICK AND MORTY™ CREATED BY JUSTIN ROILAND AND DAN HARMON

RETAIL COVER BY **CONSTANZA OROZA** • B COVER BY **FRED C. STRESING**

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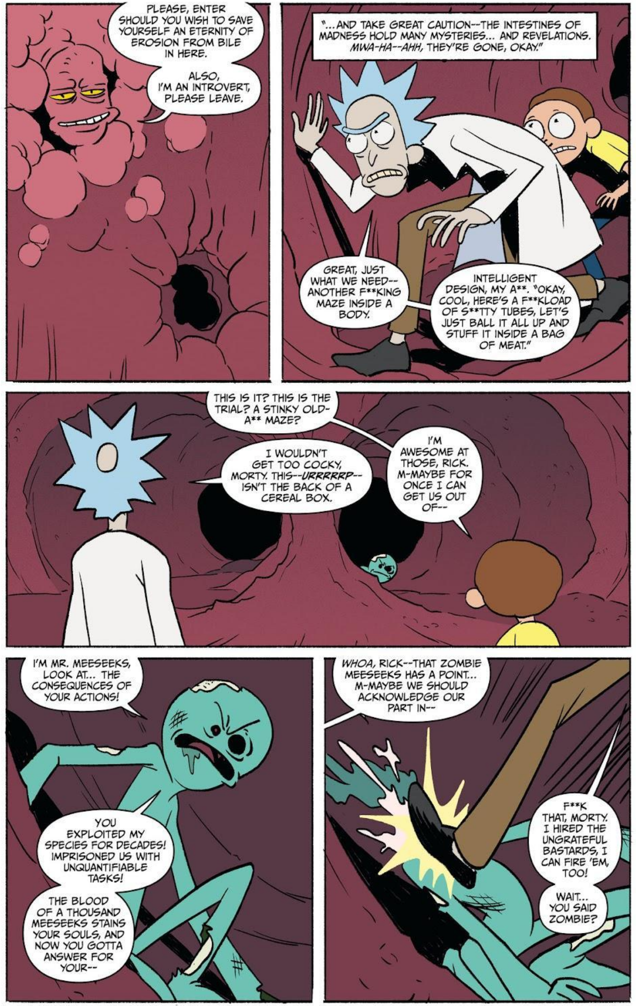



RICK... DO YOU SEE...?
OH, I SEE IT, MORTY. PAY DIRT.
M-MAYBE THERE'S WATER IN THERE.
PLEASE. OF COURSE THERE IS. CACTI ARE THE CAMELS OF THE DESERT.
RICK, YOU CAN'T JUST--
GAH! HNNG-- IT'S FINE, MORTY. I'M A--NNF--MASTER SURVIVALIST.
S**T, THAT ONE HIT THE BONE.
H-HEY! DON'T HOG IT ALL!
MMM NG NGG
PTOOH--UGH! FALSE ALARM, MORTY. IT'S JUST HOT SAUCE. THE S**TY GROCERY STORE KIND, TOO--NOT RESTAURANT LEVEL.
RRRR
RRRRRR
THOOSH
SKRAAAAW!
AHHHHH! IS THERE NO REPRIEVE FROM THIS NIGHTMARE?!
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MORTY--THAT PROBABLY WASN'T HOT SAUCE I JUST DRANK!
R-R-RUN!
NO! DON'T MOVE, MORTY! THEY'RE ATTRACTED TO MOTION-- THEY CAN'T SEE US IF WE JUST STAND ST--
KTHOOM


RICK, D-D-DO SOMETHING!
JUST LET IT HAPPEN, MORTY! GO LIMP! RELAX YOUR LIMBS...
...THE ONLY WAY-- URRRP--OUT IS THROUGH!
MY BACK! I THINK IT'S BROKEN!
SUCK IT UP, MORTY--IF YOUR FATHER CAN GET THROUGH A HOT YOGA CLASS, YOU CAN PASS THROUGH A SANDWORM'S ESOPHAGUS.
L-LOOK, IT'S LIKE EVEREST! IT'S A MARKER--A WARNING!
PFFT! YOU THINK I CARE ABOUT SOME RANDOM CORPSE, MORTY? I'VE SEEN MORE CARNAGE ON A TUESDAY IN THE GARAGE.
BESIDES, PEOPLE WHO CLIMB MOUNTAINS DESERVE TO DIE UNFOUND.
HYOOOP!
RULE NUMBER ONE OF BEING DIGESTED, MORTY: LEAVE NO ORIFICE UNEXPLORED.
I DON'T THINK I CAN DO ANY MORE, RICK. I'M--
GO FOR IT, MORTY! FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD!
GAAHH!
GASTROINTESTINAL RIIICK!!!

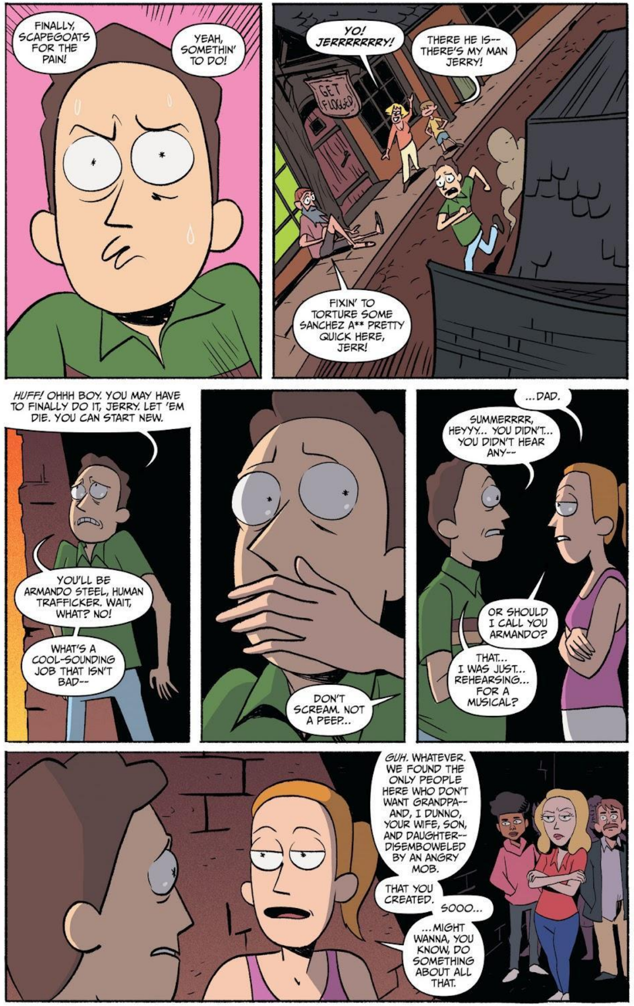


UGH. I HAVEN'T BEEN COVERED IN THIS MUCH VISCOUS FLUID SINCE BIRDPERSON'S BACHELOR PARTY.
WH-WHERE ARE WE? DID WE MAKE IT?
MAKE IT? IF BY MAKE IT YOU MEAN "ABSOLUTELY NOT MAKE IT," THEN YES. CONGRATULATIONS, SIR MORTY OF MINIMAL EFFORT.
WE'RE IN THE STOMACH. GETTING SWALLOWED WAS THE EASY PART.
SNF SNF
H-HEY. DON'T GO BREAKING ON ME NOW, MORTY. WE'VE BEEN EATEN A BUNCH OF TIMES. REMEMBER HOW FUN IT WAS?
IT'S NOT THAT, RICK.
I JUST REMEMBERED THE TIME SUMMER DARED ME TO EAT OUR OLD GOLDFISH, FIN DIESEL.
HE WAS STILL ALIVE.
NOW ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS WHAT HE WENT THROUGH. ALL SO I COULD SHUT SUMMER UP.
HE MUST HAVE BEEN SO SCARED. AND NOW--NOW I'M SUFFERING THE SAME FATE.
I F**KED UP SO BAD. I'M SO SORRY, FIN DIESEL!
♫AMAZINGGG GRACE... HOW SWEEET--♫
SIGH. I'M CERTAIN FIN DIESEL IS IN ANIMAL HEAVEN, MORTY. THEY ALL END UP THERE.
EVEN THE ONES THAT TEAR YOUR FACE OFF AT THE ZOO.
R-REALLY?
NO! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS HEAVEN! OR HELL.
PLUS, WHO GIVES A S**T, MORTY! FISH DON'T F**KING REMEMBER ANYTHING!
WELCOME...
SNIFF IT UP, MORTY. DON'T LET THESE STOMACH-FOLK SEE YOUR WEAKNESS.
UHH, YEAH. HEY. HI. LOOK, WE JUST WANT TO GET OUT--
I AM POLYP SORVINO. YOUR LAST POINT OF CONTACT FROM HERE TO ETERNITY... MEANING "BUTTHOLE."
BEYOND THESE LININGS AWAIT THE THIRD TRIAL CHOSEN FOR YOU.

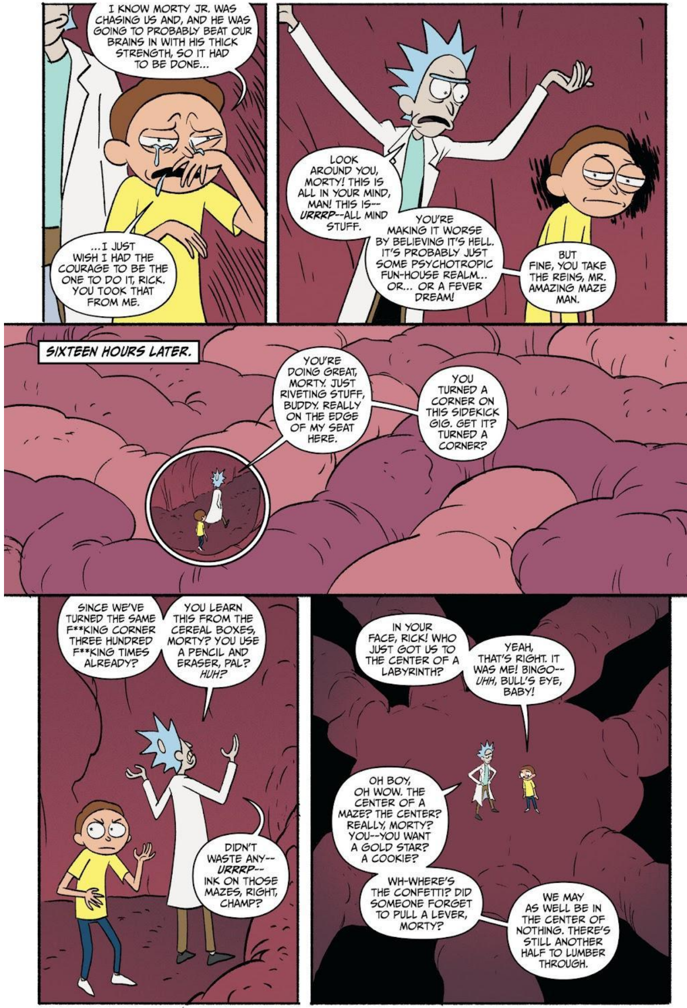


PLEASE, ENTER SHOULD YOU WISH TO SAVE YOURSELF AN ETERNITY OF EROSION FROM BILE IN HERE.
ALSO, I'M AN INTROVERT, PLEASE LEAVE.
"...AND TAKE GREAT CAUTION--THE INTESTINES OF MADNESS HOLD MANY MYSTERIES... AND REVELATIONS. MWA-HA--AHH, THEY'RE GONE, OKAY."
GREAT, JUST WHAT WE NEED--ANOTHER F**KING MAZE INSIDE A BODY.
INTELLIGENT DESIGN, MY A**. "OKAY, COOL, HERE'S A F**KLOAD OF S**TTY TUBES, LET'S JUST BALL IT ALL UP AND STUFF IT INSIDE A BAG OF MEAT."
THIS IS IT? THIS IS THE TRIAL? A STINKY OLD-A** MAZE?
I'M AWESOME AT THOSE, RICK. M-MAYBE FOR ONCE I CAN GET US OUT OF--
I WOULDN'T GET TOO COCKY, MORTY. THIS--URRRRRP--ISN'T THE BACK OF A CEREAL BOX.
I'M MR. MEESEEKS, LOOK AT... THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS!
YOU EXPLOITED MY SPECIES FOR DECADES! IMPRISONED US WITH UNQUANTIFIABLE TASKS!
THE BLOOD OF A THOUSAND MEESEEKS STAINS YOUR SOULS, AND NOW YOU GOTTA ANSWER FOR YOUR--
WHOA, RICK--THAT ZOMBIE MEESEEKS HAS A POINT... M-MAYBE WE SHOULD ACKNOWLEDGE OUR PART IN--
F**K THAT, MORTY. I HIRED THE UNGRATEFUL BASTARDS, I CAN FIRE 'EM, TOO!
WAIT... YOU SAID ZOMBIE?

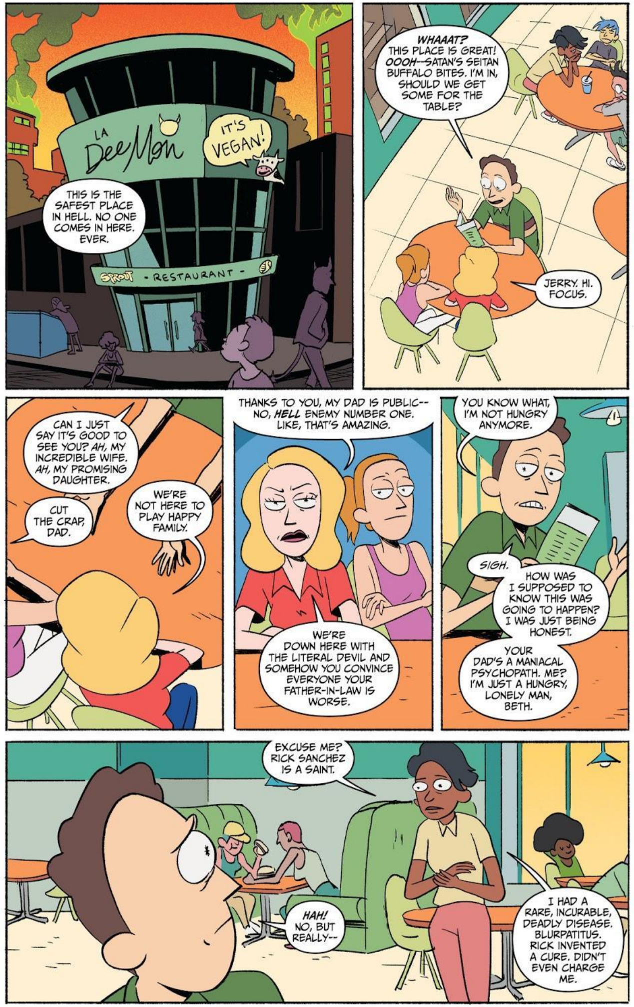

BETH? SUMMER?
AHHH, GREAT. JUSSST GREAT. YOU CHASED YOUR FAMILY AWAY BY TELLING THE TRUTH, AND WHERE DID IT GET YOU?
CRAWLING BACK WITH YOUR TAIL 'TWEEN YOUR LEGS TO SAVE THEIR LIVES.
WHY DOES THE UNIVERSE SEEM SO CONTENT IN CUCKOLDING MY LIFE?!
I'M JUST TRYING TO WALK THE STRAIGHT 'N' NARROW HERE! DO THE RIGHT THING! A SQUIRREL LOOKIN' FOR HIS NUT!
YOU LISTENING, GOD?!
HEY, FRIEND. WE DON'T USE THE "G-WORD" 'ROUND HERE. BIG MAN DOES NOT LIKE IT, DOES NOT LIKE IT AT ALL.
OKAY, ADD IT TO THE LAUNDRY LIST OF THINGS JERRY CAN'T DO.
WHOA-- YOU'RE JERRY?
OH MAN, WE HEARD ABOUT YOU! YOU'RE THE TRUTH-BRINGER! YOU'RE, LIKE, A PROPHET!
WE ALL JUST KIND OF THOUGHT WE WERE, LIKE, REALLY BAD PEOPLE WHO ENDED UP HERE...
...BUT YOU PROVED US WRONG. MADE US SEE THAT IT WASN'T US--IT WAS THE MACHINATIONS OF A CRAZY, OLD, DRUNK SCIENTIST.
YOU STOOD UP TO HIM, REJECTED YOUR OWN FAMILY, AND GAVE US PURPOSE--AN OUTLET TO FOCUS OUR EFFORTS.
LOOK, YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE, WELL-MEANING COUPLE OF HIPPIE-DIPPIES, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER, HAVE YOU SEEN--
HELP US FIND THEM, JERRY! SO THAT WE CAN SPEND THE REST OF ETERNITY TORMENTING THEM FOR SWEET, SWEET RETRIBUTION!
OH F**K MY FACE, PEOPLE ARE REALLY TALKING NOW. YOU'VE REALLLLY DONE IT FOR REAL NOW, JERRY.
HEYYY, LOOK AT THE TIME--UHHH, I GOT A... THING... A MANI-PEDI... TO... ATTEND TO.
HEY, JERRY! HOLD UP! TELL US MORE ABOUT RICK!
TELL US ALL ABOUT HOW YOU SEEK JUSTICE AGAINST HIM AND HIS OFFSPRING ALL THE SAME!

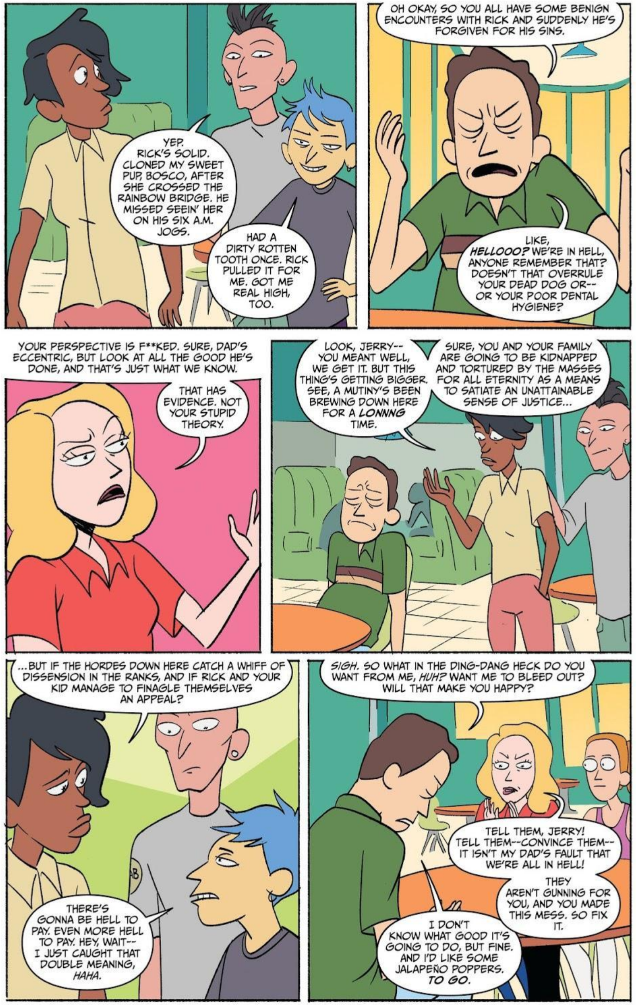

FINALLY, SCAPEGOATS FOR THE PAIN!
YEAH, SOMETHIN' TO DO!
YO! JERRRRRRRY!
THERE HE IS-- THERE'S MY MAN JERRY!
GET FLOGGED
FIXIN' TO TORTURE SOME SANCHEZ A** PRETTY QUICK HERE, JERR!
HUFF! OHHH BOY. YOU MAY HAVE TO FINALLY DO IT, JERRY. LET 'EM DIE. YOU CAN START NEW.
YOU'LL BE ARMANDO STEEL, HUMAN TRAFFICKER. WAIT, WHAT? NO!
WHAT'S A COOL-SOUNDING JOB THAT ISN'T BAD--
DON'T SCREAM. NOT A PEEP...
...DAD.
SUMMERRRR, HEYYY... YOU DIDN'T... YOU DIDN'T HEAR ANY--
OR SHOULD I CALL YOU ARMANDO?
THAT... I WAS JUST... REHEARSING... FOR A MUSICAL?
GUH. WHATEVER. WE FOUND THE ONLY PEOPLE HERE WHO DON'T WANT GRANDPA-- AND, I DUNNO, YOUR WIFE, SON, AND DAUGHTER-- DISEMBOWELED BY AN ANGRY MOB.
THAT YOU CREATED.
SOOO...
...MIGHT WANNA, YOU KNOW, DO SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THAT.

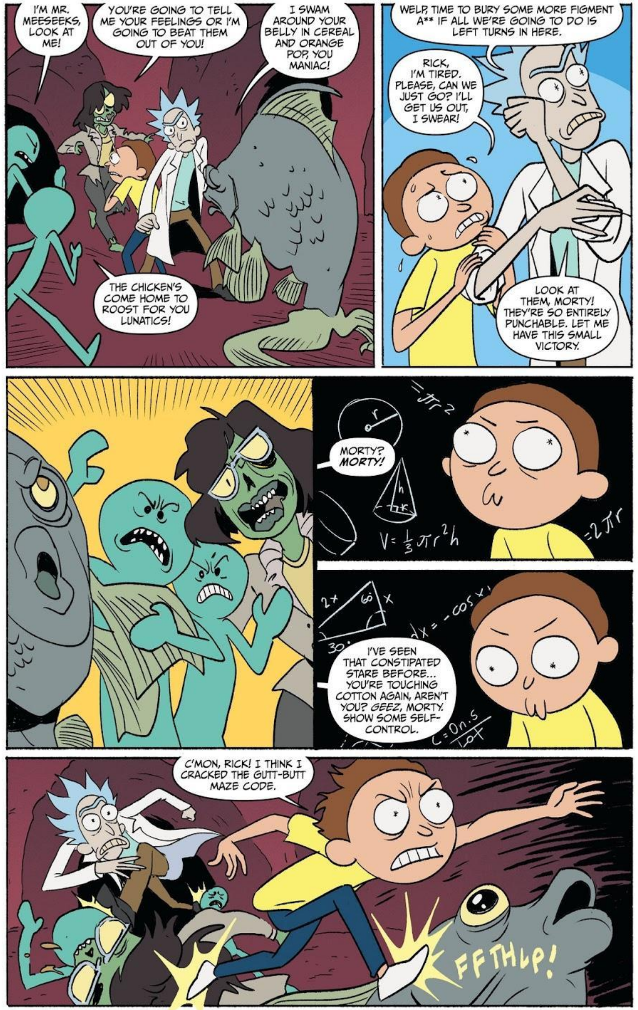

RUN FASTER, MORTY! PUT THAT MASSIVE *FIVEHEAD* OF YOURS INTO IT!
THIS-- THIS IS MY BIGGEST FEAR COME BACK TO HAUNT ME...
YOU LEFT ME! YOU NEVER CARED! I DIDN'T ASK TO BE CREATED! ABANDONMENT!
...MY LONG-ESTRANGED SEX-BOT LOVE-CHILD!
THAT THING'S HOT ON OUR HEELS, MORTY. THIS IS A MAZE-- WE CAN'T OUTRUN YOUR KID.
WHAT-- WHAT'RE YOU SAYING, RICK?
I HAVE TO DO THE ONE THING YOU WON'T DO, MORTY...
...SOMETHING A MILLION PARENTS DREAM OF...
?!
!
...I GOTTA KILL THE FRUIT OF YOUR LOINS, MORTY!
UHN!
KREAK
AN ABSENTEE TEENAGE FATHER SHOULD NEVER HAVE TO BURY HIS FREAKISH ALIEN SON.
RELAX, SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS. YOU HAD ONE KID. WITH A SEX ROBOT. THAT'S, LIKE, HALF A KID.
BARELY, EVEN. YOUR SPERM'S PR-- *URRRP*--OBABLY WEAK AS S**T. HELL, LOOK AT HOW YOU RUN-- AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN YOUR PRIME.


I KNOW MORTY JR. WAS CHASING US AND, AND HE WAS GOING TO PROBABLY BEAT OUR BRAINS IN WITH HIS THICK STRENGTH, SO IT HAD TO BE DONE...
...I JUST WISH I HAD THE COURAGE TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT, RICK. YOU TOOK THAT FROM ME.
LOOK AROUND YOU, MORTY! THIS IS ALL IN YOUR MIND, MAN! THIS IS-- *URRRP*--ALL MIND STUFF.
YOU'RE MAKING IT WORSE BY BELIEVING IT'S HELL. IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME PSYCHOTROPIC FUN-HOUSE REALM.. OR... OR A FEVER DREAM!
BUT FINE, YOU TAKE THE REINS, MR. AMAZING MAZE MAN.
SIXTEEN HOURS LATER.
YOU'RE DOING GREAT, MORTY. JUST RIVETING STUFF, BUDDY. REALLY ON THE EDGE OF MY SEAT HERE.
YOU TURNED A CORNER ON THIS SIDEKICK GIG. GET IT? TURNED A CORNER?
SINCE WE'VE TURNED THE SAME F**KING CORNER THREE HUNDRED F**KING TIMES ALREADY?
YOU LEARN THIS FROM THE CEREAL BOXES, MORTY? YOU USE A PENCIL AND ERASER, PAL? *HUH?*
DIDN'T WASTE ANY-- *URRRP*-- INK ON THOSE MAZES, RIGHT, CHAMP?
IN YOUR FACE, RICK! WHO JUST GOT US TO THE CENTER OF A LABYRINTH?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. IT WAS ME! BINGO-- *UHH*, BULL'S EYE, BABY!
OH BOY, OH WOW. THE CENTER OF A MAZE? THE CENTER? REALLY, MORTY? YOU--YOU WANT A GOLD STAR? A COOKIE?
WH-WHERE'S THE CONFETTI? DID SOMEONE FORGET TO PULL A LEVER, MORTY?
WE MAY AS WELL BE IN THE CENTER OF NOTHING. THERE'S STILL ANOTHER HALF TO LUMBER THROUGH.

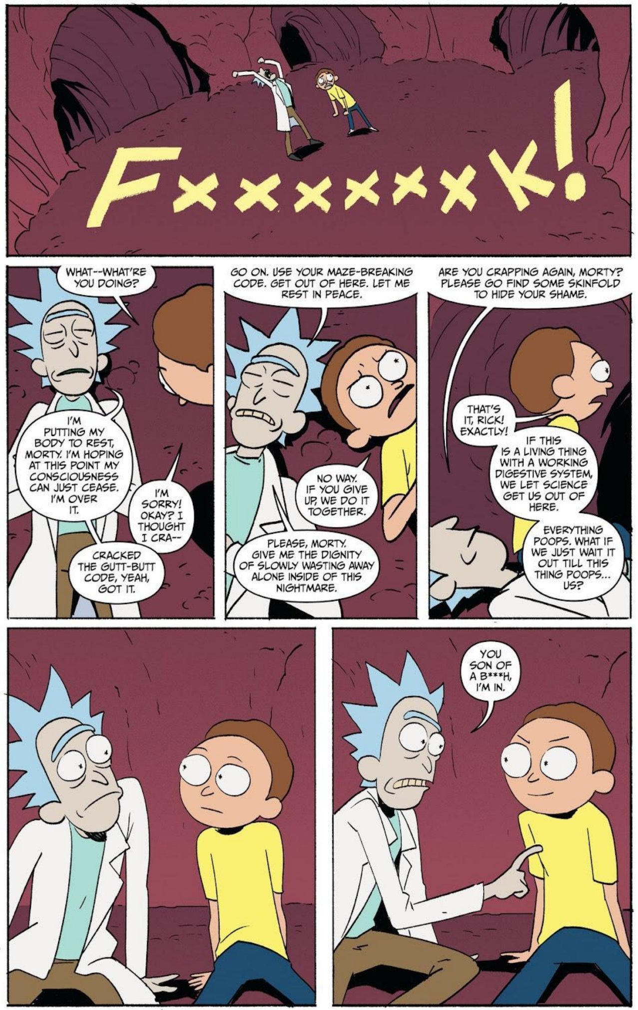

WHOA, OKAY. CHILL OUT, RICK. WE'RE STILL IN THE MAZE, I GET IT.
ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, AT LEAST THERE'S NO MORE WEIRD, VENGEFUL THINGS FROM OUR PAST CHASING US.
HEH, THE ONLY THING HOLDING US BACK IS US. F-FUNNY, RIGHT?
I'M MR. MEESEEKS, LOOK AT ME!
WE KNOW JUST HOW MANY OF US YOU LEFT BEHIND, RICK! WE'RE STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE-- SUFFERING IN THE DARK VOID OF SPACE AND TIME!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN ADULT, MR. SANCHEZ... YOU'VE SKIRTED YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES AS A PARENT...
...NIHILISM ISN'T AN EXCUSE ANYMORE!
I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME, MORTY. I WAS YOUR FIRST. I WOULD'VE BEEN LOYAL TO YOU!
YOU SWALLOWED ME UP. I LIVED IN YOUR BELLY FOR SEVEN YEARS!
FANNNTASTIC. YOU JUST HAD TO TEMP FATE, DIDN'T YOU?
OH, SO YOU BELIEVE IN STUFF LIKE FATE IF IT'S MY FAULT?
F**K YOU, MORTY.


LA DeeMon
IT'S VEGAN!
THIS IS THE SAFEST PLACE IN HELL. NO ONE COMES IN HERE. EVER.
SPROUT - RESTAURANT -
WHAAAT? THIS PLACE IS GREAT! OOOH--SATAN'S SEITAN BUFFALO BITES. I'M IN, SHOULD WE GET SOME FOR THE TABLE?
JERRY. HI. FOCUS.
CAN I JUST SAY IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU? AH, MY INCREDIBLE WIFE. AH, MY PROMISING DAUGHTER.
CUT THE CRAP, DAD.
WE'RE NOT HERE TO PLAY HAPPY FAMILY.
THANKS TO YOU, MY DAD IS PUBLIC-- NO, HELL ENEMY NUMBER ONE. LIKE, THAT'S AMAZING.
WE'RE DOWN HERE WITH THE LITERAL DEVIL AND SOMEHOW YOU CONVINCE EVERYONE YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW IS WORSE.
YOU KNOW WHAT, I'M NOT HUNGRY ANYMORE.
SIGH.
HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN? I WAS JUST BEING HONEST.
YOUR DAD'S A MANIACAL PSYCHOPATH. ME? I'M JUST A HUNGRY, LONELY MAN, BETH.
EXCUSE ME? RICK SANCHEZ IS A SAINT.
HAH! NO, BUT REALLY--
I HAD A RARE, INCURABLE, DEADLY DISEASE. BLURPATITUS. RICK INVENTED A CURE. DIDN'T EVEN CHARGE ME.


YEP. RICK'S SOLID. CLONED MY SWEET PUP, BOSCO, AFTER SHE CROSSED THE RAINBOW BRIDGE. HE MISSED SEEIN' HER ON HIS SIX A.M. JOGS.
HAD A DIRTY ROTTEN TOOTH ONCE. RICK PULLED IT FOR ME. GOT ME REAL HIGH, TOO.
OH OKAY, SO YOU ALL HAVE SOME BENIGN ENCOUNTERS WITH RICK AND SUDDENLY HE'S FORGIVEN FOR HIS SINS.
LIKE, ***HELLOOO?*** WE'RE IN HELL, ANYONE REMEMBER THAT? DOESN'T THAT OVERRULE YOUR DEAD DOG OR-- OR YOUR POOR DENTAL HYGIENE?
YOUR PERSPECTIVE IS F**KED. SURE, DAD'S ECCENTRIC, BUT LOOK AT ALL THE GOOD HE'S DONE, AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE KNOW.
THAT HAS EVIDENCE. NOT YOUR STUPID THEORY.
LOOK, JERRY-- YOU MEANT WELL, WE GET IT. BUT THIS THING'S GETTING BIGGER. SEE, A MUTINY'S BEEN BREWING DOWN HERE FOR A ***LONNNG*** TIME.
SURE, YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE GOING TO BE KIDNAPPED AND TORTURED BY THE MASSES FOR ALL ETERNITY AS A MEANS TO SATIATE AN UNATTAINABLE SENSE OF JUSTICE...
...BUT IF THE HORDES DOWN HERE CATCH A WHIFF OF DISSENSION IN THE RANKS, AND IF RICK AND YOUR KID MANAGE TO FINAGLE THEMSELVES AN APPEAL?
THERE'S GONNA BE HELL TO PAY. EVEN MORE HELL TO PAY. HEY, WAIT-- I JUST CAUGHT THAT DOUBLE MEANING, *HAHA.*
SIGH. SO WHAT IN THE DING-DANG HECK DO YOU WANT FROM ME, *HUH?* WANT ME TO BLEED OUT? WILL THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY?
TELL THEM, JERRY! TELL THEM--CONVINCE THEM-- IT ISN'T MY DAD'S FAULT THAT WE'RE ALL IN HELL!
THEY AREN'T GUNNING FOR YOU, AND YOU MADE THIS MESS. SO FIX IT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT'S GOING TO DO, BUT FINE. AND I'D LIKE SOME JALAPEÑO POPPERS. ***TO GO.***


I'M MR. MEESEEKS, LOOK AT ME!
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME YOUR FEELINGS OR I'M GOING TO BEAT THEM OUT OF YOU!
I SWAM AROUND YOUR BELLY IN CEREAL AND ORANGE POP, YOU MANIAC!
THE CHICKEN'S COME HOME TO ROOST FOR YOU LUNATICS!
WELP, TIME TO BURY SOME MORE FIGMENT A** IF ALL WE'RE GOING TO DO IS LEFT TURNS IN HERE.
RICK, I'M TIRED. PLEASE, CAN WE JUST GO? I'LL GET US OUT, I SWEAR!
LOOK AT THEM, MORTY! THEY'RE SO ENTIRELY PUNCHABLE. LET ME HAVE THIS SMALL VICTORY.
MORTY? ***MORTY!***
I'VE SEEN THAT CONSTIPATED STARE BEFORE... YOU'RE TOUCHING COTTON AGAIN, AREN'T YOU? *GEEZ,* MORTY. SHOW SOME SELF-CONTROL.
C'MON, RICK! I THINK I CRACKED THE GUTT-BUTT MAZE CODE.
FFTHLP!

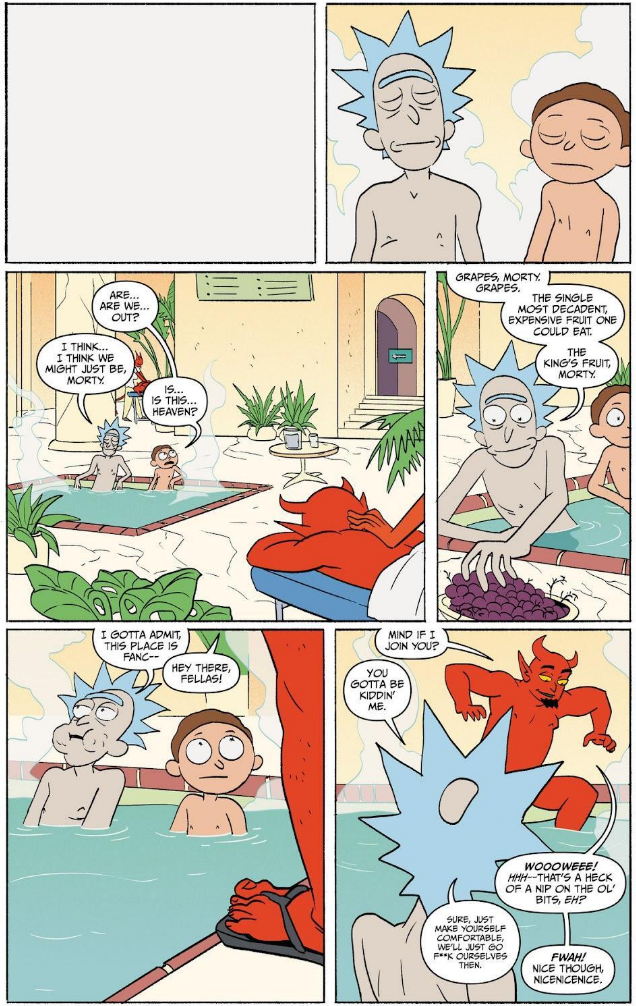



Fxxxxxxk!
WHAT--WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
I'M PUTTING MY BODY TO REST, MORTY. I'M HOPING AT THIS POINT MY CONSCIOUSNESS CAN JUST CEASE. I'M OVER IT.
I'M SORRY! OKAY? I THOUGHT I CRA--
CRACKED THE GUTT-BUTT CODE, YEAH, GOT IT.
GO ON. USE YOUR MAZE-BREAKING CODE. GET OUT OF HERE. LET ME REST IN PEACE.
NO WAY. IF YOU GIVE UP, WE DO IT TOGETHER.
PLEASE, MORTY. GIVE ME THE DIGNITY OF SLOWLY WASTING AWAY ALONE INSIDE OF THIS NIGHTMARE.
ARE YOU CRAPPING AGAIN, MORTY? PLEASE GO FIND SOME SKINFOLD TO HIDE YOUR SHAME.
THAT'S IT, RICK! EXACTLY!
IF THIS IS A LIVING THING WITH A WORKING DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, WE LET SCIENCE GET US OUT OF HERE.
EVERYTHING POOPS. WHAT IF WE JUST WAIT IT OUT TILL THIS THING POOPS... US?
YOU SON OF A B***H, I'M IN.

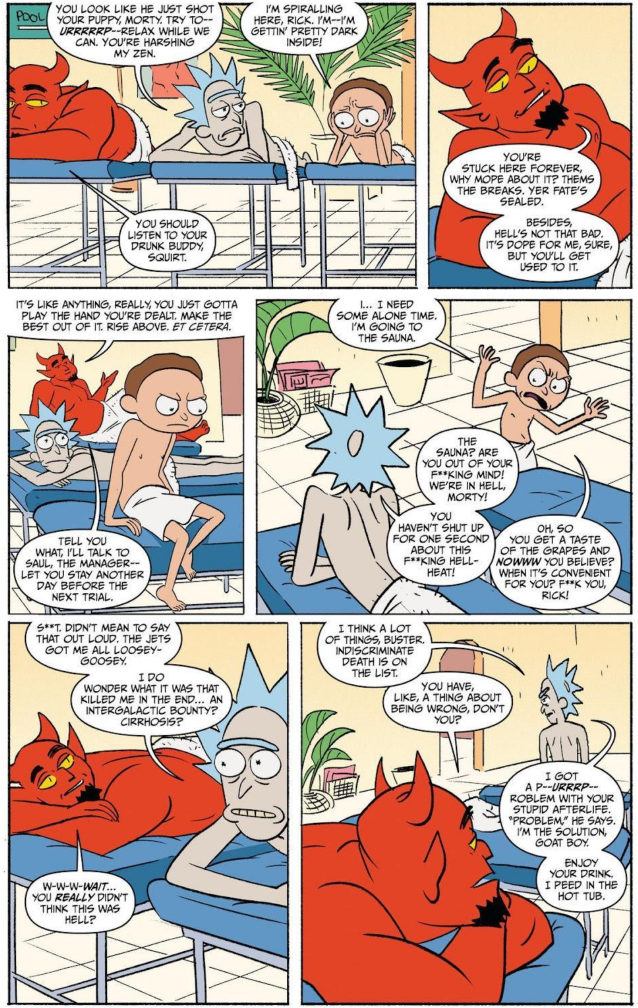

NO MORE RICK! NO MORE RICK!
THE BLOODLINE MUST BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE!
THEY PROBABLY *ALL* SUCK!
SHOULD WE BE, LIKE, STOPPING THIS? YOU GOT YOUR MANUAL ON YOU? WAIT, NO, I CAN'T READ, NEVER MIND.
MANUAL? WAIT, THERE'S, LIKE, *TRAINING?* BRO, I WAS A HUGE PIECE OF S**T IN HIGH SCHOOL, THEY JUST LET ME DO WHAT I WANTED.
WELLLLL, CRAP.
HEYYY. WHAT'S... WHAT'S THE HAPS... HERE?
HAVING A LITTLE TAILGATE OR SOMETHING?
GOOO, DEVILS! *HAHA.* RIGHT?
KOFF.
HEY Y'ALL, IT'S JERRY! HE'S THE ONE THAT OPENED OUR EYES TO THE TRUTH!
C'MON, JERRY! WE'RE FIRIN' UP THE TROOPS! GONNA GET US SOME GOOD OL' FASHIONED REVENGE!


HEH, FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, AND ABOUT THAT, SEE, HERE'S THE THING...
...HAVE A THINK ON THIS-- AND HEAR ME OUT, OKAY? JUST BEAR WITH ME.
GRR! THAT'S A BEAR SOUND, *HAHA,* LIKE A BEAR'S WITH ME.
AHEM.
SOMETHIN' YOU WANT TO TELL US, JERRY?
YEAH, JERRY. YOU SEEM KINDA OFF, JERRY.
HE WAS FULL'A PISS 'N' VINEGAR BEFORE! NOW HE'S A MOUSY LI'L B***H!
NOW NOW, EASY, EASSSY. YOU'RE ALL FIRED UP, I GET IT. SEE, BUT HERE'S THE DEAL, HERE'S THE SITCH--THE SITCH-U-EENO--THE SITUATION.
I... WAS WRONG.
RICK DIDN'T DO IT. HE DIDN'T, LIKE, BLOW UP THE EARTH OR SOMETHING AND SEND US ALL TO HELL.
RICK DIDN'T DO ANYTHING BAD. IN FACT, HE'S DONE SO MUCH GOOD, HE SHOULD BE IN HEAVEN!
RICK SANCHEZ IS AN ANGEL IN THIS WORLD IF THERE EVER WAS ONE, AND HIS FAMILY IS, TOO, AND THEY SHOULD BE REWARDED, NOT HUNTED AND TORMENTED FOR ALL ETERNITY.
SOOOO, YEAH... PACK 'ER UP, RICK'S GOOD, EVERYONE!
H-HOLD UP HOLD UP HOLD UP HOLD UP HOLD UP HOLD UP.
YEAH, HOLD UP. HOOOLD THE F**K UP.
RICK! SUCKS!
HOLD UP HERE NOW, JERRY-- YOU TELLIN' US RICK AIN'T THE CAUSE? YOU TELLIN' US YOU'RE ON HIS SIDE NOW?
HAH, PUMP THE BRAKES, IT'S NOT LIKE--
NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING! IT'S ME! JERRY! GOOD OL' JERR-JERR!
NOOO!


THIS IS IT, RICK! THE BIG ONE!
FINALLY.
THIS SANDWORM NEEDS SOME MORE FIBER. YEESH.
HOLD ON, MORTY! HERE COMES THE POONAMI!
SPLOOSH!
DON'T LET THE WAVE HIT YOUR LIPS, MORTY! THE POO PARTICLES WILL BE EVERYWHERE!
TO FREEDOMMM!
WWAAAWWW!


ARE... ARE WE... OUT?
I THINK... I THINK WE MIGHT JUST BE, MORTY.
IS... IS THIS... HEAVEN?
GRAPES, MORTY. GRAPES.
THE SINGLE MOST DECADENT, EXPENSIVE FRUIT ONE COULD EAT.
THE KING'S FRUIT, MORTY.
I GOTTA ADMIT, THIS PLACE IS FANC--
HEY THERE, FELLAS!
MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME.
WOOOWEEE! HHH--THAT'S A HECK OF A NIP ON THE OL' BITS, EH?
SURE, JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. WE'LL JUST GO F**K OURSELVES THEN.
FWAH! NICE THOUGH, NICENICENICE.


AHHH... HITS THE SPOT, HITS THE SPOT. THOSE JETS, RIGHT?
HEY, PAL. NO OFFENSE OR NOTHING... BUT WHAT ARE YOU?
I'M RELAXED NOW, HEH. WHAT A WEEK.
NO, LIKE... ARE YOU GOLGARNITHAN? A VELDAAR?
HUH? WHAT?
BRO. YOU NEW?
FULL-BLOODED DEMON. I'M IN ACCOUNTING. IT'S FREAKING GREAT, BRO.
SO WE DIDN'T JUST GET CONSUMED BY A GIANT SAND MONSTER AND DIGESTED, OUR TERRIBLE FATE SERVING AS PERSONAL SACRIFICE EARNING US A SPOT IN HEAVEN? HAH.
Y'ALL HAD ONE OF THESE YET? PEENER COOLOTTA, I THINK. S'GOOD.
ANYWAY, NAH--YER STILL IN HELL. C'MON, NOW. THIS IS THE FOURTH TRIAL OF APPEALS. THE SPA.
IT'S ACTUALLY SUPER-NICE, RIGHT?
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. STILL IN HELL. SIGH.
SATAN BELIEVES IN REJUVENATION--SAYS IT MAKES THE INEVITABLE TORTURE THAT MUCH MORE FULFILLING FOR HIM.


POOL
YOU LOOK LIKE HE JUST SHOT YOUR PUPPY, MORTY. TRY TO--URRRRRP--RELAX WHILE WE CAN. YOU'RE HARSHING MY ZEN.
I'M SPIRALLING HERE, RICK. I'M--I'M GETTIN' PRETTY DARK INSIDE!
YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO YOUR DRUNK BUDDY, SQUIRT.
YOU'RE STUCK HERE FOREVER, WHY MOPE ABOUT IT? THEMS THE BREAKS. YER FATE'S SEALED.
BESIDES, HELL'S NOT THAT BAD. IT'S DOPE FOR ME, SURE, BUT YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
IT'S LIKE ANYTHING, REALLY, YOU JUST GOTTA PLAY THE HAND YOU'RE DEALT. MAKE THE BEST OUT OF IT. RISE ABOVE. ET CETERA.
TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL TALK TO SAUL, THE MANAGER--LET YOU STAY ANOTHER DAY BEFORE THE NEXT TRIAL.
I... I NEED SOME ALONE TIME. I'M GOING TO THE SAUNA.
THE SAUNA? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR F**KING MIND! WE'RE IN HELL, MORTY!
YOU HAVEN'T SHUT UP FOR ONE SECOND ABOUT THIS F**KING HELL-HEAT!
OH, SO YOU GET A TASTE OF THE GRAPES AND NOWWW YOU BELIEVE? WHEN IT'S CONVENIENT FOR YOU? F**K YOU, RICK!
S**T. DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY THAT OUT LOUD. THE JETS GOT ME ALL LOOSEY-GOOSEY.
I DO WONDER WHAT IT WAS THAT KILLED ME IN THE END... AN INTERGALACTIC BOUNTY? CIRRHOSIS?
W-W-W-WAIT... YOU REALLY DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS HELL?
I THINK A LOT OF THINGS, BUSTER. INDISCRIMINATE DEATH IS ON THE LIST.
YOU HAVE, LIKE, A THING ABOUT BEING WRONG, DON'T YOU?
I GOT A P--URRRP--ROBLEM WITH YOUR STUPID AFTERLIFE. "PROBLEM," HE SAYS. I'M THE SOLUTION, GOAT BOY.
ENJOY YOUR DRINK. I PEED IN THE HOT TUB.



NEXT HELLISH ISSUE IN STORES

SEPTEMBER 23rd, 2020



AUGUST PET OF THE MONTH



NAME: Boo Radley

MOM: Jasmine Amiri, Senior Editor

AGE: 10 Years Old

WEIGHT: 16 lbs. (Maine Coons run large!)

FAVORITE THINGS: Friskies, cuddles, meeting new humans

IF YOU COULD CAST AN ACTOR TO PLAY YOU IN *CATS*, WHO WOULD IT BE: Brad Leland, a.k.a. Buddy Garrity from *Friday Night Lights*

I HAVE PERFECTED: Pawing Mom's head gently enough to not scratch her, but with enough force to wake her up at 5:00 AM every morning, on the dot



ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

JAKE ELPHICK is an artist from the UK. He began his career in comics working on a mini-series based on the Emmy-nominated animated comedy, *SuperMansion* with Titan Comics. He then went on to work with Mark Millar after winning a worldwide talent search competition, appearing in the Millarworld annual. Since then, he's worked with BOOM! Studios on WWE titles such as; *WWE: Wrestlemania Special* and *WWE: NXT Takeover*. Jake is currently illustrating the high octane, action-adventure *Backtrack* for Oni Press.


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Rick and Morty

Go to Hell

ISSUE #4

WRITTEN BY **RYAN FERRIER** ILLUSTRATED BY **CONSTANZA OROZA**
COLORED BY **SARAH STERN** LETTERED BY **CRANK!**

EDITED BY **SARAH GAYDOS** AND **ROBERT MEYERS** DESIGNED BY **ANGIE KNOWLES**

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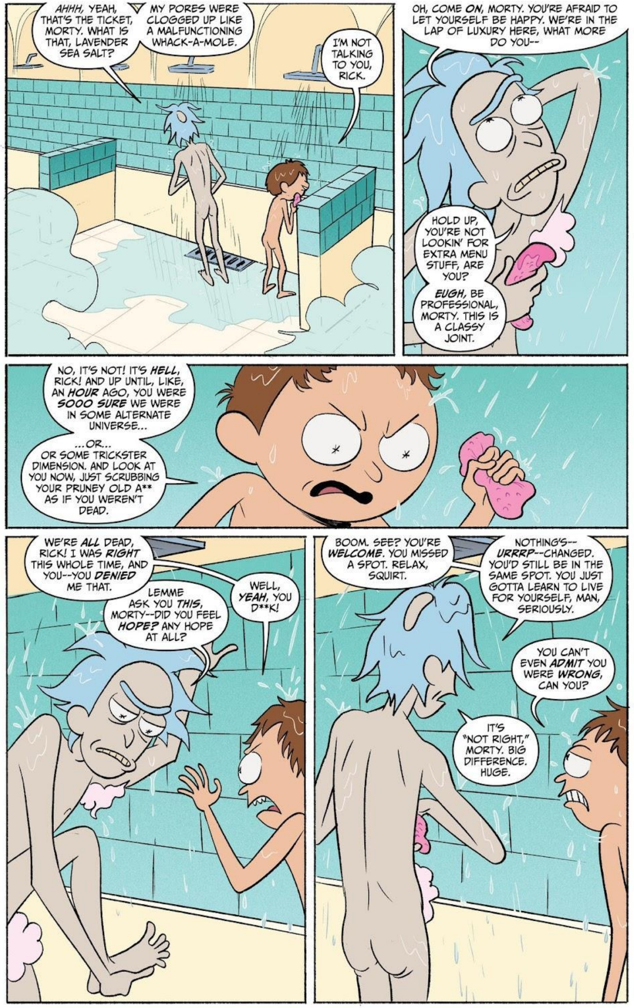


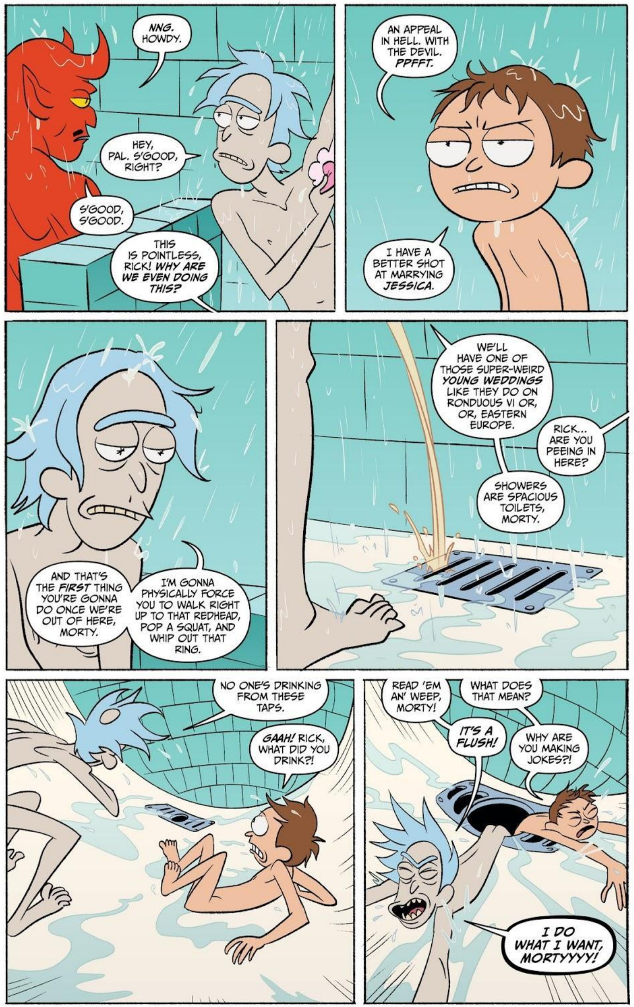
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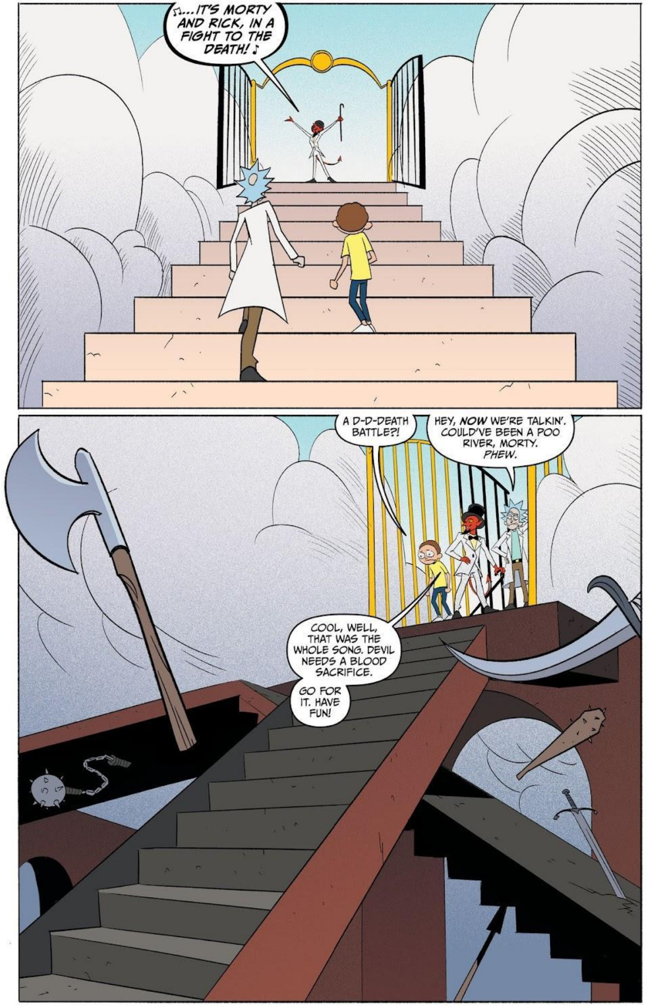



NNG. HOWDY.
HEY, PAL. S'GOOD, RIGHT?
S'GOOD, S'GOOD.
THIS IS POINTLESS, RICK! WHY ARE WE EVEN DOING THIS?
AN APPEAL IN HELL. WITH THE DEVIL. PPFFT.
I HAVE A BETTER SHOT AT MARRYING JESSICA.
AND THAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'RE GONNA DO ONCE WE'RE OUT OF HERE, MORTY.
I'M GONNA PHYSICALLY FORCE YOU TO WALK RIGHT UP TO THAT REDHEAD, POP A SQUAT, AND WHIP OUT THAT RING.
WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THOSE SUPER-WEIRD YOUNG WEDDINGS LIKE THEY DO ON RONDUOUS VI OR, OR, EASTERN EUROPE.
RICK... ARE YOU PEEING IN HERE?
SHOWERS ARE SPACIOUS TOILETS, MORTY.
NO ONE'S DRINKING FROM THESE TAPS.
GAAH! RICK, WHAT DID YOU DRINK?!
READ 'EM AN' WEEP, MORTY!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT'S A FLUSH!
WHY ARE YOU MAKING JOKES?!
I DO WHAT I WANT, MORTYYYY!


RICK? ARE YOU THERE?
I'M HAVING... DEJA VU. THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.
WAS IT ALL A DREAM?
YES... YES, MORTY. I AM HERE.
DEJA VU IS JUST A BRIEF SYNAPTIC MISFIRE.
SO... WE'RE NOT DEAD?
WHAT IS DEATH, MORTY? WHAT IS IT BUT A SWEET, SILENT REPRIEVE?
CAN THE DEAD TRULY FEEL? CAN THE DEAD EXPERIENCE? LIVE?
MOTHERF****R, WE'RE IN HEAVEN!
YOU SAID THAT ABOUT THE SPA, MORTY. PUT A LITTLE PRE-WRAPPED SOAP IN THE SHOWER AND YOU THINK YOU'VE REACHED THE PEARLY GATES.
YEAH, AND NO FUN. IF THIS IS HEAVEN, THERE IS A DISTINCT LACK OF THE FANFARE I WAS EXPECTING.
NO, LOOK AROUND... THERE'S CLOUDS. NO FIRE. NO SCREAMING. NO DEMONS.
NOPE. DEFINITELY STILL HELL.
♫ WELCOMMME! WELCOME, YOU'VE ARRIIIVED! ♪
SWOOOSH!
THERE'S THAT FANFARE, THOUGH. THAT'S A HELLUVA SUIT, MORTY.
ARE... ARE YOU... ARE YOU THE...
SPIT IT OUT, MORTY. YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME IN FRONT OF THIS DAPPER DEMON.
THE DEVIL?



ME? HIS UNHOLINESS? OH NO, MY UNFORTUNATE FRIENDS.
I AM BALAGORE THE SHARP, PURVEYOR OF PAIN AND YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES.
UHHH... OKAYYY.
CUT TO THE CHASE, WHEEL OF FORTUNE. WE'RE ON A SCHEDULE HERE. WHAT DO YOU NEED NOW, HUH?
A POO RIVER. WE GOTTA SWIM A POO RIVER, DON'T WE?
SIGH
I TOLD MYSELF I'D NEVER DO-- URRRP--IT AGAIN, BUT LET'S JUST GET IT OVER WITH.
♫YOUR FINAL TRIAL HAS JUST BEGUNNN!♪
♪IT'S FULL OF DEATH! AND BLOOD! AND FUN!♫
♫TO SEE THE BOSS, YOU MUST SUCCEED!♪
♪BUT DOING SO WILL MAKE YOU BLEED!♫
♫AN OFFERING YOU MUST OBTAIN!♪
♪FORGED IN BETRAYAL, REGRET, AND PAIN!♫
♫NOW LISTEN UP CLOSE, TO PASS THIS LAST TEST...♪



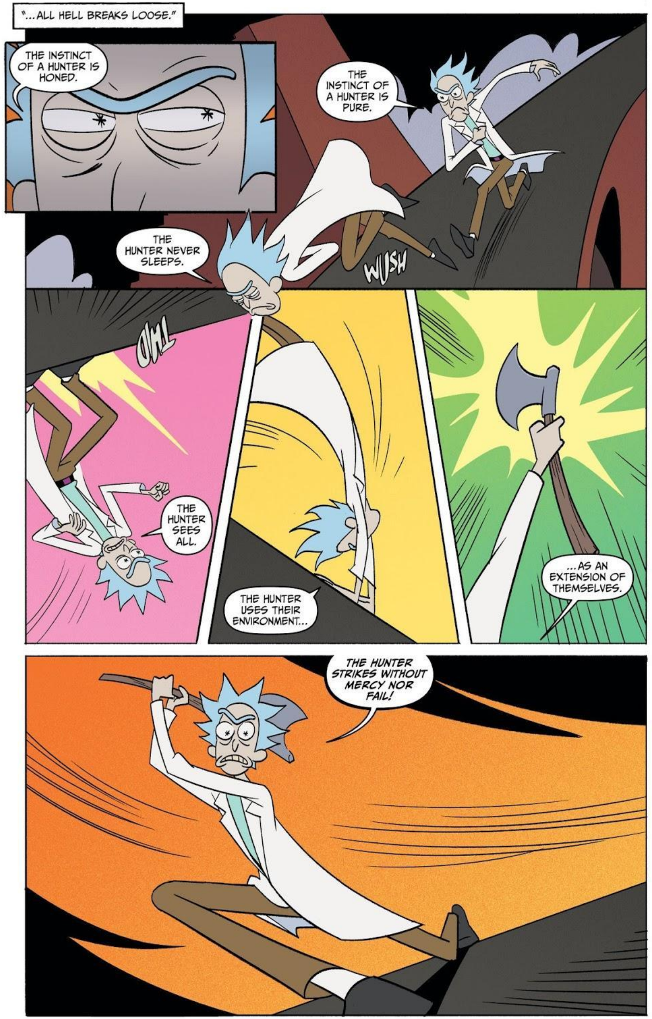
♫...IT'S MORTY AND RICK, IN A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!♪
A D-D-DEATH BATTLE?!
HEY, NOW WE'RE TALKIN'. COULD'VE BEEN A POO RIVER, MORTY. PHEW.
COOL, WELL, THAT WAS THE WHOLE SONG. DEVIL NEEDS A BLOOD SACRIFICE.
GO FOR IT. HAVE FUN!


YOU HAD ONE CHANCE, JERRY! ONE CHANCE!
YOU BLEW IT, DAD! THANK YOU SOOO MUCH!
I'M SORRY! HONEY, I APOLOGIZE DEEPLY.
I BROUGHT MY A GAME, AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THEY REALLY HAVE THEIR HEELS DUG IN ON THIS RICK STUFF, HEH.
HEY, 'SCUSE ME, SORRY TO BOTHER, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
UHHH... WE'RE ALL FIRED UP BECAUSE OF SOME A**HOLE, BUT NOW... I DUNNO.
JUST GOING WITH IT, HUH?
YEAH.
GREAT, COUNT ME IN.
THIS LOOKS... BAD. THIS IS BAD, RIGHT?
AH-YUP. REAL BAD.
I SWEAR TO SATAN THIS STUFF DOESN'T HAPPEN ON MY DAYS OFF. ALWAYS AT THE START OF MY WEEK.
F***ING MONDAYS.

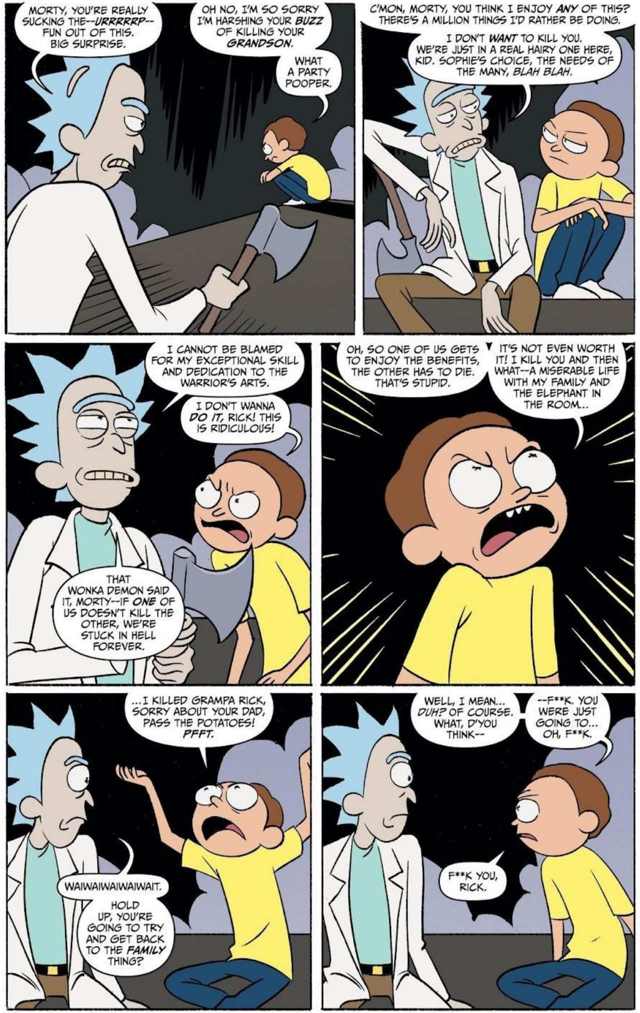

A LITTLE CRASS THERE, FELLAS. C'MON, NOW.
I MAY NOT AGREE WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT DAMN IT, I'LL DIE FOR YOUR RIGHT TO--
OCCUPY! HELL STREETS
RICK! RICK! HE'S A D**K!
RICK SOOOKS
HEY! RUMPUS TIME ISN'T UNTIL FRIDAY!
HELP! HELP ME! THESE LUNATICS TIED ME UP!
OH, BOY. GETTING A REAL MEAN LEAN, HERE.
WOO-HOO! HAHA! FREEBIRD! FREEEBIRRRRRR--
RICK? IDK HIM
SBFF!
EHHHH!

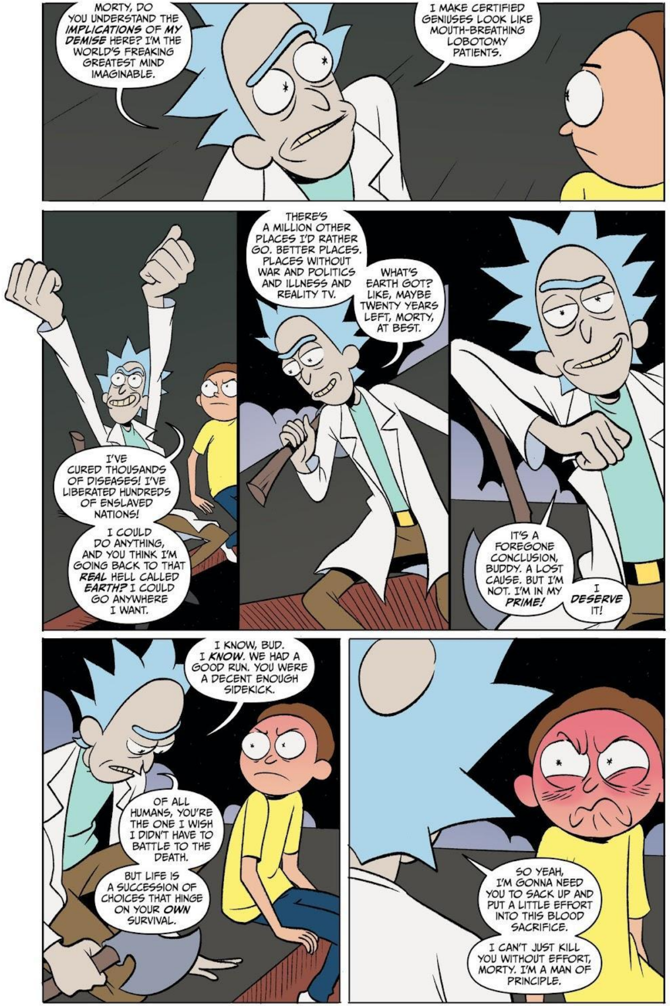


JUST WHAT I FEARED THE MOST.
GOT A TOOTHACHE TOO, HUH?
WHAT? NO. A REVOLT.
UMM, NOT TO BE THAT PERSON, BUT, LIKE, SO WHAT?
THIS IS HELL, ISN'T IT? SINCE WHEN DOES HELL HAVE RULES? ISN'T IT JUST ANARCHY ALL THE TIME?
OR, I'M SORRY, ARE WE SIMPLY IN A GOLDEN CORRAL?
HEY NOW, GOLDEN CORRAL IS WHERE QUANTITY AND AFFORDABILITY PLAY TOGETHER IN SCRUMPTIOUS SYMPHONY.
BUT SHE'S GOT A POINT THERE. THAT'S MY WHIP-SMART DAUGHTER SUMMER FOR YOU. HAH.
SHUT UP, JERRY.
HELL AIN'T AS FURY ROAD AS YOU THINK IT IS. LOOK AROUND, THERE'S VEGAN RESTAURANTS, DENTISTS...
THIS IS-- FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD-- A SOCIETY.
AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THAT SOCIETY IS THREATENED?
WE LEG WRESTLE. FOR SUPERIORITY. THE LOSERS ARE EXILED.
WHAT? JIMBO, NO.
WHEN THERE IS NO RULE IN HELL...



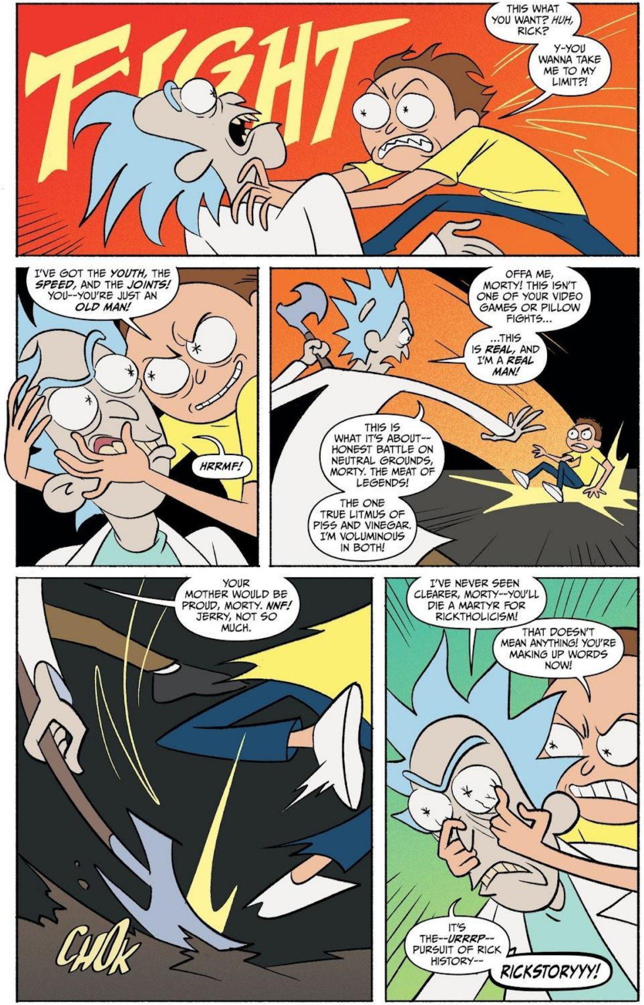
"...ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE."
THE INSTINCT OF A HUNTER IS HONED.
THE INSTINCT OF A HUNTER IS PURE.
THE HUNTER NEVER SLEEPS.
WUSH
THE HUNTER SEES ALL.
THE HUNTER USES THEIR ENVIRONMENT...
...AS AN EXTENSION OF THEMSELVES.
THE HUNTER STRIKES WITHOUT MERCY NOR FAIL!


MORTY, YOU'RE REALLY SUCKING THE--URRRRRP--FUN OUT OF THIS. BIG SURPRISE.
OH NO, I'M SO SORRY I'M HARSHING YOUR BUZZ OF KILLING YOUR GRANDSON.
WHAT A PARTY POOPER.
C'MON, MORTY, YOU THINK I ENJOY ANY OF THIS? THERE'S A MILLION THINGS I'D RATHER BE DOING.
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. WE'RE JUST IN A REAL HAIRY ONE HERE, KID. SOPHIE'S CHOICE, THE NEEDS OF THE MANY, BLAH BLAH.
I CANNOT BE BLAMED FOR MY EXCEPTIONAL SKILL AND DEDICATION TO THE WARRIOR'S ARTS.
I DON'T WANNA DO IT, RICK! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
THAT WONKA DEMON SAID IT, MORTY--IF ONE OF US DOESN'T KILL THE OTHER, WE'RE STUCK IN HELL FOREVER.
OH, SO ONE OF US GETS TO ENJOY THE BENEFITS, THE OTHER HAS TO DIE. THAT'S STUPID.
IT'S NOT EVEN WORTH IT! I KILL YOU AND THEN WHAT--A MISERABLE LIFE WITH MY FAMILY AND THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM...
...I KILLED GRAMPA RICK, SORRY ABOUT YOUR DAD, PASS THE POTATOES! PFFT.
WAIWAIWAIWAIWAIT.
HOLD UP, YOU'RE GOING TO TRY AND GET BACK TO THE FAMILY THING?
WELL, I MEAN... DUH? OF COURSE. WHAT, D'YOU THINK--
--F**K. YOU WERE JUST GOING TO... OH, F**K.
F**K YOU, RICK.


MORTY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE IMPLICATIONS OF MY DEMISE HERE? I'M THE WORLD'S FREAKING GREATEST MIND IMAGINABLE.
I MAKE CERTIFIED GENIUSES LOOK LIKE MOUTH-BREATHING LOBOTOMY PATIENTS.
I'VE CURED THOUSANDS OF DISEASES! I'VE LIBERATED HUNDREDS OF ENSLAVED NATIONS!
I COULD DO ANYTHING, AND YOU THINK I'M GOING BACK TO THAT REAL HELL CALLED EARTH? I COULD GO ANYWHERE I WANT.
THERE'S A MILLION OTHER PLACES I'D RATHER GO. BETTER PLACES. PLACES WITHOUT WAR AND POLITICS AND ILLNESS AND REALITY TV.
WHAT'S EARTH GOT? LIKE, MAYBE TWENTY YEARS LEFT, MORTY, AT BEST.
IT'S A FOREGONE CONCLUSION, BUDDY. A LOST CAUSE. BUT I'M NOT. I'M IN MY PRIME!
I DESERVE IT!
I KNOW, BUD. I KNOW. WE HAD A GOOD RUN. YOU WERE A DECENT ENOUGH SIDEKICK.
OF ALL HUMANS, YOU'RE THE ONE I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO BATTLE TO THE DEATH.
BUT LIFE IS A SUCCESSION OF CHOICES THAT HINGE ON YOUR OWN SURVIVAL.
SO YEAH, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO SACK UP AND PUT A LITTLE EFFORT INTO THIS BLOOD SACRIFICE.
I CAN'T JUST KILL YOU WITHOUT EFFORT, MORTY. I'M A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.


LOOK, Y'ALL. I'M A DEMON. 'KAY? I WAS BORN INTO THIS, 'KAY?
I DON'T LIKE IT AS MUCH AS YOU DON'T, BUT, HEY--WE ALL GOTTA CLOCK OUT AT SOME POINT.
LET'S JUST CALL IT A DAY, HAVE A SODA, MAYBE A LAUGH, OR--
OH F**K! C'MON, Y'ALL, GIMME A BREAK!
THIS JOB SUCKS! THE BENEFITS ARE A**! I GOT NO 401K!
HRRLK?
RRRRR
RRRRRRRR
WHOAH! WHEN DID WE GET TO SIX FLAGS?
WHAT THE F**K DID YOU DO NOW, JERRY?
ME? IT WAS PROBABLY YOUR DEADBEAT, MAD SCIENTIST DAD AGAIN!
WOULD YOU BOTH JUST STOP!
RRRRRRRRR


YOU'RE BOTH F***ING A**HOLES THAT CAN'T GIVE IT A REST FOR ONE MINUTE!
THE GROUND'S BREAKING, OKAY? THIS IS BIGGER THAN YOU.
F**K!
HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUF!
YO! BIG BABY DEMON!
HHUFF!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THAT'S IT! THAT'S ALL!
WHAT'S ALL?
HELL! A MUTINY HAS TAKEN ROOT, SEE? IN THE HEART.
LUCIFER CAN ONLY CONTROL WHAT HE CAN CONTROL, KNOW'M SAYIN'?
WE BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT IT FOR EONS. WAS ONLY A MATTER'A TIME.
BIG GUY KEEPS THIS PLACE IN EXISTENCE BASED ON HIS CONTROL.
HE LOSES THAT GRIP? LOOK AROUND.
WELP... SEE YA!
RRRRRRR

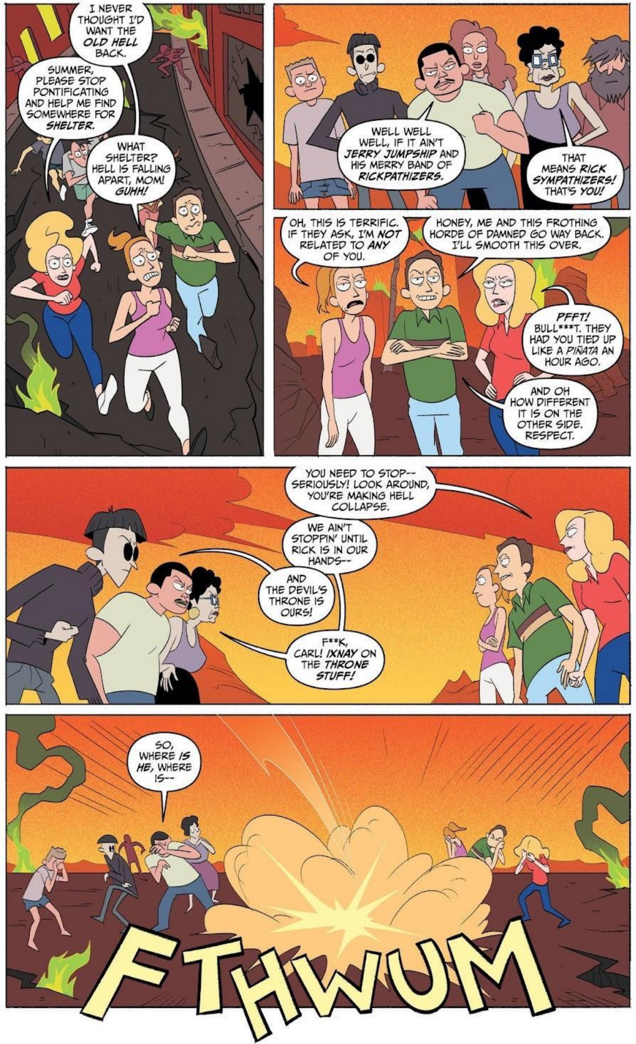

FIGHT
THIS WHAT YOU WANT? HUH, RICK?
Y-YOU WANNA TAKE ME TO MY LIMIT?!
I'VE GOT THE YOUTH, THE SPEED, AND THE JOINTS! YOU--YOU'RE JUST AN OLD MAN!
HRRMF!
OFFA ME, MORTY! THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOUR VIDEO GAMES OR PILLOW FIGHTS...
...THIS IS REAL, AND I'M A REAL MAN!
THIS IS WHAT IT'S ABOUT--HONEST BATTLE ON NEUTRAL GROUNDS, MORTY. THE MEAT OF LEGENDS!
THE ONE TRUE LITMUS OF PISS AND VINEGAR. I'M VOLUMINOUS IN BOTH!
YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE PROUD, MORTY. NNF! JERRY, NOT SO MUCH.
CHOK
I'VE NEVER SEEN CLEARER, MORTY--YOU'LL DIE A MARTYR FOR RICKTHOLICISM!
THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING! YOU'RE MAKING UP WORDS NOW!
IT'S THE--URRRP--PURSUIT OF RICK HISTORY--
RICKSTORYYY!


THIS WAS NEVER ABOUT US OR ABOUT FAMILY. Y-YOU'RE JUST TOO CHICKENS**T TO ACCEPT YOUR SITUATION...
...YOU'LL EVEN KILL YOUR OWN GRANDSON, AND FOR WHAT?
JUST SO YOU CAN SCAM YOUR WAY OUT OF HELL AND THEN FART ABOUT THE GALAXY SAD AND ALONE.
YOU'RE WRONG, MORTY...
...I WON'T BE SAD.
KSH KSH KSH
WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, AT LEAST? THAT'S MY MOM!
FAMILIAL OWNERSHIP IS A SOCIETAL CONSTRUCT DESIGNED LARGELY TO PERPETUATE ARBITRARY GENDER NORMS.
SHE'S AN ADULT, MORTY. SHE CAN DO WHAT SHE WANTS.
THE IRONY BEING DOING WHAT I WANT IS THE ONLY THING WORTH DYING FOR, REALLY.
DOOK'N
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!
I'M STILL... NOT... GONNA... DIE, MORTY. STOP RESISTING, LET IT HAPPEN!
BUT ALSO FIGHT BACK, LIKE--GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH RESISTANCE TO AROUSE MY EGO.
YOU'RE A MONSTER! A HEARTLESS, SELFISH MANIAC! YOU'RE WORSE THAN THE DEVIL!

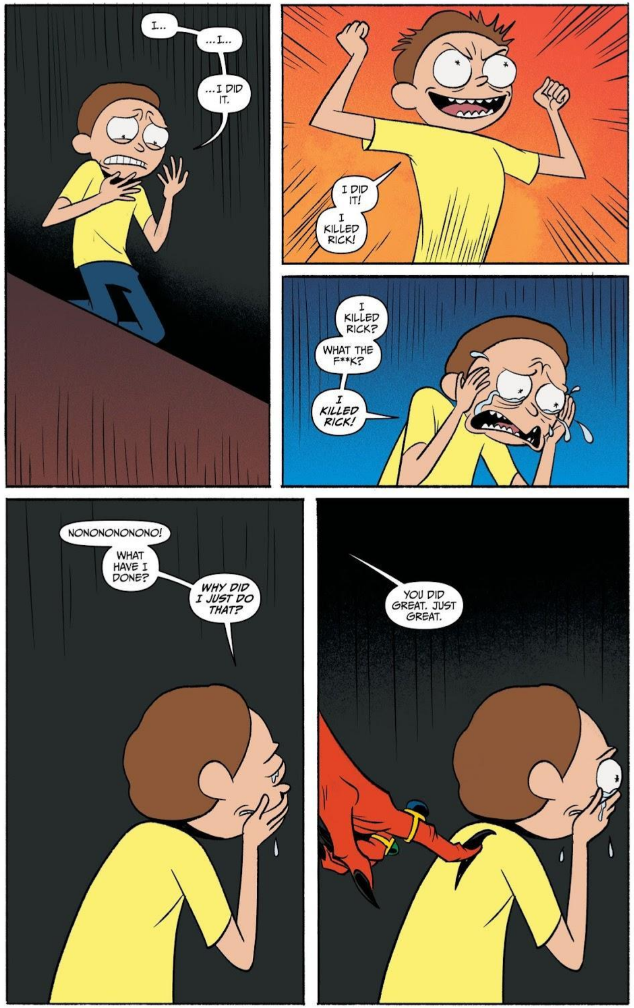

HNGLK!
YOUR WINDPIPE... IT'S REMARKABLY MALLEABLE, MORTY. LIKE ONE OF THOSE STRESS BALLS.
I DON'T THINK I'M GETTIN' A PROPER PINCH HERE, THOUGH...
TILT YOUR CHIN UP, WOULD YA?
WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, BUDDY.
DON'T-- HNG--KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GONNA END UP, BUT THE RIDE'S BEEN... A RIDE.
REMEMBER THAT ONE TIME ON NEBULAAR IX? YOU NEVER SQUEALED, AND I APPRECIATE--
KTHUK
GHUHHHHNN...


HUFF HUFF...
S**T. S********T!
HNNG...
HUFF HUFF...
HNNG...
HUFF HUFF...


HUFF HUFF...
HNNNGGG!
HUFF HUFF!
SO IT'S COME TO THIS.
FINISH IT!
M-MORTY... W-WAIT...
HHUP!
NGAH!
MOOORRTY!!!


I NEVER THOUGHT I'D WANT THE OLD HELL BACK.
SUMMER, PLEASE STOP PONTIFICATING AND HELP ME FIND SOMEWHERE FOR SHELTER.
WHAT SHELTER? HELL IS FALLING APART, MOM! GUHH!
WELL WELL WELL, IF IT AIN'T JERRY JUMPSHIP AND HIS MERRY BAND OF RICKPATHIZERS.
THAT MEANS RICK SYMPATHIZERS! THAT'S YOU!
OH, THIS IS TERRIFIC. IF THEY ASK, I'M NOT RELATED TO ANY OF YOU.
HONEY, ME AND THIS FROTHING HORDE OF DAMNED GO WAY BACK. I'LL SMOOTH THIS OVER.
PFFT! BULL***T. THEY HAD YOU TIED UP LIKE A PIÑATA AN HOUR AGO.
AND OH HOW DIFFERENT IT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE. RESPECT.
YOU NEED TO STOP-- SERIOUSLY! LOOK AROUND, YOU'RE MAKING HELL COLLAPSE.
WE AIN'T STOPPIN' UNTIL RICK IS IN OUR HANDS--
AND THE DEVIL'S THRONE IS OURS!
F**K, CARL! IXNAY ON THE THRONE STUFF!
SO, WHERE IS HE, WHERE IS--
FTHWUM


UHH!
AHH!
NNNF!
CRK
HUHHH!
GUH.
KOFF!
FFFF**K.
THAT...
...YEAH. HECK OF A HEIGHT. S**T.
PHEW! THAT'S CRAZY, MAN.
GUESS I'M BACK HERE, HUH? KINDA WISH I WAS JUST WORM FOOD AT THIS POINT.
BETH. SUMMER.
JERRRRRY.
YOUR SON KILLED ME, BY THE WAY. KID NEEDS TO BE MEDICATED.
WHAT?
...
THE F**K YOU WANT?


I...
...I...
...I DID IT.
I DID IT!
I KILLED RICK!
I KILLED RICK?
WHAT THE F**K?
I KILLED RICK!
NONONONONONO!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WHY DID I JUST DO THAT?
YOU DID GREAT. JUST GREAT.


YOU'RE THE D-D-D-D-D--
DAVE, YES. NO ONE REALLY CALLS ME THAT THOUGH. EXCEPT KAREN. F***ING KAREN.
MY INFERNAL NAMES ARE APLENTY, AND YOU MAY PICK AS YOU CHOOSE. DEVIL. ABADDON. AZAZEL. BAPHOMET. BEELZEBUB. BEHEMOTH. MAMMON. LUCIFER. BOSS MAN. BIG GUY. SATAN. MORNING STAR. BOSS. YADDA YADDA...
I'M MORE INTERESTED IN YOU, MORTHOLEMEW WILHELM SMITH. YOU OVERCAME THE INFAMOUS RICK. AND, AS PROTOCOL DICTATES...
...YOU AND I ARE DUE A LITTLE CHITCHAT.
TO BE CONCLUDED...


NEXT HELLISH ISSUE IN STORES
OCTOBER 21st, 2020

SEPTEMBER PET OF THE MONTH



NAME: Archibald "Archie" Pi

BREED: Long-haired dachshund

PARENT: Robert Meyers, Senior Editor

AGE: 10 Years Old (I'll be 11 on Halloween)

WEIGHT: A trim 16 pounds, has hobbit feet

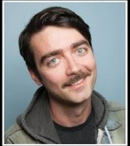
SPECIAL INTERESTS: Brussels sprouts and asparagus

FAVORITE THINGS: My people, being a goofball, my Stuffy, sleeping, cuddles, and splooting

LEAST FAVORITE THINGS: Rain, cats, other dogs

FUN FACT: I've lived in five states, and have road tripped both the entire U.S. West Coast and from New York to Oregon

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR



BRANSON REESE lives and draws in Brooklyn, NY. He started making *Hell Was Full* shortly after the 2016 election as a way to process all the weirdness and despair hanging over everything through a comic lens. The self-described "illegally handsome" cartoonist's work quickly found a large and passionate audience online after one of his comics, "One Fear," was turned into a viral meme ("One Fear/No Fear") and another of his comics, "The Person Who Discovered Sharks," sparked a massive Twitter event that still attracts fans to this day. He has written for *We Bare Bears* on Cartoon Network. His work has been featured in BuzzFeed, Paste, and Splitsider. Recent successes include being told to "delete this" by hundreds of teens after posting a drawing of Kelsey Grammer as Frieza from Dragonball Z.



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Go to Hell
FERRIER
OROZA
STERN
CRANK!
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Rick and Morty

Go to Hell

ISSUE #5

WRITTEN BY **RYAN FERRIER** ILLUSTRATED BY **CONSTANZA OROZA**
COLORED BY **SARAH STERN** LETTERED BY **CRANK!**

EDITED BY **SARAH GAYDOS** AND **ROBERT MEYERS** DESIGNED BY **ANGIE KNOWLES**

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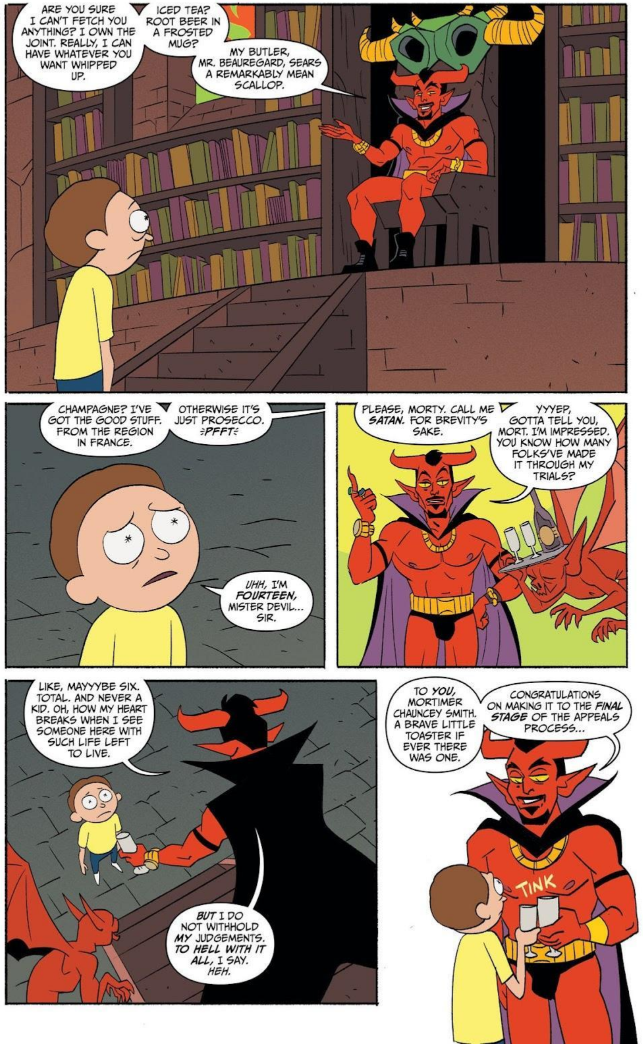


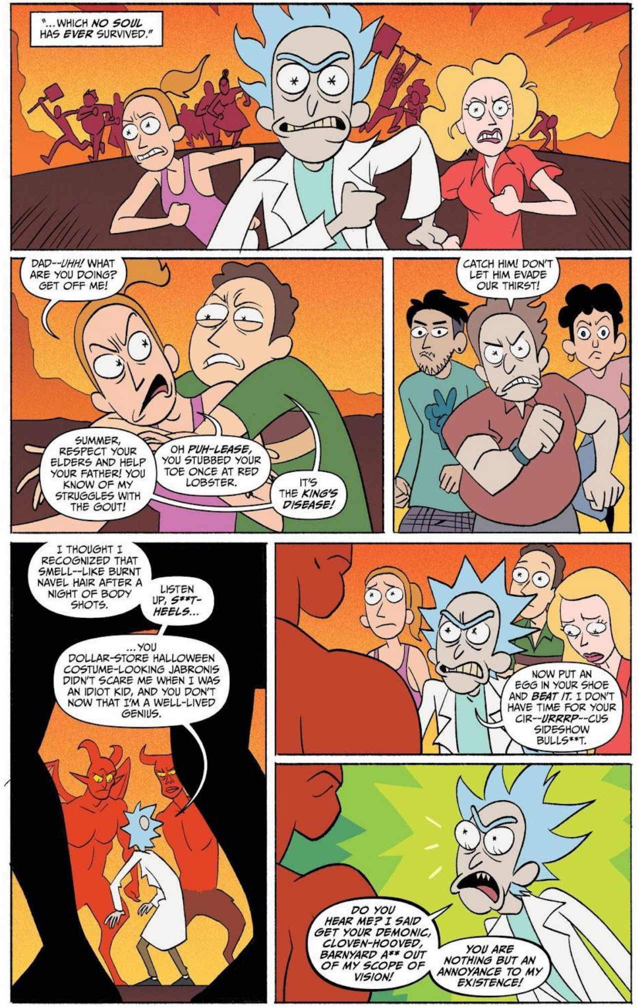
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RICKANDMORTY

RICK AND MORTY™ CREATED BY JUSTIN ROILAND AND DAN HARMON

RETAIL COVER BY **CONSTANZA OROZA** • B COVER BY **DREW RAUSCH**

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"...WHICH NO SOUL HAS EVER SURVIVED."
DAD--UHH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET OFF ME!
SUMMER, RESPECT YOUR ELDERS AND HELP YOUR FATHER! YOU KNOW OF MY STRUGGLES WITH THE GOUT!
OH PUH-LEASE, YOU STUBBED YOUR TOE ONCE AT RED LOBSTER.
IT'S THE KING'S DISEASE!
CATCH HIM! DON'T LET HIM EVADE OUR THIRST!
I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THAT SMELL--LIKE BURNT NAVEL HAIR AFTER A NIGHT OF BODY SHOTS.
LISTEN UP, S**T-HEELS...
...YOU DOLLAR-STORE HALLOWEEN COSTUME-LOOKING JABRONIS DIDN'T SCARE ME WHEN I WAS AN IDIOT KID, AND YOU DON'T NOW THAT I'M A WELL-LIVED GENIUS.
NOW PUT AN EGG IN YOUR SHOE AND BEAT IT. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR CIR--URRRP--CUS SIDESHOW BULLS**T.
DO YOU HEAR ME? I SAID GET YOUR DEMONIC, CLOVEN-HOOVED, BARNYARD A** OUT OF MY SCOPE OF VISION!
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT AN ANNOYANCE TO MY EXISTENCE!



BRO. WOW.
THAT CUT. LIKE, THAT CUT REAL DEEP. TO MY CORE, MAN.
C'MON, Y'ALL--F**K THIS. WE'RE OUT!
FWEET!
THAT'S RIGHT. GET TO STEPPIN'.
WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A REAL STICKY MANWICH HERE, RICK.
FWOOSH!
IF YOU'LL EXCUUUUSE MEEE, I'VE GOT A... FLIGHT TO CATCH.
HA HA! ARRIVEDERCI, LOSERS! EAT THE TOTALITY OF MY A**--
ZOK!
THERE! LOOK, HE'S BACK! GET 'IM!
NICE, RICK. REALLLLL NICE.
WHATEVER, JERRY. I PLANNED THAT.
FFFFF--



TH-THIS IS JUST FRIGGIN' GREAT. ANOTHER R-RIDICULOUS, SADISTIC, NIGHTMARE GAME?
AHH, NO. NO WAY. I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING ELSE. YOU'VE ALREADY BURNED MY FLESH OFF AND FARTED ME OUT A GIANT A**.
LEMME GUESS, Y-YOU'RE GONNA COVER ME WITH ANGRY ANTS... OR-OR MAKE ME EAT... A BUNCH OF TOENAILS...
SIGH THAT WAY OF THINKING IS PRECISELY WHY I'M THE ONE IN CHARGE.
OR-OR Y-YOU'RE GONNA DO... FLUORIDE STUFF.
MORTY, MORTY, MORTY, YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG.
I'M NOT JUST SOME CARNIVAL SIDESHOW BARKER, OKAY? I'M NOT JOE ROGAN, HERE. I DON'T GET MY ROCKS OFF WATCHING YOU EAT BUGS TO PROVE YOUR MASCULINITY.
MY TRIALS HAVE A CRUDE UNDERTONE, YES--BUT THEY ARE THEMATIC. THERE'S SUBTEXT TO EVERYTHING I DO.
YOU SEE FLESH SEARED OFF BY A VULGAR SUN. I SEE HUMILITY IN THE WAKE OF ENDURANCE.
YOUR SCALLOPS, MY INDOMITABLE LORD OF DARK--
NOT NOW, MR. BEAUREGARD...
I'LL KEEP THEM WELL WARM AND BASTED, GRIM SIRE.
OUR BOY MORTY HERE IS ABOUT TO HAVE HIS AWAKENING.

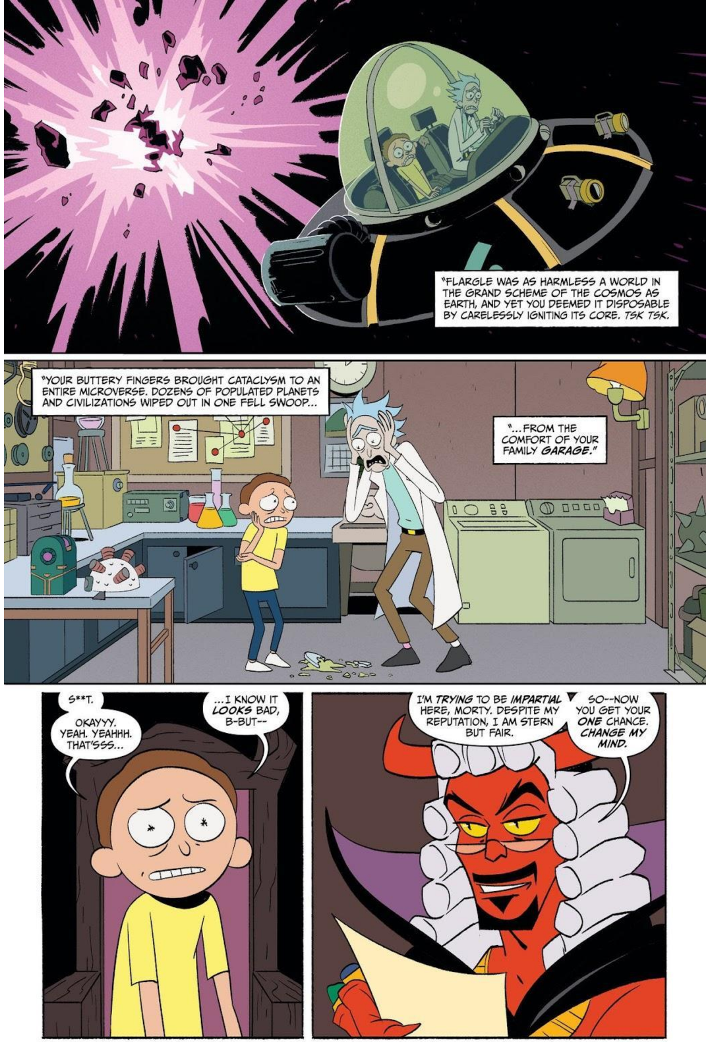


SNAP
SO, LET'S BEGIN, SHALL WE?
OH, I CAN SEE IT ON YOUR ROUND, LITTLE, PORCELAIN, BOYISH FACE--YOU'RE... MORTIFIED. HAH. GET IT? MORT-- *AHEM*
DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT GOING TO STICK ANYTHING IN YOU OR ON YOU OR ANY OF THAT NONSENSE.
ACK!
GET COZY, MORTY!
WH-WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? WH-WHAT AM I DOING?
SHHUNNK
THINK OF THIS LIKE A MOMENT OF TRUTH. I WANT YOU TO LOOK DEEP INSIDE YOUR SOUL--WHAT LITTLE REMNANTS STILL CLING TO YOUR INNARDS.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, MORTY, IS CONVINCE ME. TELL ME, WITH GREAT TRUTH, WHY YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE HERE IN ETERNAL DAMNATION.
THE RULES ARE SIMPLE. I WILL PROVIDE EVIDENCE TO MY CAUSE, DECIDEDLY NOT IN YOUR FAVOR.
YOU WILL GET ONE CHANCE OF REBUTTAL. ONE CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR SALVATION, FROM THAT WIDDLE, IDDY-BIDDY BLEEDING HEART.
YOU MAY WANT TO SIT TIGHT, MORTY. I'VE GOT ALL THE RECEIPTS ON YOU.
H-HEYY, Y-YOU CAN'T JUST PUT ME ON THE SPOT LIKE THIS...
...THIS IS BULLS**T!


OHOHO NO, I'M NOT TOUCHING HIM. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT DEMON'S BEEN. PROBABLY HAS DEMON SYPHILIS OR SOMETHING.
IT'S PROBABLY NO WORSE THAN THE VIRUS I'VE BEEN HARVESTING IN YOUR--HEYYY, UHH, WHO'S GOT THE--URRRRP--TIME?
I KNEW IT! MY WIND HAS BEEN PARTICULARLY SULPHUROUS AS OF LATE, AND I EVEN CUT FIBER OUT COMPLETELY.
I THINK I FEEL A LUMP, BUSTER--AND IF THIS IS MORE THAN JUST RUN-OF-THE-MILL POO-BELLY, YOU CAN EXPECT A BILL FROM MY GASTROENTEROLOGIST!
WOBBLE WOBBLE
ENOUGH! HOLD IT RIGHT THE F**K UP.
MY FAMILY WILL NOT BE BULLIED. WE WILL NOT BE TERRORIZED BY A BUNCH OF BORED RANDOS WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR.
YOU'RE IN HELL! GET OVER IT ALREADY! CATCHING RICK ISN'T GOING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEMS YOU BROUGHT ON YOURSELF WITH GARBAGE LIFE DECISIONS!
SPLAK
S**T. THIS IS A--URRRP--TOMATO. THEY'VE GONE MEDIEVAL. IT'S GETTIN' REAL!
HONEY! BABY, ARE YOU OKAY? LISTEN TO ME--YOU'VE BEEN RAGU'ED.


GO AHEAD, TRY YOUR WORST, YOU SHEEP!
YOU CAN'T KILL ME! I AM UN-KILLABLE!
I AM F***ING IMMORTAL!
THEY'RE JUST WORDS, RICK! WORDS! THEY MEAN NOTHING TO THEM!

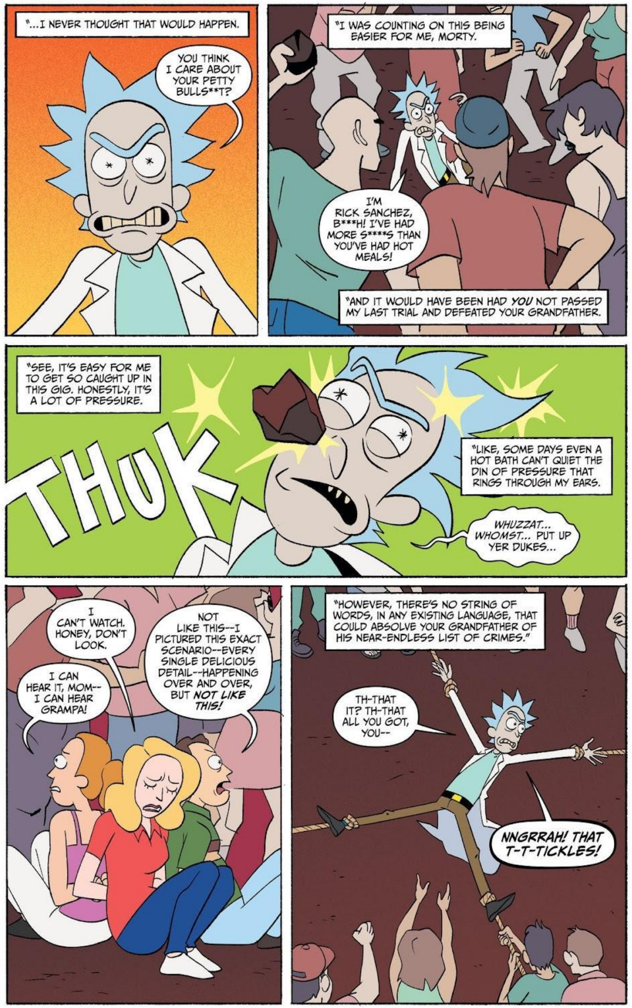

AHEM LET US BEGIN THE FINAL APPEAL WITH MY OPENING ARGUMENT.
MORTIMUND CAVALIER SMITH, I PRESENT TO YOU SUBSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AS TO WHY YOUR SOUL ***DESERVES*** TO ***REMAIN*** IN MY ETERNAL DAMNATION.
DESERVES THIS
"ON BLABYLON V, YOU ABANDONED YOUR CLASSMATE ZACK. HE WAS EATEN ALIVE AND ALONE BY WILD NIFFS.
"THE FEW REMAINING LAND SHARKS MERELY SOUGHT SANCTUARY IN YOUR CALM WATERS, BUT YOU SLAUGHTERED THEM IN COLD BLOOD.
"AN ENTIRE SPECIES' BUCKET ***KICKED*** IN FULL."


"FLARGLE WAS AS HARMLESS A WORLD IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THE COSMOS AS EARTH, AND YET YOU DEEMED IT DISPOSABLE BY CARELESSLY IGNITING ITS CORE. *TSK TSK.*
"YOUR BUTTERY FINGERS BROUGHT CATACLYSM TO AN ENTIRE MICROVERSE. DOZENS OF POPULATED PLANETS AND CIVILIZATIONS WIPED OUT IN ONE FELL SWOOP...
"...FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR FAMILY ***GARAGE.***"
S**T.
OKAYYY. YEAH. YEAHHH. THAT'SSS...
...I KNOW IT ***LOOKS*** BAD, B-BUT--
I'M ***TRYING*** TO BE ***IMPARTIAL*** HERE, MORTY. DESPITE MY REPUTATION, I AM STERN BUT FAIR.
SO--NOW YOU GET YOUR ***ONE*** CHANCE. ***CHANGE MY MIND.***


CHUM
THE F**K ARE THEY *DOING* OUT THERE?
I SWEAR, EVERY TIME I TRY TO GET SOME *ACTUAL* WORK DONE, THE INMATES THINK THEY RUN THE ASYLUM.
INFANTS. I AM SURROUNDED BY F***ING INFANTS.
SORRY ABOUT THAT, MORTY. LOOK, PAY NO ATTENTION TO ANY OF THAT STUFF. PAPA JUST HAS TO GO OUT THERE ONCE WE'RE DONE AND SPANK SOME BOTTOMS.
I MEAN, IF YOU H-HAVE TO LEAVE, IT-IT'S COOL, I--
MORTY, *PLEASE.*
ALL RIGHT, THEN.
ANNNNND *GO.*
THE FLOOR IS YOURS.
GO NOW.
I--I NEED AN ADULT... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...
...I WISH I DIDN'T KILL RICK... HE'D HAVE SOME SORT OF P-PLAN...
R-RICK? IS TH-THAT Y-YOU? WHAT DO I *DO?*
NOPE. WE'RE JUST FIGMENTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION.
YOU'RE PERSONIFYING YOUR INSECURITIES AS A COPING MECHANISM TO MAKE A DECISION WHILE ABSOLVING YOUR RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT.
BASICALLY, YEAH.
I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE "MORAL CODE" FIGMENT, BUT, *UHH,* I GOT NOTHING, MAN.
YEAH, ZILCH. YOU'RE S**T OUT OF--*URRRP*--LUCK.


SHUT UP! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! THIS IS YOUR FAULT, RICK!
I DIDN'T DO S**T!
POOF!
POOF!
THE REASON WHY I DON'T DESERVE TO BE HERE IS THE FACT THAT I DIDN'T DO ANY OF THAT STUFF!
MY GRANDFATHER RICK IS AN ABSOLUTE LUNATIC, HE--HE GOT INTO MY HEAD WHEN I WAS, LIKE, TEN AND BASICALLY FORCED ME INTO BEING HIS "ADVENTURE BUDDY."
HE COULD'VE F**KED OFF AND LEFT, AND HAD ADVENTURES *WITHOUT* ME--HELL, I USUALLY ANNOYED HIM!
HE NEVER NEEDED ME, HE JUST *USED* ME! A BARELY-EVEN-DEVELOPED CHILD!
I CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS BECAUSE THEY *WERE* NEVER *MY* ACTIONS TO BEGIN WITH!
BUT REALLY--*REALLY*--HE BRAINWASHED ME. FOR YEARS, RICK HAS USED ME--AN INNOCENT, POOR KID--TO JUSTIFY BEING A CARELESS PSYCHOPATH.
HE KNEW AS LONG AS HE GOT ME AND HIM HOME SAFE AND *NOT DEAD,* THAT NOTHING ELSE REALLY MATTERED. THAT WAS HOW HE THINKS HE *WINS!*
BY DOING THE BARE MINIMUM AS A GRANDFATHER--THE ONLY JOB TITLE HE HAS NO CONTROL OVER!
PLANETS DYING, ALIENS GETTING DISEASES, MICROVERSES SHATTERING...
...I DIDN'T PULL A SINGLE F***ING TRIGGER, I JUST MANAGED TO DODGE RICK'S BULLETS!
I HAVE BEEN IN CONSTANT, PANTS-FILLING TERROR FOR YEARS. THE ONLY THING I'VE DONE IS SURVIVED.
I SHOULD BE GIVEN A F***ING MEDAL OF HONOR!
SO IN CONCLUSION, YOUR HIGHNESS--I'M A KID.
A KID, YOU MUSTACHE-TWIRLING F**K.


SILENCE!
YOU DARE APPROACH THE DEVIL'S THRONE AND ABUSE THE PERSONAL SPACE OF THE DARK LORD HIMSELF?!
YOU--A WORTHLESS, SOULLESS *MORTAL*--CHALLENGE AND DOUBT MY AUTHORITY OVER YOUR ETERNAL DAMNATION?!
YOU SPOUT RAMBLINGS--NO, *PLEADINGS*--OF INNOCENCE AS IF POSSIBLE FOR THE MASTER OF JUDGEMENT TO BE CAPABLE OF OVERSIGHT...
NO! PLEASE, NO!
...YOU GOT ME.
PLEASE... NO...
HOLD UP, BUD. YOU DID IT. YOU'RE A KID, YADDA YADDA.
APPEAL GRANTED. *HUH. S**T, MORTY...*


"...I NEVER THOUGHT THAT WOULD HAPPEN.
YOU THINK I CARE ABOUT YOUR PETTY BULLS**T?
"I WAS COUNTING ON THIS BEING EASIER FOR ME, MORTY.
I'M RICK SANCHEZ, B***H! I'VE HAD MORE S****S THAN YOU'VE HAD HOT MEALS!
"AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HAD *YOU* NOT PASSED MY LAST TRIAL AND DEFEATED YOUR GRANDFATHER.
"SEE, IT'S EASY FOR ME TO GET SO CAUGHT UP IN THIS GIG. HONESTLY, IT'S A LOT OF PRESSURE.
THUK
"LIKE, SOME DAYS EVEN A HOT BATH CAN'T QUIET THE DIN OF PRESSURE THAT RINGS THROUGH MY EARS.
WHUZZAT... WHOMST... PUT UP YER DUKES...
I CAN'T WATCH. HONEY, DON'T LOOK.
I CAN HEAR IT, MOM--I CAN HEAR GRAMPA!
NOT LIKE THIS--I PICTURED THIS EXACT SCENARIO--EVERY SINGLE DELICIOUS DETAIL--HAPPENING OVER AND OVER, BUT ***NOT LIKE THIS!***
"HOWEVER, THERE'S NO STRING OF WORDS, IN ANY EXISTING LANGUAGE, THAT COULD ABSOLVE YOUR GRANDFATHER OF HIS NEAR-ENDLESS LIST OF CRIMES."
TH-THAT IT? TH-THAT ALL YOU GOT, YOU--
NNGRRAH! THAT T-T-TICKLES!



YOU THINK THAT HURTS? Y-YOU'RE DOING ME A--URRRRRP--F-FAVOR!
KRAK
"RICK SANCHEZ IS THE SINGLE WORST CREATURE TO EVER HOLD CONSCIOUSNESS.
"HE USED HIS PRIVILEGE AND POWER TO ABUSE AND EXPLOIT NOT ONLY SCIENCE AND THE UNIVERSE FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT...
OHH YEAH, FEELS GOOD. I LIKE THAT YOU'RE--URRRP--WATCHING, TOO.
"...HE PLAYED HIS OWN FAMILY LIKE A BARGAIN-BIN SOUSAPHONE.
TOK
"THE HARDEST PART OF THIS JOB, MORTY, IS ADMITTING I WAS WRONG... EVEN WHEN IT'S AS OBVIOUS AS A GIRAFFE IN A SEQUINED TURTLENECK."
TOK
TOK
HOH-KAYYY, JUST... LET'S... GIMME A B-BREATHER HERE, GUYS...
OH MAN, ARE YOU S-SERIOUS?
YEP. YOU'RE JUST A DUMB KID. PRETTY OBVIOUS.
EVERYTHING IS RICK'S FAULT.



SOOO, CAN I GO? HOME? OR...
HANG ON, HANG ON.
I'VE NEVER DONE ONE OF THESE.
SHOULD BE IN THE F***ING MANUAL.
AHA!
SO. HERE'S THE DILLY. YES--TECHNICALLY--YOU CAN BE GRANTED FREEDOM FROM HELL.
GREAT. LET'S DO IT.
BA-BU-BAH-BUHP!
OR... ORRR... INSTEADDDD... I GRANT YOU ONE WISH.
A... WHAT, LIKE, A GENERAL WISH?
YYYEEE...
...HOLD UP...
...YYYES. HUH. THAT'S ACTUALLY A HUGE LOOPHOLE FOR... ALL THIS.
SO, YEAH. YOU CAN DO WHATEVER WITH IT? I MEAN, I DUNNO WHAT ELSE IS STILL OUT THERE, BUT--OOH, YOU COULD TOTALLY GO TO SIX FLA--
RICK.
SORRY, F***ING 'SCUSE A MOI?
RICK. MY GRAMPA. I'M USING MY ONE WISH TO BRING HIM BACK HERE RIGHT NOW.
FFFFFFFF...
...
...YOU HAVE GOT TO BE F***ING KIDDING ME.

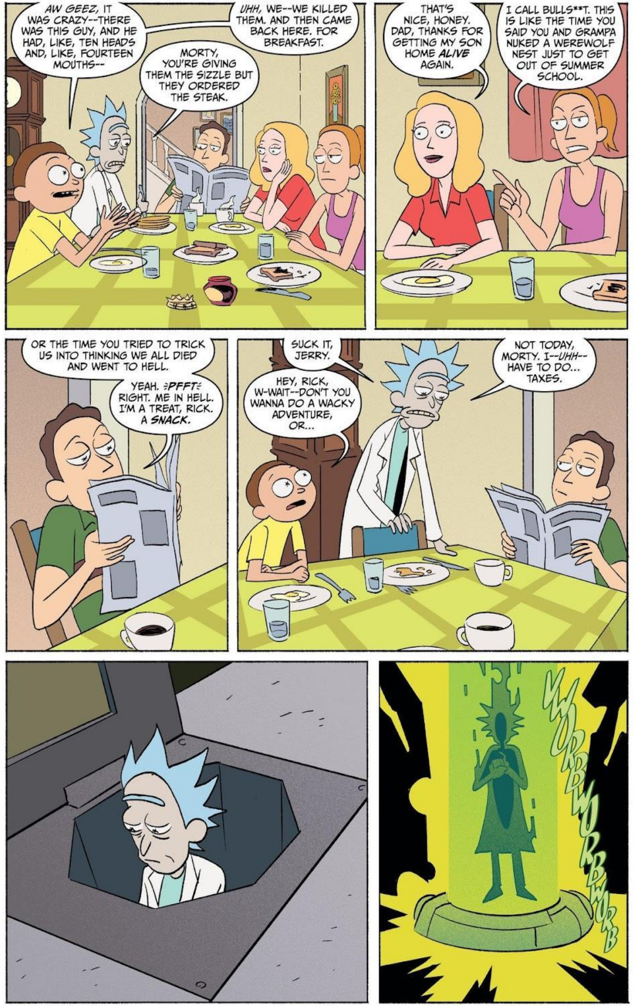

KEEP CRANKIN' IT, Y'ALL! GOOD AND TAUT!
POOF!
HEY! HE POOF'D US!
SUNAVAB***H CAN POOF?!
POOF!
KAFF *KOFF* TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH, MORTY. THEY WERE GETTING PRETTY *BRAVEHEART* OVER THERE.
WISH--*GUH*--GRANTED.
SATAN.
SANCHEZ.
I WAS PRETTY BONED UP TO GET YOUR SOUL DOWN HERE. GUESS NOW I GET TO ***GLOAT*** RIGHT TO YOUR PALE ***FACE***.
GLOAT OVER ME? YOU SKIPPED OUT ON THE TAB BACK ON ZORBALOM. YOU WERE BLACKOUT, BUT C'MON-- ***NO ONE*** FORGOT GLENN'S RETIREMENT PARTY. NO ONE.
I MAY BE FILTHY RICH, BUT TEN Gs IS STILL MAD CHEDDAR, BRO.
AND *YOU*. DON'T THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN YOU *KILLING* ME.
Y'KNOW, RICK, A LITTLE GRATITUDE ***WOULDN'T*** KILL YOU.
SO WHAT'S... WHAT'S... THIS? WHAT THE F**K IS THIS?
YOU WASTED A PERFECTLY GOOD WISH ON THIS PIECE OF S**T TO WHAT--***MOCK*** ME?
I GET ANNOYED, SWEETIE, BUT I DO NOT BREAK.
I AM THE F***ING EMPEROR OF ***ALL*** THAT IS ***UNHOLY.***
Y-YOU'RE A-- ***URRRP***-- A BIG B***H. THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.
AT LEAST I'M NOT A... ***GRANDPARENT.*** *HAH.*
GROSS.


YOU PIECE OF S**T!
HNGIK!
HE'S THE F***ING DEVIL, MORTY! I'M NOT GONNA SHAKE HIS HAND! HE'S F***ING EVIL INCARNATE!
I'M GONNA ***KILL HIM!***
GLLK
RICK! RICK, WHAT THE S**T ARE YOU DOING?!
GLURBLRG
DIE, YOU FAIRY-TALE, SNAKE-OIL SALESMAN PIECE OF FOLKLORE S**T!
DIE!
WHO'S COCK OF THE WALK NOW, *HUH?* PUNKED IN YOUR OWN HOME!
RICK, STOP! HE'S DEAD! HE'S HAD ENOUGH, YOU'RE JUST KICKING MEAT NOW!
GAHH!
AW, GEEZ... AW, GEEZ, RICK... Y-YOU MURDERED HIM... YOU K-KILLED THE DEVIL, RICK!
AW, GEEZ-FRICKIN'-LOUISE!


WHU--
I FEEL KINDA--
URRRP--FUNNY,
MORTY...
IN ACCORDANCE
WITH LEGISLATION BA-22,
THE MORNING STAR SHALL
TAKE EMBODIMENT WITHIN THE
HUSK THAT HAS SLAIN THE
PREDECESSOR...
F***IN'
DEVIL
RIIIICK!


I HAVE HORNS--
DECORATIVE AND
FUNCTIONAL HORNS,
MORTY.
L-LOOK
AT THESE HAUNCHES,
MORTY. I COULD SQUAT
THREE-FIFTY EASY,
MORTY.
FINALLY,
I CAN TAKE
DUMPS THE WAY
NATURE INTENDED,
MORTY.
FIRE! I
CONTROL FIRE,
MORTY!
I'M BE-BEYOND
BUNSEN BURNERS,
MORTY! I AM ONE,
MORTY!
FWUMM!
UHH, RICK?
Y-YOU'RE TH-THE
D-DEVIL.
I KNOW, MORTY.
FREAKING BADA**,
RIGHT?
I USED
MY WISH TO
BRING YOU BACK SO
YOU COULD... I DUNNO...
TRICK SATAN, OR...
OR SCIENCE
HIM!
I SAVED
YOUR A** BECAUSE
EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE
A HOMICIDAL MANIAC,
YOU ALWAYS HAVE
A WAY OUT...
CRAFTY
OLD RICK AND
HIS SIDEKICK MORTY
SURE ALWAYS HAD A
SOLUTION!
YOU'RE
OVERCOMPLICATING
THINGS, MORTY.
THAT'S
ALWAYS BEEN
THE WHOLE
PR--URRRP--
OBLEM.


FRRRBT
HYOOP
BLOOP
URRRP!


AW GEEZ, IT WAS CRAZY--THERE WAS THIS GUY, AND HE HAD, LIKE, TEN HEADS AND, LIKE, FOURTEEN MOUTHS--
UHH, WE--WE KILLED THEM. AND THEN CAME BACK HERE. FOR BREAKFAST.
MORTY, YOU'RE GIVING THEM THE SIZZLE BUT THEY ORDERED THE STEAK.
THAT'S NICE, HONEY. DAD, THANKS FOR GETTING MY SON HOME ALIVE AGAIN.
I CALL BULLS**T. THIS IS LIKE THE TIME YOU SAID YOU AND GRAMPA NUKED A WEREWOLF NEST JUST TO GET OUT OF SUMMER SCHOOL.
OR THE TIME YOU TRIED TO TRICK US INTO THINKING WE ALL DIED AND WENT TO HELL.
YEAH. PFFT. RIGHT. ME IN HELL. I'M A TREAT, RICK. A SNACK.
SUCK IT, JERRY.
HEY, RICK, W-WAIT--DON'T YOU WANNA DO A WACKY ADVENTURE, OR...
NOT TODAY, MORTY. I--UHH--HAVE TO DO... TAXES.
VWORBWORBWORB


A "MANIAC"--PFFT! PLEASE.
MORTY, MORTY, MORTY...
...I KNOW WHAT I AM, MORTY. I'M THE FRIGGIN' SOLUTION, MORTY.
THEY SAID THE PERFECT UTOPIA COULDN'T EXIST, MORTY--THAT TOTAL PEACE COULDN'T BE ACHIEVED...
...TO THOSE MOTHERF***ERS I SAY...
..."I WIN."
WELCOME TO--URRRP--MY HEAVEN.
THE END?


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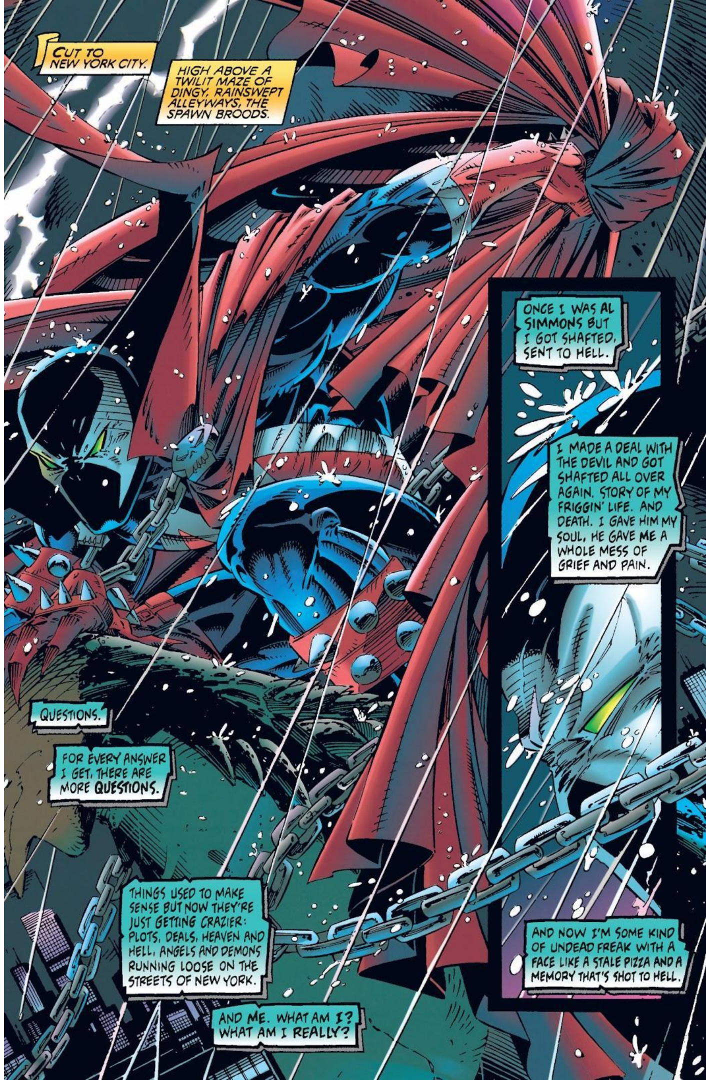

"OUR VERY OWN LITTLE PIECE OF HELL ON EARTH."
oh my God


"IT HAPPENED JUST OVER FIVE YEARS AGO, MAJOR:
"... A ROUTINE UNDERGROUND A-BOMB TEST HERE IN NEVADA OPENED A HOLE INTO WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS ANOTHER DIMENSION.
"THAT OTHER DIMENSION TURNED OUT TO BE HELL, MAJOR VALE.
"WE'D STUMBLED ONTO A DOORWAY TO HELL.
"WE SENT IN AN ARMED TASK FORCE AND THEY WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. LAST THING WE HEARD FROM THEM WAS A GARBLED RADIO MESSAGE ABOUT WATERFALLS OF BLOOD AND FOGS THAT DISSOLVED FLESH.
NO WAY!
NO FRIGGIN' WAY, MAN!
THIS AIN'T REAL, STEVENS.
IT'S GOTTA BE SOME KINDA HALLUCINATION. THEY'RE TESTING A DRUG ON US OR SOMETHING. IT CAN'T BE...
"ONE THING WE DID FIND OUT THOUGH, IS THAT HELL IS COMPOSED OF A SUBSTANCE WE CALL PSYCHOPLASM.
SKLUTCH
"PSYCHOPLASM IS A MATERIAL OF A KIND UNKNOWN IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD. IT CHANGES IN RESPONSE TO MENTAL STATES.
"WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING OF, WHATEVER YOU DESIRE OR FEAR, PSYCHOPLASM BECOMES THAT THING.


WHERE ARE YOU, LARRY?
WHERE ARE YOU?
BRAKABRAKABRAK
BOO!
YAAAA!
NOOOO
"JUST IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE U.S. MILITARY IF WE COULD GAIN CONTROL OF SUCH A SUBSTANCE, MAJOR VALE.
"WHICH BRINGS ME TO AL SIMMONS.
BREWER!
Oh JESUS...
BREWER?
LARRY?


DON'T HURT ME.
PLEASE DON'T... I GOT A WIFE... PLEASE...
"SIMMONS WAS A GOOD MAN, ONE OF OUR BEST. GOD KNOWS, I TRAINED HIM MYSELF, TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING I KNOW. BUT HE WENT SOFT. HE BECAME EXPENDABLE AND SO I MADE A DEAL.
"THERE ARE... PRESENCES IN HELL, MAJOR. I CONTACTED ONE OF THOSE PRESENCES AND MADE A DEAL WITH IT. I GAVE IT SIMMONS FOR ITS ARMY. IT GAVE ME PSYCHOPLASM.
GIMME A BREAK, SOLDIER.
"THE TOWN YOU'RE LOOKING AT, THE TOWN WHERE OUR TWO UNFORTUNATE VOLUNTEERS ARE CURRENTLY FACING THEIR WORST NIGHTMARES, IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF PSYCHOPLASM.
WILL YA QUIT WITH THE 'GOD' ALLA TIME?
YER MAKIN' ME NAUSEOUS.
STOP! PLEASE!
Oh GOD!
STOP!
SHOW SOME SPINE, WHY DON'CHA? YOUR BUDDY SURE DID. Hee hee.
BADUMP
NOOOo
"WHEN WE SENT SIMMONS TO HELL, WE STOLE HIS MEMORIES. THOSE MEMORIES, ACTING UPON RAW PSYCHOPLASM, CREATED SIMMONSVILLE-- A FAKE TOWN BUILT FROM THE JUMBLE OF ONE MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.
"HOUSES THAT HE LIVED IN, THE SCHOOLS HE WENT TO, PLAYGROUNDS HE PLAYED IN, FACTORIES AND CHURCHES AND PARKS-- ALL RECREATED HERE IN THE DESERT, ABOVE THE DOORWAY TO HELL.
BADUMP


"THIS IS WHERE WE'VE BEEN CONDUCTING OUR RESEARCH, MAJOR. THIS IS WHAT I WANTED YOU TO SEE.
SLAM!
INTERESTED?
THOSE THINGS WERE... DEMONS? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?
THAT'S THE CRAZIEST GODDAMN THING I EVER HEARD, MR. WYNN, BUT I CAN'T DENY WHAT I JUST SAW WITH MY OWN EYES.
I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN TAKE THIS ON BOARD... I...
IT IS ALL A LITTLE OVERWHELMING, MAJOR VALE. I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.
WHY NOT THINK THINGS OVER AND WE'LL TALK AGAIN IN AN HOUR OR TWO, WHEN I'VE COMPLETED MY DAILY WORKOUT.
HOW DOES THAT SOUND?


CUT TO NEW YORK CITY.
HIGH ABOVE A TWILIT MAZE OF DINGY, RAINSWEPT ALLEYWAYS, THE SPAWN BROODS.
ONCE I WAS AL SIMMONS BUT I GOT SHAFTED, SENT TO HELL.
I MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL AND GOT SHAFTED ALL OVER AGAIN. STORY OF MY FRIGGIN' LIFE. AND DEATH. I GAVE HIM MY SOUL, HE GAVE ME A WHOLE MESS OF GRIEF AND PAIN.
QUESTIONS.
FOR EVERY ANSWER I GET, THERE ARE MORE QUESTIONS.
THINGS USED TO MAKE SENSE BUT NOW THEY'RE JUST GETTING CRAZIER: PLOTS, DEALS, HEAVEN AND HELL, ANGELS AND DEMONS RUNNING LOOSE ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
AND ME. WHAT AM I? WHAT AM I REALLY?
AND NOW I'M SOME KIND OF UNDEAD FREAK WITH A FACE LIKE A STALE PIZZA AND A MEMORY THAT'S SHOT TO HELL.



I'M FINDING OUT MORE AND MORE EVERY DAY BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED OR WHAT I REALLY AM.
AL SIMMONS IS DEAD. CHAPEL PULLED THE TRIGGER BUT WHAT I HAVE TO KNOW IS WHO GAVE THE ORDER?
WHO SET ME UP?
WHO SENT ME TO HELL?
AND IF I'M DEAD, HOW COME I HAVE A BODY? SINCE WHEN DID DEAD GUYS GET TO HAVE BODIES?
AND IF I'M HERE, WHAT DID THEY BURY IN AL SIMMONS' GRAVE?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
I KNOW WHERE I HAVE TO GO EVEN THOUGH IT SCARES THE CRAP OUT OF ME. THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE A LONG TIME AGO.
BUT FIRST I NEED TO LET OFF SOME STEAM.
MAYBE SPREAD A LITTLE OF THIS PAIN AROUND.
WELL, WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?
ONE MORE PIECE OF GARBAGE THAT DIDN'T GET SWEPT AWAY. I DUNNO WHAT THIS CITY'S COMIN' TO, I REALLY DON'T.
BACK OFF, GUYS.
I DON'T REALLY THINK YOU WANT TO DO THIS...
Oh YEAH. WELL, I DON'T GIVE A FLYIN' FART WHAT YOU THINK, SCUMBAG.
WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF CONCERNED CITIZENS TRYIN' TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THE HOMELESS PROBLEM. WE CALL IT THE 'BURN A BUM' SCHEME, DON'T WE BERNIE?
'BURN A BUM.' HUR HUR HUR


SO GET READY TO BURN IN HELL, 'CAUSE...
Uh?
HELL?
YOU REALLY WANT TO TALK ABOUT HELL, BUD?
THEN LET'S TALK.
JEEZ! IT'S THAT GUY! THE SPAWN GUY! THE SPOOK!
BLOW HIM AWAY, BERNIE!
YOU HEARD HIM, BERNIE. GO AHEAD.
BLOW ME AWAY.
MY HAND! ...YOU'RE... ah...


LOOKS LIKE BERNIE'S TOO BUSY RIGHT NOW.
YOU WANT TO TAKE A SHOT?
SCUM!
JESUS, GIMME A BREAK. WE WEREN'T GONNA TORCH THE GUY. IT WAS JUST A JOKE...
IT'S NOT FAIR... USIN' POWERS AGAINST NORMAL GUYS...
YOU THINK I NEED POWERS TO DEAL WITH SCUM LIKE YOU?
DO YOU?
NNNNNGGG
...MY HAND...


SORRY ABOUT THAT. GUESS I WAS JUST FEELING PISSED.
GUESS YOU WERE.
I KNOW IT'S HARD 'ROUND HERE BUT TRY TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE.
AND IF ANYONE COMES LOOKING FOR ME, TELL THEM I'VE GONE TO DIG UP AN OLD FRIEND.
SURE I WILL, HELLSPAWN.
SURE I WILL.

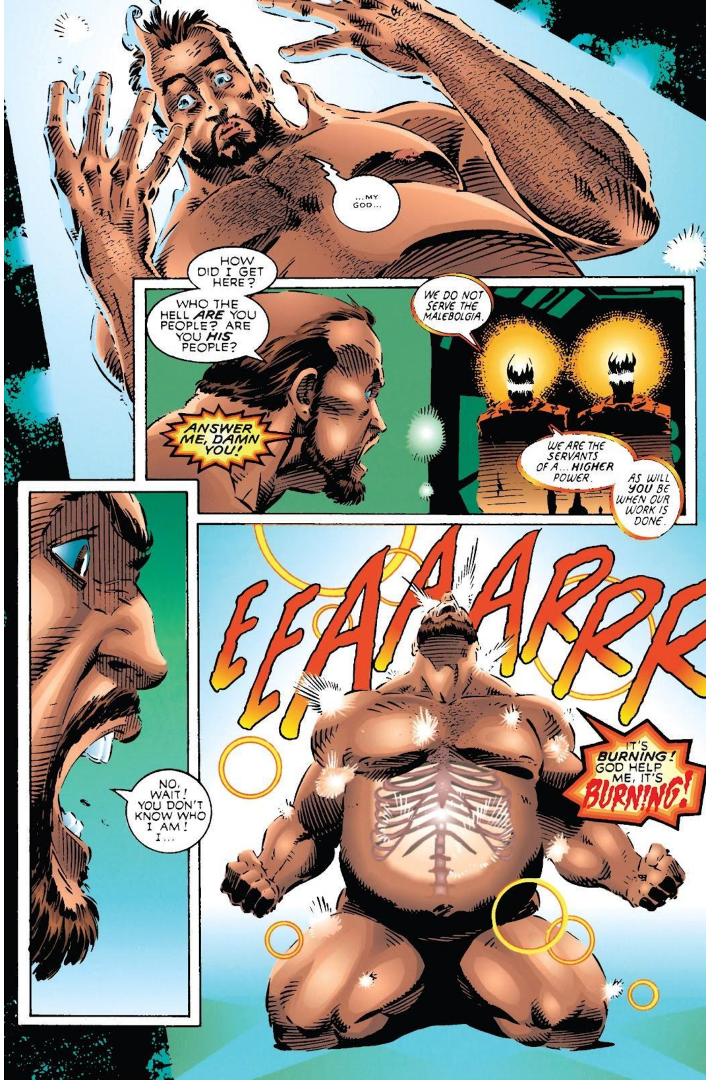

NOT FAR AWAY, IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, IN A MIRROR-WALLED BUILDING WITH NO NAME AND NO NUMBER...
WELL, IF WE'VE HAD TO WITHDRAW OUR DIPLOMATIC ENVOY FROM HELL THE PROBLEM IS SERIOUS, YES. YES, I UNDERSTAND.
RIGHT AWAY... YES.
...I WOULD NEVER QUESTION A DIRECT ORDER, NO, BUT ISN'T THIS A LITTLE ...WELL, DRASTIC?
I'VE DONE MY BEST TO RUN TERRAN AFFAIRS QUIETLY AND WITHOUT...
PROBLEMS, GABRIELLE?
NEW ORDERS FROM UPSTAIRS. REMEMBER THE EARTHBOUND HELL-SPAWN WHO DEFEATED ANGELA RECENTLY?
WELL, APPARENTLY THIS SPAWN IS SPECIAL AND SPECIAL MEANS DANGEROUS. WE'VE BEEN EMPOWERED TO CREATE OUR OWN SOLDIER TO DESTROY THE CREATURE.
THE BALANCE OF POWER MUST BE SERIOUSLY COMPROMISED IF CONTROL'S PREPARED TO INTERVENE SO DIRECTLY IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE EARTHLY PLANE.
LET'S JUST HOPE OUR ORBITAL ANGEL STATION IS UP AND RUNNING, MICHAELA.
WE HAVE WORK TO DO.


...THAT'S THE SITUATION AS IT STANDS. WE HAVE FULL AUTHORITY TO EMPOWER A HUMAN AGENT TO DESTROY THE HELLSPAWN.
IS THE STATION READY?
THIS STATION IS NOW FULLY OPERATIONAL, GABRIELLE.
OF COURSE. IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO HOLLOW OUT THE BODIES OF THE HUMANS HERE AND INSTALL OUR OWN ESSENCES WITHIN THEM.
WE WILL BEGIN THE PROCEDURE IMMEDIATELY.
I WILL CONTACT THE AVENGING ANGEL OF THE FIFTH HEAVEN AND ARRANGE FOR THE TRANSFER OF THE ELEMENTAL FIRE.
YOUR SOLDIER WILL BE FULLY EMPOWERED AND READY FOR COMBAT BEFORE SUNRISE YOUR TIME.
A SOLDIER?
FEARFUL TIMES ARE UPON US, IT SEEMS.
WHAT KIND OF HUMAN HAS THE STRENGTH TO BEAR THE ELEMENTAL FIRE?
THE SUBJECT HAS ALREADY BEEN SELECTED.
I'M BRINGING HIM UP NOW.


WOK
READY WHEN YOU ARE, GENTLE-MEN.
SKRAK



CHO!
CHUNT!
WHAT-EVER THEY'RE PAYING YOU GENTLEMEN, IT'S TOO MUCH.
YOU FIGHT LIKE LITTLE GIRLS. IF I WAS AN ENEMY YOU'D BE DEAD MEAT.
AS IT IS, YOU'RE OUT OF A **JOB**.
ACTIVATING TRANSFERENCE.
FIRE THOSE EXCUSES FOR SOLDIERS IN THERE AND TELL MAJOR VALE I'LL BE WITH HIM IN...
...MY GOD...
SIR... ?



...MY GOD...
HOW DID I GET HERE?
WHO THE HELL **ARE** YOU PEOPLE? ARE YOU **HIS** PEOPLE?
WE DO NOT SERVE THE MALEBOLGIA.
ANSWER ME, DAMN YOU!
WE ARE THE SERVANTS OF A... **HIGHER** POWER.
AS WILL **YOU** BE WHEN OUR WORK IS DONE.
NO, WAIT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM! I...
EEAAARRR
IT'S **BURNING!** GOD HELP ME, IT'S **BURNING!**


THIS IS THE PLACE.
THIS IS WHERE THEY BURIED ME.
WHAT AM I SO SCARED OF?
THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING IN HERE.
SIMMONS
THERE CAN'T BE.
THEY CAN'T HAVE BURIED AL SIMMONS HERE BECAUSE I'M AL SIMMONS.


I'LL PULL BACK THE LID OF THIS GODDAMN COFFIN AND I'LL LOOK IN AND I'LL SEE...
NO.
NO!
THE SMELL! LIKE SOME SICK, ANCIENT THING BREATHING IN MY FACE... FILTHY... ROTTEN...
IT'S ME. DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN. IT'S MY BODY.
AND IF THIS... THIS THING IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF AL SIMMONS...
WHAT AM I? GOD HELP ME...
WHAT AM I?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?


OUR WORK IS ACCOMPLISHED.
...HURTS... IT HURTS...
...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?...
...AAHHHH...
YOU ARE **OUR** CREATURE NOW. WE HAVE MADE YOU STRONG AND TERRIBLE SO THAT YOU MAY GO BACK AND **DESTROY** THE HELLSPAWN.
THE ELEMENTAL FIRE OF HEAVEN BURNS WITHIN YOU NOW. YOU ARE NO LONGER LIVING, NO LONGER HUMAN.
RISE UP! BE BORN AGAIN! SOLDIER OF THE LIGHT!


ANTI-SPAWN!
AAAAHHH
NEXT
MALEBOLGIA
IS THE DEVIL!


SPAWN
image
17
JAN
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image COMICS PRESENTS:

"REFLECTIONS"

PART 2

story
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pencils
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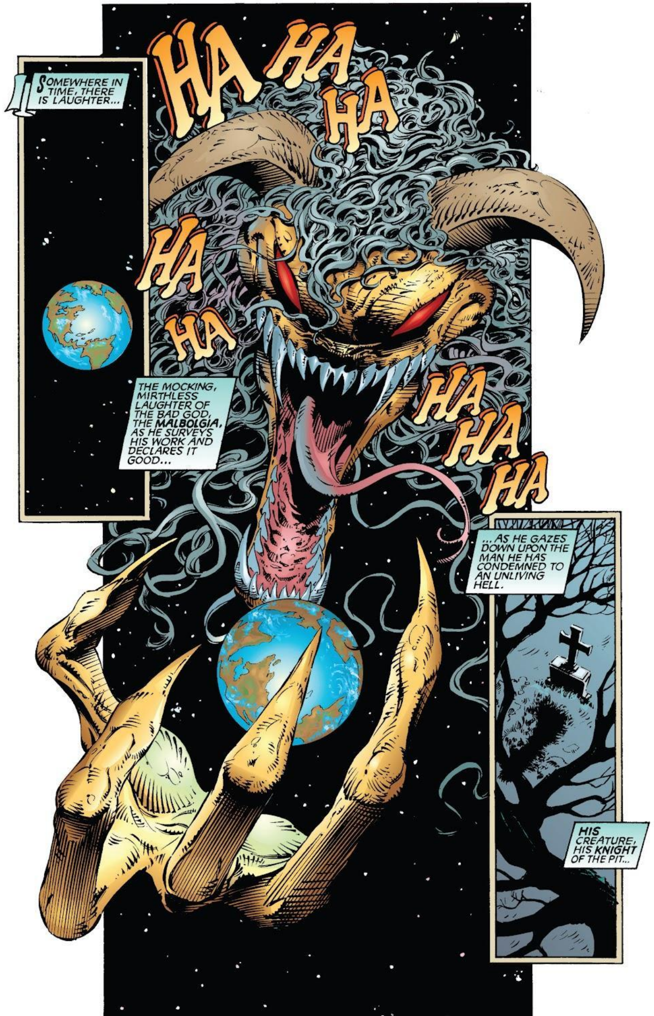
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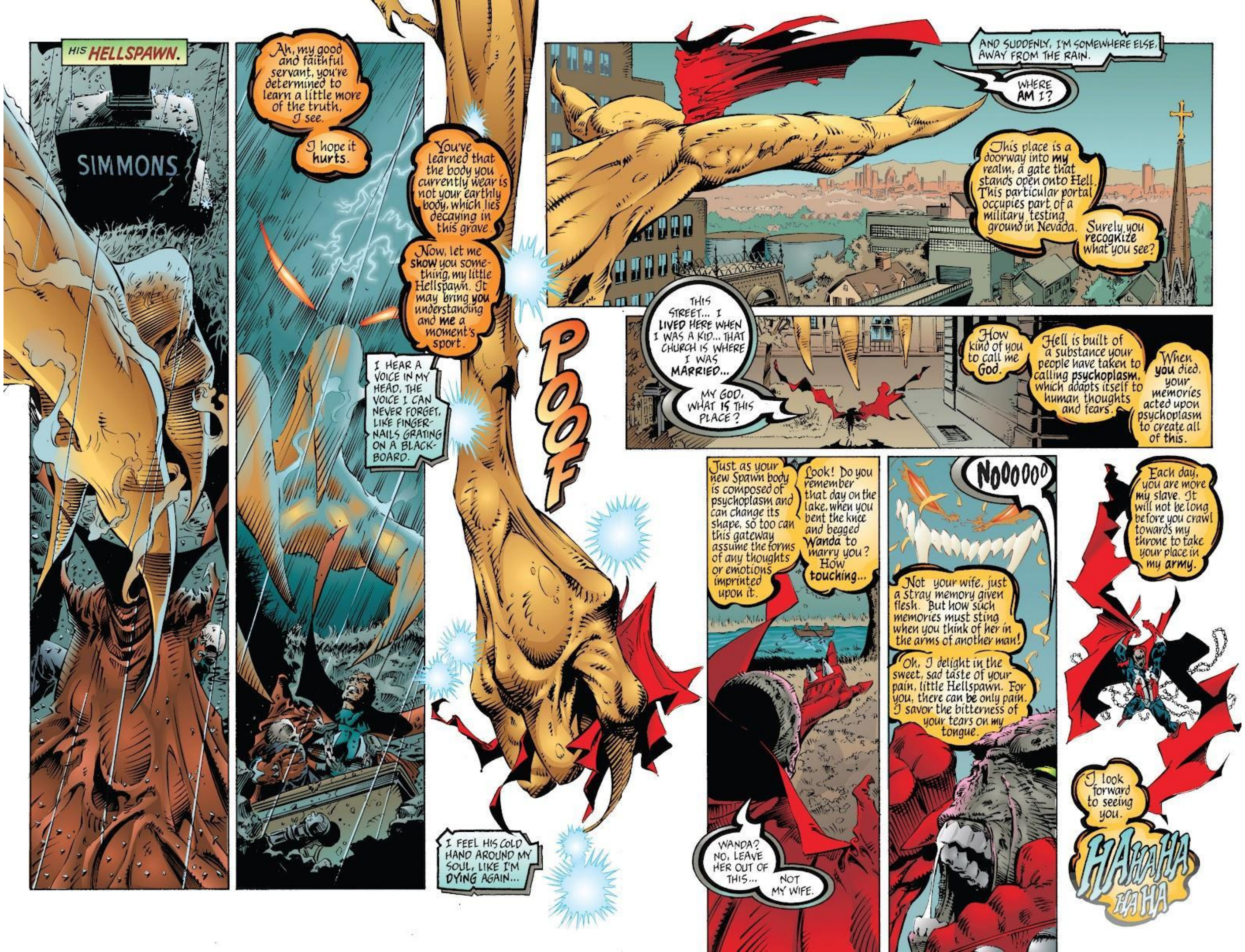
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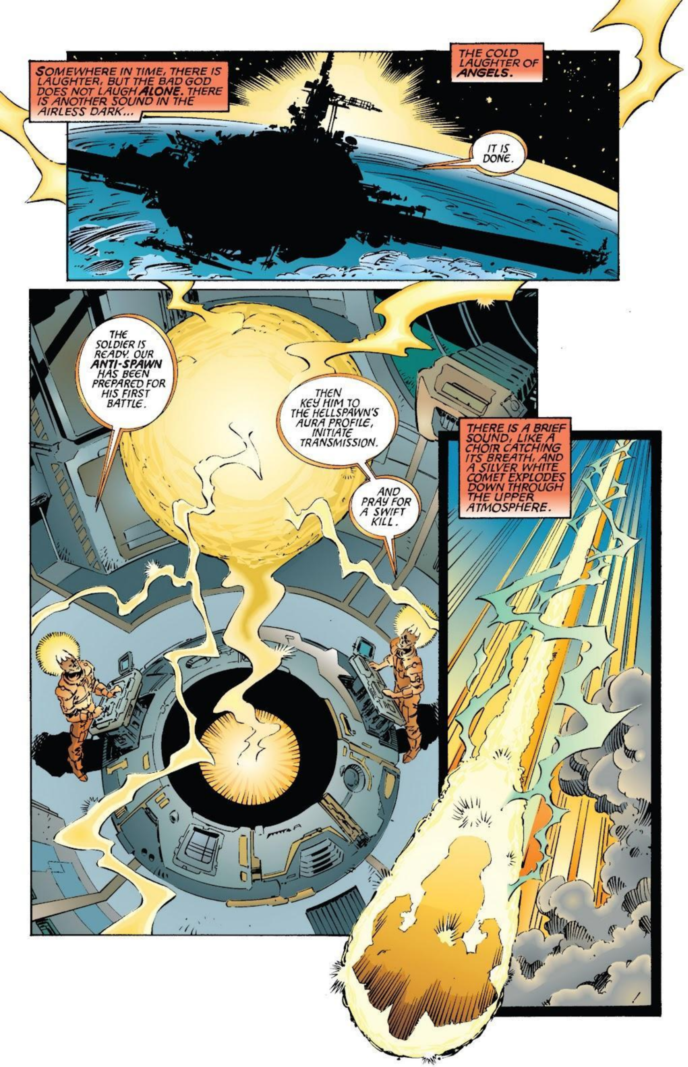
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Graphics Coordinator: JULIA SIMMONS.





HIS HELLSPAWN.
SIMMONS
Ah, my good and faithful servant, you're determined to learn a little more of the truth, I see.
I hope it hurts.
You've learned that the body you currently wear is not your earthly body, which lies decaying in this grave.
Now, let me show you something, my little Hellspawn. It may bring you understanding and me a moment's sport.
I HEAR A VOICE IN MY HEAD, THE VOICE I CAN NEVER FORGET, LIKE FINGERNAILS GRATING ON A BLACKBOARD.
POOF
I FEEL HIS COLD HAND AROUND MY SOUL, LIKE I'M DYING AGAIN...
AND SUDDENLY, I'M SOMEWHERE ELSE, AWAY FROM THE RAIN.
WHERE AM I?
This place is a doorway into my realm, a gate that stands open onto Hell. This particular portal occupies part of a military testing ground in Nevada.
Surely you recognize what you see?
THIS STREET... I LIVED HERE WHEN I WAS A KID... THAT CHURCH IS WHERE I WAS MARRIED...
MY GOD, WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
How kind of you to call me God.
Hell is built of a substance your people have taken to calling psychoplasm, which adapts itself to human thoughts and fears.
When you died, your memories acted upon psychoplasm to create all of this.
Just as your new Spawn body is composed of psychoplasm and can change its shape, so too can this gateway assume the forms of any thoughts or emotions imprinted upon it.
Look! Do you remember that day on the lake, when you bent the knee and begged Wanda to marry you? How touching...
WANDA? NO, LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS...
NOT MY WIFE.
NOOOOOO
Not your wife, just a stray memory given flesh. But how such memories must sting when you think of her in the arms of another man!
Oh, I delight in the sweet, sad taste of your pain, little Hellspawn. For you, there can be only pain. I savor the bitterness of your tears on my tongue.
Each day, you are more my slave. It will not be long before you crawl towards my throne to take your place in my army.
I look forward to seeing you.
HAHAHA HAHA


SOMEWHERE IN TIME, THERE IS LAUGHTER, BUT THE BAD GOD DOES NOT LAUGH ALONE. THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND IN THE AIRLESS DARK...
THE COLD LAUGHTER OF ANGELS.
IT IS DONE.
THE SOLDIER IS READY. OUR ANTI-SPAWN HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR HIS FIRST BATTLE.
THEN KEY HIM TO THE HELLSPAWN'S AURA PROFILE, INITIATE TRANSMISSION.
AND PRAY FOR A SWIFT KILL.
THERE IS A BRIEF SOUND, LIKE A CHOIR CATCHING ITS BREATH, AND A SILVER WHITE COMET EXPLODES DOWN THROUGH THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.


WHERE ARE YOU, YOU BASTARD ?!
YOU TOOK MY LIFE, YOU TOOK MY SOUL!
WHERE ARE YOU?! I...
WHOOOM
DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL THAT WAS BUT MY SKIN'S CRAWLING WITH STATIC.
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE...


SOMETHING BAD.
HELLSPAWN!
I'VE COME FOR YOU!


...MEANWHILE, IN WASHINGTON, GOVERNMENT SOURCES ARE REFUSING TO CONFIRM OR DENY RUMORS ABOUT THE DIS-APPEARANCE OF CONTROVERCIAL PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR JASON WYNN.
WYNN WAS SCHEDULED TO APPEAR IN A LIVE TELEVISION DEBATE EARLIER
CNN
KLIK
...CAN CALL ME A CRANK ALL THEY WANT BUT I SAY THE WHOLE WYNN DISAPPEARANCE STORY STINKS TO HIGH HEAVEN OF CONSPIRACY AND COVER-UP!
JUST WHAT WERE WYNN'S CONNECTIONS TO ALLEGED YOUNGBLOOD COVERT OPERATIONS AND ALL THOSE OTHER SNEAKY LITTLE DIRTY-TRICKS OUTINGS THAT NOBODY SEEMS TO WANT TO REPORT?
40 OTHER VIEWS
AND WHAT DID WYNN HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE NEW INFORMATION THAT'S COME TO LIGHT WHICH SUGGESTS THAT LT. COL. AL SIMMONS, WHO DIED SIX YEARS AGO, MAY HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY HIS OWN PEOPLE?
PRETTY STRANGE THEN THAT JASON WYNN SHOULD SUDDENLY
KLIK
...BEST FOR YOUR DOG, BEST FOR YOUR POCKET.
WAS THAT SOMETHING ON THE NEWS ABOUT AL?
Uh... NOT REALLY. THEY'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT THIS JASON WYNN THING. I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN, WANDA ...


I NEVER LIKED THAT GUY, WYNN.
HE CAME AROUND A COUPLE OF TIMES WHEN AL AND I WERE MARRIED AND HE ALWAYS GAVE ME THE CREEPS.
WELL, JASON WAS INVOLVED IN A LOT OF BAD STUFF BUT HE ALWAYS MANAGED TO KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN.
I GUESS THAT'S WHY AL FINALLY FELL OUT WITH HIM.
IT'S WEIRD, YOU KNOW... I KEEP THINKING ABOUT AL. IT'S... WELL, IT'S LIKE HE WAS SOMEHOW THERE IN A WAY THAT HE WASN'T BEFORE... I DON'T KNOW...
IT'S KIND OF SPOOKY, I GUESS.
AS LONG AS YOU DON'T STOP THINKING ABOUT ME, HONEY.
NOT IN A MILLION YEARS, TERRY. YOU KNOW THAT.
AND WHO KNOWS ABOUT JASON WYNN OR WHETHER HE'S VANISHED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH ANYWAY?
I MEAN, DOES IT REALLY MATTER?
KLIK
MORE THAN YOU THINK, WANDA BLAKE...


...FOR JASON WYNN HAS BEEN REBORN AS THE ANTI-SPAWN AND STANDS FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OLD ADVERSARY, AL SIMMONS--
--THOUGH NEITHER MAN SUSPECTS.
YEAH?
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY.
I'VE COME TO DESTROY YOU, HELLSPAWN.
SHRAAAK


WHATEVER HE THROWS AT ME, IT HITS LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN.
FEELS LIKE EVERYTHING INSIDE ME JUST CAUGHT FIRE. LIKE HOT GLASS AND ACID IN MY VEINS. EVERYTHING SPINS AND A WALL COMES UP BEHIND ME. COLORS...
SKRASSSSH

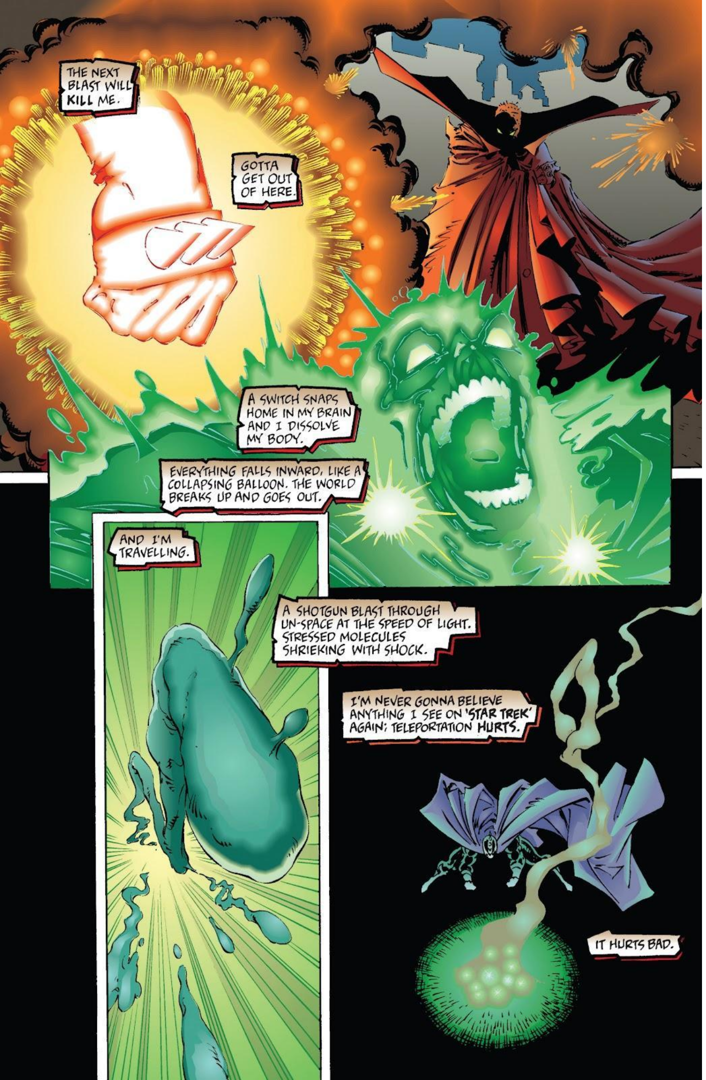

UNNH!
LIGHTNING CRACKLING DOWN MY NERVOUS SYSTEM.
I CAN SMELL INCENSE AND OLD WOOD... HURT BAD... THIS IS WHERE WE WERE **MARRIED**... WANDA... BUT IT'S NOT A CHURCH, IS IT?... JUST HELL **PRETENDING** TO BE A CHURCH...
GOD, I'M IN **AGONY!**
AND THOSE VOICES SURE AIN'T CHOIRBOYS...
LOOKEE HERE, WHAT WE GOT?
IS IT A HELLSPAWN? **SMELLS** LIKE A HELLSPAWN.
IT'S A HELLSPAWN ALL RIGHT. NOT SO HIGH AND MIGHTY NOW, IS HE?
LET'S SEE HIM ORDER **US** AROUND.
I GOT AN **IDEA**. LET'S TAKE HIS UNIFORM WHILE IT'S STILL **STUNNED**. NO REASON WHY **WE** SHOULDN'T BE FINE CAPTAINS IN HELL'S ARMY.
WON'T THE UNIFORM BE BONDED TO HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM?


NOT ONCE WE'VE PEELED HIM LIKE A
WHUMMP!
STAND AWAY FROM HIM!
HE'S MINE!
FILTH! DO YOU HEAR ME?
HE'S MINE!


EEE EE EEAAAA
STINK OF BURNING MEAT AND SULFUR.
WHO IS THIS GUY? NEVER FACED SO MUCH RAW POWER. WHAT THE HELL DOES HE WANT?
WHAT IF HE'S STRONGER THAN ME?
AND HOW COME I FEEL LIKE I KNOW HIM?
SEE? SEE HOW THE HOLY BURNING LIGHT OF HEAVEN DISPELS THE DARKNESS?
NOW YOU, HELLSPAWN.
I'LL MAKE YOU SCREAM.


WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON DOWN THERE IN SIMMONSVILLE?.
I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, MAJOR VALE, SIR.
WE GOT ALARMS GOING OFF ALL OVER THE PLACE. WE'VE HAD TO PLACE AN EMERGENCY EXCLUSION ZONE AROUND THE WHOLE AREA.
WYNN'S VANISHED AND NOBODY KNOWS HOW OR WHERE.
I JUST GOT HERE, SOLDIER, AND ALREADY IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THIS PROJECT'S FALLING APART AT THE SEAMS.
WYNN SAID THAT WAS A DOORWAY TO HELL DOWN THERE.
LOOKS TO ME LIKE ALL HELL JUST BROKE LOOSE, BOY.
WELL, THIS PROGRAM MEANS WAY TOO MUCH TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO JUST LET IT ALL GO CRAZY. I'M GOIN' IN THERE, EXCLUSION ZONE OR NO GODDAMN EXCLUSION ZONE!
AND THERE AIN'T NOTHING ON EARTH OR IN HELL GONNA STOP ME, THAT'S FOR SURE!


I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS.
GOT TO TRY AND TAKE HIM OUT.
SHRAAAK!
GODDAMN! I MISSED!
I MISSED AND HE'S STILL COMING.


THE NEXT BLAST WILL KILL ME.
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE.
A SWITCH SNAPS HOME IN MY BRAIN AND I DISSOLVE MY BODY.
EVERYTHING FALLS INWARD, LIKE A COLLAPSING BALLOON. THE WORLD BREAKS UP AND GOES OUT.
AND I'M TRAVELLING.
A SHOTGUN BLAST THROUGH UN-SPACE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT. STRESSED MOLECULES SHRIEKING WITH SHOCK.
I'M NEVER GONNA BELIEVE ANYTHING I SEE ON 'STAR TREK' AGAIN; TELEPORTATION HURTS.
IT HURTS BAD.


AND, AS BEFORE, THE SPAWN IS DRAWN BACK, AS THOUGH BY SOME PSYCHIC MAGNET, TO THE LABYRINTHINE ALLEYWAYS OF THE BOWERY...
...TO THE PLACE HE CALLS HOME.
SO I SAYS TO THE COP, I SAYS... HEY! LOOKIT THIS HERE!
JEE-ZUS! IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY!
WHATCHA CALL THAT?!
GET AWAY... ALL OF YOU... HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW...
GET AWAY!
IT'S THE SPAWN!
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, BIG GUY...
NO!
GET OUT OF HERE!
GO!
IT CAN'T BE... HE CAN'T HAVE COME AFTER ME SO SOON.
I NEED MORE TIME...


YOU CAN'T HIDE.
I CAN TRACK YOU THROUGH TIME AND SPACE, TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!
THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN FROM DEATH!
SKRAAAK


CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT... EVERYTHING BROKEN UP INSIDE. IS THAT BLOOD IN MY EYES, OR...
...JESUS. THAT NOISE... IT'S MY COSTUME! BLEEDING... MOANING...
MY COSTUME'S ALIVE AND HE'S WOUNDED IT...
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE PAIN? BURNING INSIDE... WHITE FIRE... THEY SET LIGHT TO MY SOUL...
IF I KILL YOU, THE ANGELS WILL LET ME REST.
ANGELS? WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
I'M LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS.
CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER...


SHRRZZZZZ
UUUUHHHH H


HEAD'S FILLED WITH *LIGHT*... I CAN'T *THINK* STRAIGHT... I *JUST HAVE* TO *KILL* YOU...
THEN THE FIRES WILL GO *OUT.* I WAS A MAN ONCE... ***WAS*** I A MAN? NOW *I'M* THE FIERY SOLDIER OF HEAVEN... HEAVEN'S HUNTER, HEAVEN'S HARRIER AND *YOU*...
SHIIING!
YOU'RE JUST ***PREY!***


TIME'S UP, HELLSPAWN!



SPAWN
image
18
FEB
DIGITAL EDITION
SIMMONS

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"REFLECTIONS"

PART 3

story
GRANT MORRISON

pencils
GREG CAPULLO

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Dedicated to:
DICK AYERS

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - exec. director   TONY LOBITO - publisher

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AND THIS IS NOW.
SEE, HELLSPAWN?
IT'S EASY TO DIE.


I PROMISE TO MAKE IT HURT.
YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR YOUR BUDDIES.
WHO...?


FILTH!
I'LL BURN YOUR EYES OUT! I'LL--
I DON'T THINK SO, PAL.
THIS IS OUR TURF AND WE STICK TOGETHER.
YOU GOT A BEEF WITH THE SPAWN YOU GOT A BEEF WITH ALL OF US.


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE FACING...
I'LL TEAR YOU ALL APART...
THAT'S ENOUGH, BUD.
THESE PEOPLE ARE UNDER MY PROTECTION.

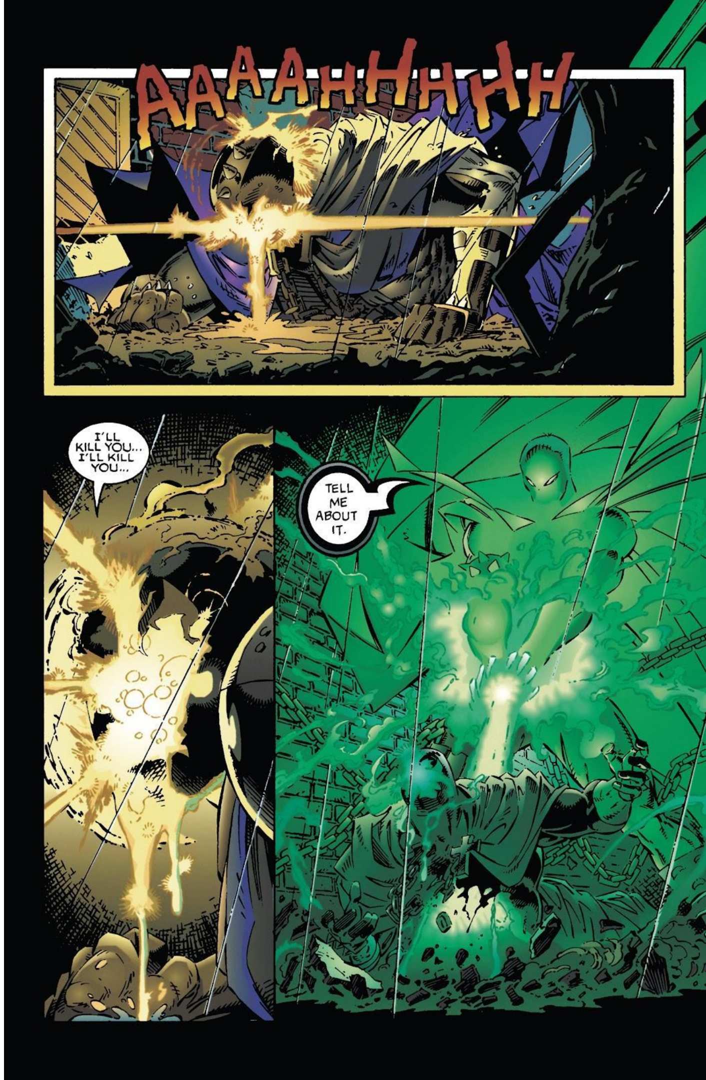

GOT THAT?
KROOM


SHRAAAAK!
MY COSTUME HOWLS AS HE TAGS ME WITH ANOTHER BLAST.
GOT TO MOVE IN FAST.

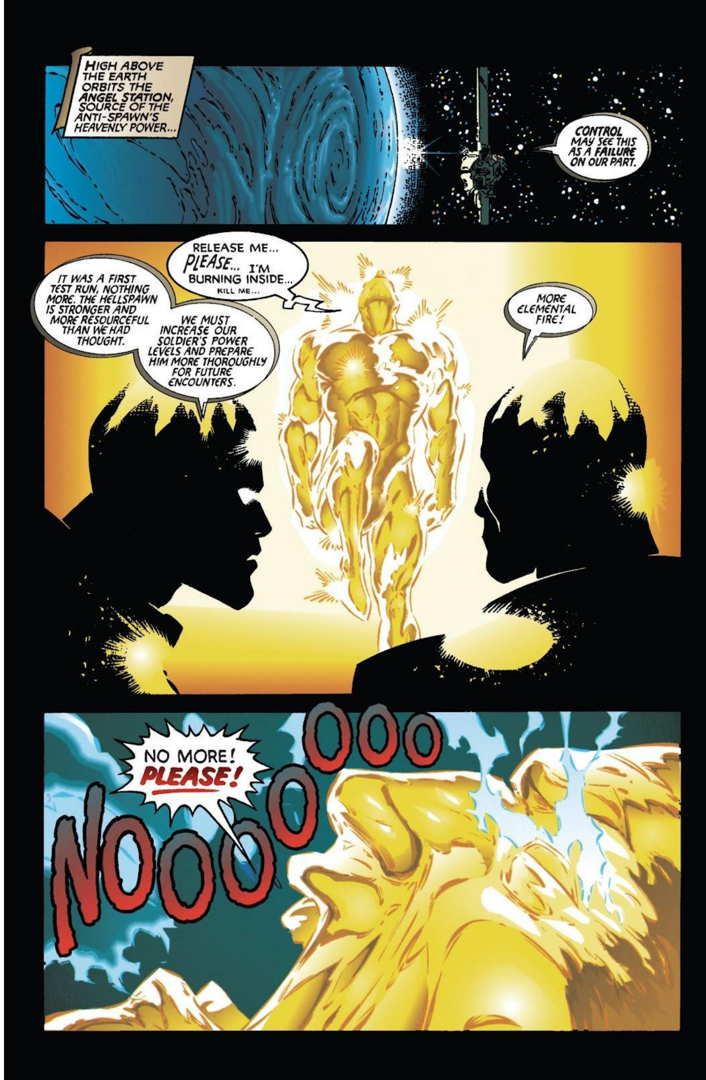

I'M STILL WEAK.
I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET HIM GAIN THE ADVANTAGE AGAIN.
YOU THINK YOU CAN HURT ME-- HEAVEN'S SOLDIER?
I'LL SHOW YOU PAIN.
THIS IS WHAT I FEEL.
NNNGH


RRRRAAAA
FEELS LIKE LIVE WIRES... BURNING LIGHTS IN MY HEAD... JESUS, DON'T LET ME PASS OUT...
WHOK!
WHUNCH!
IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S EXPENDED TOO MUCH ENERGY. MAYBE HIS POWERS ARE SIMILAR TO MINE.
NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. I HAVE TO FINISH THIS.
I'LL KILL YOU...
YEAH?


WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD, BASTARD!
HAVE A NICE DAY.
TSCHH!


AAAAHHHHH
I'LL KILL YOU... I'LL KILL YOU...
TELL ME ABOUT IT.


I THINK I GOT HIM.
I HIT HIM. SCARED THE CRAP OUTTA ME BUT I HIT HIM.
YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR YOUR BUDDIES, RIGHT?
DID I DO THE RIGHT THING?
SURE, DIPPER.
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, BUDDY.
JEEZ! WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?
DISAPPEARED. LOOK AT THAT.
WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED.
I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND IT.


HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH ORBITS THE ANGEL STATION, SOURCE OF THE ANTI-SPAWN'S HEAVENLY POWER...
CONTROL MAY SEE THIS AS A FAILURE ON OUR PART.
RELEASE ME... PLEASE... I'M BURNING INSIDE... KILL ME...
IT WAS A FIRST TEST RUN, NOTHING MORE. THE HELLSPAWN IS STRONGER AND MORE RESOURCEFUL THAN WE HAD THOUGHT.
WE MUST INCREASE OUR SOLDIER'S POWER LEVELS AND PREPARE HIM MORE THOROUGHLY FOR FUTURE ENCOUNTERS.
MORE ELEMENTAL FIRE!
NO MORE! PLEASE!
NOOOOOOOO


I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL THAT WAS ALL ABOUT BUT I HOPE IT'S OVER...
WELL, I HEARD YOU COULD BE PRETTY DUMB BUT GIMME A BREAK! OVER?
YOU THINK HEAVEN GOES TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF EMPOWERING AN ANTI-SPAWN JUST TO HAVE IT BEATEN IN ONE LITTLE SCUFFLE?
AN ANTI-SPAWN?
LOOK, WHO ARE YOU? DIDN'T I SEE YOU EARLIER?
SURE DID. YOU EVEN SAVED MY LIFE, ALTHOUGH, TO TELL THE TRUTH, IT DIDN'T NEED SAVING.
WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, SIMMONS. I BELIEVE YOU MET ONE OF US BEFORE, A MAN NAMED CAGLIOSTRO.*
*SEE ISSUE #9 --Tom
YOU SEE, HEAVEN AND HELL AIN'T THE ONLY PLAYERS IN THIS GAME.
THERE ARE OTHER POWERS AND AGENCIES, OWING ALLEGIANCE TO NEITHER SIDE, AND THERE ARE METHODS WHEREBY YOU CAN UNDO THE BARGAIN YOU MADE AND RETAIN YOUR POWERS.
BELIEVE ME, YOU CAN BEAT THE DEVIL.
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME?


MY CARD.
BUT... BUT IT'S BLANK.
ONLY FOR NOW.
WHEN THE TIME COMES, WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.
MORE QUESTIONS.
FOR ANOTHER DAY.
RIGHT NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I STILL HAVE TO DO.


HERE IN THE NEVADA DESERT, THERE'S A DOORWAY TO HELL. IT LOOKS LIKE A TOWN BUT IT'S MADE OUT OF SOMETHING CALLED PSYCHOPLASM-- A SUBSTANCE WHICH CHANGES SHAPE IN RESPONSE TO THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS.
THEY TOOK MY MEMORIES AND USED THEM TO GIVE FORM TO THIS TERRIBLE PLACE.
THEY TOOK EVERYTHING I WAS AND PERVERTED IT.
NOW I'M TAKIN' IT BACK.
KACHAKK
WHOOOM


ONLY WAY I KNOW HOW.
YOU THERE!
STOP RIGHT THERE!
TURN AROUND! SHOW YOURSELF, GODDAMNIT!
Oh GOD.
WHO ARE YOU?...
WELL, WELL. YOU WON'T REMEMBER ME BUT I REMEMBER YOU, MAJOR VALE. YOU AND JASON WYNN WERE CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH. WEREN'T YOU?
REMEMBER ECUADOR? SIX GOOD MEN DIED, A WHOLE VILLAGE OF INNOCENT PEOPLE WAS WIPED OUT AND YOU AND JASON COVERED THE WHOLE THING UP.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? THAT WAS A COVERT OPERATION. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, MISTER?
ANSWER ME! THAT'S AN ORDER!
MAYBE I GOT SICK OF TAKING ORDERS FROM PEOPLE LIKE YOU, VALE.
NOW I'M GIVING YOU AN ORDER.


DROP DEAD.
I WISH I COULD SAY IT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.
TIME TO FINISH THE JOB.
I WATCH IT ALL COME DOWN. I WATCH IT ALL BURN; THE HOUSE I GREW UP IN, THE BAR I DRANK IN, THE PARK AND THE SCHOOL AND UNCLE MARTIN'S STORE.
MY LIFE GOES UP IN FLAMES.


EVERYTHING THAT WAS HUMAN IS GONE.
EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.
ONE MEMORY OF A PERFECT DAY REMAINS AS I STAND IN THE BLAZING RUINS.
THE MEMORY OF A SUNLIT SPRING DAY ON THE LAKE. THE DAY I ASKED WANDA TO MARRY ME.
BEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
I USE MY MIND TO COLLAPSE THE ENTIRE SCENE, SHAPING THE PSYCHOPLASM INTO A MORE MANAGEABLE FORM.
I TAKE THAT LAST MEMORY AND REDUCE IT DOWN TO A SINGLE SPARK.
THAT WAS THE BEST DAY, BEST THING I EVER DID. IT'S WORTH KEEPING BUT I'D ONLY BREAK IT OR LOSE IT.
GUESS I SHOULD PUT IT SOMEWHERE SAFE.


QUEENS, NEW YORK.
LOOK AT THAT RAIN!
YEAH, IT'S A HELL OF A NIGHT, WANDA.
ARE YOU OKAY? YOU SEEM KIND OF RESTLESS OR SOME-THING.
I DON'T KNOW. JUST THINKING...
WE'RE SO LUCKY, AREN'T WE, TERRY? WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING WE EVER WANTED.
I JUST FEEL SORRY FOR ANY POOR THING THAT HAS TO BE OUT THERE.
WANDA.
I SAVED IT FOR YOU.


...IT JUST SEEMS...
OH.
WANDA?
I JUST...
SOMETHING JUST CAME INTO MY HEAD. I SEEMED TO REMEMBER SOMETHING... AND THEN IT WAS GONE...
IT WAS...
I LOVE YOU.
CLOSE THE DRAPES, HONEY.
COME TO BED.
THE WINDOW GOES DARK.
THE WORLD GOES DARK.
BUT THAT'S OKAY. I'M USED TO IT.


DARKNESS IS MY HOME NOW.
1993


IDW
ISSUE 2
MOWRY • SCHWEITZER • GALUSHA • FOTOS
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RAGE ACROSS TIME

GODZILLA
RAGE ACROSS TIME



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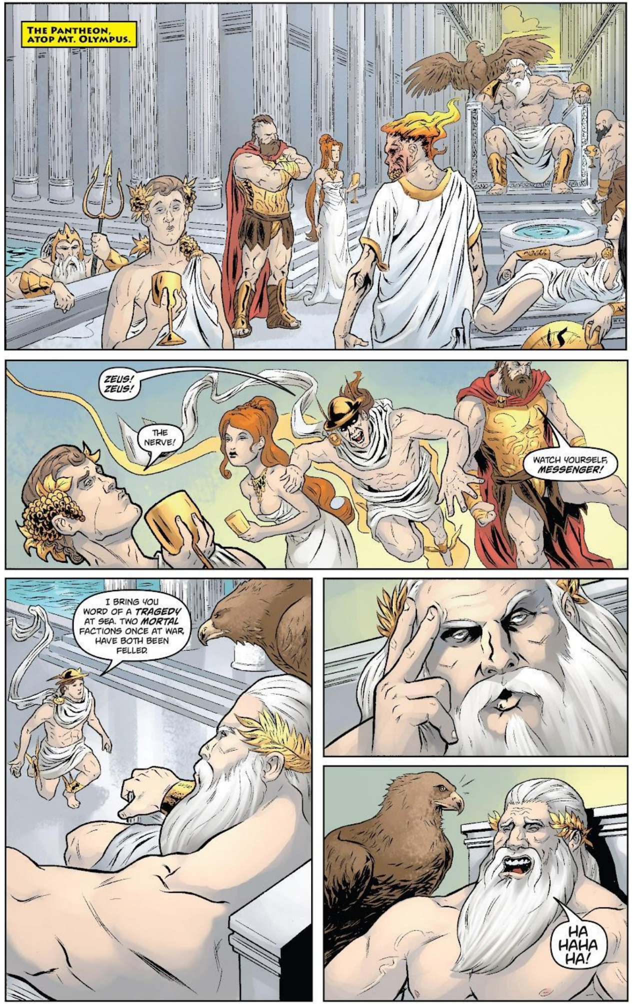
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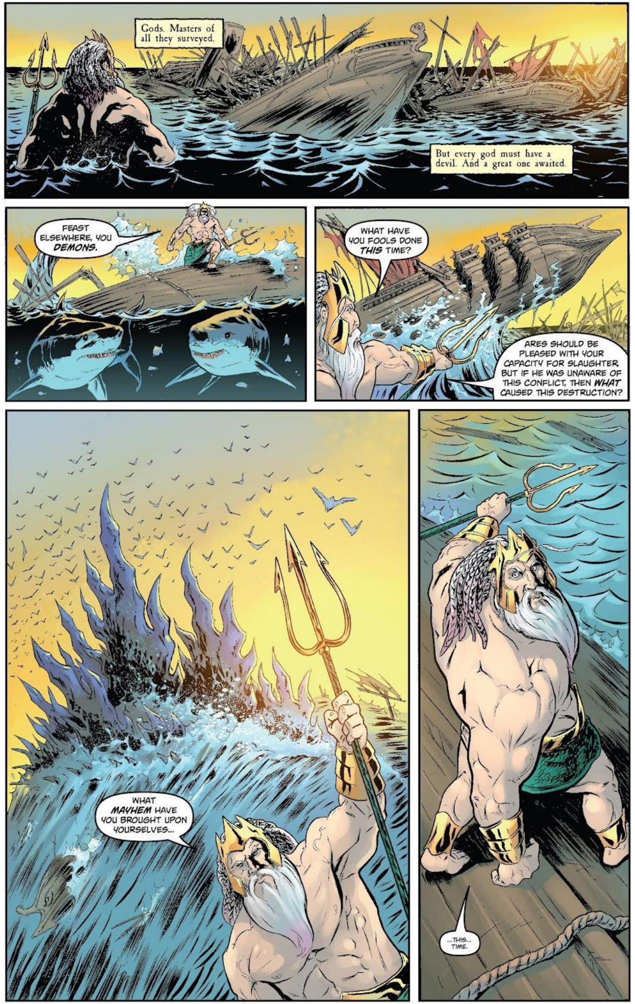
It was the finest civilization the world had ever known.
Nestled in a land created for a unified people, under the guiding hands of all-knowing wisdom and justice.
A beloved leadership that was worshipped.
Yet with time, they grew bored. Complacent. Even the love of the people could not sate their gluttonous need for reverence.
And so complacency led to apathy.



THE PANTHEON, ATOP MT. OLYMPUS.
ZEUS! ZEUS!
THE NERVE!
WATCH YOURSELF, MESSENGER!
I BRING YOU WORD OF A TRAGEDY AT SEA. TWO MORTAL FACTIONS ONCE AT WAR HAVE BOTH BEEN FELLED.
HA HAHA HA!


MORTALS AT WAR, AND NOT ONE PATHETIC SOUL SEEKING MY GUIDANCE OR OFFERING ME MY DUES? BAH!
FORGIVE **ARES,** DEAR **HERMES.** HIS THIRST FOR CONFLICT IS MATCHED ONLY BY HIS ARROGANCE IN MORTAL MATTERS.
BUT WITH THAT SAID, I'VE NOT HEARD A CRY FOR MY HELP, EITHER.
WHAT FOOL WOULD CALL UPON YOUR HELP IN SUCH A TIME, **APHRODITE?** WHAT WOULD **YOU** KNOW OF WHEN IT COMES TO—
NOT ALL MORTALS FIGHT WITH RAGE AND ANGER, ARES. SOME FIGHT WITH PASSION FOR A FEELING THAT YOU HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD. EVEN YOU WOU—
ENOUGH!
YOU BICKER LIKE CHILDREN. LIKE THE MORTALS YOU **DEFEND,** APHRODITE.
IF THEY ARE WITHOUT THE NEED FOR **OUR** GUIDANCE, THEN IT IS THEIR CHOICE TO MAKE. LET THEM SUFFER THE **CONSEQUENCES** OF SUCH DECISIONS.
BUT FAIR ZEUS, THE MORTALS HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FOR SOME TIME. HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THIS? HAVE YOU NOT FELT THEIR DESPAIR?
DESPAIR? WE HAVE SUPPORTED THEM WHENEVER THEY HAVE CALLED UPON US. AND WHAT DO WE ASK OF THEM IN RETURN?
THEY HAVE BUILT MONUMENTS TO YOU, ZEUS, TO YOUR CHILDREN. THEY WORSHIP US ALL.
AS THEY SHOULD.
BUT WHERE IS OUR LOVE AND DEVOTION IN RETURN? WHAT HAVE WE DONE BUT **ALLOW** THEM TO FURTHER LOSE THEIR WAY THROUGH BLOODSHED AND RIVALRY?
THEY ARE A **NUISANCE.**
PLEASE, ZEUS. I BEG YOU. WHAT IF THERE IS **SOMETHING** THAT NEEDS OUR ATTENTION? ANOTHER TITAN, PERHAPS? PLEASE. THERE IS **POWER** IN COMPASSION, YOU KNOW.

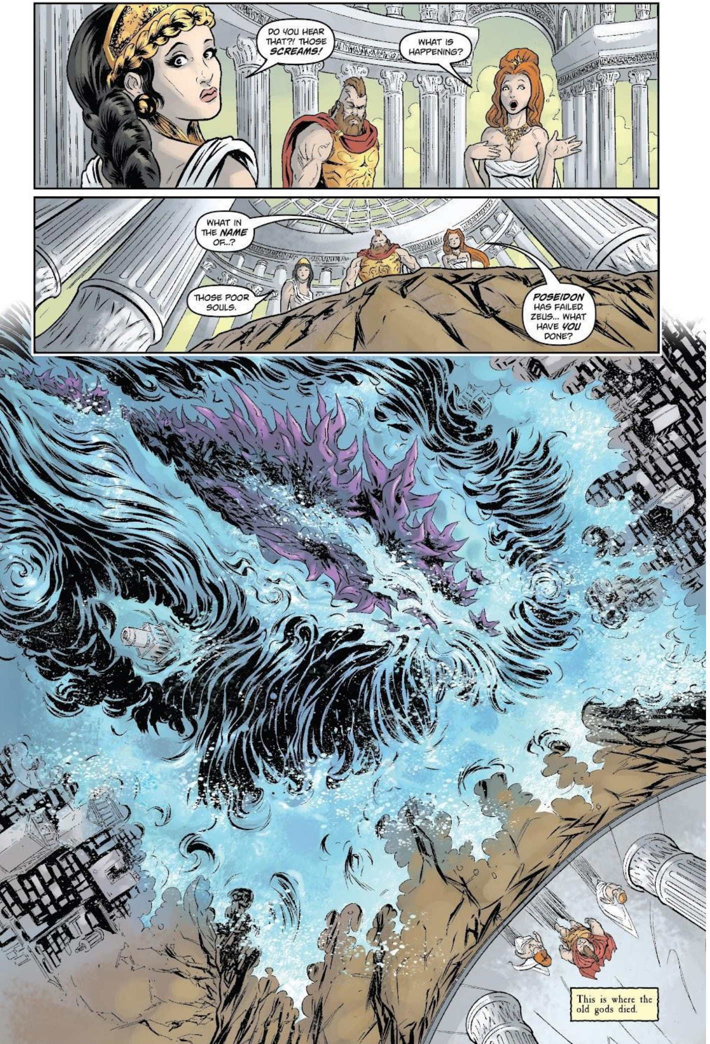

IF IT PLEASES THE DIVINE APHRODITE, ZEUS...
...THEN **I'LL** LOOK INTO THIS MATTER.
ARROGANT AND UNRESTRAINED. NO WONDER YOU LOVE HIM SO.
AFTER ALL, I WOULDN'T WANT HER TO WORRY NOW.
JUST LIKE THE **DOMAIN** HE CONTROLS. YOUR LOVE FOR THESE MORTALS WILL BE ADDRESSED. AS **ALWAYS,** WE SHALL INTERVENE.
SHALL WE BRING **WAR** TO THE LAND? PERHAPS THE MORTALS NEED TO REMEMBER THE **FEAR** THAT MANDATES **RESPECT** FROM THEIR GODS?
NO, ARES. THE **LAST TIME** WE DID THAT, IT NEARLY **KILLED** US ALL.
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY NEED TO BE TAUGHT A **LESSON.** TAUGHT BY US... HIGH ABOVE THEIR PETTY ARGUMENTS AND SIMPLE DESIRES.
WE'VE SLAIN OUR ENEMIES, ZEUS. IF YOU DESIRE **MORE** CARNAGE, I CAN ARRANGE FOR THAT AS WELL.
THE MORTALS ARE **INNOCENT** IN THIS! HOW DARE WE CONTINUE TO IGNORE THEM! HAVE YOU NOT FELT THE **EMPTINESS** THAT COMES FROM THEIR SILENCE?
ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT **OUR** STRENGTH—**MY POWER**—COMES FROM THEM? MY DEAR APHRODITE, YOUR COMPASSION IS YOUR STRENGTH... AND YOUR GREATEST WEAKNESS.
THEY LIVE TO SERVE US. WE ARE THEIR **RULERS.** WE ARE THEIR **GODS.**


Gods. Masters of all they surveyed.
But every god must have a devil. And a great one awaited.
FEAST ELSEWHERE, YOU *DEMONS.*
WHAT HAVE YOU FOOLS DONE *THIS* TIME?
ARES SHOULD BE PLEASED WITH YOUR CAPACITY FOR SLAUGHTER, BUT IF HE WAS UNAWARE OF THIS CONFLICT, THEN *WHAT* CAUSED THIS DESTRUCTION?
WHAT *MAYHEM* HAVE YOU BROUGHT UPON YOURSELVES...
...THIS... TIME.


SMASH
YEARRRRGH
"YOU'RE WRONG, ZEUS."


AHH, HERA. YOU FINALLY JOIN US? WHAT DIVINE WISDOM DO YOU BESTOW ON ME? AM I WRONG FOR NOT CONCERNING MYSELF IN THESE AFFAIRS? AM I WRONG FOR NOT SEEING THE WORTH IN THESE MORTALS?
YOUR DISRESPECT FOR THEM IS ONE THING, GREAT ZEUS. BUT NOW YOU DISRESPECT US AS WELL.
DISRESPECT YOU? WHEN IT IS I WHO STANDS HERE AGAINST SUCH INSOLENCE?
YOU'VE LOST YOUR WILL TO LEAD THEM, ZEUS. WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN THEM TO BELIEVE IN BUT EXCESS?
THEY WAGE WAR NOW WITHOUT EVEN A CARE FOR WHAT WE THINK.
THEN WE SHALL PUNISH THEM. MAKE THEM FEAR US... FEAR OUR POWER.
FEAR IS ONE THING, ZEUS, BUT THERE IS NO LOVE FOR US, EITHER.
I ADMIT THAT I AM CONFUSED BY THEIR ACTIONS. NOT ONE OF THEM CALLED TO ME. NOT ONE OF US WAS CALLED UPON.
AND NOT ONE OF YOU SHALL CONTINUE TO SPEAK TO ME LIKE THIS!
STUBBORN ZEUS. HIS EGO WILL RUIN US ALL.
YOU SOUND AS IF YOU THINK YOU CAN CHANGE HIM, HERA. THERE'S NO CHANGING HIS MIND. HE WON'T CHANGE HIS MIND UNLESS HE'S FORCED TO.


Brave Ares was right.
While some gods knew that a time of change was upon them, Zeus truly believed that he was above the rest of the world.
Atop his mountain, he was, but on the ground he couldn't have been more wrong.
CURSE YOU, ZEUS...


DO YOU HEAR THAT?! THOSE SCREAMS!
WHAT IS HAPPENING?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?
THOSE POOR SOULS.
POSEIDON HAS FAILED. ZEUS... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
This is where the old gods died.


This is where a devil—my devil—was born.
SKREEEEEOO-


KRZZZZAP
WHAT MONSTROSITY IS THIS? WHAT **EVIL** HAVE YOU BROUGHT UPON US THAT DARES TO DEFY ME?!
WHICH ONE OF YOU IS BEHIND THIS? **HEPHAESTUS?** WHAT HAVE YOU CREATED THIS TIME?
NO, ZEUS, IT WAS NOT I. IT MUST HAVE BEEN POSEIDON! THAT IS **HIS** WAVE. **HE** SENT THAT MONSTER HERE.
IF POSEIDON STILL LIVES, THEN HE WILL ANSWER TO ME FOR THIS.
REAARRRGH!
BUT **KILL** THIS CREATURE FIRST!


YOU DARE CHALLENGE **ARES,** THE GOD OF **WAR?!**
YOU MAY **TRY,** MONS—
ZEUS, PLEASE HEAR ME. POSEIDON, NOW ARES... WE'RE **POWERLESS** AGAINST THIS IN OUR STATE.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF! FOR I'VE SUMMONED THE **HYDRA** TO TAKE CARE OF THIS BEAST!
KREEEEEARRRKT
SKLRRCH


SKLRRRTCH
KSSSHT
KZZZT
SKREEONNK
While a god tried to fight from above...

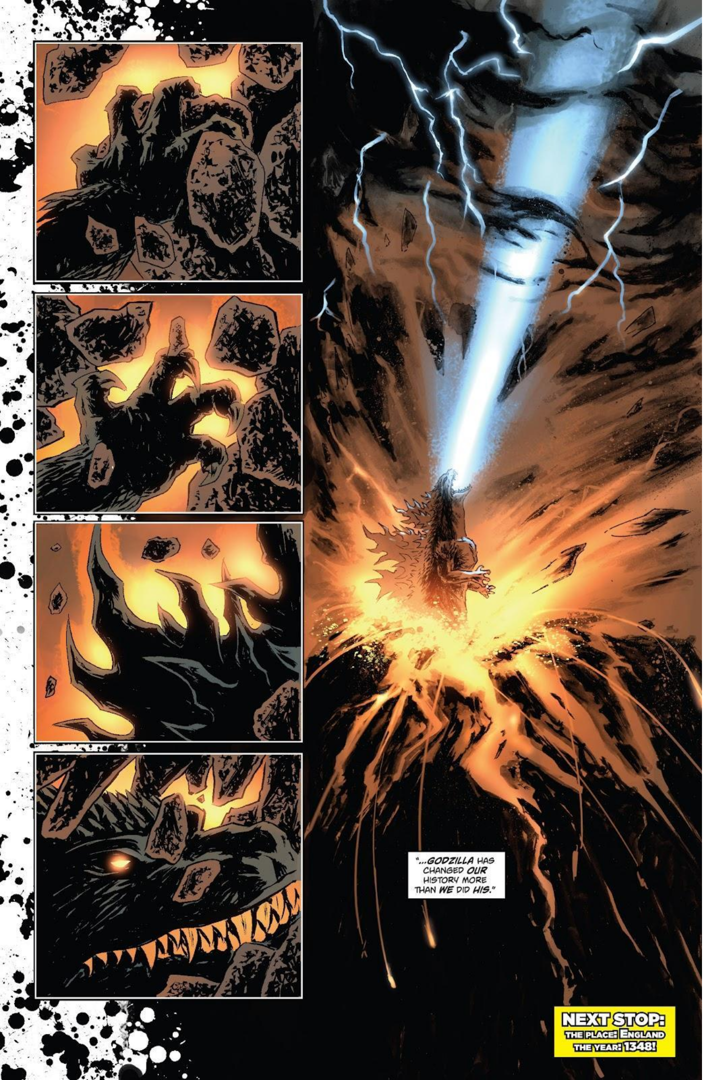

...a monster sought to even that fight.
The monster brought that god down to Earth.
The god was alone for the first time. All that he had known now lay in ruins. Because of the monster.
And for that, the monster would pay.


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BEAST?!
WHAM
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DON'T YOU SEE THAT I FIGHT FOR YOU?
THOOM
KZZZZZZT


BZZT
KZZT KZZT
SKREEEEEEONK
NO, MONSTER. NOW... YOU...
...DIE!
KRA-KOOOM
With the last of my power, I vanquished the monster. I vanquished my devil.


Aphrodite was right. Hera was right. We had turned our backs on the mortals. And in turn, now I found myself no greater than they were. Humbled, humiliated, and powerless, I left my past and Olympus behind.
Behind me were the bodies of my fellow gods, not as fortunate as I to see a new day. The mortal subjects I once mocked and toyed with, now I feel pain and sorrow for them as well. Not one of them alive to see what I had done—not one to tell the story of my final act.
So I traveled far from my old home, and toward a future I was determined to create.
Without faith, a god is powerless. I know that now. If I am to be that person I once was, I must learn from my mistakes. I must learn from these mortals so that I may not fail them again.
If I am to regain my power, then I must spend time among them. I must learn of their problems, of their sacrifices. Never again will I put myself above their desires. Never living with the arrogance that I once had. And with the beast—my devil—long since gone...
RRMMMMMMMBLLL


HERE'S ANOTHER.
ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG SITE, POMPEI (FORMERLY POMPEII), ITALY.
THE PRESERVATION IS UNBELIEVABLE. I MEAN, LOOK AT THE WAY THIS ONE IS POSED. IT'S AS IF THE DESTRUCTION HERE HAPPENED IN AN INSTANT.
IT APPEARS THAT WAY, BUT THESE ARTIFACTS, THIS VERY SITE... THIS IS SO OLD. HOW COULD SOMETHING LIKE GODZILLA HAVE LIVED SO LONG AGO?
MAYBE THERE IS MORE THAN ONE?
IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT WOULDN'T WE HAVE FOUND EVIDENCE OF THAT BY NOW?
PERHAPS. BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THE EVIDENCE IS ALL AROUND US, WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO DISCOVER IT.
THIS PLACE WAS WORTH CHECKING OUT, THOUGH. LIKE THE OTHER LOCATIONS, IT DOES LEND CREDENCE TO THE THEORY.
THAT GODZILLA IS A SPECIES AND THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF HIM?
NO. THAT MAYBE... JUST MAYBE...



FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

Ted Adams here. I'm going to be your monthly guide through the IDW/Top Shelf checklist, pointing out our big hits and bringing your attention to some gems that you might otherwise miss.

September is all about **Revolution** at IDW and I've asked our Managing Editor, **David Hedgecock** to give us the scoop.

REVOLUTION

"Greetings IDW Faithful! A hearty thank you to Ted for giving me the honor of discussing with all of you one of IDW Publishing's most ambitious publishing ventures in the company's history—***Revolution***!

Beginning in September, IDW will launch the bi-weekly 5-issue event series titled ***Revolution***. The series will unite some of IDW's most popular titles into a single, unified universe of epic proportions! Imagine some of your favorite characters from ***G.I. Joe***, ***Transformers***, ***Rom***, ***Micronauts***, and, ***M.A.S.K.*** all in one book for the first time ever. It's the stuff comic dreams are made of!



To make this dream come true, IDW has assembled some of the best creators in the business to spin a tale of interconnected awesome that will have repercussions within the Hasbro corner of comics for years to come. Featuring the writing of **John Barber** (*Transformers*) & **Cullen Bunn** (*Micronauts*) and art from the amazing pen of **Fico Ossio** (*Micronauts*), ***Revolution*** will tie together years of groundwork laying stories from a host of your favorite IDW comics to form something genuinely fresh and new. (New?! What a concept!)

But an event of this size can't possibly be contained in just one mini-series. Oh no! So, we've reached out to some of your favorite storytellers to help us dive even deeper into this new and amazing world. That's right, alongside ***Revolution* #1 & 2** in September, look for one-shot tie-ins of ***M.A.S.K.***, ***Micronauts***, and ***Rom*** as well. Each of these stand-alone stories will help flesh out this new shared universe in bold and exciting ways and give fans new and old even more reasons to jump on board.

Still can't get enough? Never fear! September is just the beginning of this new direction. Look for even more exciting news and exciting titles coming your way throughout the rest of 2016 and beyond! IDW Publishing has had the privilege of making comics for our fans for over 15 years now and the excitement surrounding this comic is higher than anything we've seen. We can't wait to share that excitement with all of you and, together, continue to live the comic dream!"

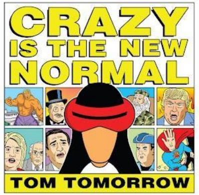
Thanks, David! You and the entire editorial and creative teams have done an amazing job.

We also have ***Star Trek: Waypoint*** launching this month, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Star Trek. Every issue will feature short stories from across the Trek universe. Issue #1 has a ***Next Generation*** story by **Donny Cates** and **Mack Chater** and an Original Series story by **Sandra Lanz**.



Hidden gems this month include ***Richard Matheson: Master of Terror*** which collects under one cover our adaptations of *I Am Legend*, *Hell House*, *Duel*, and, one I tackled myself, *The Shrinking Man*. ***Samurai Jack: Tales of the Wandering Warrior*** has the complete 20 issue run of the comic series written by **Jim Zub**. **Tom Tomorrow's** ***Crazy is the New Normal*** is a new 128-page collection of the Pulitzer Prize finalist's cartoons, focusing on the 2016 U.S. Presidential race.

See you in 30. I can't wait to tell you about our latest creator-owned comic, ***The Electric Sublime***...




INNOVATION
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1
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HORRIF
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TOYS
FROM YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE ON A GUT-SPILLIN CAVALCADE OF RAGE!!
HEAR
BLOOD CURDLING CACKLES of GLEE!!
SEE THE NAUSE.
PURE TERROR
THE FE
AROUND YOU!
DARICK AUG-90 & KEITH AIKEN
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INNOVATION™

A Matter Of "Personal Horrors"

I once read a particularly frightening Stephen King story called "The Monkey," in a "Best of Horror" anthology (later to be released in *Skeleton Crew*). After experiencing recurring nightmares, I didn't read the King for more than five years.

Still, I retained my interest in horror, although more in film form than anything else. Clive Barker eventually brought me back full-force to reading horror fiction, and now I'm busy writing it. Yet even as my imagination cooks up frightening tales of killer dolls or dream slashers, I am more scared of what I call "Personal Horrors."

Growing up a Mormon, I believe in the existence of evil -- and, though now pushed out of that faith because of my lifestyle "choices," I still believe some tenets the church taught me. Yet if one is to believe in an evil force loose in the world -- and afterworld -- one must look only into our lives today to find that which should really scare us:

A nation at war, confused issues and difficult choices being decided upon by our elected officials -- choices which could bring the deaths of hundreds or thousands of innocents and not-so-innocents. To some, the term "potential body count" seems as patriotic as a flag.

Sexual molestations of children occur every few minutes in America, usually by family members or close family friends. The cycle often continues, perpetuating molestation as the abused becomes the abuser.

Neo-Nazis and Klan members attempt to revive Hitler's dream of a Master Race. Not content to plant swastikas and hurl racially bigoted epithets, they take things in hand with firebombs, guns, and beatings.

Gays and lesbians must walk the streets in fear, in most cities, victims of an even larger percentage of bigots. When their skulls are crushed by baseball bats and steel-toed boots, our legal system allows the attackers off with light sentences because (to use a line from Harvey Fierstein) "Everyone knows queers don't matter."

Women are sexually intimidated in the workplace, terrorized and raped on the streets, in the alleys, in the parks. If they survive to face the years of rebuilding their lives and trust, they face the shame of a society which says, "She was asking for it."

Next to these, any horror stories I write pale by comparison. Ditto Barker and King and Etchison and Rice and all the others. In this issue's story, Chucky uses society's distrust of horror fans for his own purposes. The general public, which laps up real horror in the news and in scandal magazines every day, points the finger of judgement at horror fans.

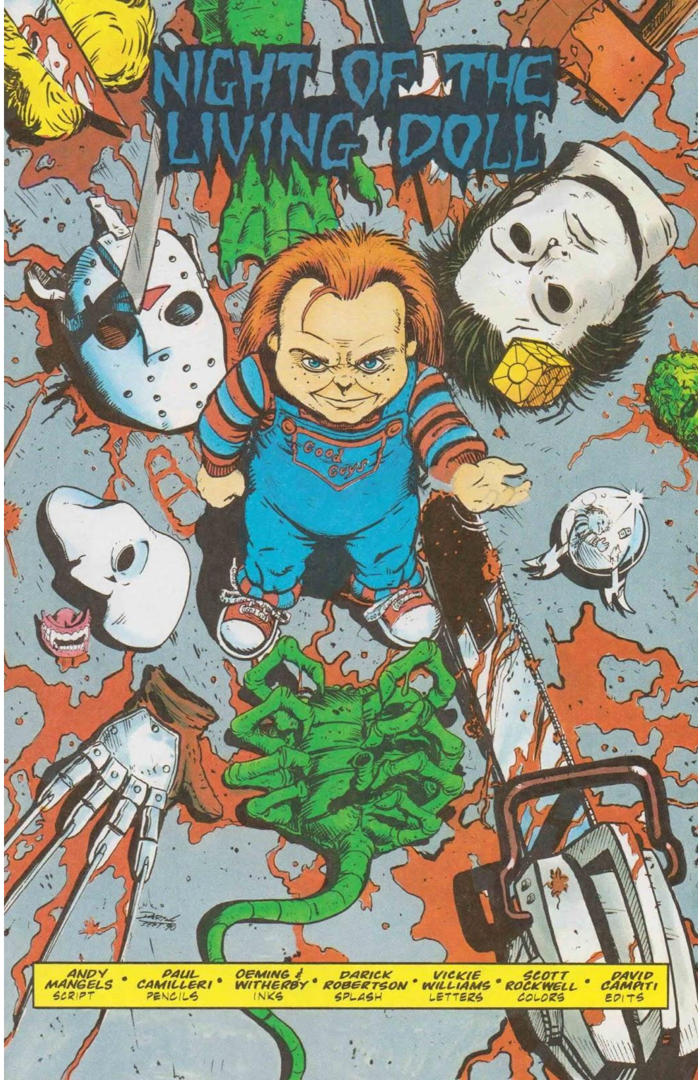
They attack what they view as "seed of violence nad evil planted in our minds," while ignoring the ruinous flower of bigotry and sexism that blooms, blood red, in the heart of America.

-- Andy Mangels

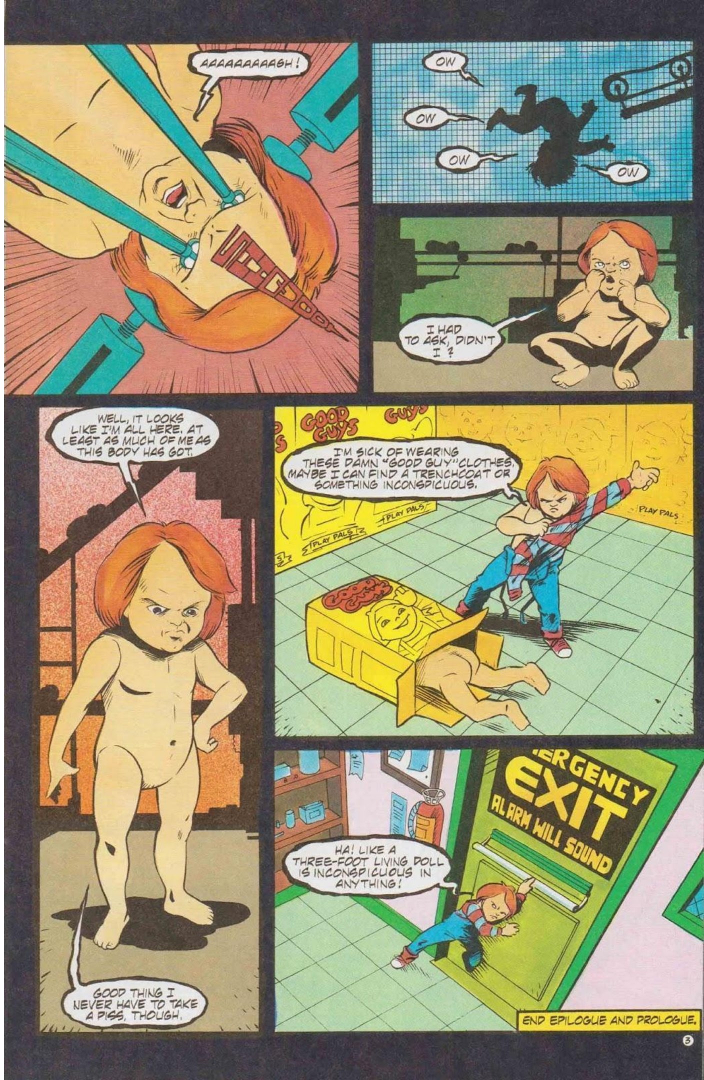
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EPILOGUE AND PROLOGUE:
KCHNOOK*
KCHNOOK*
WELL, I GUESS I'M ARMED AND DANGEROUS AGAIN.
SHK KiK KiK
OWWW!
FSSST*
CRAP. LIPSTICK. WHAT HAVE THESE ASSHOLES GOT COOKED UP, NEXT ?
2


AAAAAAAAAGH!
OW
OW
OW
OW
I HAD TO ASK, DIDN'T I ?
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M ALL HERE. AT LEAST AS MUCH OF ME AS THIS BODY HAS GOT.
GOOD THING I NEVER HAVE TO TAKE A PISS, THOUGH.
GOOD GUYS
I'M SICK OF WEARING THESE DAMN "GOOD GUY" CLOTHES. MAYBE I CAN FIND A TRENCHCOAT OR SOMETHING INCONSPICUOUS.
PLAY PALS
EXIT
ALARM WILL SOUND
HA! LIKE A THREE-FOOT LIVING DOLL IS INCONSPICUOUS IN ANYTHING!
END EPILOGUE AND PROLOGUE.
3

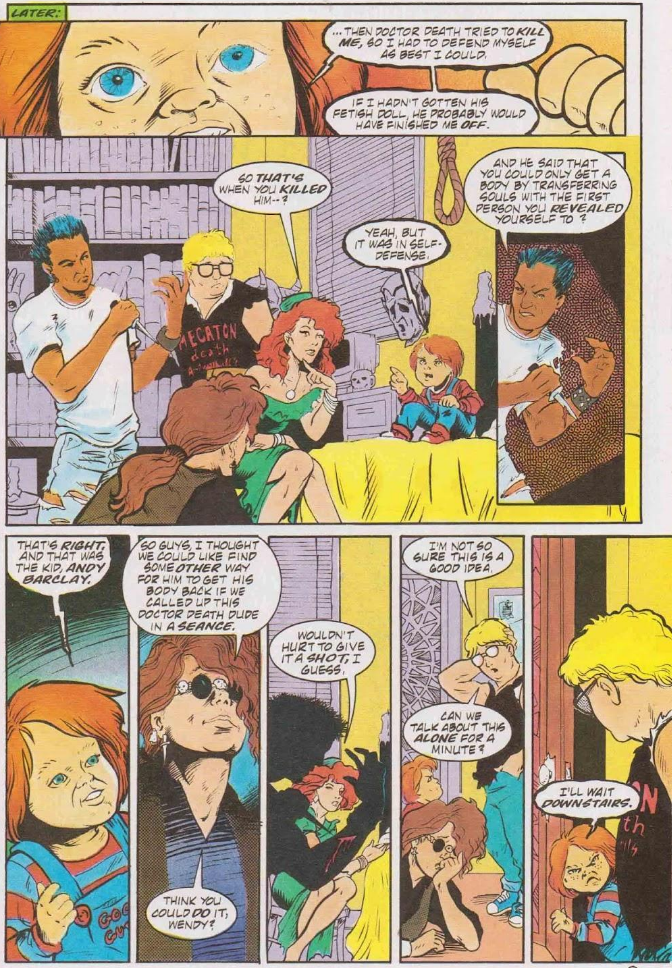

WEEEOOO!
Shpit Shpat
Shpit Shpat
Shpit Shpat Shpit Shpat
COOOOL!
Shpit Shpat Shpit Shpat
Shpat Shpit Shpat Shpit
eeeerrreeeerrreeeerrrr
IT HAD TO BE RAINING TONIGHT, TOO.
Shpit Shpat Shpit


WEEEOOO!
NO TRESPASSING PROPERTY OF PLAY PALS
HA HA HA! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME ALIVE YOU STUPID...
WHONK
SHWOMP
...COPP-!
WHAD DA FUG?!
GET IN.


WHO DA FUG ARE YOU?
I'M THE GUY THAT'S SAVIN' YOUR ASS, DUDE! GET IN!
I DOD'T DEED YOUR HELP.
HOW YOU GONNA GET AWAY FROM THEM, THEN?
OKAY, BUTTWHEAT, DRIVE.
...SO COOL. I SAW YOU RUNNING OUT OF THE FACTORY, AND YOU LOOK JUST LIKE ONE OF THOSE GOOD GUY DOLLS, EXCEPT YOU'RE NOT...
WANNA BET?
NO WAAAAYYY. ARE YOU LIKE TELLING ME YOU'RE A DOLL THAT'S COME TO LIFE? THAT'S LIKE IN TRILOGY OF TERROR OR PUPPETMAKER, DUDE. OR LIKE THAT KID WHO WAS IN THE PAPERS A FEW MONTHS BACK FOR SAYING HIS DOLL KILLED EVERYBODY.
WHAT A NUT. HIS MOM'S IN THE ELECTRO-SHOCK PALACE NOW, 'CAUSE EVERYONE THINKS SHE DID IT. WHAT WAS THEIR NAME? LET'S SEE...
BARCLAY. KAREN AND ANDY BARCLAY. AND THEY DIDN'T KILL ANYONE.
HOW DO YOU KN...
RADICAL!
6


KEEP OUT DUDE!
THIS IS IT. THE TIMPONE EMPIRE. I'M NO RELATION TO THE FANGO EDITOR THOUGH, I CHECKED. BE COOL IF I WAS, THOUGH, HUH?
SO WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THIS COP SHOT YOU IN THE TOY STORE?
WELL, THE BASTARD HAD REALLY GOT ME, BUT I KNEW HOW TO TRANSFER MY SOUL INTO ANOTHER BODY.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY THING CLOSE AT HAND WAS THIS GOOD GUY DOLL.
SO, I DID THE INCANTATION AND TRANSFERRED MY SOUL, HOPING IT WOULD WORK. THE LAST THING I REMEMBERED WAS THE STORE BLOWING UP FOR SOME REASON.
THEN I GRADUALLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS JUST IN TIME TO BE GIVEN AS A PRESENT TO THIS BARCLAY KID. I FIGURED I COULDN'T GET AROUND TOWN WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION, BUT I HAD TO GET BACK TO SEE DR. DEATH SO I COULD GET OUT OF THIS DAMN BODY.
OH, WOW! HOLD ON A SECOND, MR. RAY. I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T CALL CALVIN. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
FANGO
7


OKAY. THAT'S DONE.
KLUNK
WHAT'S DONE ?
WELL, I INVITED A COUPLE OF MY FRIENDS OVER TO MEET YOU, CAUSE LIKE...
YOU WHAT ?
YOU STUPID LITTLE DIPSTICK PRICK! WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING OF ?
FLUMP
I'M NOT SOME SIDESHOW FREAK FOR YOUR SCREWED-UP FRIENDS TO OGLE, YOU ASSHOLE! I DON'T SEE ANY REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T KILL YOU AND GET OUT OF HERE.
WELL, WENDY'S BEEN STUDYING BLACK MAGIC, AND I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.
NONE OF THEM WILL NARC ON YOU. YOU'RE A CELEBRITY, DUDE.


LATER:
...THEN DOCTOR DEATH TRIED TO KILL ME, SO I HAD TO DEFEND MYSELF AS BEST I COULD.
IF I HADN'T GOTTEN HIS FETISH DOLL, HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE FINISHED ME OFF.
SO THAT'S WHEN YOU KILLED HIM-- ?
YEAH, BUT IT WAS IN SELF-DEFENSE.
AND HE SAID THAT YOU COULD ONLY GET A BODY BY TRANSFERRING SOULS WITH THE FIRST PERSON YOU REVEALED YOURSELF TO ?
THAT'S RIGHT, AND THAT WAS THE KID, ANDY BARCLAY.
SO GUYS, I THOUGHT WE COULD LIKE FIND SOME OTHER WAY FOR HIM TO GET HIS BODY BACK IF WE CALLED UP THIS DOCTOR DEATH DUDE IN A SEANCE.
THINK YOU COULD DO IT, WENDY?
WOULDN'T HURT TO GIVE IT A SHOT, I GUESS.
I'M NOT SO SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA.
CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS ALONE FOR A MINUTE ?
I'LL WAIT DOWNSTAIRS.



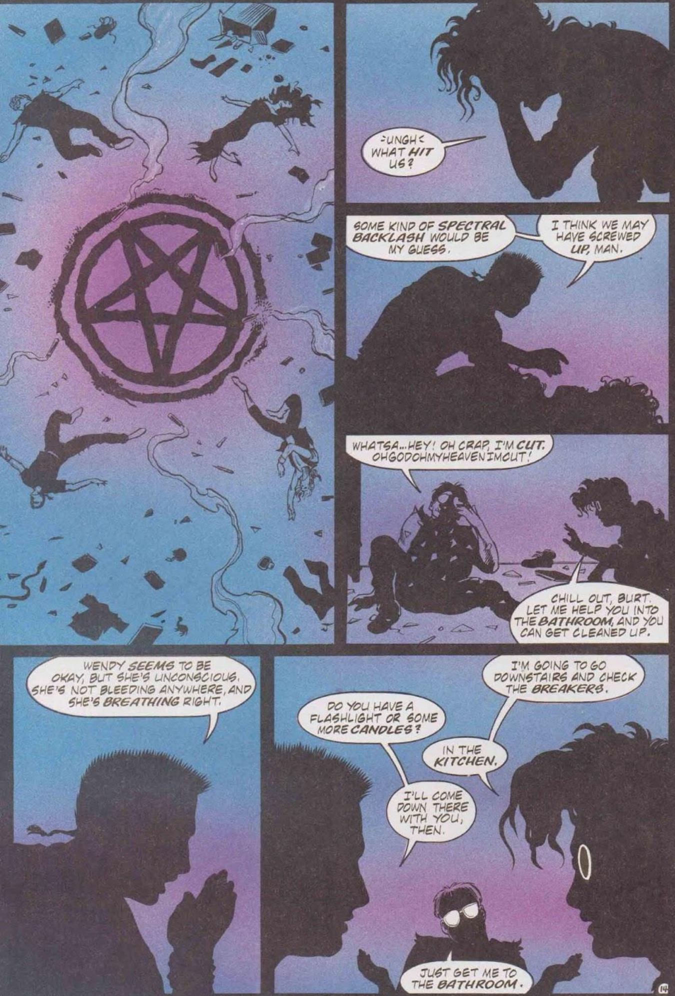
I DON'T LIKE THIS, RUSS. THIS...THIS THING IS A KILLER.
I THINK HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT MOST OF IT-- BUT IT MAKES ME KIND OF NERVOUS AS WELL.
I'M NOT ENTIRELY CONVINCED HE'S TELLING US THE TRUTH, EITHER.
LOOK, GUYS--WE'RE ONTO SOMETHING MAJOR, AND YOU'RE DINKING OUT. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, THIS LITTLE DOLL HAS KILLED WHO KNOWS HOW MANY PEOPLE.
I DON'T THINK WE NEED TO BE AFRAID OF HIM, THOUGH.
HE'S PRETTY SMALL, AND THERE'RE FOUR OF US.
PLUS WE'RE HELPING HIM OUT. WHY WOULD HE HURT US?
EVEN IF HE DOESN'T HURT US, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS GONNA DO IF YOU DO FIGURE OUT A WAY FOR HIM TO GET A NEW BODY? ARE WE GOING TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE DEATHS?
I DON'T THINK SO. HE DOESN'T HAVE AN AURA, THOUGH, SO I CAN'T BE SURE. I'D SAY WE AT LEAST TRY TO DO THE SEANCE AND SEE WHAT DOCTOR DEATH HAS TO SAY.
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF.
ME, TOO.
COME ON, BURT, YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE.
WHAT IF HE DECIDES TO KILL US AFTER WE HELP HIM OUT?
10



MR. RAY-- CHUCKY--WE'RE READY TO START.
WHERE WERE YOU?
JUST DOWNSTAIRS, KEEPING MYSELF OCCUPIED.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO CONTACT DOCTOR DEATH FROM BEYOND--
--TO SEE IF HE CAN TELL US ANYTHING MORE THAT MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.
IF WE CAN GET HIS SPIRIT WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS PENTAGRAM, HE'LL HAVE TO ANSWER ANY QUESTION WE ASK HIM.
I'M READY WHEN YOU ALL ARE.
BURT, TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN.
11


BE CAREFUL NOT TO DISTURB THE POWDER.
THIS COULD BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN ANYTHING WE'VE EVER DONE BEFORE.
SDRAWKCAB TNAHC SIHT DAER OUY FI...
...THGUOHT EW NAHT RETRAMS ER'UOY...
...DOOLB ROF TUO DNA KCAB S'YALCRAB NERAK...
...TOLP S'EUSSI TXEN S'TAHT DNA...
...EVAHS AMRUB...
...ANNATAZ FO YAW YB...
12


YOU'VE BROUGHT ME BACK, BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD.
J-J-JOHN ?
-; GASP ;-
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DABBLING IN.
YOUR VERY SOULS ARE AT STAKE, NOT JUST YOUR LIVES.
YOU MUST END THIS BLASPHEMY'S LIFE.
CHUCKY MUST DIE!
SWOOF
RRRAAAA



-UNGH- WHAT HIT US?
SOME KIND OF SPECTRAL BACKLASH WOULD BE MY GUESS.
I THINK WE MAY HAVE SCREWED UP, MAN.
WHATSA...HEY! OH CRAP, I'M CUT. OHGODOHMYHEAVENIMCUT!
CHILL OUT, BURT. LET ME HELP YOU INTO THE BATHROOM, AND YOU CAN GET CLEANED UP.
WENDY SEEMS TO BE OKAY, BUT SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS. SHE'S NOT BLEEDING ANYWHERE, AND SHE'S BREATHING RIGHT.
I'M GOING TO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND CHECK THE BREAKERS.
DO YOU HAVE A FLASHLIGHT OR SOME MORE CANDLES?
IN THE KITCHEN.
I'LL COME DOWN THERE WITH YOU, THEN.
JUST GET ME TO THE BATHROOM.
14



I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE OTHER ONE WENT, BUT YOU CAN TAKE THESE CANDLES UPSTAIRS.
I'M HEADING TO THE BASEMENT TO CHECK THE BREAKERS.
OKAY.
TRY LIGHTING THEM WITH THE STOVE. I DON'T KNOW WHERE MOM KEEPS HER MATCHES.
KFISHHH
RUSS, IS THAT YOU? YOU KNOW WHO WE FORGOT ABOUT?
WHERE'S CHUCKY? HE WASN'T UPSTAIRS.
UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS, AND IN THE KITCHEN CHAMBERS.
HERE I AM, DAVID.
15


Haaaghggkk!
LIKE PLAYING WITH KNIVES, DAVID? I'VE GOT A NEW GAME TO SHOW YOU.
FLUMP!
CHUT!
OH, PLEASE, NO NO NO NO NO
NOW DON'T INTERRUPT--
THUNK
--ESPECIALLY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL!
THUNK
CHUNK
--AND YOU'RE IT!
THUNK
THUD
IT'S CALLED "PIN CUSHION"--
16


DAVID? RUSS? WENDY?
THOSE STUPID KIDS.
I KNEW SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, BUT DO THEY EVER LISTEN TO ME?
THAT CHUCKY IS BAD NEWS.
OUCH! DAMN IT, I'VE GOT LITTLE CUTS ALL OVER ME.
BOY, IS RUSS GOING TO HEAR ABOUT TONIGHT.
Kzitzzzz
HEY, THE LIGHTS!
17


SKREEK
SKREEK
SKREEK
SKREEK
TWO DOWN, TWO TO GO.
NOW WHY DO I FEEL LIKE NORMAN BATES?


Kzitzzz
GUYS? HEY, WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
CRAP. OUT WITH THE LIGHTS...
...IN WITH THE DARKNESS.
RUSS, IS THAT YOU?
ANSWER ME, YOU ASSHOLES. YOU'RE USING UP ALL OF YOUR GOOD KARMA.
Kzitzzz
OWWWW!


EEEEEEEK!
AAAAHHH AHHHHHH AAHHHHH!
WENDY, DID I HEAR YOU IN HERE? I THOUGHT I GOT THE LIGHTS ON A MINUTE AGO, BUT THEY WENT OUT AGAIN.


SORRY ABOUT...
HOLY SHI...
BASTARD!
YOU PRICK-ASSED BASTARD! DAVID'S DEAD.
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, WENDY.
I WAS DOWNSTAIRS AND...
DON'T YOU COME NEAR ME! IT WAS EITHER YOU OR THAT GROTESQUE LITTLE DOLL!
WENDY, I DIDN'T...
RAAAARGHHHH!
AAAAHHHH!
HE'S DEAD HE'S DEAD HE'S DEAD HE'S DEAD


HALCKK!
KRITSCHHH
WENDY?
WENDY'S DEAD, RUSS. EVEN GOOD LITTLE WITCHES DIE.
NO NO NO
QUIET, WILL YOU. I'VE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE.
POLICE EMERGENCY! I'D LIKE TO REPORT A MULTIPLE HOMICIDE AT 475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH. HURRY!
SHE'S DEAD!
CHILDREN SHOULDN'T RUN IN THE KITCHEN.


WHO IS THI-- -KLIK-
THANKS FOR THE UPDATE, FRIEND. IT'LL SOUND GOOD ON TAPE.
YOU KILLED DAVID, DIDN'T YOU?
HE WAS A SORE LOSER AT MY GAME. BUT WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE POOR BURT UPSTAIRS. HE'LL NEVER GET INTO THE SHOWER ALONE AGAIN!
THEY'LL KILL YOU THIS TIME! THEY'LL BLOW YOU RIGHT THE HELL UP!
I DON'T PLAN ON BEING HERE. IT'S YOU THEY'LL WANT TO TALK TO.
NO ONE'S GOING TO BELIEVE A GOOD GUY DOLL KILLED YOUR FRIENDS...BUT A HORROR MOVIE FAN WITH A PENTAGRAM ON HIS FLOOR...THAT'LL MAKE GOOD HEADLINES.



CHILD'S PLAY 2™

21 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

"STUCK ON CHUCK" CONTEST



1st PRIZE

A starring role in *CHILD'S PLAY #5* (the comic) for a character 21 years of age or older.
A molded Chucky inside a *Good Guy* box, an actual prop used in the film.
A *CHILD'S PLAY #2* comic book, autographed by the filmmakers.

2nd PRIZE

A *CHILD'S PLAY #2* script, autographed by the filmmakers.
A molded Chucky inside a *Good Guy* box, an actual prop used in the film.
A *CHILD'S PLAY #2* comic book, autographed by the filmmakers.

3rd PRIZE

An empty *Good Guy* box, an actual prop used in the film *CHILD'S PLAY #2*, autographed by the filmmakers.

CONTEST RULES:

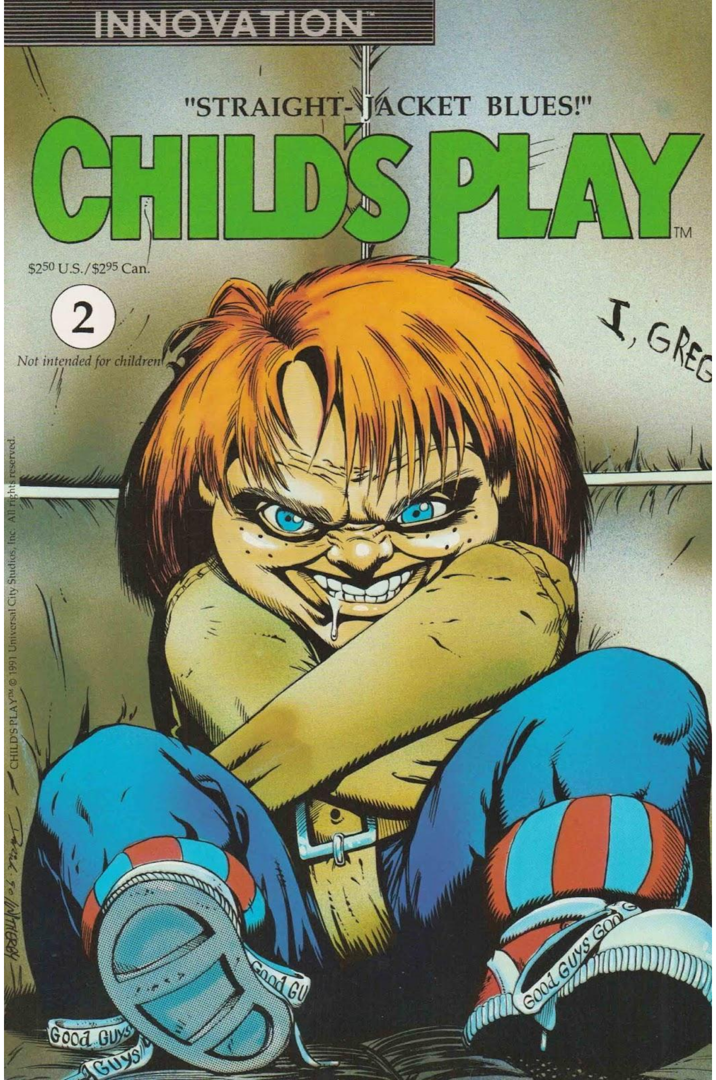
1.) First place winners must provide at least 10 usable photos of their faces at their own expense.
2.) First place winners must provide age statement and sign a model release form.
3.) Winners will be contacted by mail and will be announced in the comic book, *CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES*
4.) Employees (and their families) of Innovative Corporation, Universal Studios, and their affiliated companies or organizations, are not eligible.
5.) Odds of winning depend on the number of entries received.
6.) Winning entries will be selected by a random drawing on or about March 30, 1991.
7.) Taxes are the responsibility of the prize winners.
8.) Selections of prizes are conducted by independent judges whose decisions are final in matters pertaining to this offer.
9.) No purchase necessary, original or photocopy entries accepted.*
10.) Void where prohibited by law.
11.) Federal, State and local regulations apply.
12.) No substitution of prizes.
13.) Mail to: STUCK ON CHUCK CONTEST, Innovation Publishing, 3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

* Okay! 3x5 note cards are acceptable, but don't make a habit of it! Get my POINT?



NAME ____________ AGE ______
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ________ STATE ______ ZIP ______
PHONE ( ) ____________


MICHAEL J.
FOX
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
THESE TWO ARE GOING
TO GET ALONG...
CENSORED
CENSORED
AS HOLLYWOOD'S
MOST SPOILED
MOVIE STAR.
THE
HARD
WAY
AS NEW YORK'S
ANGRIEST
COP.
CENSORED
BANG
UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS A BADHAM/COHEN GROUP-WILLIAM SACKHEIM PRODUCTION
A JOHN BADHAM MOVIE "THE HARD WAY" STEPHEN LANG ANNABELLA SCIORRA AND PENNY MARSHALL
MUSIC BY ARTHUR B. RUBINSTEIN FILM EDITED BY FRANK MORRISS TONY LOMBARDO PRODUCTION DESIGN BY PHILIP HARRISON
DIRECTORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY DON McALPINE, A.S.C. ROBERT PRIMES, A.S.C. STORY BY LEM DOBBS AND MICHAEL KOZOLL SCREENPLAY BY DANIEL PYNE
AND LEM DOBBS PRODUCED BY ROB COHEN AND WILLIAM SACKHEIM DIRECTED BY JOHN BADHAM A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
UNIVERSAL
DOLBY STEREO
READ THE JOVE BOOK
COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU.



INNOVATION
"STRAIGHT-JACKET BLUES!"
CHILD'S PLAY™
$2.50 U.S./$2.95 Can.
2
Not intended for children
I, GREG
CHILD'S PLAY™ © 1991 Universal City Studios, Inc. All rights reserved.
Good Guys

INNOVATION™

In A Few Weeks, We'll Be *LOST IN SPACE*!

In cooperation with Viacom, Innovation will premiere the release of an all-new ***LOST IN SPACE*** full-color series in May '91 with the involvement of Bill Mumy -- Will Robinson of the original 1960s TV series. "What Marvel and DC and CBS and 20th Century Fox couldn't achieve, you did," read an October '90 letter from author/actor/musician Bill Mumy to Innovation. "You get to tell new stories. To add to the legacy. Congratulations."

Based nearly three years after the conclusion of the original series, Innovation's ***LOST IN SPACE*** updates concepts from the original series but with the attitudes of the '90s. The Robinson family will still find themselves lost in space in 1997, although the depth of background, character and motivational aspects, and subtexts have been fully thought out.

"Expect this series to be much more realistic and exciting than the original show. How did we get the technology to make a space sojourn by 1997? What happened to the space program back on Earth?" asks series editor David Campiti. "How do they deal with the skewed family unit, considering John and Maureen Robinson have each other, Don West has Judy, but Penny and Will are well into their teens and never colonized with the others that were to follow them into space?"

"It's still *Lost In Space*, taking the best elements of early episodes of the show," explains Innovation's art director and series co-editor George Broderick, "but it no longer has the silly sensibilities of the 1960s Batman show it was battling back then, in the ratings."

"Several months ago," recalls Campiti, "I read in the *Comics Buyer's Guide* about Bill Mumy accepting the assignment of writing Valiant's resurrection of Gold Key's *Space Family Robinson* while lamenting that he'd never get the chance to do a comics version of the show he starred in." Innovation, it turned out, was already in touch with Viacom, and soon secured the rights virtually without a hitch. "I'd spoken with Viacom about various properties for licensing mentioned that I couldn't see *Lost In Space* being done in the same tone as the old show. When they asked, 'Well, what would you do with it?' -- thinking on my feet -- I pitched an opening and direction they appreciated and approved. I wouldn't have gone after it if I hadn't read Bill's interview. It was a case of, 'Here I am, able to make a dream come true,' so I did it.

"At San Diego Con, I approached Bill, congratulated him on *Space Family Robinson*, and pulled out an original painting by Mike Okamoto, while saying, 'So: How would you like to work on the real thing?' Originally, Bill couldn't believe we'd secured the rights," says Campiti. "But we supplied him with a copy of the contracts and our ideas about what we hoped to do with the project. After double-checking everything, Bill called us, anxious to begin work."

"I must admit, I was very skeptical," says Bill Mumy. "I figured if DC couldn't do it, and Marvel couldn't do it, then Innovation couldn't do it. I was wrong -- I guess that's why they call them 'Innovation.'"

Since then, David Campiti and Innovation's Art Director George Broderick have been discussing ideas with Bill Mumy, David Lawrence, and popular writer William Messner-Loebs to firm up a direction for the series' initial 12-issue run.

The premiere issue is scripted by Matt Thompson & David Campiti, and painted by Eddy Newell. George Broderick has scripted issue **#2**, which Matt Thompson is painting. Bill Mumy has turned in a two-part storyline for **#3** and **#4**; George Broderick is writing a "special revelations" story intended for issue **#5**; Terry Collins has written **#6**; David Lawrence is developing plotslines; and William Messner-Loebs is hoping to find time in his schedule to write an issue. Innovation is actively encouraging stories from some of the best in the business, as well as enticing other members of the original cast -- such as Mark (pilot Don West) Goddard -- to write for the project.

Mike (***ON A PALE HORSE***) Okamoto provides the premiere cover painting; Matt (***LEGENDS OF THE STARGRAZERS***) Thompson and Eddy (***NECROMANCER***) Newell will fully paint several of the issues. George Perez has offered to provide covers for an upcoming Bill Mumy story. Some issues of the book will be rendered art with airbrush grayline color, although some issues will be fully painted, along the lines of ***THE VAMPIRE LESTAT***.

In full color in a high-quality cardstock cover format similar to ***THE VAMPIRE LESTAT*** series, ***LOST IN SPACE #1*** is scheduled to premiere in late May with a cover price of $2.50.

Bill Mumy says he hopes "very much to guide this project. After all, I was there."

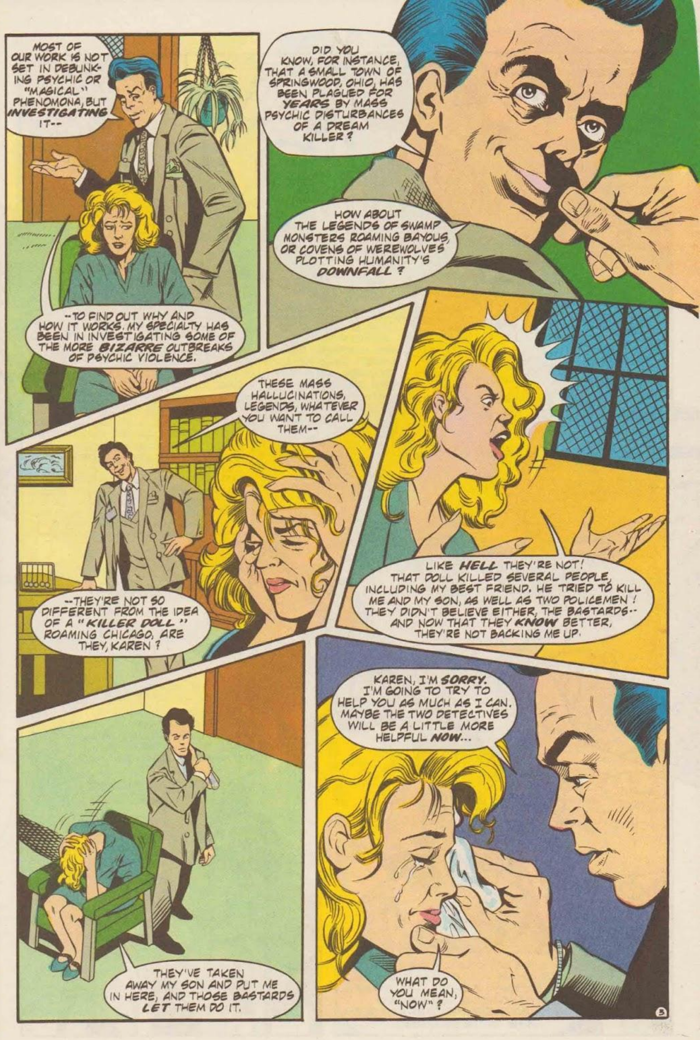
-- Jim Elliott
March, 1991

CHILD'S PLAY™: THE SERIES
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Published by the INNOVATIVE CORPORATION. Office of Publication: 3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003, (304) 232-7701. Fax #304-232-4010. David Campiti, President & Publisher. Diana Light, Operations Manager. George Broderick, Art Director. Jim Elliott, Marketing & Licensing Director. For advertising rates within any of our publications, call (304) 232-7703. ***It's an Innovation Publication!***






WHAT?
PLEASE, MRS. BARCLAY. DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF OR CREATE TOO MUCH NOISE. DOCTOR ROSS CONSENTED TO LET ME SEE YOU -- BUT IF YOU CREATE A FUSS, YOU'RE LIKELY TO RAISE HIS SUSPICIONS.
DR. ROSS
CARLSON STATE HOSPITAL
AS I SAID, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT LATELY, AND NOBODY SEEMS TO BELIEVE MOST OF WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY..
--BUT I SEE SOME TRUTH IN YOUR STORY ABOUT CHUCKY, AND I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU.
WHY SHOULD YOU BELIEVE ME ANY MORE THAN ALL THE OTHER DOCTORS?
BECAUSE I'M NOT LIKE ALL THE OTHER DOCTORS, KAREN... MAY I CALL YOU KAREN?
I'M WHAT IS KNOWN AS A "PARAPSYCHOLOGIST." THAT IS, I'M A PSYCHOLOGIST WHO STUDIES PSYCHIC PHENOMONA.
PARAPSYCHOLOGY IS NOT AT ALL WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK IT IS FROM THE MOVIES.
NOT ALL OF US ARE DIMINUTIVE OLD WOMEN, NOR DO WE CARRY "PROTON PACKS" TO FIGHT OFF A MULTITUDE OF WEIRD SPIRITS WHO HAUNT OUR <AHEM> EARTHLY REALM.
2


MOST OF OUR WORK IS NOT SET IN DEBUNKING PSYCHIC OR "MAGICAL" PHENOMONA, BUT INVESTIGATING IT--
--TO FIND OUT WHY AND HOW IT WORKS. MY SPECIALTY HAS BEEN IN INVESTIGATING SOME OF THE MORE BIZARRE OUTBREAKS OF PSYCHIC VIOLENCE.
DID YOU KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT A SMALL TOWN OF SPRINGWOOD, OHIO, HAS BEEN PLAGUED FOR YEARS BY MASS PSYCHIC DISTURBANCES OF A DREAM KILLER?
HOW ABOUT THE LEGENDS OF SWAMP MONSTERS ROAMING BAYOUS, OR COVENS OF WEREWOLVES PLOTTING HUMANITY'S DOWNFALL?
THESE MASS HALLUCINATIONS, LEGENDS, WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL THEM--
--THEY'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM THE IDEA OF A "KILLER DOLL" ROAMING CHICAGO, ARE THEY, KAREN?
LIKE HELL THEY'RE NOT! THAT DOLL KILLED SEVERAL PEOPLE, INCLUDING MY BEST FRIEND. HE TRIED TO KILL ME AND MY SON, AS WELL AS TWO POLICEMEN! THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE EITHER, THE BASTARDS-- AND NOW THAT THEY KNOW BETTER, THEY'RE NOT BACKING ME UP.
THEY'VE TAKEN AWAY MY SON AND PUT ME IN HERE, AND THOSE BASTARDS LET THEM DO IT.
KAREN, I'M SORRY. I'M GOING TO TRY TO HELP YOU AS MUCH AS I CAN. MAYBE THE TWO DETECTIVES WILL BE A LITTLE MORE HELPFUL NOW...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "NOW"?
3


I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS ALL TO YOU STRAIGHT, KAREN-- EVEN THOUGH DR. ROSS WOULD HAVE AN ATTACK IF HE KNEW I WAS TELLING YOU THIS.
"THERE HAVE BEEN A STRING OF MURDERS OVER THE LAST WEEK. ONE PLAY PALS EMPLOYEE WAS IN CRITICAL CONDITION AFTER AN ACCIDENT REBUILDING THE "CHUCKY" DOLL TO TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE CAUSED ANY MALFUNCTIONS. THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE PROJECT WAS FOUND MURDERED THAT NIGHT WITH THE REBUILT DOLL NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.
I BELIEVE CHUCKY HAS SOMEHOW RETURNED.
"YOUR SON HAD BEEN PLACED WITH A FOSTER FAMILY TEMPORARILY. BOTH OF THE SIMPSONS WERE MURDERED THE NEXT EVENING, AS WAS ANDY'S SCHOOL TEACHER. FOOTPRINTS NEAR THE SCHOOL TEACHER HAD A PLAY PALS DESIGN ETCHED IN THEM, TOO SMALL TO BE A REAL CHILD'S PRINT.
"THE SIMPSONS HAD ANOTHER FOSTER CHILD, A GIRL NAMED KYLE. SHE SHOWED UP AT THE CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER THAT ANDY WAS RETURNED TO, AND WAS LAST SEEN THERE... WITH A GOOD GUY DOLL IN TOW. ANDY'S SOCIAL WORKER WAS KILLED WITH A SWITCHBLADE; PRINTS ON IT MATCHED KYLE'S."
IS ANDY--
LET ME FINISH, PLEASE.
THE CAR KYLE HAD BEEN DRIVING WAS FOUND NEAR THE PLAY PALS FACTORY, A SHORT TIME AFTER A NIGHT TECHNICIAN WAS KILLED THERE. SOME TAMPERING HAD BEEN DONE TO THE EQUIPMENT.
LATER THAT NIGHT, A RATHER DISTURBED YOUNG MAN CLAIMED A KILLER DOLL INHABITED BY THE SPIRIT OF CHARLES LEE RAY HAD KILLED HIS FRIENDS.
THE YOUNG MAN IS HYSTERICAL, QUITE POSSIBLY INSANE, AND WAS REPORTEDLY INVOLVED WITH THE OCCULT.
DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE HAS NO ALIBI, I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE HIM.
4


I BELIEVE CHUCKY HAS SOMEHOW RETURNED--AND I'M AFRAID HE MAY BE OUT TO TIE UP A FEW LOOSE ENDS.
IS ANDY ALL RIGHT?
WE THINK SO.
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN?
KAREN, PLEASE? THE POLICE DID RECEIVE A CALL FROM HIM YESTERDAY. HE TOLD GOOD OLD DETECTIVE MIKE NORRIS THAT CHUCKY WAS BACK.
HE ALSO TOLD HIM TO TELL YOU THAT HE LOVED YOU, AND TO BE CAREFUL.
DR. ROSS DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ANY OF THIS, AND HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I HAVE IN MIND--
--BUT I WANT TO HELP YOU TRACK CHUCKY DOWN. WILL YOU HELP ME?
YOU BET YOUR ASS I WILL.
5


"BUT HOW DO WE FIND THE LITTLE BASTARD?"
"IF I'M RIGHT, KAREN-- HE'LL BE TRYING TO FIND US."
...ROSSHES AND WHISHHKERS ON KITTENS, LA LA LA LA LA, AND WARM WOOLEN MITTENS, BROWN PAPER PACKEGGGESHH TIED :URP: ...
...THEESHH ARE A FEW OF MY FAAAAVORUT TH--:!:
WHOA, YOU SKEERED ME, KID. WHATCHOO WANT?
Hi, I'm Chucky, and I'm your friend to the END. Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha.
WELL, SHOOOOOT. IT'S ONE OF 'DEM GOOD BOY DOLLS THAT DO EVERYTHIN'.
HEH-HEH! :CACK: MY NAME'SHH DONALD. I USHHED TO BE SOMEBODY.
I like to be hugged and hugged...
...but what I'd REALLY like...
6


...IS FOR YOU TO GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME.
SQUUNNTCH
K-WAHHHHH
ACK URGHHH
THUDP
...MURDER AND MAYHEM AND LOTS OF OF KILLINGS THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS.
7



WELL, IT'S A LITTLE BIG, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING.
HUH! WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
HE WAS SOMEBODY.
YORK CITY
... STOP AT THE CARLSON STATE HOSPITAL?
OH, AYUP. IT'S ABOUT A TWENTY-MINUTE RIDE OR SO.
MARTIN
GOING HOME, ARE WE?
8

#7 -- Kris vs Marc! "Shredded costume" Kris cover ($2.00)
#8 -- Dastardly doings ($2.00)
#9 -- The final fate! ($2.00)
#10 -- "Living Legends" ($2.00)
#11 - #14 -- Four-part Victor & Kris saga! Okamoto art ($2.00 each)
#15 -- Mark Jones returns! ($1.95)

ANNUAL #1 -- Paul Smith art and cover! *Sold out from the publisher* ($15.00)

HERO ALLIANCE HARDCOVER **(Full Color) Limited edition of 1500 copies**
#1 -- Signed and numbered by the author. *Sold out from the publisher!* ($24.95)

HERO ALLIANCE **(Full Color) Published by Wonder Color**
#1 -- Warehouse find! The original, long out of print! Special: ($2.50)

HERO ALLIANCE: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL **(Full Color)**
#1 -- *Sold out from the publisher!* ($12.95)
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#1 -- Michal Dutkiewicz art! ($2.75)

INNOVATION "HOLDING A HIGH STANDARD" COLOR POSTER
Mando-brite promo poster, set of two, never sold in stores! ($6.95)

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#1 -- Scarce! Sears, Lim, Truman ($5.00)
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#1 -- As above, but *never sold in stores!* ($7.50)

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#1 -- Starring *HERO ALLIANCE* ($5.00)
#2 -- ($3.50)

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#1 -- From the artist of *Rocky Horror!* ($2.00)
#2 -- Detectives vs vampires! ($2.00)

THE NEW JUSTICE MACHINE **(Full Color)**
Sold out from the publisher!
Mini-series
#1, #2, #3 -- ($2.25 each)
Regular series
#1 through #7 -- ($2.25 each)
Summer Spectacular
#1 -- Byrne cover. ($3.00)

KAMIKAZE CAT
#1 -- Behind-the-scenes industry scandals, for those who know how to look! ($2.00)

LAWRENCE & LIM'S EX-MUTANTS
#1 -- First printing! Ron Lim "Good Girl art" Warehouse find! Special: ($3.00)
#2 -- Drug issue! Ron Lim art ($2.50)
#3 -- Ron Lim art ($2.50)
#4 -- Ripped costumes, "tease cover" ($2.50)
#5 -- New Humans debut. Lim art ($2.00)
#6 -- The only authorized 1st printing. Lim art. Scarce! ($8.00)
#7 -- Last authorized issue. 1st printing! ($8.00)
#8 -- Bootleg issue! The first produced without authorization ($10.00)
#1 -- Special Edition, new Ron Lim pages ($2.50)

LAWRENCE & LIM'S EX-MUTANTS: ERIN MINI-SERIES
#1 -- Authorized first printing! Rare! ($20.00)

LAWRENCE & LIM'S THE NEW HUMANS
#1 -- Rare! Ron Lim art ($10.00)
#2 -- Ron Lim cover ($10.00)
#3 -- Scarce! Lim *bondage* cover ($10.00)

LEGENDS OF THE STARGRAZERS **(Full Color) The finest "Good Girl" art this side of Dave Stevens!** Issues are *sold out from the publisher!*
#1 -- Adam Hughes cover. Thompson/Elliott art. Sexy. ($3.00)
#2 -- Hughes, Thompson/Elliott, Yeates art. Julie in the sonic shower! ($3.00)
#3 -- Hughes, Thompson/Elliott, *hot* bondage issue! ($5.00)
#4 -- Hughes, Thompson/Elliott, Yeates art Bradbury hommage ($3.00)
#5 -- Hughes, Thompson/Elliott, Tsuda art. Barks hommage ($5.00)
#6 -- Sensational *spanking cover* by Adam Hughes! Thompson/Elliott art. ($3.00)

LEGENDS OF THE STARGRAZERS PORTFOLIO
Seven art-sized plates by Adam Hughes. Now out of print! ($14.95)

LEGENDS OF THE STARGRAZERS POSTER **(Full Color) 2' x 3'**
#1 -- By Thompson/Elliott ($6.95)

LEGENDS OF THE STARGRAZERS GRAPHIC NOVELS **(Full Color)**
#1 -- 100 pages, Hughes cover ($9.95)
#2 -- Sexy Thompson/Elliott cover ($9.95)

THE LUNATIC FRINGE **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Statema art. ($2.00)
#2 -- ($2.00)

MANGLE TANGLE TALES **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Intro by Harlan Ellison! ($2.95)

THE MAZE AGENCY **(Full Color)**
#8 -- Art by Adam Hughes! ($3.50)
#9 -- Starring ELLERY QUEEN! Adam Hughes art ($3.50)
#10 -- "Deadly Anniversary" ($2.50)
#11 -- "Christmas Crime" ($2.50)
#12 -- Adam Hughes art! ($3.00)
#13 -- Hughes "Justice Girl" cover! ($2.50)
#14 - #21 (All-new, $2.50 each)
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MAZE BOOK: THE MAZE AGENCY COLLECTION
#1 -- Comico's first four issues revised and reprinted, plus new Adam Hughes art and cover! Special: ($4.95)

NEWSTRALIA **(Full Color)**
#1 -- From creator of *Hawkworld!* Tim Truman art. *Sold out from publisher!* ($10.00)
#2 through #5 -- ($2.25 each)

NIGHTMARE **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Story and art by Alex Nino! ($1.95)

NINJA*BOTS SUPER SPECIAL
#1 -- Ye gods! Special: ($1.50)

OVERTURE
#1 -- Humor. Recommended! ($2.25)
#2 -- Insanity reigns ($2.25)

Piers Anthony's Incarnations of Immortality: ON A PALE HORSE **(Full Color)**
#1 -- 52 pages, fully painted by Mike Okamoto! ($4.95)

POWER FACTOR **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Innovation's mini-series begins. Tom (*Starman*) Lyle art! ($2.25)
#2 -- Visceral! ($2.25)
#3 -- Mini-series cliffhanger! ($2.25)

POWER FACTOR SPECIAL **(Full Color)**
#1 -- All-new action! Sexy cover! ($2.75)

POWER FACTOR **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Wonder Color's version. Special: ($2.00)
#2 -- Scarce! Bootleg version ($20.00)

PROFESSOR OM! **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Adventures from "down under" ($2.50)

SCARAMOUCH
#1 -- Weird horror, like "What if Stephen King had written *Green Acres?*" ($2.25)
#2 -- It gets even weirder ($2.25)

SCARLET KISS: THE VAMPIRE
#1 -- 52 pp! High school girls as vampires! Jackson Guice cover! ($3.00)

SHERLOCK HOLMES
#1 -- "A Study In Scarlet" Graphic Novel. *Sold out from the publisher!* ($8.95)

SOULQUEST **(Full Color)** ***Graphic Novel***
#1 -- In the *Elfquest* tradition! ($3.95)

STRAW MEN
#1 -- Sophisticated suspense from the creators of *Scimidar!* ($3.50)
#2 -- ($3.50)
#3 -- *Completely sold out and unavailable!*
#4 through #8 -- ($2.25 each)

TERRAFORMERS **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Kelley (*Deadman*) Jones art! ($1.50)
#2 -- Special: ($1.50)

Terry Pratchett's THE COLOUR OF MAGIC **(Full Color)**
#1 -- Beautiful art! ($2.50)

TIMEDRIFTER
#1 -- Time-tripping from Gerard Jones, author of *Justice League* and *The Trouble With Girls!* Pulp-style cover by Okamoto! ($2.25)
#2 -- Okamoto "jungle girl" cover! ($2.25)

TORCHY
#1 -- Olivia De Berardinis cover! ($3.00)
#2 -- Classic Bill Ward art, Thompson cover! ($2.50)

VOYAGES **(Color and B&W trade pbk.)**
#1 -- Brunner, Chaykin, Muth, and more! *Sold out from publisher!* Some scuffs. ($12.95)

WALT KELLY'S SANTA CLAUS ADVENTURES **(Full Color) Trade Pbk.**
#1 -- All ages, by the creator of *Pogo!* ($6.95)




CRAP-CAKES!
CURRY, HOLD ON A SECOND!
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING OFFICIALLY OTHER THAN KEEP THE PEACE. BEYOND THAT, WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?
IF CHUCKY FOUND ANDY, I'M SURE HE KNOWS WHERE KAREN'S AT. I THINK IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE GOES AFTER HER THERE. WITH YOUR HELP--
10

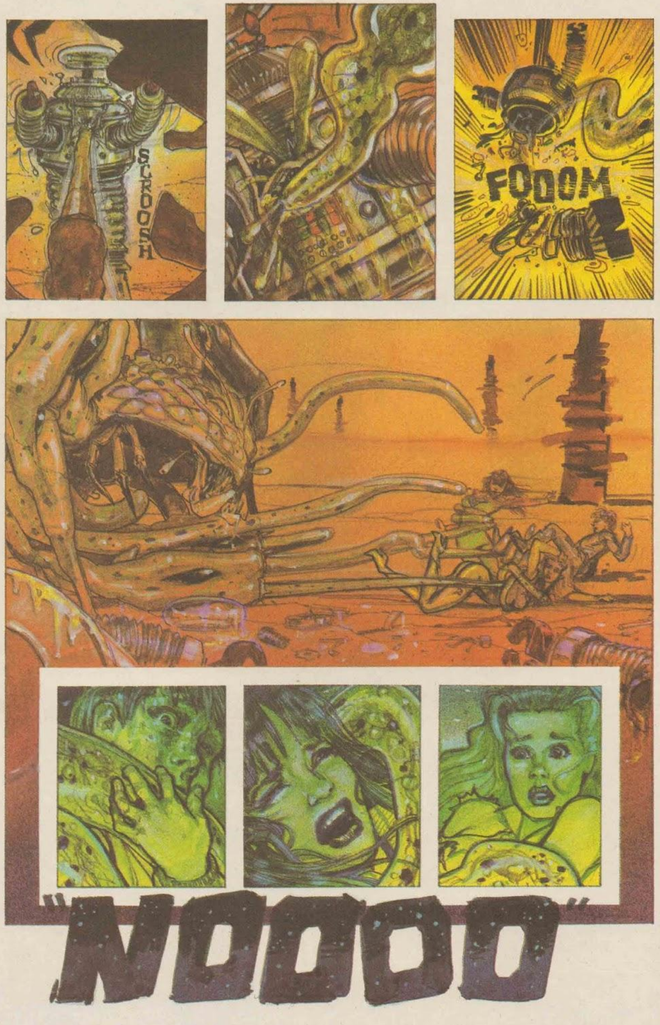

"--I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET KAREN OUT OF THERE TONIGHT."
VROOOOOOOOOOM
Fit Pat Fit Pat
CARLTON STATE HOSPITAL
WHY CAN'T THEY ALL LOOK AS COOL AS MARKHAM?
...ING DR. ROSS, DR. ROSS.
THIS IS DOCTOR ROSS... DETECTIVE NORRIS? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YES... OH HE DID, DID HE? WELL, DR. CURRY IS... THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
BETTY, HAVE CHET AND ROBERT BRING MISS BARCLAY INTO MY OFFICE.
YES, DOCTOR.
MS. CHURCHILL
DAMN!
SLAM
11



SPECIAL BONUS PREVIEW!




WILL ROBINSON. PENNY ROBINSON. JUDY ROBINSON.
WARNING! WARNING!--
"--EVACUATE THE AREA IMMEDIATELY."
WHAT WE SAW... WASN'T REAL!
WHAT ELSE COULD BE A LIE HERE!?
JUDY-- PENNY-- ROBOT--
HURRY!
"WE'VE GOT TO WARN DAD!"


SCROOSH
FOOOM
"NOOOO"


LOST IN SPACE™
IT'S BACK.
IT'S *NOT* WHAT YOU'D EXPECT.
COMING IN MAY
INNOVATION
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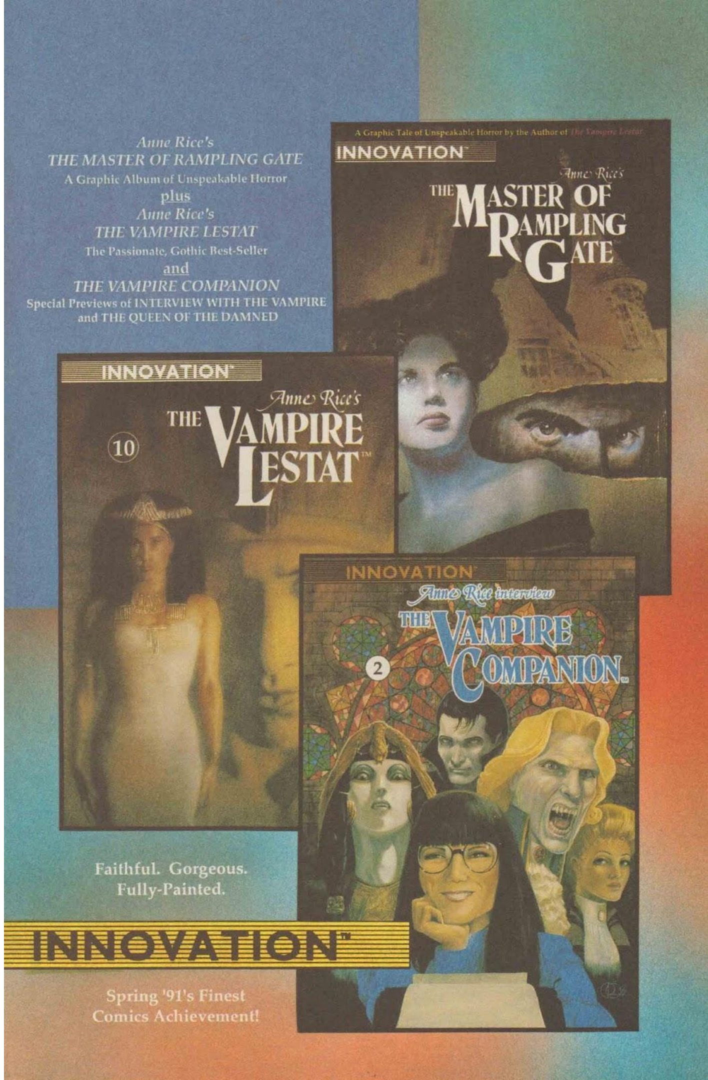

NO.
HE'S *HERE*! CHUCKY'S OVER THERE! *GET* HIM!
KAREN, CALM DOWN--OR WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO RESTRAIN YOU.
KAREN, WHAT...?
CHUCKY'S OVER THERE, YOU NUMBNUTS QUACK!
WELL, KAREN, LET'S SEE ABOUT THIS.
MEDICATION
NOTHING HERE, *DEAR*. COLOR ME SURPRISED.

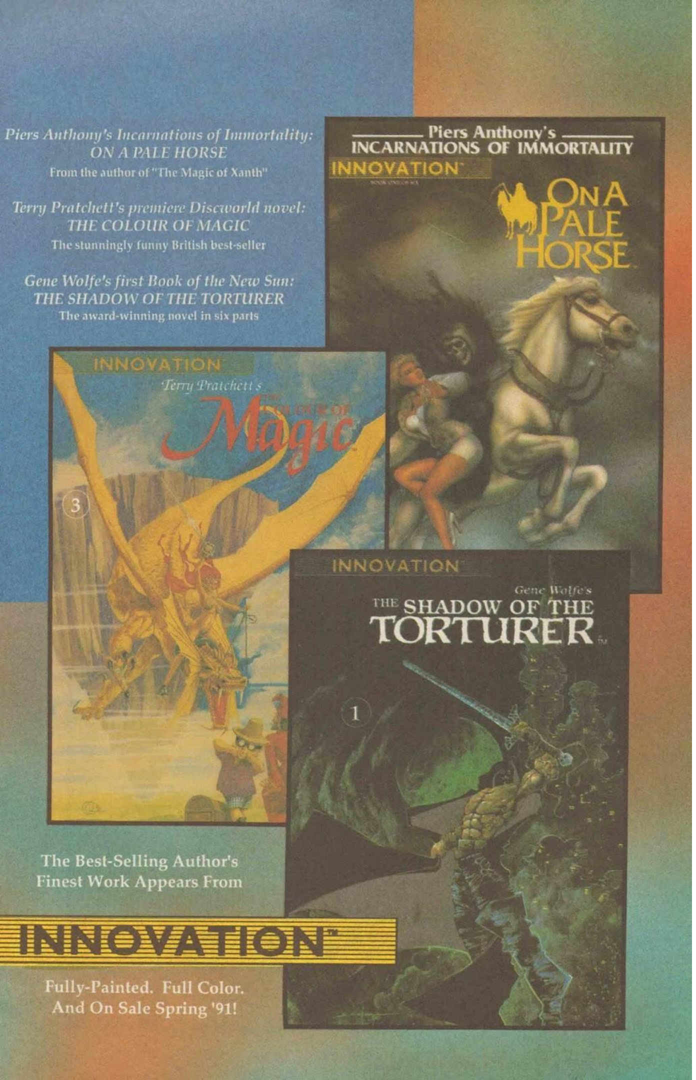

I THINK MAYBE MISS BARCLAY COULD BE CLASSIFIED AS HYSTERICAL--DON'T YOU BOYS?
I SAW HIM THERE! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME, YOU SMUG OLD FU--
PERHAPS A LITTLE RESTRAINT MIGHT HELP HER CALM DOWN A LITTLE.
NOW IT MIGHT BE A LITTLE LARGE, BUT WE CAN SNUG IT RIGHT DOWN. ALTERATIONS ARE FREE.
YOU ASSHOLE! IF HE GETS ME IT'S YOUR FAULT. I HOPE HE KILLS YOU, TOO!
KAREN, CALM DOWN. YOU AREN'T HELPING THE SITUATION.
SCREW YOU AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON!
ROBERT, I THINK MISS BARCLAY COULD USE A DOSE OF THORAZINE. PREPARE 50 MILLIGRAMS FOR ME, PLEASE.
NOOOO!
14


HMMM, DOOR WAS UNLOCKED. THAT'S WEIRD.
HMMM HMMM HMMM MMM..
HMMMM MMM
AHEM.
WHAT THE--
WHOOOONNGG
15



OHHHNUUURSE DIESEL, NURSE RATCHETT?
SOMEBODY DIDN'T LISTEN TO NANCY DEAREST WHEN SHE TOLD THEM TO...
JUST SAY...
...NO!
MMMMUFF
ROBERT
DRUGS CAN KILL, YOU KNOW.
16




Piers Anthony's Incarnations of Immortality:
ON A PALE HORSE
From the author of "The Magic of Xanth"
Terry Pratchett's premiere Discworld novel:
THE COLOUR OF MAGIC
The stunningly funny British best-seller
Gene Wolfe's first Book of the New Sun:
THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER
The award-winning novel in six parts
Piers Anthony's
INCARNATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
INNOVATION
ON A PALE HORSE
INNOVATION
Terry Pratchett's
Magic
3
INNOVATION
Gene Wolfe's
THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER
1
The Best-Selling Author's
Finest Work Appears From
INNOVATION
Fully-Painted. Full Color.
And On Sale Spring '91!


...CURRY GET AWAY WITH THIS. YOU'RE MY PATIENT, AND HE HAS NO RIGHT TO COME IN AND INVOLVE THE PO... OTHERS!
HE'S TRYING TO HELP ME, ASSHOLE, WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'RE DOING!
DR. RICHARD R. ROSS
WELL, MISSY, PERHAPS, A WOMAN WHO THINKS DOLLS COME ALIVE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT KIND OF HELP SHE NEEDS.
CHET
BEEP BEEP BEEP
EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR. THEY NEED ME UP FRONT. WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT, HERE?
GO AHEAD. ROBERT SHOULD BE BACK ANY MOMENT.
PIT PAT PIT PAT
WHAT? THERE'S NO ONE HERE.
KNOCK KNOCK
...GETS HERE, WE'LL HAVE YOU SEDATED AND MORE MANAGEABLE.
17


DOWN HERE, YOU NUMBNUTS QUACK.
URGGHHLLE
WHUMP
FFLUNNGHH BLOOON
OH, CRAP!
MESSY DESK, DOCTOR. THAT'S SYMPTOMATIC OF A MESSY MIND.
OH, OH, OH, DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!
REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE INSTEAD!


AAAH AAAH AAAHHH
FLUMP
AAAHHH!
CHUCKY SEZ, SHUT YOUR HOLE, BITCH.
WHERE ARE YOU MEETING THE PIG?
AT TH-TH-THE P-P-P-POLICE STATION. THIRTEENTH P-P-P-P-PRECINCT.
YOU LOSE...
...I DIDN'T SAY "CHUCKY SEZ."
KRACK
POOR KAREN. LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT THOSE STRAIGHT-JACKET BLUES.
HEH HEH HEH


THIRTEENTH PRECINCT, HERE WE COME.
I'VE GOT IT, HONEY.
OKAY.
MIKE! WHAT'S UP?
SHE'S BEEN RESTRAINED? WHAT IN GOD'S NAME FOR?


BZZZZ BZZZZ BBBZZZZ
GOTCHA, MIKEY.
...KNOW IT SOUNDS UNBELIEVABLE, JACK. BUT GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE. SOMETHING JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.
...PREPOSTEROUS. STRAIGHT JACKETS ARE EXCESSIVE IN ALL BUT THE MOST EXTREME CASES.
HIYA, MIKE. IT'S CHUCKY-- YOUR OLD FRIEND-TO-THE-END.
SOMETHING'S REALLY WRONG. MIKE NEEDS ME. DON'T HOLD DINNER.
BE CAREFUL. I LOVE YOU.
KAREN'S NOT A VIOLENT ENOUGH PERSON TO EVER WARRANT A...
UHHHNN WHAHAPPENED...?



Send your letters to:

CHILD'S PLAY



DEAD LETTERS

3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

Dear Innovators --

I'm writing to compliment you on the fine job you did on the *CHILD'S PLAY 2* comic. When I walked into the local comics shop, I spotted issue **#3**. Alas, I couldn't get my hands on the first two. When I flipped through the pages, I was impressed with the colors and art. I have never seen another comic from your company, so I was an instant fan.

I have a few questions:

1.) How long is the *CHILD'S PLAY* series, and will it be in color?

2.) What other comics do you publish, and where can I get them?

3.) Are you planning to do an adaptation of the first film?

Your #1 fan...

Trevor "Chainsaw" Griffiths
832 Suncastle Road SE
Calgary, Alberta
Canada T2X 2L3

Trevor, we've been around since 1988, and we get plenty of front-page fan press, so we're disturbed to hear you're not familiar with our books!

1.) The full-color comic-book series after the three-part movie adaptation already has issue #5 in production; you can subscribe by sending $3 per issue to the above address, at least for the first five. See my response to the letter below, regarding back issues.

2.) We publish approximately 10 comics per month, including: ***Anne Rice's* THE VAMPIRE LESTAT, HERO ALLIANCE, THE MAZE AGENCY, TORCHY,** *and so forth. By this summer, you'll find our roster of titles including:* **NIGHTMARES ON ELM STREET, LOST IN SPACE,** *Anne Rice's other works including* **THE MASTER OF RAMPLING GATE, INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE, THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED,** *plus* ***Gene Wolfe's* THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER, *Terry Pratchett's* THE COLOUR OF MAGIC***...the list grows ands grows! Your local comics shop can order them for you, including back issues. If for some reason he can't or won't, try the Back Issues Plus ads seen in many of our comics, including this one!*

3.) Not the first. But watch for the third!

Dear Innovation --

Talk about "Blowing someone's mind!"

Well, at lunch today I was in a comics store. Just for fun, I asked the salesperson if he had any "Good Guy" comics from the *Child's Play 2* movie.

He said, "Yes," which blew me away! Your comic is excellent -- I can't wait for the next issue.

All the *Child's Play* fans at the place I work are going crazy; they're all running out to buy this issue **#1** -- we're talking die-hard fans who continue to watch the first movie's tape and play the sountrack and so on -- and now, the comic book!

Could you Fax us *any* more information on Chucky, such as fan clubs or material (whether it's "Good Guy" dolls or cereal boxes or even pajamas!)?

Any info you could supply us would be just great.

Thanks!

Mike Quigg
And The "Chucky" Fans of
Toronto, Ontario
Canada

Mike, as a matter of etiquette, ***please*** *do not Fax us letters and expect an immediate Faxed reply... and please don't continue to Fax us "nudging" letters when you don't hear from us.*

Proper "form" is to mail letters to us; if you wish to receive a reply, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with appropriate U.S. postage, and you'll get an answer from us. Responding to Faxes is not only expensive and time-consuming, it takes away time we can otherwise spend on creating the next issue of **CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES** *for you to enjoy!*

Last Halloween, the Spencer Gifts store chain offered both Chucky stick-to-the-window dolls and small, "normal" Chucky dolls.

Teleline offers a 1-900-4248 Chucky line, which is $2 for the first minute then $1 for each additional minute. "He'll tell you a story...you can play a game!" (Under 18 must get parent's permission.)

In addition, Innovation adapted the Child's Play 2 *movie as three $2.50 comic books. And we've also released a trade paperback collecting the adaptation as a snazzy $6.95 full-color trade paperback. (These are*

available from Innovation Books, 3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003. Add a buck for postage -- checks or money orders only, please.)

The videotape of Child's Play 2 *will be available soon, as well.*

And last: You'll be happy to know that Universal's Child's Play 3 *movie is filming, right now. Look for it this fall!*

Dear Andy and Crew --

Today I picked up *CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES #1*. Awesome!

Chucky's depiction is great. Your story was grossly funny, and Paul Cammilleri's artwork was sinister. You've got a new fan who'll follow Chucky to Hell (as long as he comes back out...*with me*.).

See you in issue #2!

Frank Soto
120 East 23rd Street
9th Floor
New York, NY 10010

We're here. And we're glad that you joined us, Frank!

Dear Andy Mangels:

I thought your three-issue adaptation of the film *Child's Play 2* was quite all right. It was good for what it was.

But we both know that "what it was" was a movie made into comic books, and that means there are all kinds of inherent restrictions on what you could or could not do.

Yet with *CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES #1*, you have created something decidedly special. Yours is a unique "take" on Chucky and, most important, you do what a writer must: You've left your reader always wondering, "What happens next?"

So: Congrats, Andy Mangels, congrats. *CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES* looks good, reads good, is good. And for what this is worth, I'm not known as a soft critic or a false flatterer. I have many years on all sides of the desk in this "writin' biz," and I've earned a reputation for candor, not diplomacy.

Carry on, then, and I'm looking forward to creative answers to that "What happens next?" question.

Mort Castle
402 Stanton Lane
Crete, IL 60417

Well! It's actually easier than you expect for us to do interesting, new things with Chucky, Mort. The contact crew at Universal Studios -- Michael Malone, John Hornick, Nancy Cushing-Jones, along with writer Don Mancini, director John Lafia, and executive producer Robert Latham Brown -- have been, to a person, helpful, supportive, and otherwise terrific to work with.

I've heard "horror stories" from other editors at other companies talking about about how difficult it is dealing with "Hollywood," but we've found no indication of it here. The Universal people are great!

As a result, we've "taken the plunge" with other projects together: Look for Innovation's all-new color series based on Universal's **QUANTUM LEAP** *beginning this July...and for Halloween, we're talking about tackling* ***Alfred Hitchcock's PSYCHO*** *as a fully-painted, full-color 76-page graphic novel!*

Hey, David --

I enjoyed both *Child's Play* movies, but I honestly had no intention at all of purchasing the series. None. Nada. Zip. However, seeing as how I had a couple of extra dollars in my pockets, I figured, "What the hell," picked up a copy, and was very surprised at the end result.

Man, "Night of the Living Doll" was excellent.

Andy Mangels' story was very well-paced and managed not only to capture but also to convey the overall mood and atmosphere that goes along with Chucky.

The artistic trio of Cammilleri, Oeming, and Witherby did a very solid job with the visuals. Darick Robertson's splash page was exceptional -- not only in its artistic interpretation but also its array of horror subjects. Geez, everything from *Phantasm* to *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*.

Scott Rockwell's hues were suitably impressive, especially those from pages one and 13.

But the singular aspect which impressed me the most was the lettering job turned in by Vickie Williams. Vickie has *always* been an extremely capable letterer but, with this outing, she's moved up to a brand new level of creativity previously occupied by Todd Klein, John Workman, Bob Lappan, and Ken Bruzenak. And those four gentlemen are the absolute best there is at their particular craft. You really outdid yourself, Vickie, and I'm extremely impressed.

This book could be a real sleeper, y'know?

P.S.: "If you read this chant backwards, you're smater than we thought. Karen Barclay's out for blood, and that's next issue's plot. Burma Shave...by way of Zatanna."

Not bad, gang. Not bad at all.

"Uncle" Elvis Orten
17650 Dawson Road
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

Vickie says, "Thanks!" -- and mentions that penciller Paul Cammilleri deserves some of the "sound effects" credit, too!

By the way, guy: Are we still on for drinks at Chicago Con the weekend of June 28th?

-- David Campiti
April, 1991



INNOVATION™

Good Stuff, We Say, For April & May!

Anne Rice's THE MASTER OF RAMPLING GATE #1 -- A full-color graphic album of unspeakable horror by the author of *THE VAMPIRE LESTAT*! Adapted by **James Schlosser** and **Colleen Doran**. Cover painting by **John Bolton**!

Anne Rice's THE VAMPIRE COMPANION #2 -- All-new full-color special! Features a new interview with **Anne Rice**, plus special previews of her three new Innovation projects. Cover painting by **Daerick Gross**!

Anne Rice's THE VAMPIRE LESTAT #10 -- The fully-painted adaptation of the best-seller continues! Adapted by **Faye Perozich** -- and painted by **Daerick Gross** and **Richard Pace**. Cover painting by **John Bolton**!

FLARE FIRST EDITION #1 -- It's here: 100 super-spectacular pages of Flare and her Champions co-horts! Written and illustrated by **Dennis Mallonee**, **Mark Beachum**, and many others! Cover by **Mark Beachum**!

Gene Wolfe's THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER #1 -- Six-issue full-color adaptation of the award-winning first "Book of the New Sun!" Adapted by **Scott Rockwell** and **Ted Naifeh**. Cover painting by **Sandy Collora**!

HERO ALLIANCE #15 -- Full-color series! When Wondrous Comics soils the image of the alliance in their publications, it's a matter of "Any Similarity Between Persons Living Or Dead..." by **Robert M. Ingersoll** & **Mark Jones**. Wrap-around cover by **Mark Jones** & **Mike Witherby**!

John Bolton's Posters: Signed Editions. THEATRE OF VAMPIRES and *THE VAMPIRE: WOLF ATTACK*! Both are now available -- and each is limited to just 500 signed-and-numbered copies!

THE MAZE AGENCY #21 -- Full-color detective series. "Valentine's Slay" is a little late but worth the wait! Written by **Mike W. Barr** -- and illustrated by **Mary Mitchell** & **Mike Witherby**. Wrap-around cover by **Tom Mandrake**!

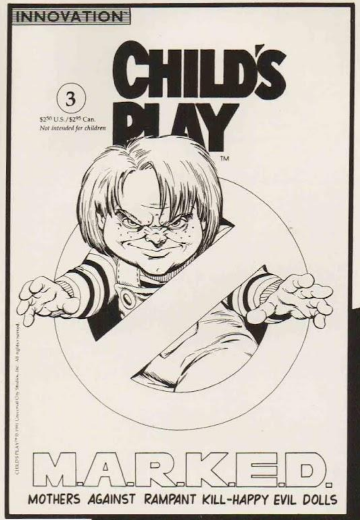
NEON CITY #1 -- An all-new Innovation B&W! A world partly repopulated by re-creations of celebrities! Startling futureviews in the cyberpunk tradition by **Nick Anastasio** and **Joe Dunn**. Cover by **Joe Dunn**!

POWER FACTOR SPECIAL #1 -- Full-color conclusion to the startling super-team saga. "Who Runs This Town, Anyway?" is by **Juaire**, **Clark**, **Harrison**, and **Tighe**! Cover by **Scott Clark** and **John Tighe**!

Terry Pratchett's THE COLOUR OF MAGIC #2 -- Continuing the full-color four-issue adaptation of the British best-selling *Discworld* novel! It's adapted by **Scott Rockwell**, and fully painted by **Steven Ross**. Cover painting by **Daerick Gross**!

THUNDERSAURS #1 -- An Innovation B&W special! See "The Bodacious Adventures of Biff Thundersaur" in a retrofit world where some creatures are *saur* losers! By **George Broderick** and **Cline Siegenthaler**. Cover painting by **Cline Siegenthaler**!

TORCHY #2 -- A special Innovation B&W! Bill Ward's classic cheesecake character continues! Written and illustrated by the legendary **Bill Ward**. Cover painting by **Matt Thompson**!



Next Issue:

MARKED & MAD!

No Chucky...
Only If You're Lucky!


INNOVATION™
CHILD'S PLAY™
3
$2.50 U.S./$2.95 Can.
Not intended for children
M.A.R.K.E.D.
MOTHERS AGAINST RAMPANT KILL-HAPPY EVIL DOLLS
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INNOVATION™

It Looked Like Southerly-Migrating Carabao

...So my art director, gorgeous George Broderick, slapped a Post-It Note down in front of me.

I've only been in the office a few minutes, after having been away for a full week hitting the Diamond Comics Distribution Trade Show and the 1991 Licensing Fair in New York.

George attended the former, but he had to head back to the office and "mind the store" while I was gone to the latter. Now he had a big list of things for me to catch up on. This inside front cover text piece was the first thing on the list.

Hmmm...what to write about? Possibly about the strange road-kill we passed on the way to Chicago? I thought it was *yak*. George thought it was a southerly-migrating *carabao* on its way to Miami for the summer. Either way, it was gross. Ah, you'd have loved it.

It probably wouldn't be right for me to bubble with excitement over the big licensed projects we're hoping Universal and several other studios will grant to us for '92 release.

It's not even appropriate for me to jump into a listing of our literary plans, to adapting a new selections of novels into fully-painted comics format. Heck, we'll have time and space enough for all these in the months to come..

But once again, I must say that the folks at Universal continue to be splendid people to work with. I had a fine time speaking to Mike Malone and the rest of the MCA/Universal crew, and it's good to know they have some terrifc things in the works for next year.

Coming *this* year, of course, to all the Chucky fans out there is *Child's Play 3*, which will be in theatres everywhere in August. The "Dead Letters" letter column elsewhere in this issue should give you some of the details of the movie.

And the "Chucky Goes Ballistic" back cover ad on this very issue lets you know that, this time, the kid gloves are off!

Innovation will, of course, release its three-issue full-color adaptation around the time the movie hits, and it promises to be a heckuva book, illustrated by Brandon McKinney (who illustrates next issue, as well) and adapted by horrordom's hit writer (just ask *Fangoria*!), Andy Mangels, and edited by yours truly.

We also have comics versions of two other Universal projects in the works -- ***QUANTUM LEAP*** (all-new stories based on the NBC-TV hit show) and ***Alfred Hitchock's PSYCHO*** (a fully-painted adaptation of the legendary horror hit).

QUANTUM LEAP will be written by a variety of scripters including George Broderick and Robert M. Ingersoll, and illustrated by Mark Jones and Scott Rockwell. ***PSYCHO*** (the real thing, not the thing that DC Comics announced) is adapted and painted by Felipe Echevarria, and it looks nothing short of phenomenal.

Look for 'em in the months to come. We think you'll be pleased. We'll probably preview both of 'em here!

-- David Campiti
June, 1991

CHILD'S PLAY™: THE SERIES
Vol. 1, No. 3, September 1991 issue.
Published by the INNOVATIVE CORPORATION. Office of Publication: 3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003, (304) 232-7701. Fax #304-232-4010. David Campiti, Publisher & Editor-in-Chief. Diana Light, Operations & Marketing Manager. George Broderick, Art Director. Vince Donley, V.P. Administration & Finance. Sandy French, Office Manager.






MIKE?
DAMN IT, MIKE, ANSWER!
FREEZE.
COVERED.
OH, CRAP. MIKE.


JACK, STAY BACK, MAN.
ROOM'S CLEAR, NO ONE HERE.
GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY! THAT'S MY PARTNER!
SIDE HALL DOOR OPEN. GET THE BUILDING SEARCHED!
MY PARTNER.
JACK, STOP IT. COME ON OUT OF HERE.
COME ON, JACK. GET AWAY FROM HIM.
LET GO OF ME!
HE'S MY PARTNER.
I KNOW THAT, JACK. BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO SEE THIS.


LET'S GET YOU SITTING DOWN. THE GUYS CAN HELP MIKE.
I THINK HE'S BEYOND HELP
BAKER, GO GET SANTOS SOME COFFEE.
DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUES AS TO WHO WOULD DO THIS?
MIKE CALLED ME HALF AN HOUR AGO AND SAID--
EXCUSE ME, SERGEANT-- THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER HOMICIDE REPORTED.
WHERE?
OUT AT CARLSON STATE HOSPITAL.
JACK, PROMISE ME YOU'LL STAY RIGHT THERE THEY'VE GOT TO SEARCH THE BUILDING AND I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING INVOLVED.
IT'S A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY, BUT YOU KNOW PROCEDURE.
YEAH, OKAY.
THEY'VE GOT THE SUSPECT IN CUSTODY--
--A MRS. KAREN BARCLAY.
KAREN BARCLAY...
CHUCKY!
14


...IN "D" WING. WE FOUND HER WITH THE KNIFE STILL IN HER HAND.
YEAH, I'VE GOT DOCTOR CURRY WATCHING HER RIGHT NOW. SHE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
HURRY UP, KAREN. HE'S GOING TO BE BACK ANY MINUTE.
I DIDN'T DO THIS. CHUCKY WAS HERE.
I KNOW THAT BUT THEY DON'T. THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHERE CHUCKY IS NOW, BUT YOU'RE IN DANGER IF YOU STAY HERE.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I FINALLY CONVINCED DETECTIVE NORRIS TO HELP US.
WE'LL MEET HIM AND HIS PARTNER AT THE POLICE STATION.
OH, NO!
15

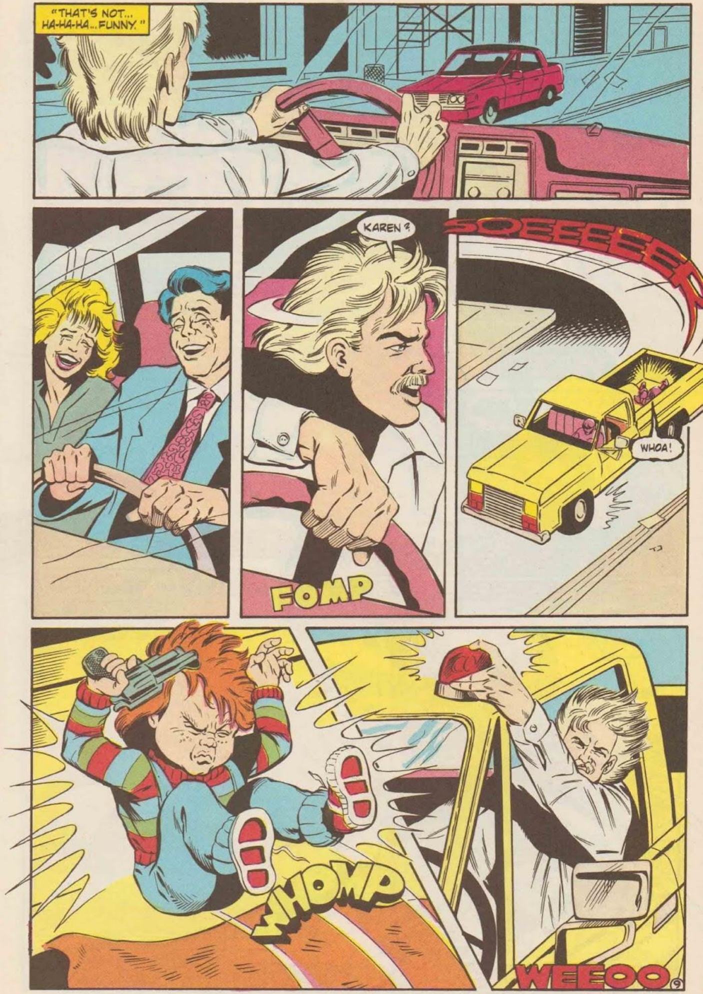


DOCTOR CURRY, WHAT'S GOING ON?
THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE FIGHT IN "D" WING. I'M TAKING HER DOWN TO THE INFIRMARY.
OKAY.
ZOOOM! ZOOOM! I GREGORY!
HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING MORE FROM MY SON?
I'M SORRY. ANDY HASN'T CALLED BACK.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND CHUCKY. IF NOT--
--THEY'LL THINK YOU KILLED DOCTOR ROSS.
AND I'M HELPING YOU ESCAPE. WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?
6



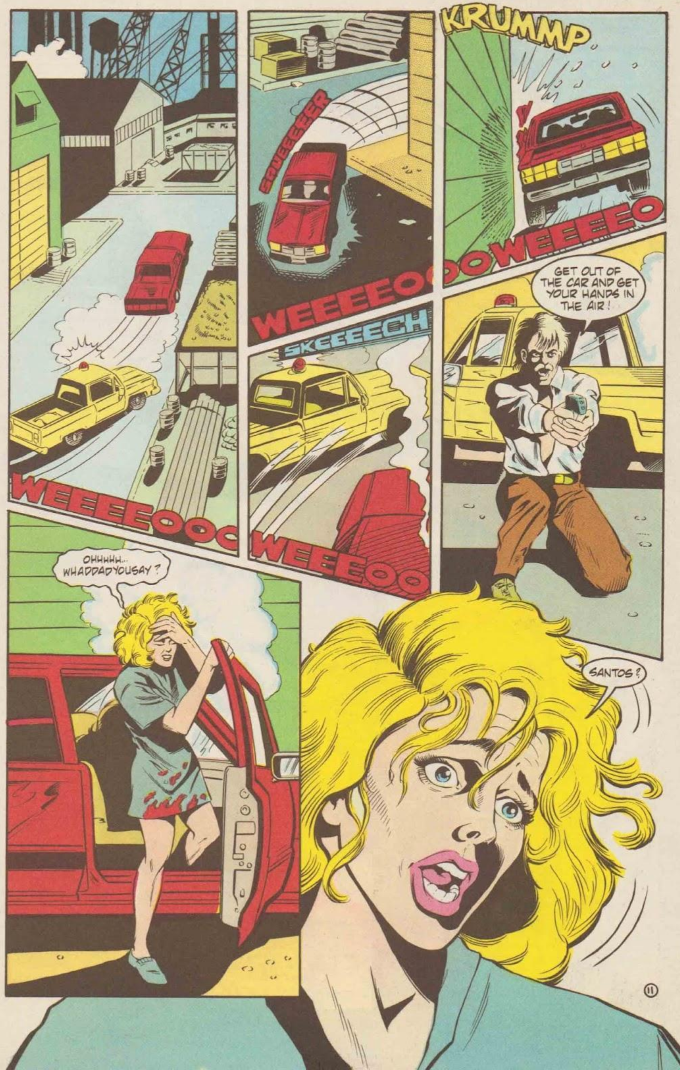
FUMP FUMP FUMP
FUMP FUMP FUMP
Pit Pat Pit Pat
SCREEEEK
OOONFF
7


...DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW WE'RE GOING TO FIND CHUCKY.
I THINK CHUCKY WILL COME TO US. I'M NOT SURE HOW HE KNOWS OR DOES ALL THE THINGS HE DOES, BUT HE SEEMS VERY CLEVER AND VERY DRIVEN. THAT'S A DANGEROUS COMBINATION.
SO ARE MOTHERS WHOSE KIDS ARE TERRORIZED BY EVIL GOOD GUY DOLLS INHABITED BY THE SOULS OF SERIAL KILLERS.
WHAT?
DIDN'T YOU FORGET "AND WHO'VE RECENTLY ESCAPED FROM MENTAL INSTITUTIONS"?
HAHAHA
8


"THAT'S NOT... HA-HA-HA... FUNNY."
KAREN?
SQEEEEEE
WHOA!
FOMP
WHOMP
WEEOO
9



OH, CRAP! IT'S THE COPS!
TURN UP THERE, INTO THE INDUSTRIAL SECTION!
SQUEEEEER
THIS CAR IS NOT MADE FOR CHASE SCENES.
BONG
WEEOO
WHO'S THAT GUY WHO'S GOT HER? LOOKS LIKE FRANKENFURTER.
WEEEEOOOOO WEEEEOOOOO
WHAT THE HELL IS BACK THERE?
WHUMP
WEEEEOOOOO WEEEEOOOOO
10



KRUMMP
GET OUT OF THE CAR AND GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!
SKEEEECH
OHHHHH... WHADDAYOUSAY?
SANTOS?
11


KAREN, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? WHO IS THAT GUY?
UM...UH.. I DIDN'T DO IT. IT WAS CHUCKY.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING AB...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE WERE COMING TO SEE YOU AND YOUR PARTNER. DETECTIVE NORRIS MUST HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT WAS GOING ON.
HE TOLD ME THAT CHUCKY WAS BACK AND THAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS AFTER KAREN.
HE WAS WRONG.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HE WAS AT THE...
HE GOT MIKE. SHOT HIM IN OUR OFFICE ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO.
12


HE...WHAT? I'M SORRY.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. NOT HALF AN HOUR AGO HE KILLED DR. ROSS AT THE HOSPITAL...
AND SET ME UP FOR THE MURDER. HOW WOULD HE GET TO THE POLICE STATION SO QUICKLY?
I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE HE TOOK A BUS!
I DO KNOW THAT MIKE'S DEAD, AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT LITTLE DOLL IS RESPONSIBLE!
WHO IS THIS JOKER, KAREN?
I'M DOCTOR CURRY, A PARAPSYCHOLOGIST. I'M TRYING TO HELP KAREN. I BELIEVE HER LIFE IS IN DANGER, AND I THINK YOURS MAY BE, AS WELL.
YEAH, WELL, THIS IS ALL GETTING TOO STRANGE FOR ME. IT WAS ONE THING TO ACCEPT THAT THE DAMN DOLL WAS ALIVE THE FIRST TIME, BUT HOW DID HE GET BACK?
AND HOW DO WE FIND HIM NOW?
13

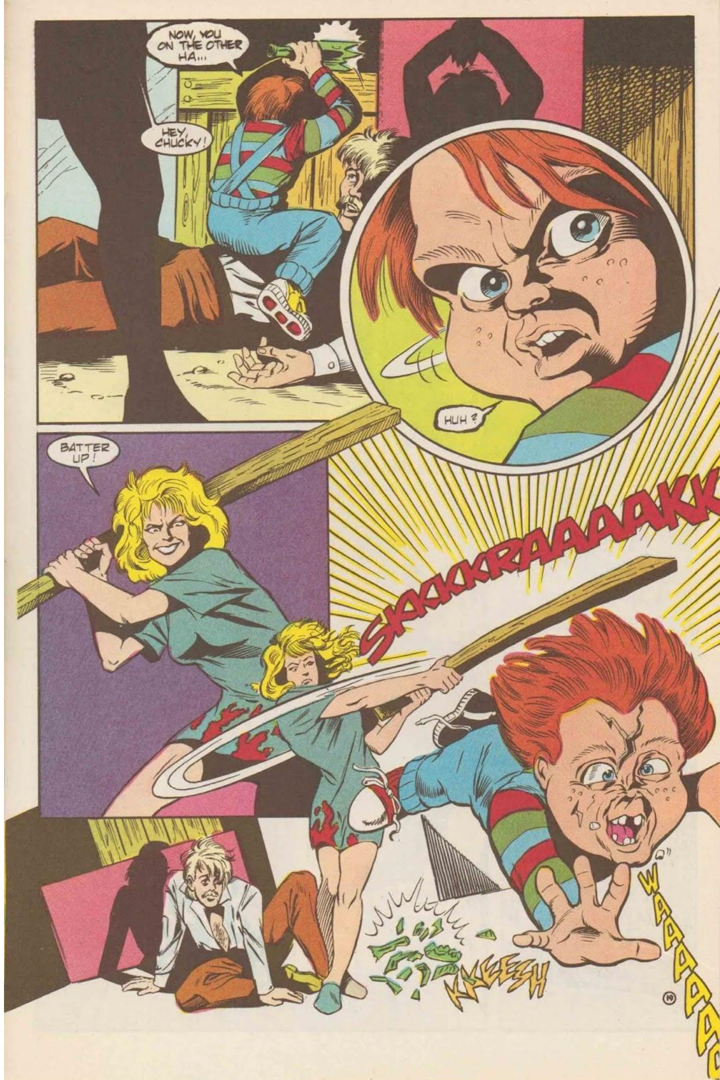

CRACK
DON'T WORRY...
...I FOUND YOU!
EEEEEEEEAGHHH!
BAMMMMMMMMMMMMM
WHOAH. QUITE A RECOIL ON THIS THING!
CRACK
FREEZE, YOU LITTLE FU...
14


BAMMMMMM BAMMMMMM
OOOOP!
OUCH!
HIDEY HO, COPPER, COME AND GET ME!
YOU BET I'LL GET YOU, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!
HE WENT THAT WAY, TOWARDS THE WATER!
OOOAAANNN
YOU STAY PUT AND KEEP YOURSELF AND THE DOC SAFE.
LOCK YOURSELF IN MY TRUCK AND CALL FOR BACK-UP ON THE RADIO.
15

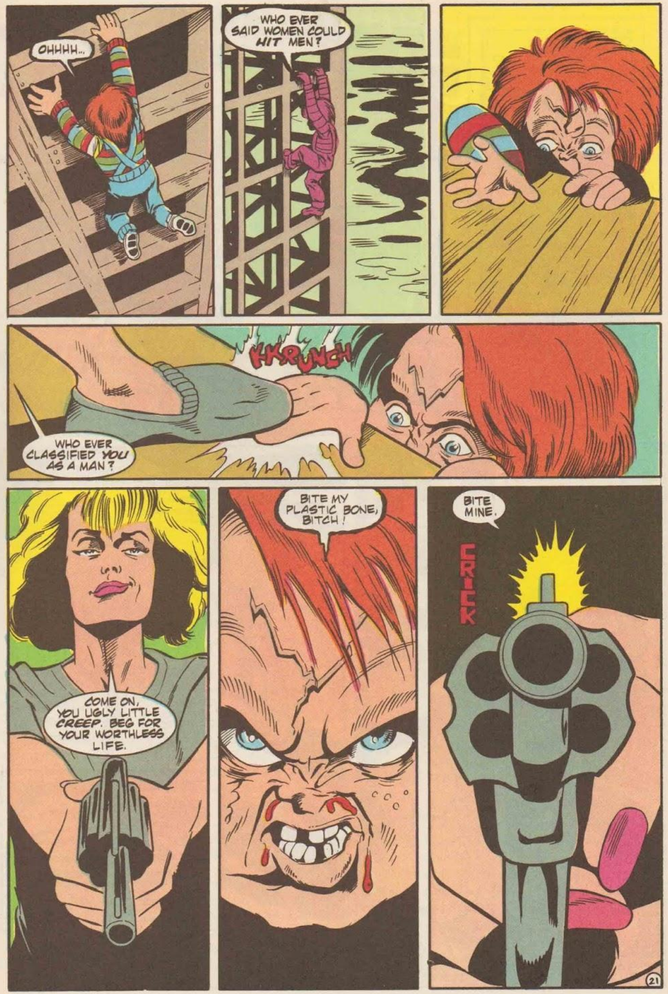

Pit Pat Pit Pat
Pit Pat Pit Pat
AH HA! A GOOD GUY KILLER DOLL ACCESSORY PACK!
Pit Pat Pit Pat Pit Pat
KKRESHING

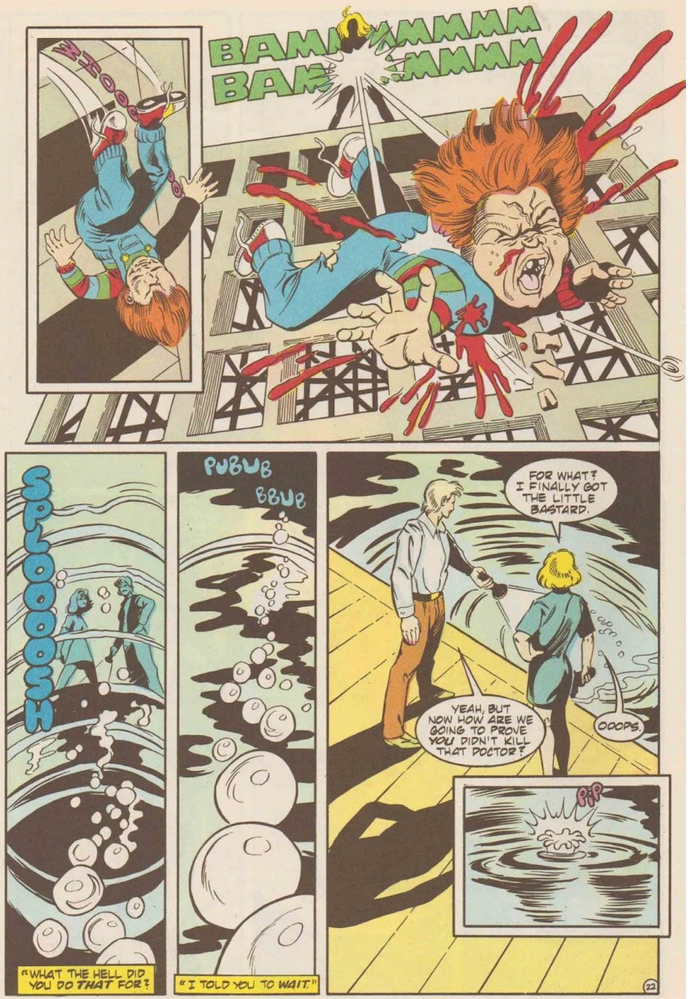

SEXIST ASSHOLE.
HUHN?
NO, NOT YOU, DOCTOR. SANTOS.
"YOU STAY BACK. YOU MIGHT GET HURT."
WELL IT LOOKS LIKE JACK AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES WITH GUNS.
SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET HURT TONIGHT, AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ME.
YOU WANT ME YOU UGLY LITTLE SHIT, COME AND GET ME.
CRAP. KAREN, STAY OUTTA HERE.


COOOOWWWABUNNGGA
OHSHHHH!!!!!...
WHOOOF
THUNK
AAAUUUFF
SORRY, JACK. CHUCKY'S BACK.
N-N-NOOO
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT.
PEOPLE ARE WRONG WHEN THEY SAID I WAS HEARTLESS.
GOOD GUY


NOW, YOU ON THE OTHER HA...
HEY, CHUCKY!
HUH?
BATTER UP!
SKKKRAAAAAKK


AAAAAAAHURK!
L-UMP
OH NOOOOOOO
ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, I... UNGH... THINK SO.
WHASSS THE MATTER?
NO SPLASH. HE DIDN'T HIT THE WATER.
KAREN, WAIT!


OHHHH...
WHO EVER SAID WOMEN COULD HIT MEN?
K-KRUNCH
WHO EVER CLASSIFIED YOU AS A MAN?
COME ON, YOU UGLY LITTLE CREEP. BEG FOR YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE.
BITE MY PLASTIC BONE, BITCH!
BITE MINE.
CRICK



Send your letters to:

CHILD'S PLAY
DEAD LETTERS



3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

Greetings!

Sometimes typing up the lettercols for our various comics series can get very strange. For ***CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES*** *in particular. It turns out that Chucky has a legion of devout, almost rabid fans who demand to know everything that's upcoming, including merchandising elements. Some are pleasant. And some are rude.*

And some, like the person who wrote the following letter, sends us a missive that arrives in our offices while I'm already in the middle of typing a report that answers exactly the questions he asks!

And so:

Dear Innovators--

I just love the art and storyline of your new ***CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES***. I can't believe how great it continued from **CHILD'S PLAY 2**.

Is *Child's Play 3* the motion picture going to be continued as the comic, as well?

What is *Child's Play 3* going to be about, anyway? I'm so excited to know when it's coming to the theater.

I'm also excited to know if the original cast from the first film is going to star in the third -- and what will Chucky's new saying be? It was, "Sorry, Jack...Chucky's Back!" for the second one.

What are your plans for further issues?

Jeff Klinger
3715 Huckleberry Road
Allentown, PA 18104

Well, Jeff, we plan to continue ***CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES*** *up through issue #5, where the winners of our "Get Stuck On Chuck" contest face off with everybody's favorite doll!*

But the big news around the office is that Universal's Child's Play 3 *opens in theaters nationwide on August 16th, 1991 -- a scant nine months after the release of last November's* Child's Play 2! *(Now that's service for you.)*

Don't expect it to be a re-hash of the things you saw in the earlier films or our all-new comic book series, though.

Screenwriter Don Mancini and director Jack Bender have cooked up a startling story that picks up eight years after the end of the events shown in our five-issue comic-book series!

"When Andy Barclay grew up, he put away childhood things. But some things won't stay put," says the teaser promo on the back cover of this very comic. "Chucky Goes Ballistic!"

With Andy Barclay growing up "so fast" in terms of real-life time, Justin (The Dead Pool, General Hospital) *Whalen plays the 16-year-old Andy this time out. Peter Haskell returns as toy mogul Sullivan. And Brad Dourif returns as the voice of Chucky. Kevin Yagher's work on the Chucky doll, fabulous in the second film, is said to be even better in the third!*

Look for a military academy setting, new friends for Andy, a new plan from ol' Charles Lee Ray, and Andy Barclay's first kiss.

And yes, Innovation will be bringing you the official adaptation in August, as well! Look for ***CHILD'S PLAY 3*** *as a three-issue full-color mini-series, with a graphic novel compilation offered in time for Halloween.*

It'll be scripted by ***Andy*** *(love that name)* ***Mangels,*** *pencilled by* ***Brandon*** *(my work premieres in these pages next issue)* ***McKinney,*** *inked by* ***Michael*** *(I sorta look like Chucky in leather)* ***Oeming,*** *lettered by* ***Vickie*** *(I turned it in yesterday)* ***Williams,*** *colored by* ***Scott*** *(where's my great Uncle Norman?)* ***Rockwell,*** *and edited by yours truly --*

-- David Campiti
June, 1991



INNOVATION™

Comics On Sale This Month!

Anne Rice's THE MASTER OF RAMPLING GATE #1 -- A full-color graphic album of unspeakable horror by the author of *THE VAMPIRE LESTAT*! Adapted by **James Schlosser** and **Colleen Doran**. Cover painting by **John Bolton**!

Anne Rice's THE VAMPIRE COMPANION #2 -- All-new full-color special! Features a new interview with **Anne Rice**, plus special previews of her three new Innovation projects. Cover painting by **Daerick Gross**!

Anne Rice's THE VAMPIRE LESTAT #10 -- The fully-painted adaptation of the best-seller continues! Adapted by **Faye Perozich** -- and painted by **Daerick Gross** and **Richard Pace**. Cover painting by **John Bolton**!

CHILD'S PLAY: THE SERIES #3 -- Full-color series! New stories beyond the movie! "M.A.R.K.E.D.: Mother Against Rampant Kill-Happy Evil Dolls" re-introduces and frames Karen Barclay...with Chucky guilty and on the loose! Written by **Andy Mangels** -- and illustrated by **Raine Szramski** and **Mike Witherby**. Cover by **Darick Robertson** and **Mike Witherby**!

DESERT STORM: SEND HUSSEIN TO HELL #1 -- A sensational selection of Innovation's finest moments, starting off with an all-new war story. Written by **Charles Marshall** -- and illustrated by **Ernie Stiner** and **Mike Witherby**. Plus: "Iraqi & Abdulwinkle" by **George Broderick** and **Don Martinec**. Wrap-around cover by **Mark Jones** and **Mike Witherby**!

Gene Wolfe's THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER #1 -- Six-issue full-color adaptation of the award-winning first "Book of the New Sun!" Adapted by **Scott Rockwell** and **Ted Naifeh**. Cover painting by **Sandy Collora**!

HERO ALLIANCE #17 -- Full-color super-team series! Beginning: An all-new direction for America's favorite independent super-team. "Promises To Keep" is by **David Campiti**, **J. Trent Pearson**, and **Michael Christian**. Wrap-around cover painting by **Brian Stelfreeze**!

HERO ALLIANCE QUARTERLY #1 -- Full-color, no-ads format! **George Perez**, **Matt Thompson**, **J. Trent Pearson**, **Mark Jones**, and others offer two terrific tales plus a full-color portfolio! Wrap-around cover by **George Perez**!

INNOVATION SUMMER FUN SPECIAL #1 -- 100 spectacular pages starring some of Innovation's most popular characters. *LEGENDS OF THE STARGRAZERS* sexy swimsuit cover by **Matt Thompson** and **Randy Elliott**!

John Bolton's Posters: Signed Editions. THEATRE OF VAMPIRES and *THE VAMPIRE: WOLF ATTACK*! Both are now available -- and each is limited to just 500 signed-and- numbered copies!

THE JUSTICE MACHINE #7 -- The fabulous finale in sparkling black-and-white! "Last Man On The Battlefield" presents the cataclysmic conclusion to the JM saga, in sparkling black-and-white -- written by **Tony Isabella** and illustrated by **Josh Watkins** and **Mike Gustovich**. Wrap-around cover by **Josh Watkins**!

LOST IN SPACE #1 -- Full-color series! It's back. It's *not* what you'd expect. "Seduction of the Innocent" is written by **Matt Thompson**, **David Campiti**, and **George Broderick**...illustrated by **Eddy Newell** and **Mark Jones**...airbrushed by **Scott Rockwell**...and supervised by "Will Robinson" himself: **Bill Mumy**!

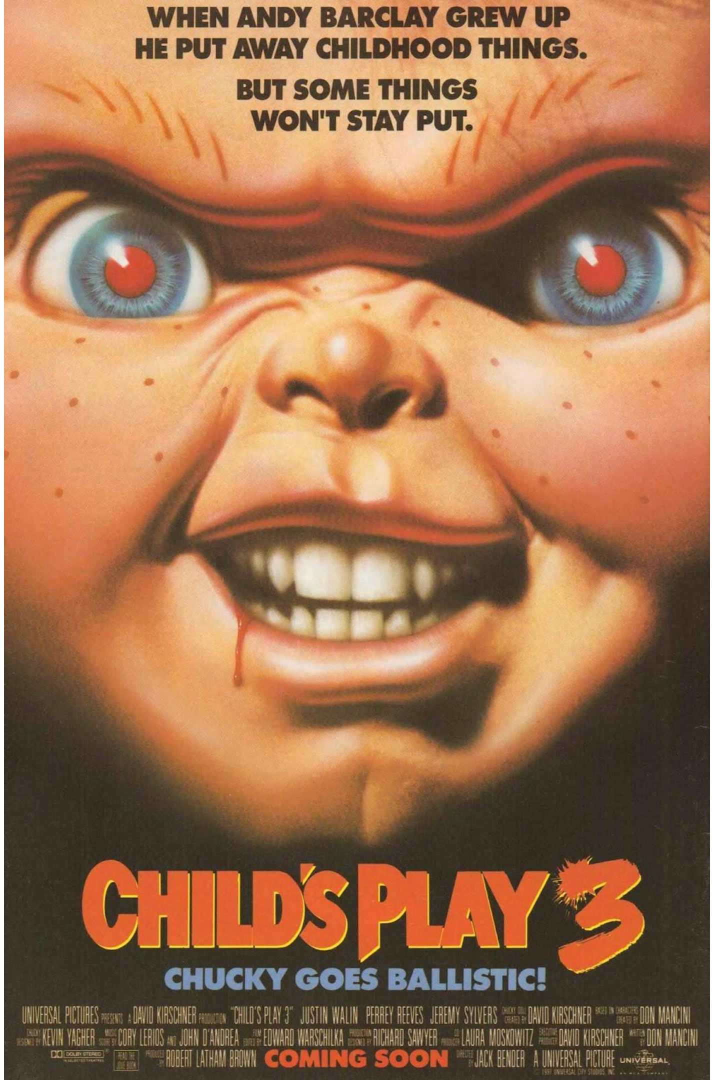
THE MAZE AGENCY #23 -- Full-color series! "A Crime In Eden" is a biosphere mystery celebrating the anniversary of the mystery story! Written by **Mike W. Barr** -- and illustrated by **Francesco** and by **Michael Oeming**!

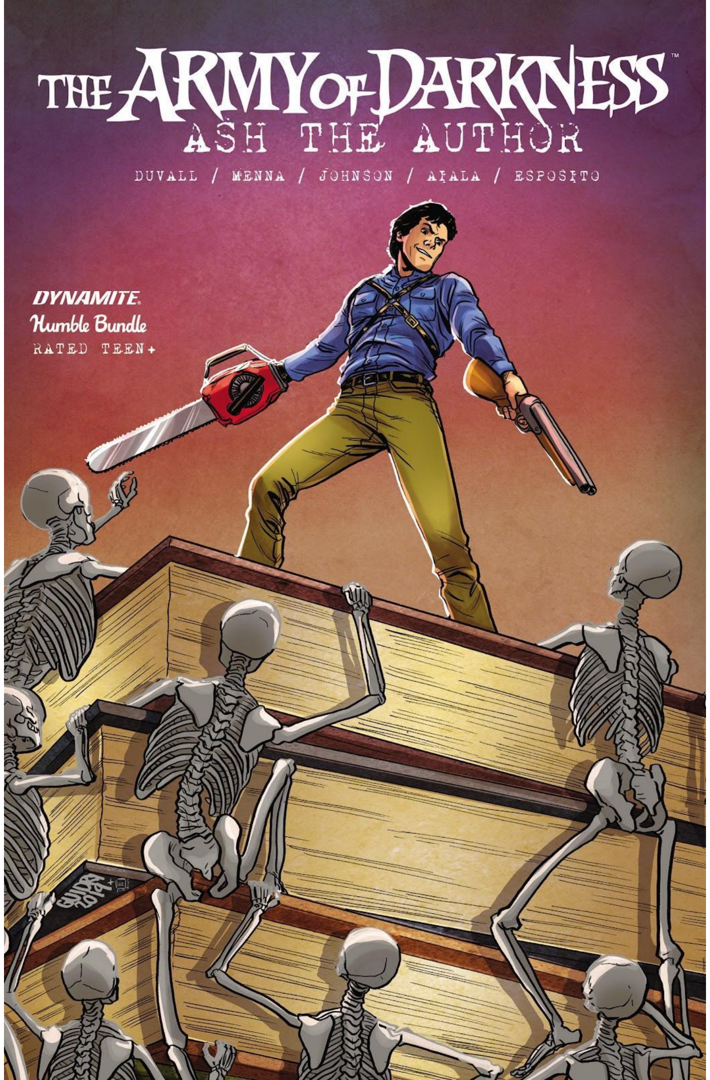
NEON CITY #1 -- An all-new Innovation B&W! A world partly repopulated by re-creations of celebrities! "Shadow Assassin" offers startling futureviews in the cyberpunk tradition -- by **Nick Anastasio** and **Joe Dunn**. Cover by **Joe Dunn**!

SENTRY SPECIAL #1 -- Full-color tie-in to *HERO ALLIANCE*! Sepulchre returns...more horrifying then ever! "Cold Death" is written by **Robert M. Ingersoll** and illustrated by **Ted Naifeh** and **Scott Rockwell**. Cover by **Bart Sears** and **Bill Anderson**!

Terry Pratchett's THE COLOUR OF MAGIC #3 -- Continuing the full-color four-issue adaptation of the British best-selling *Discworld* novel! It's adapted by **Scott Rockwell**, and fully painted by **Steven Ross**. Dragon cover painting by **Daerick Gross**!

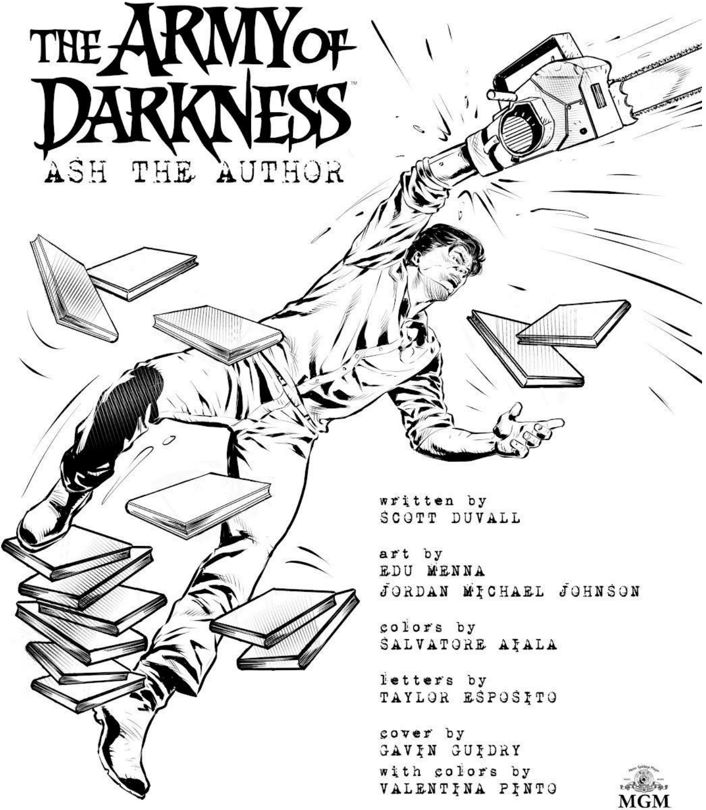
TORCHY #3 -- A special Innovation B&W! Bill Ward's classic cheesecake character continues! Written and illustrated by the legendary **Bill Ward**. Breezy "Tingler" cover painting by the incomparable **Olivia De Berardinis**!


WHEN ANDY BARCLAY GREW UP
HE PUT AWAY CHILDHOOD THINGS.
BUT SOME THINGS
WON'T STAY PUT.
CHILD'S PLAY 3
CHUCKY GOES BALLISTIC!
UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS A DAVID KIRSCHNER PRODUCTION "CHILD'S PLAY 3" JUSTIN WALIN PERREY REEVES JEREMY SYLVERS CHUCKY DOLL CREATED BY DAVID KIRSCHNER BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY DON MANCINI
CHUCKY DESIGNED BY KEVIN YAGHER MUSIC SCORE BY CORY LERIOS AND JOHN D'ANDREA FILM EDITED BY EDWARD WARSCHILKA PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY RICHARD SAWYER CO PRODUCER LAURA MOSKOWITZ EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DAVID KIRSCHNER WRITTEN BY DON MANCINI
DOLBY STEREO
READ THE JOVE BOOK
PRODUCED BY ROBERT LATHAM BROWN
COMING SOON
DIRECTED BY JACK BENDER A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
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ASH THE AUTHOR
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RATED TEEN+

THE ARMY OF DARKNESS™

ASH THE AUTHOR



written by
SCOTT DUVALL

art by
EDU MENNA
JORDAN MICHAEL JOHNSON

colors by
SALVATORE AIALA

letters by
TAYLOR ESPOSITO

cover by
GAVIN GUIDRY
with colors by
VALENTINA PINTO

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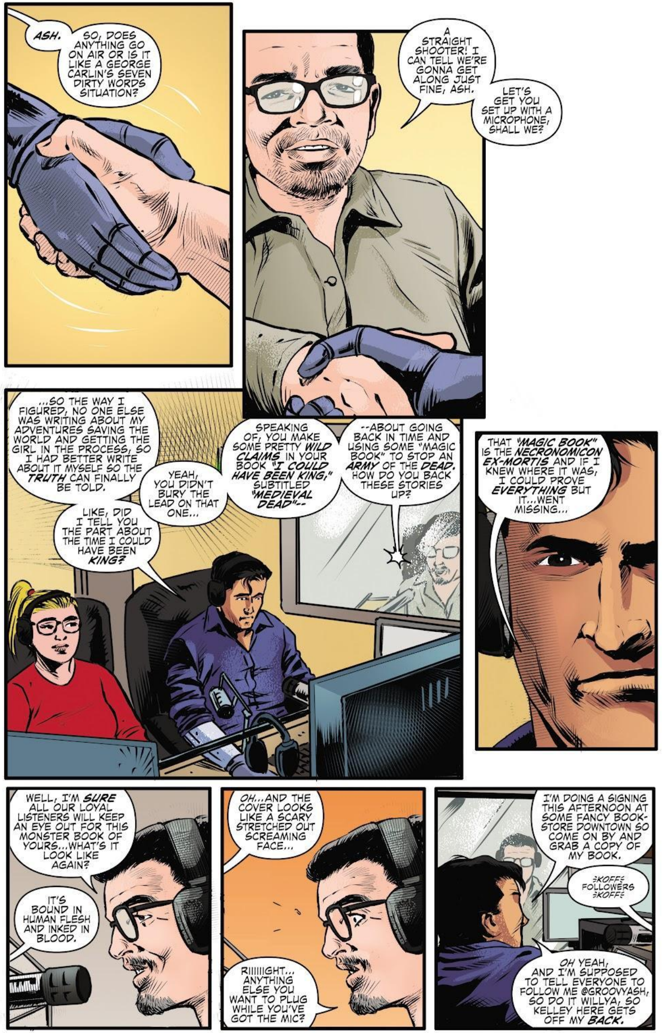
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WE'LL WALK FROM HERE, THANKS!
HERE'S YER TIP!
WHAT'S THIS BOOK ABOUT, ANYWAY?
TUNE IN TO THE GEORGE GENE SHOW IN 5 MINUTES! YOU'LL HEAR ME YAP ALL ABOUT IT!
SLAM
SO, WHICH PARTS OF MY LIFE DO I HAVE TO "GLOSS OVER" THIS TIME SO I DON'T "UPSET THE AUDIENCE"?
YOU CAN SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT ON THE GEORGE GENE SHOW, IT'S TOTALLY UNCENSORED!
JUST BE YOURSELF!
THE ONLY THINGS I'M GOING TO ASK THAT YOU DO SAY ARE THAT YOU HAVE A BOOK SIGNING THIS AFTERNOON DOWN-TOWN, AND TO ALSO PLUG YOUR SOCIAL MEDIA HANDLE @GROOVYASH.
GOTTA GET THAT ONLINE FOLLOWING UP SO WE CAN RAISE YOUR AMAZOMBIE BOOK RANKING!
I THOUGHT YOU HATED AMAZOMBIE BECAUSE OF THEIR "IMMORAL BUSINESS PRACTICES BLAH BLAH FANCY COLLEGE WORD BLAH!"
I DO! AND THAT'S WHY THIS SIGNING IS SO IMPORTANT, SO THAT WE CAN HAND-SELL IT TO THE PUBLIC AND PROMOTE IT ON A MAJOR RADIO SHOW!
HI, GEORGE! WE SPOKE ON THE PHONE. I'M KELLEY, ASH'S EDITOR/PUBLICIST/MANAGER/FIXER-OF-ALL-PROBLEMS PERSON.
RAGE
AH, YES, HELLO, KELLEY! YOU WEAR MANY HATS! AND THIS MUST BE--


ASH.
SO, DOES ANYTHING GO ON AIR OR IS IT LIKE A GEORGE CARLIN'S SEVEN DIRTY WORDS SITUATION?
A STRAIGHT SHOOTER! I CAN TELL WE'RE GONNA GET ALONG JUST FINE, ASH.
LET'S GET YOU SET UP WITH A MICROPHONE, SHALL WE?
...SO THE WAY I FIGURED, NO ONE ELSE WAS WRITING ABOUT MY ADVENTURES SAVING THE WORLD AND GETTING THE GIRL IN THE PROCESS, SO I HAD BETTER WRITE ABOUT IT MYSELF SO THE TRUTH CAN FINALLY BE TOLD.
LIKE, DID I TELL YOU THE PART ABOUT THE TIME I COULD HAVE BEEN KING?
YEAH, YOU DIDN'T BURY THE LEAD ON THAT ONE...
SPEAKING OF, YOU MAKE SOME PRETTY WILD CLAIMS IN YOUR BOOK "I COULD HAVE BEEN KING," SUBTITLED "MEDIEVAL DEAD"--
--ABOUT GOING BACK IN TIME AND USING SOME "MAGIC BOOK" TO STOP AN ARMY OF THE DEAD. HOW DO YOU BACK THESE STORIES UP?
THAT "MAGIC BOOK" IS THE NECRONOMICON EX-MORTIS AND IF I KNEW WHERE IT WAS, I COULD PROVE EVERYTHING BUT IT...WENT MISSING...
WELL, I'M SURE ALL OUR LOYAL LISTENERS WILL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THIS MONSTER BOOK OF YOURS...WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE AGAIN?
IT'S BOUND IN HUMAN FLESH AND INKED IN BLOOD.
OH...AND THE COVER LOOKS LIKE A SCARY STRETCHED OUT SCREAMING FACE...
RIIIIIGHT... ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO PLUG WHILE YOU'VE GOT THE MIC?
I'M DOING A SIGNING THIS AFTERNOON AT SOME FANCY BOOK-STORE DOWNTOWN SO COME ON BY AND GRAB A COPY OF MY BOOK.
KOFF FOLLOWERS *KOFF*
OH YEAH, AND I'M SUPPOSED TO TELL EVERYONE TO FOLLOW ME @GROOVYASH, SO DO IT WILLYA, SO KELLEY HERE GETS OFF MY BACK.



SO, DID I SAY EVERY SINGLE LITTLE TINY SYLLABLE RIGHT, THIS TIME?
YES! MATTER OF FACT, SINCE SHARING YOUR HANDLE ON THE LIVESTREAM--
--YOUR ONLINE FOLLOWING HAS GROWN EXPONENTIALLY AND TRAFFIC ON YOUR INSIGHTS HAS SPIKED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH!
100-47
CAFE
YOU'RE SPEAKIN' GREEK TO ME, LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS IMPRESSIVE! DOES THAT MEAN WE HIT A MILLION FOLLOWERS YET?
IT MEANS WE GAINED 11 NEW FOLLOWERS...
OH DEAR!
WHAT NOW? DID AMAZOMBIE SPAM YOU AGAIN?
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE ATTRACTED YOUR FIRST TROLL!
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TROLL I'VE ATTRACTED, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT...
INTERNET TROLL! AND ≠GASP≠ LOOK! HE SENT YOU A DEATH THREAT!
REALLY? ≠MUNCH≠
"@GROOVYASH IF U SHOW UR FACE IN PUBLIC U DED MAN"
HMMM... HOW DO WE KNOW THIS @FANBOI21774 ISN'T JUST SOME RUSSIAN BOT?
THAT'S A THING, RIGHT? POLITICS?



Y'KNOW, IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CANCEL. YOUR SAFETY COMES FIRST!
PUH-LEEZE, I'VE BEEN IN FAR MORE DANGEROUS SITUATIONS THAN GETTING STATIC FROM INTERNET HATERS WHO CAN BARELY TIE THEIR OWN LACES.
BESIDES, IF I'M A NO-SHOW, THEY WIN, SO THIS APPEARANCE OUGHTA SHUT THEIR TRAPS!
OR MORE THAN LIKELY THEY JUST MOVE ON TO SOME WEAKER TARGETS...IT'S THE CIRCLE OF MASS CYBER BULLYING!
UH, KELLEY, WHY ARE YOU STANDING THERE? YOU'RE BLOCKING MY VIEW.
ALTHOUGH I STRONGLY ADVISE AGAINST IT--
--I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS SIGNING ALONE IN CASE SOME JERK TROLL SHOWS UP TO TRY AND RUIN IT FOR THE REST OF US.
IF THEY WANT A SIGNATURE, THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ASK NICELY!
HEY, DON'T SWEAT IT, THERE'S LITERALLY THREE PEOPLE HERE, AND TWO OF THEM HAVE WALKERS.
YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY?
WHO?
IT'S COMPLETELY DEAD IN H--
SLAM


SIGN MY BOOK?


UH HUH...AND WHO SHOULD I MAKE IT OUT TO...?
IT'S UM...I-I'M YOUR B-BIGGEST--
WHA--?
ASH, IT'S HIM!
YOUR INTERNET TROLL! @FANBOI21774! AND ISN'T THAT THE--
--NECRONOMICON EX-MORTIS!
UTUK XUL! NADANU ME EMUQ!*
KANDARIAN IDIMMU, USELLA MITUTI IKKALU BALTUTI!**
*EVIL SPIRIT! GIVE ME POWER!
**KANDARIAN DEMON, RAISE UP THE DEAD HERE CONSUMING THE LIVING!
ELI BALTUTI IMA IDU MITUTI!***
***DEAD WILL BE MORE NUMEROUS THAN THE LIVING!


SLAM
YEAH... THIS IS PRETTY MUCH EXACTLY HOW I PICTURED MY FIRST EVER BOOK SIGNING GOING...
THUD
HEY, KELLEY!
DID'JA PACK THE THING LIKE WE TALKED ABOUT?
THE THING! YES, INDEED!
THIS IS OBVIOUSLY "THE THING" YOU MEANT, RIGHT?
YEAH! TOSS IT HERE!
AND RISK HAVING THE CHAIN PART HIT YOU IN THE EYE? THAT'S SO--
JUST THROW IT!


HEADS UP!
K-CLNK
WAY, WAY UP!
AWRIGHT, WHO WANTS AN AUTOGRAPH?
SORRY 'BOUT THIS. I HATE BEIN' THE ONE TO DO IT JUST AS MUCH AS YOU HATE IT NOT BEIN' ON YOUR TERMS 'N ALL.
BUT IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION...
...LEAST YOU DIDN'T DIE ALONE.
SQUELCH


UTUK XUL, PETA BABKAMA LURUBA ANAKU.*
*EVIL SPIRIT, OPEN THE GATE FOR ME SO THAT I CAN ENTER HERE.
ASH! HOLD ON!
WELL, IF THIS IS THE WAY IT'S GOTTA END, AT LEAST THINK OF THE POSTHUMOUS BOOK SALES!
GERONIMOOOOOOO!


GOTTA SLOW MY FALL, B'FORE I BREAK MY DAMN LEGS...
HEY, IT WORKED!
NOT SO FAST, FANBOI!
YOUR DAYS OF TROLLING ME ARE OVER, PAL!
I KNOW THESE TUNNELS LIKE THE BACK OF MY CHAINSAW BLADE. DON'T ASK ME HOW I KNOW...


BARRA TELAL XUL!*
*BEGONE EVIL WARRIOR!
HEY, UH, PAL...
BARRA... EH?**
**BEGONE... EH?
I'M SERIOUS, TIME TO--


MOVE!
K-CLINK
K-CLUNK
K-CLINK
WHERE...?
Y--YOU...
YOU SAVED ME!
YOU REALLY ARE THE CHOSEN ONE!
NOW SEE, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. GOOD FAN.
SECURITY!


CHOSEN ONE! WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?!
MOST PEOPLE WHO SPEND AS MUCH TIME AROUND ME AS YOU END UP DEAD BY NOW.
AND, HEY, FELLAS! KEEP AN EYE ON THIS GUY. HE COULD BE TROUBLE.
ASH! SO GLAD YOU'RE OK!
DID YOU SEE WHAT'S TRENDING?
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAFTA TELL YA...I DON'T GIVE A SEWER RAT'S ASS ABOUT FASHION WEEK!
NO, YOU'VE GONE VIRAL!
IS THAT GOOD?
IT'S GREAT!
SOMEONE TOOK VIDEO OF YOU SAVING THAT INSANE FAN AND IT'S ALL OVER THE NET!
SO, AM I FAMOUS NOW? DO I NEED TO GET AN ENTOURAGE?
INTERNET FAMOUS. BIG DIFFERENCE.
HOWEVER, IT DID RAISE YOUR AMAZOMBIE RANKING BY A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT, SO BRAVO TO YOU!


SO, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? AM I RICH NOW?
DEFINE "RICH."
LIKE, DID WE SELL ENOUGH BOOKS TO AFFORD TO FLY US AND MY FANS HERE FIRST CLASS TO VEGAS?
NO, NOT EVEN CLOSE.
HOW ABOUT A COUPLE ROUNDS OF BEERS AT McFOLEY'S?
WE CAN BUDGET FOR ONE ROUND OF HAVOC-MAKING.
HEY, WE'RE ALL GETTING TANKED AT McFOLEY'S! FIRST ROUNDS ON KELLEY!
HOORAY!
YOU RULE, ASH!


ALL HAIL KING ASH! ALL HAIL KING ASH!
ALL HAIL KING ASH! ALL HAIL KING ASH!
KLINK
KLINK
KLINK
HEY, ASH, IS THIS WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND WHEN YOU GAVE UP BEING KING?
NOT EXACTLY...
EXCEPT FOR THE BEER PART.
NOW WHO WANTS TO BUY THE KING HIS NEXT DRINK?
THE END


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SONIC THE HEDGEHOG | 284

Welcome to Sonic's comic book adventures—a world unique & beyond what you know from the SEGA games! Where Sonic and his friends work to save the world from the forces of evil!



SONIC™ THE HEDGEHOG

THE STORY SO FAR...

PANIC PLOT



Sonic and the Freedom Fighters have traveled the globe via their flying fortress, the Sky Patrol, gathering up the Chaos Emeralds and Gaia Keys needed to end the Shattered World Crisis. They're just days away from a worldwide effort to finally save the planet!

What they don't know is that Dr. Eggman has had the spy bot Tails Doll aboard the Sky Patrol for some time. Tails Doll has learned all about the Freedom Fighters' plan to save the world and passed it along to the mad genius.



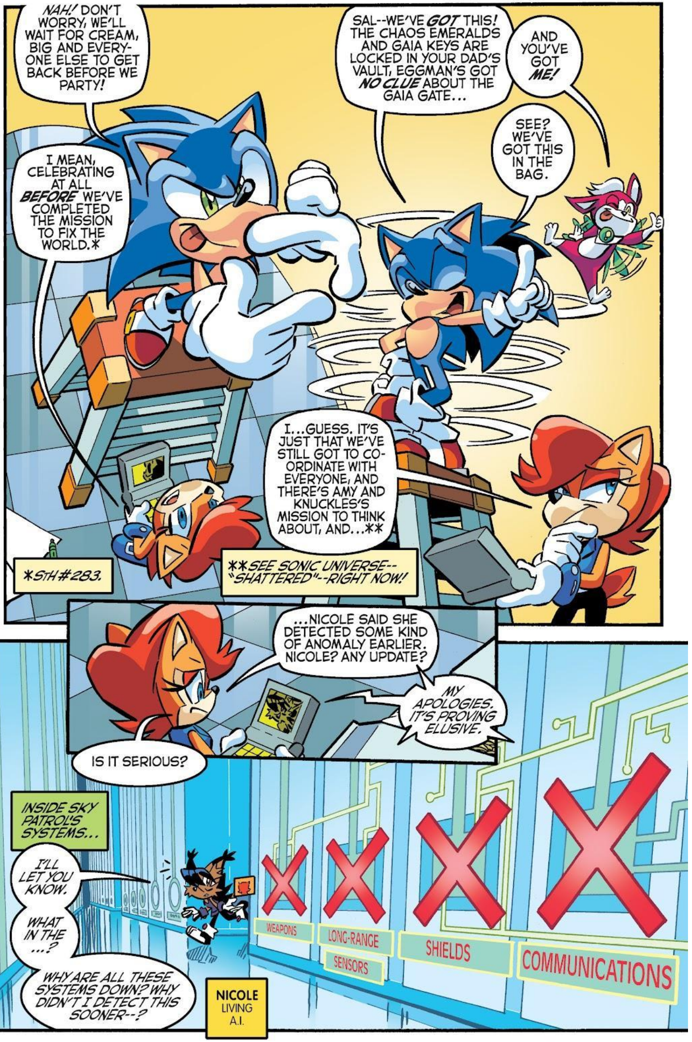
And Dr. Eggman has launched a plan of his own...



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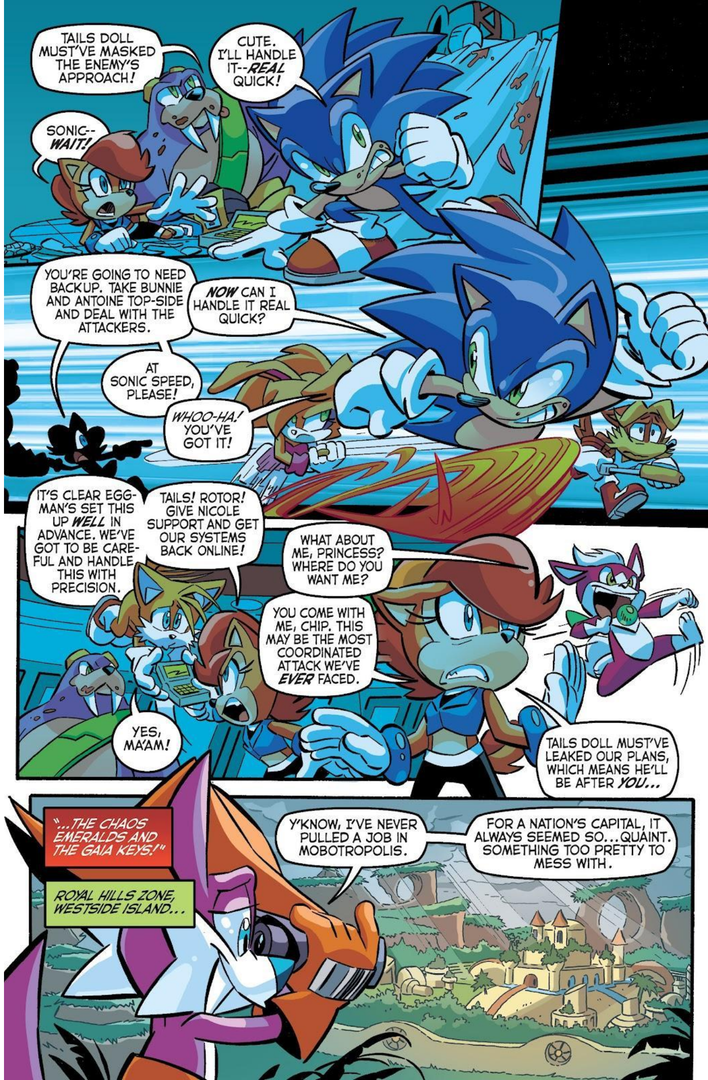


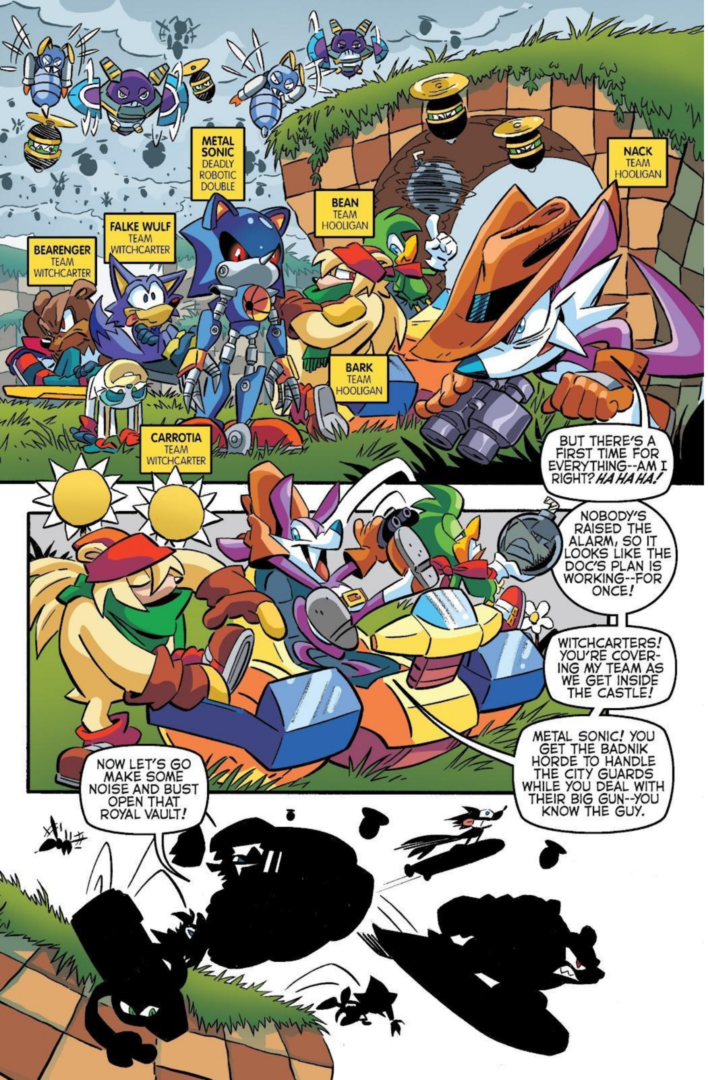
NAH! DON'T WORRY, WE'LL WAIT FOR CREAM, BIG AND EVERY-ONE ELSE TO GET BACK BEFORE WE PARTY!
SAL--WE'VE *GOT* THIS! THE CHAOS EMERALDS AND GAIA KEYS ARE LOCKED IN YOUR DAD'S VAULT, EGGMAN'S GOT *NO CLUE* ABOUT THE GAIA GATE...
AND YOU'VE GOT *ME!*
I MEAN, CELEBRATING AT ALL *BEFORE* WE'VE COMPLETED THE MISSION TO FIX THE WORLD.*
SEE? WE'VE GOT THIS IN THE BAG.
I...GUESS. IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE STILL GOT TO CO-ORDINATE WITH EVERYONE, AND THERE'S AMY AND KNUCKLES'S MISSION TO THINK ABOUT, AND...**
*STH #283.
**SEE SONIC UNIVERSE--"SHATTERED"--RIGHT NOW!
...NICOLE SAID SHE DETECTED SOME KIND OF ANOMALY EARLIER. NICOLE? ANY UPDATE?
MY APOLOGIES. IT'S PROVING ELUSIVE.
IS IT SERIOUS?
INSIDE SKY PATROL'S SYSTEMS...
I'LL LET YOU KNOW.
WHAT IN THE ...?
WHY ARE ALL THESE SYSTEMS DOWN? WHY DIDN'T I DETECT THIS SOONER--?
WEAPONS
LONG-RANGE SENSORS
SHIELDS
COMMUNICATIONS
NICOLE LIVING A.I.



...OH, NO...
IS...IS THAT A DATA LINK TO THE--?! WHAT ARE YOU--
TAILS DOLL PLUSH INFILTRATOR (DIGITAL FORM)
HELLO AGAIN, NICOLE. IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO EXPIRE.
END.
DIE.
PHAGE MALEVOLENT A.I.


BWOOOOOOO
IT'S TAILS DOLL! IT-- SHRZK!
NICOLE?!
WHOOM
THE BATTLE FORTRESS FLAGSHIP OF THE BATTLE BIRD ARMADA
BOOM!
BOOM!
THAT SHOULD RATTLE THEIR CAGE. SIGNAL SPEEDY'S TEAM AND SEND THE INVASION FORCE. HIT THEM WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!
BATTLE KUKKU XV BATTLE LORD OF THE ARMADA


TAILS DOLL MUST'VE MASKED THE ENEMY'S APPROACH!
CUTE. I'LL HANDLE IT--REAL QUICK!
SONIC-- WAIT!
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED BACKUP. TAKE BUNNIE AND ANTOINE TOP-SIDE AND DEAL WITH THE ATTACKERS.
NOW CAN I HANDLE IT REAL QUICK?
AT SONIC SPEED, PLEASE!
WHOO-HA! YOU'VE GOT IT!
IT'S CLEAR EGG-MAN'S SET THIS UP WELL IN ADVANCE. WE'VE GOT TO BE CARE-FUL AND HANDLE THIS WITH PRECISION.
TAILS! ROTOR! GIVE NICOLE SUPPORT AND GET OUR SYSTEMS BACK ONLINE!
WHAT ABOUT ME, PRINCESS? WHERE DO YOU WANT ME?
YOU COME WITH ME, CHIP. THIS MAY BE THE MOST COORDINATED ATTACK WE'VE EVER FACED.
YES, MA'AM!
TAILS DOLL MUST'VE LEAKED OUR PLANS, WHICH MEANS HE'LL BE AFTER YOU...
"...THE CHAOS EMERALDS AND THE GAIA KEYS!"
ROYAL HILLS ZONE, WESTSIDE ISLAND...
Y'KNOW, I'VE NEVER PULLED A JOB IN MOBOTROPOLIS.
FOR A NATION'S CAPITAL, IT ALWAYS SEEMED SO...QUAINT. SOMETHING TOO PRETTY TO MESS WITH.


METAL SONIC DEADLY ROBOTIC DOUBLE
NACK TEAM HOOLIGAN
BEAN TEAM HOOLIGAN
FALKE WULF TEAM WITCHCARTER
BEARENGER TEAM WITCHCARTER
BARK TEAM HOOLIGAN
CARROTIA TEAM WITCHCARTER
BUT THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING--AM I RIGHT? *HA HA HA!*
NOBODY'S RAISED THE ALARM, SO IT LOOKS LIKE THE DOC'S PLAN IS WORKING--FOR ONCE!
WITCHCARTERS! YOU'RE COVER-ING MY TEAM AS WE GET INSIDE THE CASTLE!
METAL SONIC! YOU GET THE BADNIK HORDE TO HANDLE THE CITY GUARDS WHILE YOU DEAL WITH THEIR BIG GUN--YOU KNOW THE GUY.
NOW LET'S GO MAKE SOME NOISE AND BUST OPEN THAT ROYAL VAULT!


CAREFUL, BARK! WE DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT BY THE ROYAL JOBBER SQUAD! *HA HA HA!*
YOU CLOWNS PICKED THE **WRONG** CITY TO MESS WITH!
WHOOSH!
WHAM
GRNK! WATCH THE PAINT!
GEMERL ADVANCED BATTLE ANDROID
LIKE CLOCKWORK! MAYBE EGGMAN'S ACTUALLY A GENIUS AFTER ALL!
GRRR...I WANT A SHOT AT THE TIN MAN! THESE ROYAL MOOKS ARE NOTHIN'!
WHAM
STICK TO THE PLAN, AND YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE! ***YOU*** KEEP THE PALACE GUARDS BUSY!
LET METAL SONIC DO HIS THING.


OH, HEY! IT'S YOU! THE ORIGINAL ABILITY-STEALER WITH THE IDENTITY CRISIS!
CLONK
BOOM!
BOOM!
THIS IS GONNA LEAVE A MARK...


HUH? NOPE, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN HERE. BUT I'VE GOT THE INNATE TRACKING OF ANY TREASURE HUNTER!
"I'LL FIND THOSE CHAOS EMERALDS --NO PROBLEM!"
HA-HA-WHAT?! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS! STEP ASIDE, OLD MAN. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
AS DO I.
MY BRAVE SOLDIERS ARE DEFENDING MY CITY. MY TRUMP CARD HAS BEEN TRUMPED. SO THE DUTY NOW FALLS TO ME.
NOW--STEP FORWARD IF YOU DESIRE A ROYAL BEATING.
VVMMM!
KING NIGEL ACORN
RULER OF THE ACORN ARCHIPELAGO


BEAN! BLAST THE VAULT! BARK! GIMME A HAND!
BLAM!
BLAM!
ONE VAULT, EXTRA CRISPY, COMIN' UP!
WHMPF!
CHING!
OW!
SOK!
WHEW! THANKS. HURRY IT UP WITH THE VAULT, BEAN!
RIIIGHT... CRISPY VAULT...

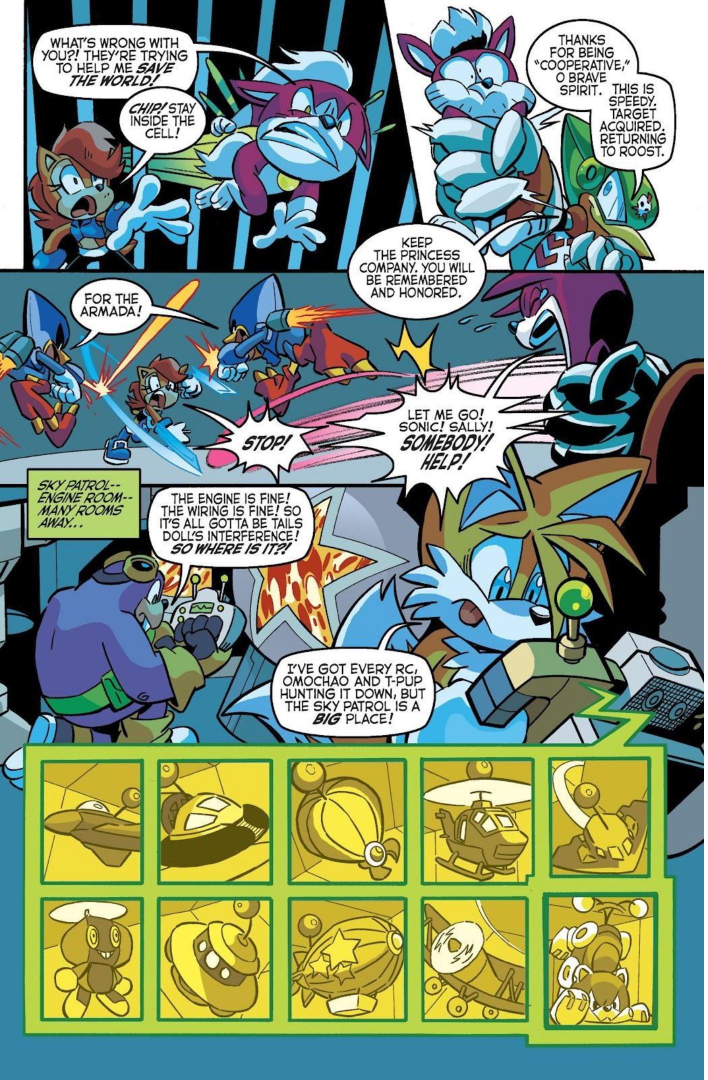

RRGH! COWARD! YOU WOULDN'T LET BADNIKS FIGHT SONIC FOR YOU!
WE GOT THE GOODS! NOW DELIVER THEM TO EGGMAN--PRONTO!
NO!
NO!
MOVE IT! THE SIX OF US AND THE BADNIK HORDE WILL SLOW HIM DOWN!



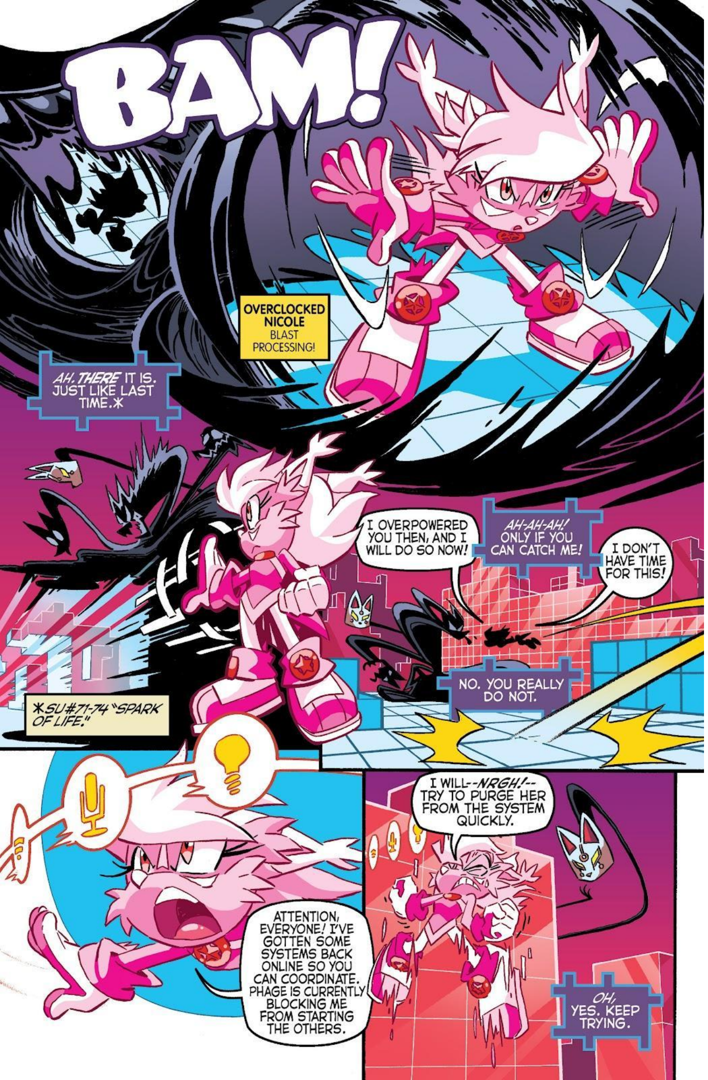
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SKY PATROL...
HEY, TAILS! ROTE! IF YOU'VE GOT THE COMMS UP AND RUNNING AGAIN, WE COULD *REALLY* USE SOME WEAPON SUPPORT UP HERE!
I AM NOT THINKING ZEY CAN HEAR US!
AH HATE TO ADMIT BEIN' OVERWHELMED, BUT...
HRRGH! GUYS! THE ARM!
SHING!
OKAY--FACT CHECK. WE HAVEN'T TANGLED WITH THE BATTLE BIRD ARMADA A LOT...
...BUT IT'S KINDA *BLATANT* THAT SPEEDY ISN'T THE ONE LEADING THE ATTACK.
HEY...YEAH! THERE'S NO WAY A BRAT LIKE HIM WOULD PASS THIS UP!
SO IF HE ISN'T *HERE*...

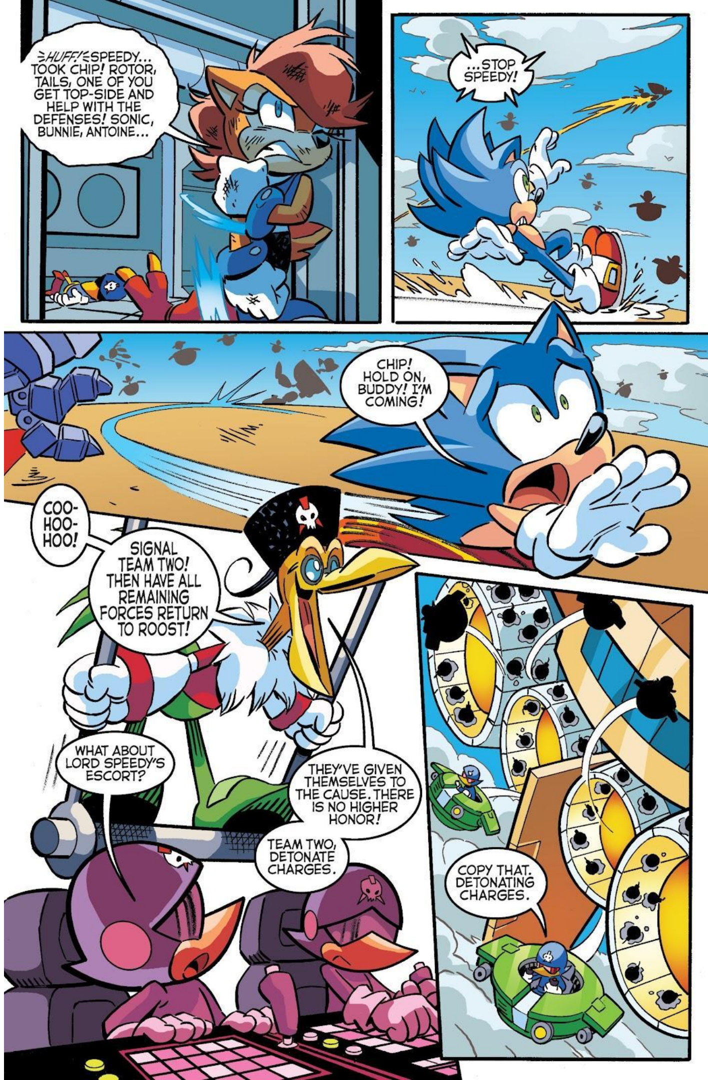


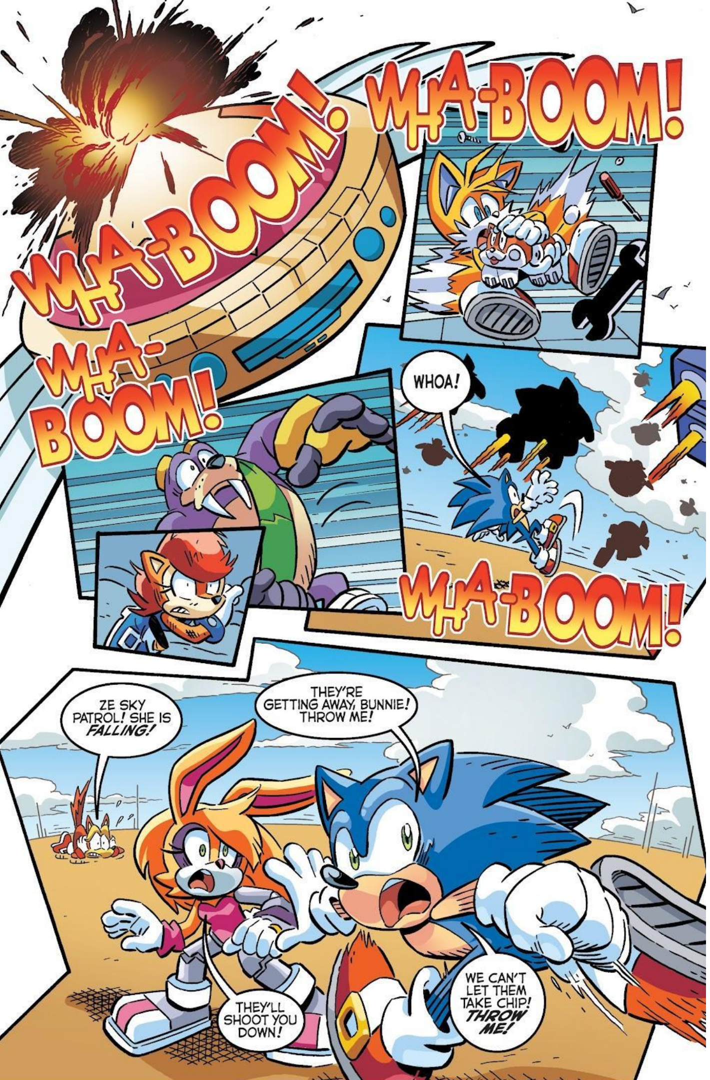
"...WHERE IS HE?"
THIS WAY?
SPEEDY
BATTLE KUKKU XVI
YES, SIR. INTEL FROM TAILS DOLL SAYS TO EXPECT RESISTANCE.
SHHK KSHH
OH! THE PRINCESS HERSELF. I APPRECIATE FELLOW NOBILITY WHO'LL GET THEIR HANDS DIRTY.
CHIP IS LOCKED OUT OF REACH. I'VE DISABLED THE CONTROLS, SO TAILS DOLL CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR. WE'LL REGAIN CONTROL OF OUR SYSTEMS AT ANY MOMENT.
LEAVE-- WHILE YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE.
SKYEW SKYEW
NO!
KZZZZT
SLAM

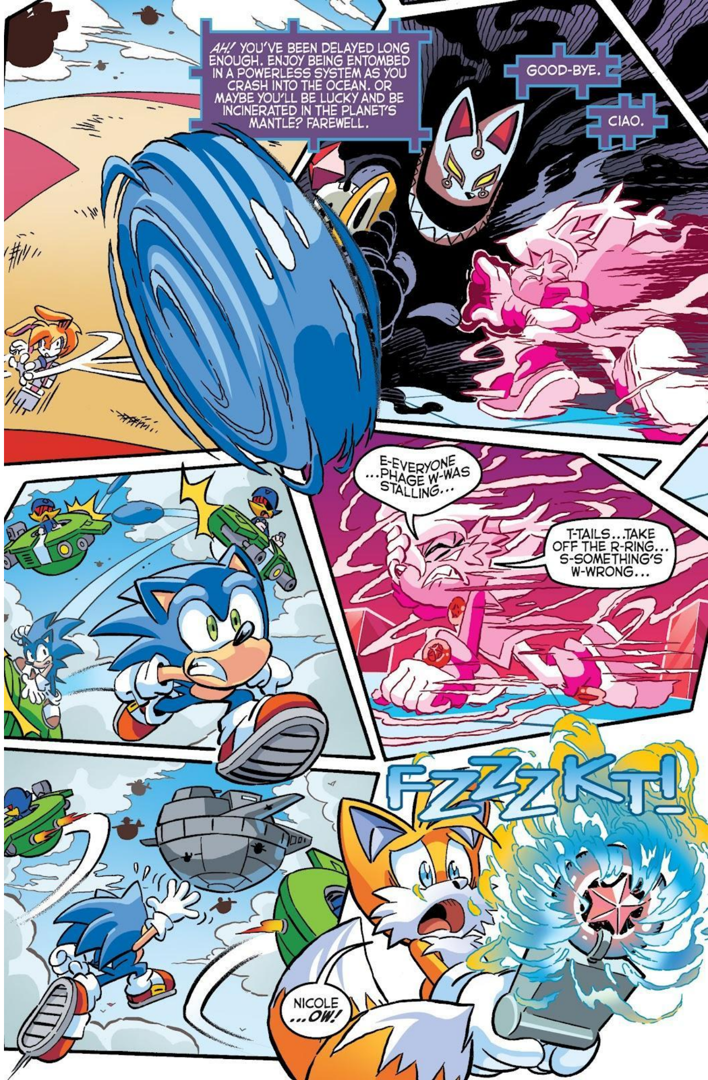

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?! THEY'RE TRYING TO HELP ME *SAVE THE WORLD!*
CHIP! STAY INSIDE THE CELL!
THANKS FOR BEING "COOPERATIVE," O BRAVE SPIRIT.
THIS IS SPEEDY. TARGET ACQUIRED. RETURNING TO ROOST.
KEEP THE PRINCESS COMPANY. YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED AND HONORED.
FOR THE ARMADA!
STOP!
LET ME GO! SONIC! SALLY! *SOMEBODY! HELP!*
SKY PATROL-- ENGINE ROOM-- MANY ROOMS AWAY...
THE ENGINE IS FINE! THE WIRING IS FINE! SO IT'S ALL GOTTA BE TAILS DOLL'S INTERFERENCE! *SO WHERE IS IT?!*
I'VE GOT EVERY RC, OMOCHAO AND T-PUP HUNTING IT DOWN, BUT THE SKY PATROL IS A *BIG* PLACE!


KA-CHUNK!
GOOD WORK, T-PUP! THAT SHOULD FREE UP NICOLE!
I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, BUT I'LL SAY IT AGAIN. SONIC GETS METAL SONIC. I GET *THAT?*
GRRRR!
SCHLURP-SCHLURP-
NICOLE! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HELLO?! SHRK! I REQUIRE IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE!
I NEED THE POWER OF THE RED STAR RING!
TAILS DOLL LET PHAGE INTO THE SKY PATROL'S SYSTEMS! I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP HER!
OF COURSE NOT. WITHOUT THAT *CURIOUS POWER* YOU WIELDED BEFORE, YOU ARE INSUFFICIENT.
AND WE NEED PHAGE OUT SO YOU CAN GET US BACK ONLINE! RED STAR RING--COMING UP!
INCAPABLE.
LACKING.


BAM!
OVERCLOCKED NICOLE BLAST PROCESSING!
AH. THERE IT IS. JUST LIKE LAST TIME.*
I OVERPOWERED YOU THEN, AND I WILL DO SO NOW!
AH-AH-AH! ONLY IF YOU CAN CATCH ME!
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
NO. YOU REALLY DO NOT.
*SU #71-74 "SPARK OF LIFE."
ATTENTION, EVERYONE! I'VE GOTTEN SOME SYSTEMS BACK ONLINE SO YOU CAN COORDINATE. PHAGE IS CURRENTLY BLOCKING ME FROM STARTING THE OTHERS.
I WILL--NRGH!--TRY TO PURGE HER FROM THE SYSTEM QUICKLY.
OH, YES. KEEP TRYING.


HUFF! SPEEDY... TOOK CHIP! ROTOR, TAILS, ONE OF YOU GET TOP-SIDE AND HELP WITH THE DEFENSES! SONIC, BUNNIE, ANTOINE...
...STOP SPEEDY!
CHIP! HOLD ON, BUDDY! I'M COMING!
COO-HOO-HOO!
SIGNAL TEAM TWO! THEN HAVE ALL REMAINING FORCES RETURN TO ROOST!
WHAT ABOUT LORD SPEEDY'S ESCORT?
THEY'VE GIVEN THEMSELVES TO THE CAUSE. THERE IS NO HIGHER HONOR!
TEAM TWO, DETONATE CHARGES.
COPY THAT. DETONATING CHARGES.


WHA-BOOM!
WHA-BOOM!
WHA-BOOM!
WHA-BOOM!
WHOA!
WHA-BOOM!
ZE SKY PATROL! SHE IS FALLING!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, BUNNIE! THROW ME!
THEY'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!
WE CAN'T LET THEM TAKE CHIP! THROW ME!


AH! YOU'VE BEEN DELAYED LONG ENOUGH. ENJOY BEING ENTOMBED IN A POWERLESS SYSTEM AS YOU CRASH INTO THE OCEAN. OR MAYBE YOU'LL BE LUCKY AND BE INCINERATED IN THE PLANET'S MANTLE? FAREWELL.
GOOD-BYE.
CIAO.
E-EVERYONE ...PHAGE W-WAS STALLING...
T-TAILS...TAKE OFF THE R-RING... S-SOMETHING'S W-WRONG...
FZZZKT!
NICOLE ...OW!



Letter from the EDITOR

Editorial commentary that's worth pushing the "PANIC" button over!

It's all come down to this...

Hey there, Sonic comic readers! Things sure aren't looking too hot for our heroes right now... well... except for maybe the lava boiling beneath them...

With the combined efforts of the Battle Bird Armada, Team Hooligan, the Witchcarters and Dr. Eggman's mechs, the odds aren't exactly in the Blue Blur's favor. Can Sonic and the Freedom Fighters pull together to save Chip, the world AND themselves? Find out NEXT TME!

'Til then, enjoy some super-sweet concept art by artist Diana Skelly! Later gators!

– Vincent "Vin" Lovallo
Editor



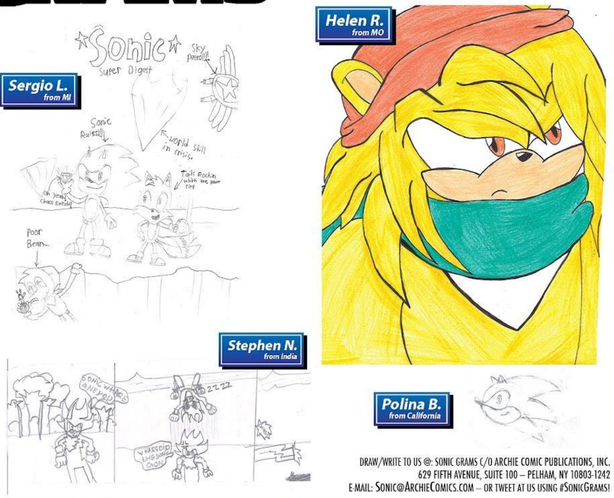


ABOVE: Speedy is one bird you don't wanna mess with, especially when he sports his exoskeleton armor!

RIGHT: King Acorn also has a few tricks up his sleeve! His energy sword and shield are unleashed to help him protect the kingdom!



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OFF PANEL

SEATBELTS, EVERYONE!



SCRIPT: ALEAH BAKER PENCILS: EVAN STANLEY INKS: GARY MARTIN COLORS: ELAINA UNGER

NEXT ISSUE: SONIC THE HEDGEHOG 285




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SONIC THE HEDGEHOG | 285
PANIC IN THE SKY - PART 2 OF 4

Welcome to Sonic's comic book adventures—a world unique & beyond what you know from the SEGA games! Where Sonic and his friends work to save the world from the forces of evil!

CHARACTER SELECT



SONIC THE HEDGEHOG
WORLD HERO



CHIP/LIGHT GAIA
(CURRENTLY KIDNAPPED)
WORLD RESTORING SPIRIT



GEMERL
ADVANCED BATTLE ANDROID



DR. EGGMAN
MAD GENIUS

SONIC THE HEDGEHOG™

THE STORY SO FAR...

EVIL AMBUSH



Sonic and his friends, the Freedom Fighters, were on the verge of fixing their shattered planet... but then Dr. Eggman struck with his master plan!

Eggman sent his forces to invade Mobotropolis and steal the Chaos Emeralds and Gaia Keys. Metal Sonic escaped with the mystical items while the other villains distracted the city's protector, Gemerl.

Meanwhile, the vicious program Phage invaded the systems of the Freedom Fighters' flying base, the Sky Patrol. She baited Nicole into using the power of the Red Star Ring for too long, until Nicole's hand-held overheated.

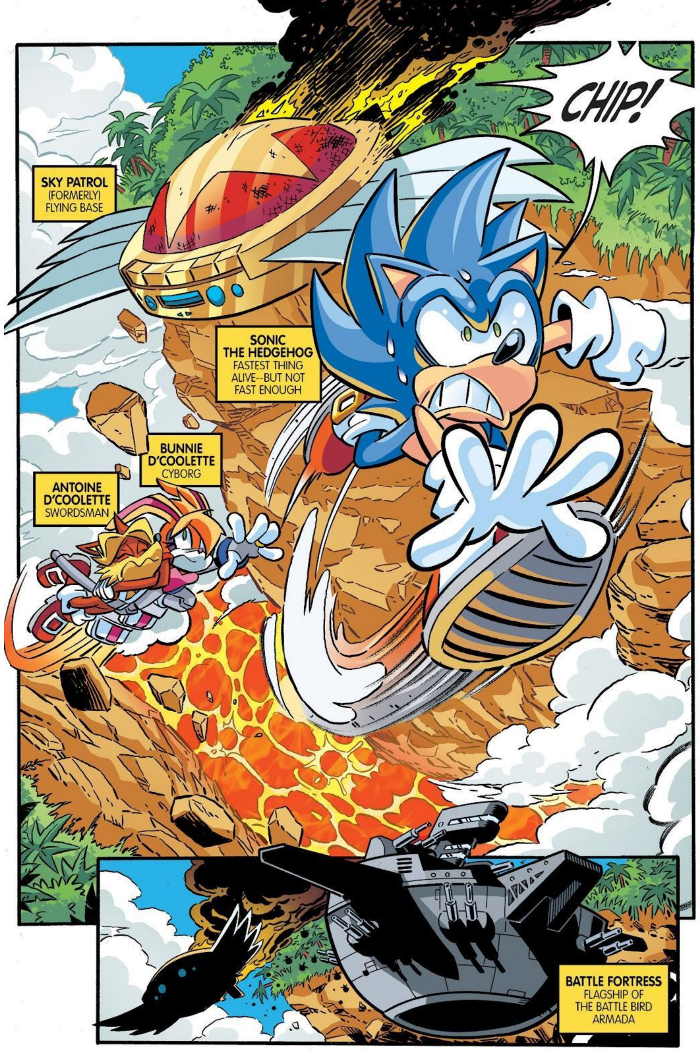
With Nicole preoccupied, the Battle Bird Armada ambushed the weakened Sky Patrol, blowing up its engines and kidnapping Chip.

The Sky Patrol is now in freefall, with Sonic and the Freedom Fighters falling with it...

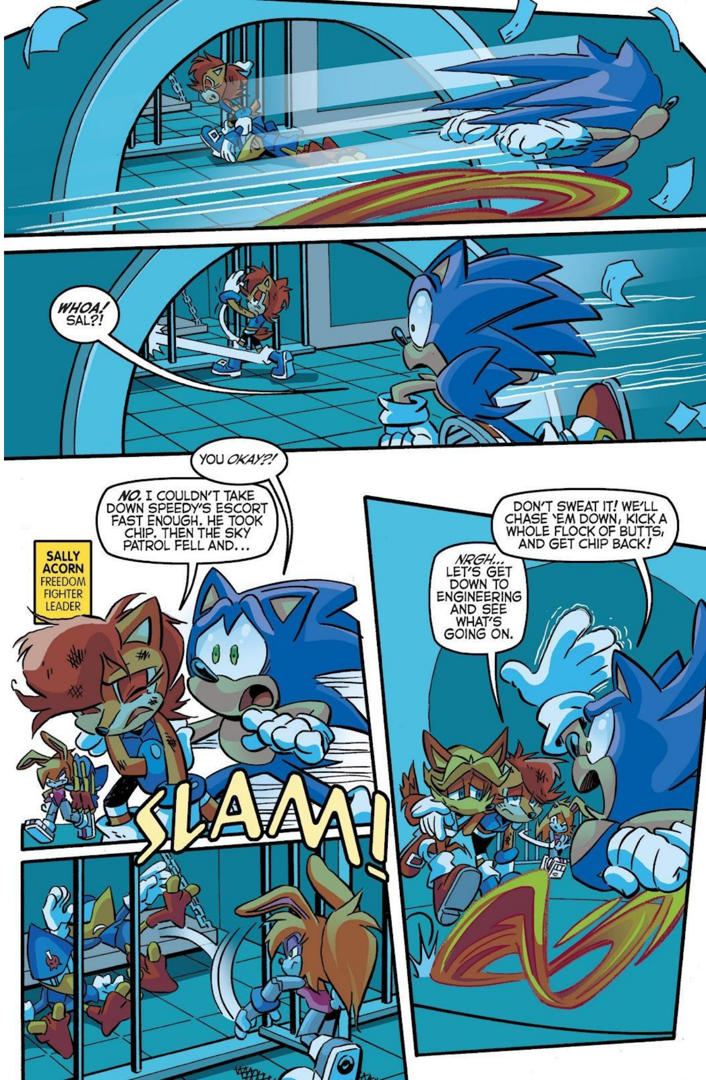


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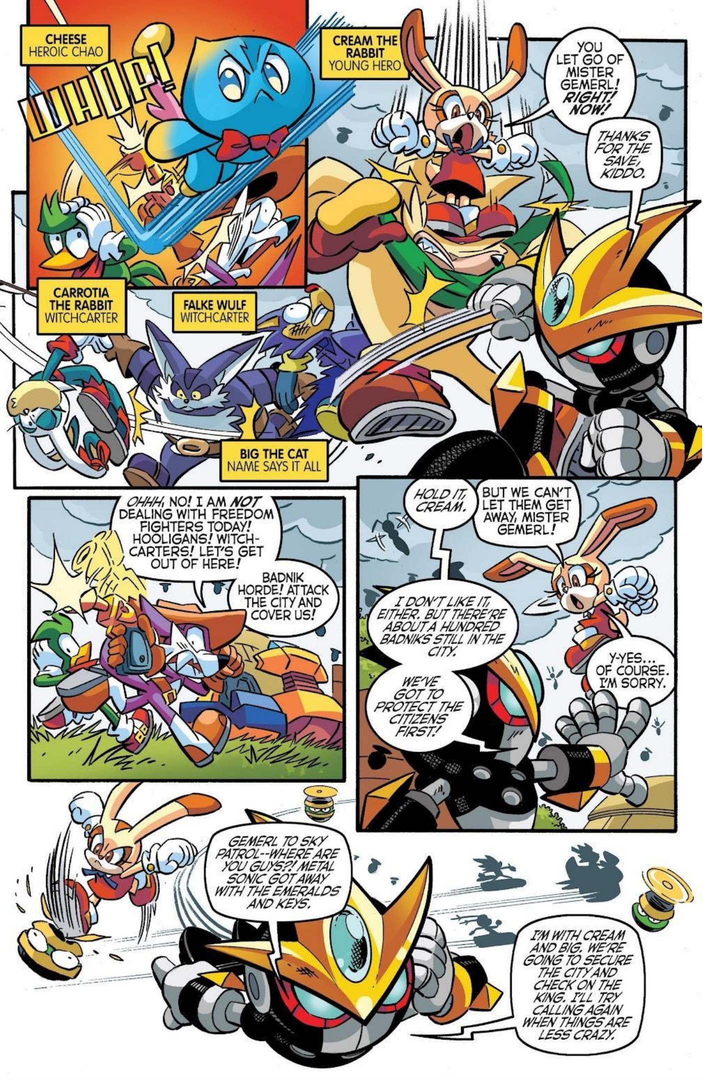



ABOARD THE BATTLE FORTRESS...
SHOULDN'T WE CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL, FATHER?
NOTHING WOULD PLEASE ME MORE, BUT DR. EGGMAN HAS US ON A STRICT TIMETABLE.
BATTLE KUKKU XV LEADER OF THE ARMADA
SPEEDY BATTLE KUKKU XVI
CHIP LIGHT GAIA SPIRIT
NO! NO! SONIC! EVERY-BODY!
HURRY! WE'VE GOTTA--!
HOLD ON! AH CAN'T--!
WE ARE ALL FALLING TO OUR DOOM!
CLUNK!
BWOOSH!
SO... NO DOOM, THEN?
SWEET! LOOKS LIKE OUR TECH GENIUSES GOT US AIR-BORNE AGAIN! LET'S CHECK ON EVERYONE, AND THEN CATCH US UP TO THOSE FEATHER-BRAINS!

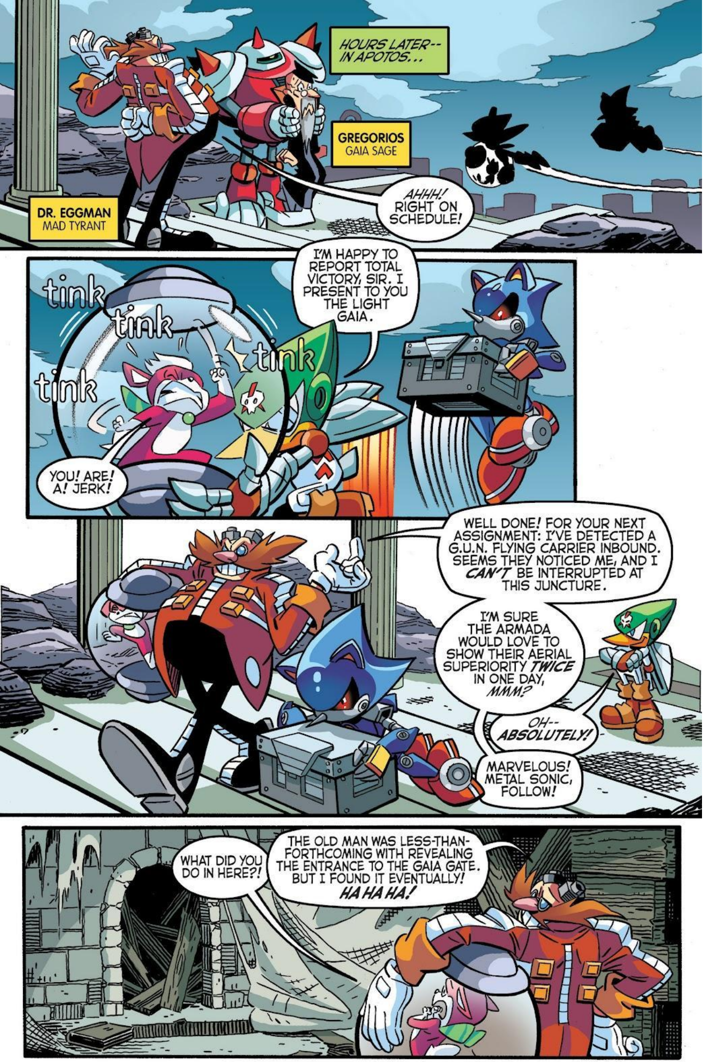

WHOA! SAL?!
YOU OKAY?!
NO. I COULDN'T TAKE DOWN SPEEDY'S ESCORT FAST ENOUGH. HE TOOK CHIP. THEN THE SKY PATROL FELL AND...
SALLY ACORN FREEDOM FIGHTER LEADER
SLAM!
DON'T SWEAT IT! WE'LL CHASE 'EM DOWN, KICK A WHOLE FLOCK OF BUTTS, AND GET CHIP BACK!
NRGH... LET'S GET DOWN TO ENGINEERING AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.


OMOCHAO ROBO-CHAO
AND... UH...I NEED ANOTHER ENERGY CELL! FETCH, T-PUP!
ROTOR THE WALRUS MECHANIC
T-PUP ROBO-DOG
IS EVERY-ONE OKAY DOWN HERE?
NO! I'VE JUST STARTED DAMAGE CONTROL! WE'RE BANGED UP, I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON, AND NICOLE...!
NICOLE...?
I-I'M SORRY, SALLY. SHE ASKED ME FOR THE RED STAR RING. JUST LIKE LAST TIME! I...I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD...
MILES "TAILS" PROWER YOUNG GENIUS


YOW!
I am here. Sky Patrol's systems are a mess. Doing what I can. Thrusters online at least. Need to concentrate. Take care.
SHRRK
OKAY...SO WE'RE AIRBORNE AND STABLE, THANKS TO NICOLE. WHAT ABOUT THE ENGINES?
AH SAW 'EM WHILE WE WERE OUTSIDE. THE ARMADA BLEW THEM UP.
I'LL HELP NICOLE GET OUR SYSTEMS BACK ONLINE. EVERYTHING'S IN SUCH BAD SHAPE, WHERE SHOULD I START?
LONG-RANGE COMMUNICATIONS. EGGMAN HAD TAILS DOLL SPYING ON US THIS WHOLE TIME. HE'LL KNOW WHERE WE WERE HIDING THE CHAOS EMERALDS AND GAIA KEYS.
WE'VE GOT TO WARN MY FATHER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE--
"--IF IT ISN'T ALREADY TOO LATE."
MOBOTROPOLIS, WESTSIDE ISLAND...
BEARENGER THE GRIZZLY WITCHCARTER
HE'S KINDA BEATING US UP. LIKE... ALL OF US.
SOK!
WE WERE ONLY STALLING HIM SO METAL SONIC COULD ESCAPE. I'LL BLAST ONE OF HIS JOINTS, THEN WE'LL LET THE BADNIKS FINISH HIM OFF.
NACK THE WEASEL HOOLIGAN
BARK THE POLAR BEAR HOOLIGAN
GEMERL ADVANCED BATTLE ROBOT
BEAN THE DUCK HOOLIGAN


CHEESE
HEROIC CHAO
WADA!
CREAM THE RABBIT
YOUNG HERO
YOU LET GO OF MISTER GEMERL! RIGHT! NOW!
THANKS FOR THE SAVE, KIDDO.
CARROTIA THE RABBIT
WITCHCARTER
FALKE WULF
WITCHCARTER
BIG THE CAT
NAME SAYS IT ALL
OHHH, NO! I AM NOT DEALING WITH FREEDOM FIGHTERS TODAY! HOOLIGANS! WITCH-CARTERS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BADNIK HORDE! ATTACK THE CITY AND COVER US!
HOLD IT, CREAM.
BUT WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY, MISTER GEMERL!
I DON'T LIKE IT, EITHER. BUT THERE'RE ABOUT A HUNDRED BADNIKS STILL IN THE CITY.
WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE CITIZENS FIRST!
Y-YES... OF COURSE. I'M SORRY.
GEMERL TO SKY PATROL--WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?! METAL SONIC GOT AWAY WITH THE EMERALDS AND KEYS.
I'M WITH CREAM AND BIG. WE'RE GOING TO SECURE THE CITY AND CHECK ON THE KING. I'LL TRY CALLING AGAIN WHEN THINGS ARE LESS CRAZY.

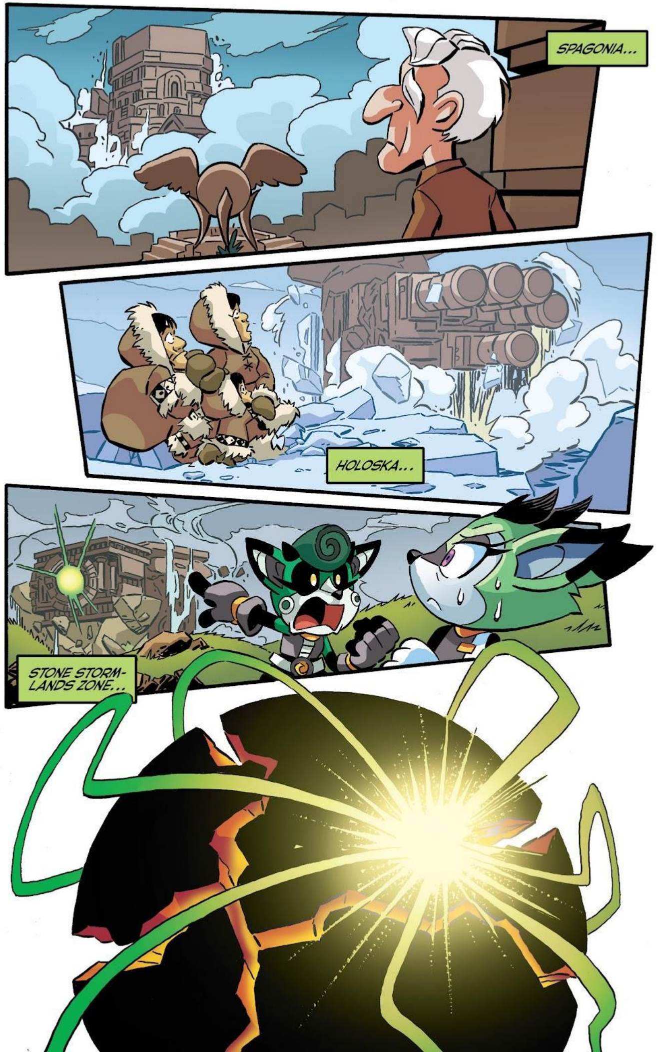

BACK ON THE SKY PATROL...
I'M GOING OUTSIDE TO SEE HOW BAD THE ENGINES ARE. SONIC--CAN YOU GRAB SOME ESSENTIALS AND--?
I DUNNO WHAT'S "ESSENTIAL"...! I'LL JUST KEEP RUNNING BETWEEN HERE AND THE ENGINES AND KEEP YOU SUPPLIED.
AH'LL COME, TOO. AH AIN'T A MECHANIC, BUT AH CAN FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.
ANTOINE, CAN YOU GET ME AN ASPIRIN? THEN I NEED YOU TO BE ON STAND-BY FOR WHATEVER TAILS NEEDS.
OF COURSE!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT CHIP, THOUGH? AND THE ARMADA? AND EGGMAN?
I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME EGGMAN KNOWS ALL ABOUT OUR PLANS TO USE THE GAIA GATE. HE'LL BE HEADING FOR APOTOS.
HE'LL NEED THE ARMADA TO DELIVER CHIP TO HIM. AND IN THE WORST CASE SCENARIO, HE'S ALREADY STRUCK MOBOTROPOLIS. HE'LL NEED THE EMERALDS AND KEYS BROUGHT TO HIM, TOO. THAT WILL TAKE TIME. TIME WE CAN USE.
"NICOLE IS GIVING EVERYTHING SHE'S GOT TO KEEP SKY PATROL GOING. LET'S NOT WASTE HER EFFORTS.
MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO TAKE ONE OF YOUR TABLETS AND FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT TAILS DOLL KNOWS.
"ROTOR'S TEAM CAN HOPE-FULLY GET US MOVING AGAIN. WE'LL TRY TO INTERCEPT EGG-MAN AT THE GAIA GATE."


HOURS LATER-- IN APOTOS...
DR. EGGMAN MAD TYRANT
GREGORIOS GAIA SAGE
AHHH! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
tink tink tink tink
I'M HAPPY TO REPORT TOTAL VICTORY, SIR. I PRESENT TO YOU THE LIGHT GAIA.
YOU! ARE! A! JERK!
WELL DONE! FOR YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT: I'VE DETECTED A G.U.N. FLYING CARRIER INBOUND. SEEMS THEY NOTICED ME, AND I CAN'T BE INTERRUPTED AT THIS JUNCTURE.
I'M SURE THE ARMADA WOULD LOVE TO SHOW THEIR AERIAL SUPERIORITY TWICE IN ONE DAY, MMM?
OH-- ABSOLUTELY!
MARVELOUS! METAL SONIC, FOLLOW!
WHAT DID YOU DO IN HERE?!
THE OLD MAN WAS LESS-THAN-FORTHCOMING WITH REVEALING THE ENTRANCE TO THE GAIA GATE. BUT I FOUND IT EVENTUALLY! HA HA HA!

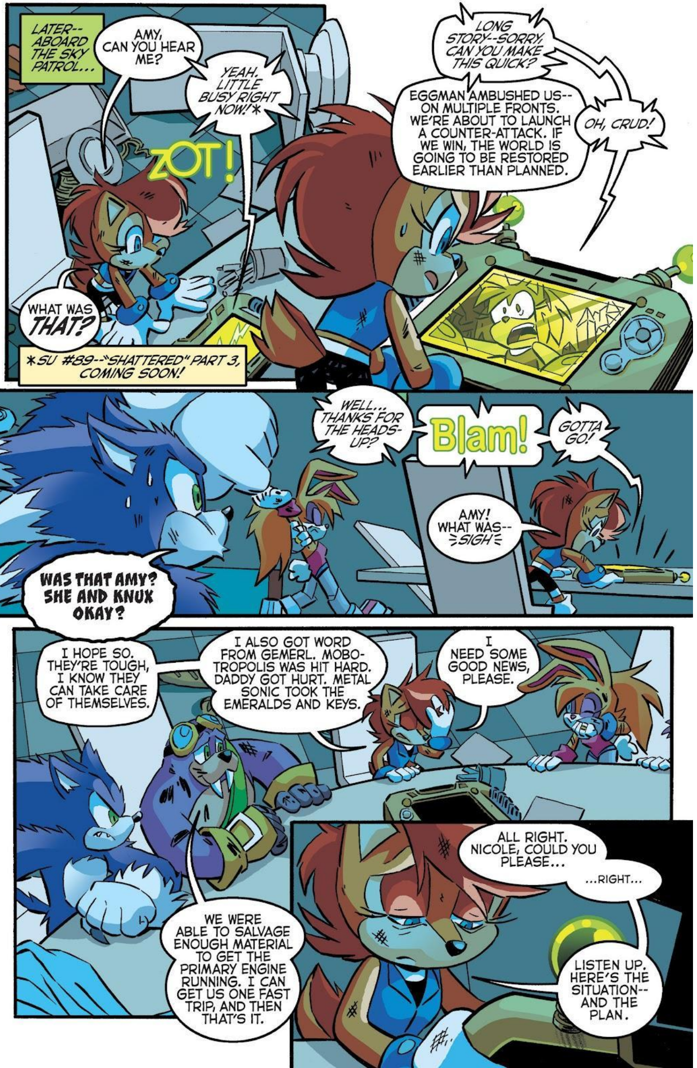

BEHOLD! THE GAIA GATE! THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL HUB TO ALL THE GAIA TEMPLES! SO HANDY!
IF YOU WANTED TO STOP DARK GAIA, YOU SHOULD'VE JUST LET ME, SONIC, AND THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS DO IT!
OH-HO-HO! YOU MISUNDERSTAND! I WANT TO USE DARK GAIA TO FUEL THE DEATH EGG FOR ALL TIME!
I CAN'T DO THAT IF YOU SUCCEED IN SEALING IT AWAY. BUT YOU CAN'T SEAL ANYTHING IF I TAKE COMMAND OF THE GAIA TEMPLES!
I GET THE DARK GAIA ENERGY! I KEEP THE WORLD SHATTERED AND OFF-BALANCE! I CONTROL ALL THE VARIABLES!
N-NO... I W-WON'T ...!
NO!
ALL THANKS TO YOU!


RRRUMBLE!!!


MAZURI...
SHAMAR...
ADABAT...
CHUN-NAN...


SPAGONIA...
HOLOSKA...
STONE STORM-LANDS ZONE...


BWA-HA-HA-HA! WHEN THE GAIA MANUSCRIPTS SAID THE EMERALDS AND TEMPLES WOULD SUMMON A "GAIA COLOSSUS," I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BECOME THE THING!
THIS WILL MAKE CONTROLLING ALL THE TEMPLES AT ONCE A PIECE OF CAKE!
S-STAY AWAY...
YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, YOU LITTLE FLYING CHIHUAHUA! METAL SONIC-- KEEP THIS PLACE SECURE! I'M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT!
HMM... A BIT RUSTIC, BUT I CAN APPRECIATE THE CRAFTS-MANSHIP!
EEE-HEE-HEE! NOW I ALMOST WANT SONIC TO TRY TO STOP ME! THEN I CAN PUNCH HIM WITH A TEMPLE!
I'M SUPPOSED TO USE IT TO STOP DARK GAIA AND RESTORE THE WORLD!
WELL, NOT ANYMORE! NOW THE FATE OF THE WORLD RESTS SOLELY IN MY HANDS! LIGHT GAIA, DARK GAIA--BOTH NOW SERVE THE EGGMAN EMPIRE!
HAHAHAHAHA!



LATER-- ABOARD THE SKY PATROL...
AMY, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YEAH. LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW!*
ZOT!
LONG STORY--SORRY. CAN YOU MAKE THIS QUICK?
EGGMAN AMBUSHED US--ON MULTIPLE FRONTS. WE'RE ABOUT TO LAUNCH A COUNTER-ATTACK. IF WE WIN, THE WORLD IS GOING TO BE RESTORED EARLIER THAN PLANNED.
OH, CRUD!
WHAT WAS THAT?
*SU #89--"SHATTERED" PART 3, COMING SOON!
WELL... THANKS FOR THE HEADS-UP?
Blam!
GOTTA GO!
AMY! WHAT WAS-- SIGH
WAS THAT AMY? SHE AND KNUX OKAY?
I HOPE SO. THEY'RE TOUGH, I KNOW THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.
I ALSO GOT WORD FROM GEMERL. MOBOTROPOLIS WAS HIT HARD. DADDY GOT HURT. METAL SONIC TOOK THE EMERALDS AND KEYS.
I NEED SOME GOOD NEWS, PLEASE.
WE WERE ABLE TO SALVAGE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO GET THE PRIMARY ENGINE RUNNING. I CAN GET US ONE FAST TRIP, AND THEN THAT'S IT.
ALL RIGHT. NICOLE, COULD YOU PLEASE...
...RIGHT...
LISTEN UP. HERE'S THE SITUATION-- AND THE PLAN.

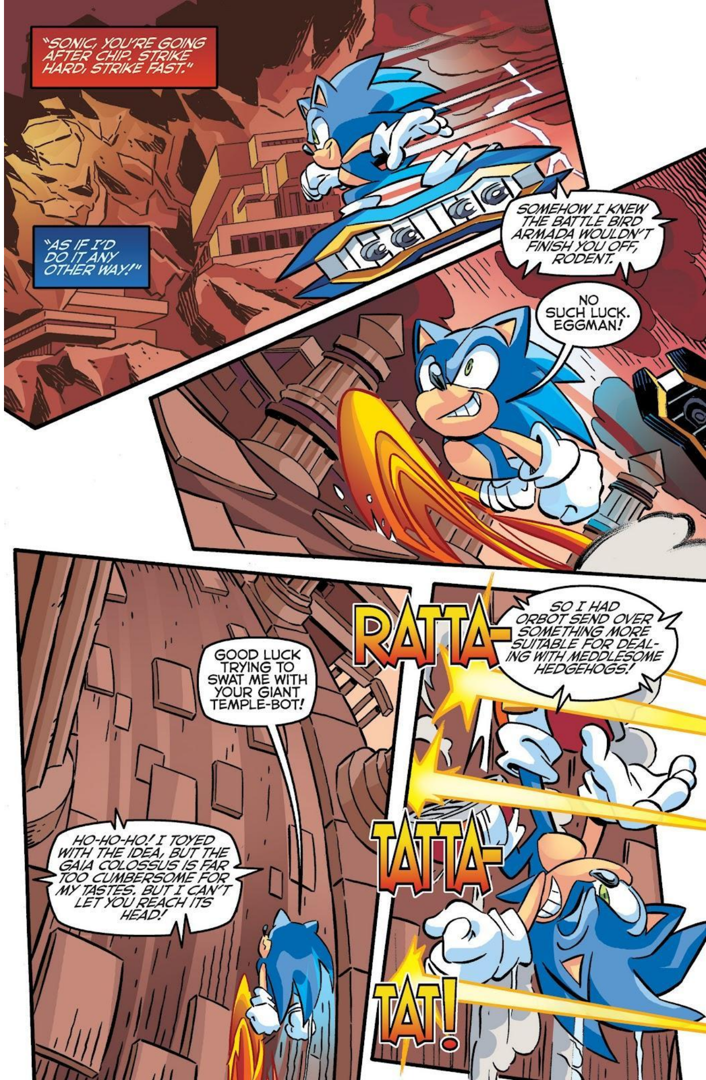


I MANAGED TO DATA-MINE TAILS DOLL AND FOUND THAT DR. EGGMAN HAS BEEN GATHERING THE DARK GAIA ENERGY INTO ONE SPOT--A BASE CALLED "EGGMAN LAND."
HE PLANS TO RECHARGE THE DEATH EGG WITH THIS POWER. IF THAT HAPPENS, IT WILL BECOME UNSTOPPABLE.
G.U.N. HAS ALSO INFORMED US THAT THE GAIA TEMPLES HAVE ALL...WELL, RISEN UP AND COMBINED INTO...SOMETHING. WHATEVER IT IS, IT SEEMS IT AND THE DEATH EGG ARE HEADING TO EGGMAN LAND.
WE HAVE THREE OBJECTIVES.
ONE: STOP THE DEATH EGG FROM REACHING ITS NEW POWER SOURCE.
TWO: BREAK EGGMAN'S CONTROL OF THE DARK GAIA ENERGY.
THREE: RESCUE CHIP AND TAKE CONTROL OF THE GAIA TEMPLES.
AH TAKE IT G.U.N. AIN'T BACKIN' US UP ON THIS ONE?
THEY DON'T HAVE ANY FLYING CARRIERS NEARBY.
THE CLOSEST ONE GOT TANGLED UP WITH THE BATTLE BIRD ARMADA.
MAN, I HATE THE ARMADA.
LISTEN, EVERYONE--THIS IS IT. IF WE FAIL ANY OF THESE MISSIONS, EGGMAN WILL WIN CONTROL OF THE WORLD. HE'LL KEEP THE COUNTRIES DIVIDED. HE'LL USE THE DARK GAIA ENERGY TO POWER HIS ARMIES AND POISON THE PEOPLE.
WE HAVE TO BE READY TO RISK IT ALL TO SAVE THE WORLD. I KNOW I'M ASKING A LOT...ASKING EVERYTHING OF YOU.
I'VE NEVER WANTED TO ASK SO MUCH OF ANY OF YOU, BUT...
FIRST, WE NEED TO DELAY THE DEATH EGG.


"ROTOR, I NEED YOU AND THE SKY PATROL TO THROW EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT AT IT."
I ALWAYS WANTED AN EXCUSE TO MANUALLY PILOT THIS BABY. "BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR," I GUESS.
NICOLE? YOU STILL THERE? WE'RE FLYING AGAINST THE DEATH EGG ON ONE ENGINE...
...AND IT'S ON ITS LAST LEG. I'D LIKE TO KNOW I'M NOT ALONE RIGHT NOW.
•2nd Red Star Ring in Reactor
•All Weapons Online
•Shields: 125%
•Aux. Power to Engine
•Let's Get Him
ALL RIGHT, THEN. HERE WE GO.


"ANTOINE, BUNNIE, TAILS AND I WILL TRY TO RELEASE THE DARK GAIA ENERGY.
BOOM!
"I DON'T WANT TO UNLEASH IT ON THE WORLD AGAIN, BUT WE CANNOT LET EGGMAN CONTROL IT."
BLAM!
POW
BRACE YERSELVES!
ZUT ALORS! ZE BADNIKS ARE POWERED BY ZE DARK GAIA ENERGY!
WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL, ANYWAY! FOCUS ON HEADING FOR THE TOWER!
HOLD ON... THOSE ENERGY SIGNATURES LOOK LIKE...


SWOOSH!
E-108 CODE NAME: IOTA
SALLY! THE REFINERY IS BEING GUARDED BY THE SAME E-100 UNITS THAT AMBUSHED US IN THE DESERT!*
*STH #266-267.
KA-THUNK!
E-106 CODE NAME: ETA
AND THE ONE FROM THE TRAIN!
IT'S NOT JUST THOSE THREE!
RADAR SHOWS THE OTHERS ARE HEADING YOUR WAY!
THEN WE NEED TO BREAK THROUGH THIS ONE--NOW!


"SONIC, YOU'RE GOING AFTER CHIP. STRIKE HARD, STRIKE FAST."
"AS IF I'D DO IT ANY OTHER WAY!"
SOMEHOW I KNEW THE BATTLE BIRD ARMADA WOULDN'T FINISH YOU OFF, RODENT.
NO SUCH LUCK, EGGMAN!
GOOD LUCK TRYING TO SWAT ME WITH YOUR GIANT TEMPLE-BOT!
HO-HO-HO! I TOYED WITH THE IDEA, BUT THE GAIA COLOSSUS IS FAR TOO CUMBERSOME FOR MY TASTES. BUT I CAN'T LET YOU REACH ITS HEAD!
RATTA-
SO I HAD ORBOT SEND OVER SOMETHING MORE SUITABLE FOR DEALING WITH MEDDLESOME HEDGEHOGS!
TATTA-
TAT!



Letter from the EDITOR

Editorial commentary that emerged from the shadow of the colossus!

The heroes make their last stand!

What's up, Sonic readers? Actually, I'll tell ya what's up; Sonic and the Freedom Fighters are about to engage in their final assualt for the fate of the shattered world! (no pressure)

Prepare yourselves for a truly epic battle unlike anything we've seen before! Artist Diana Skelly has been doing an excellent job illustrating the high-energy and excitement of this story arc so far, check out some of her original pencil samples for this issue. Are these great or what?!



RIGHT: Pencil breakdown sample by artist Diana Skelly.

Well, that's all for now. See ya'll next time for part tres leches of "Panic in the Sky"!

– Vincent "Vin" Lovallo
Editor



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OFF PANEL: A COLOSSAL MESS



SCRIPT: ALEAH BAKER PENCILS: EVAN STANLEY INKS: GARY MARTIN COLORS: ELAINA UNGER

NEXT ISSUE: SONIC THE HEDGEHOG 286




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SONIC THE HEDGEHOG
SONIC THE HEDGEHOG | 286
PANIC IN THE SKY - PART 3 OF 4

Welcome to Sonic's comic book adventures—a world unique & beyond what you know from the SEGA games! Where Sonic and his friends work to save the world from the forces of evil!



SONIC™ THE HEDGEHOG

THE STORY SO FAR...

THE BATTLE BEGINS



The Shattered World Crisis has reached its tipping point!

Dr. Eggman has kidnapped Chip and used his powers as the Light Gaia to summon the Gaia Colossus. The reactors in Eggman Land have pulled in almost all of the Dark Gaia energy from around the world. And now the Death Egg is en route to be powered by that evil energy, and will become unstoppable!



Sonic and the Freedom Fighters have launched a three-prong counter-offensive! Rotor pilots the damaged Sky Patrol in an attempt to delay the Death Egg. Sally leads the team into Eggman Land against countless Dark Gaia-powered badniks to stop the central reactor.

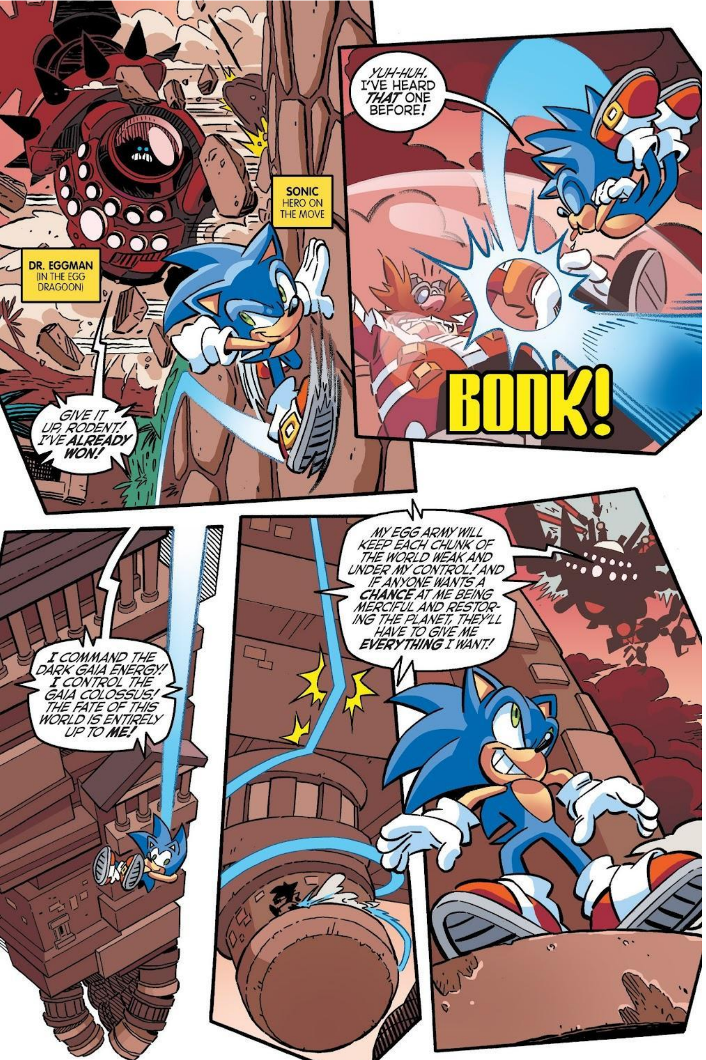
And Sonic faces off against Dr. Eggman in his most fearsome robot yet...

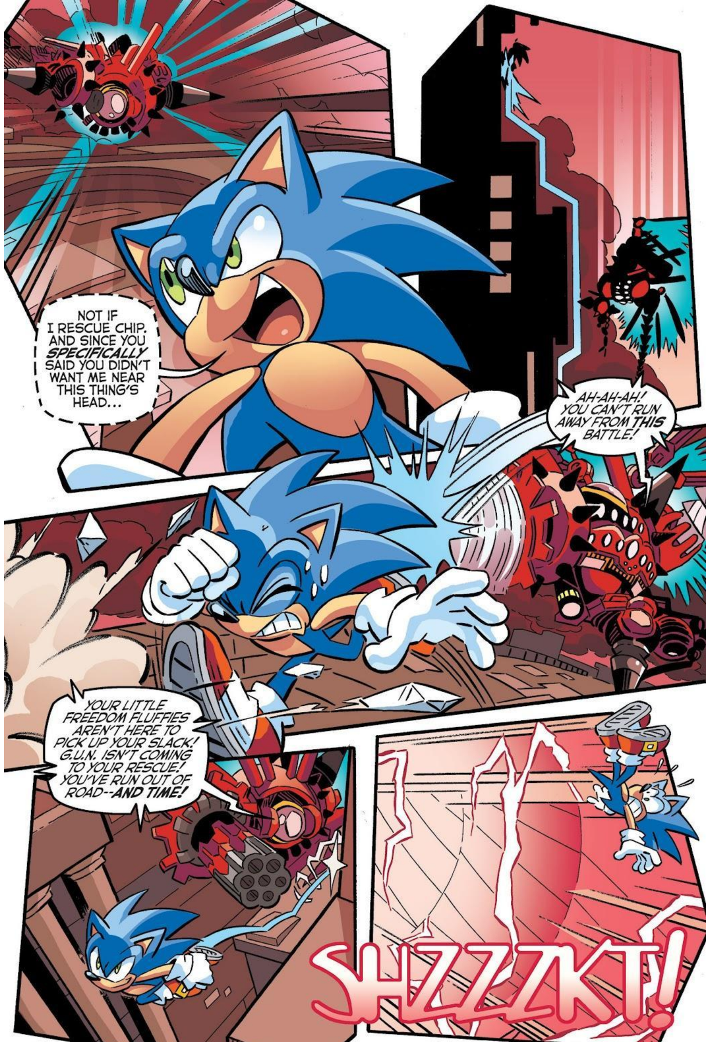


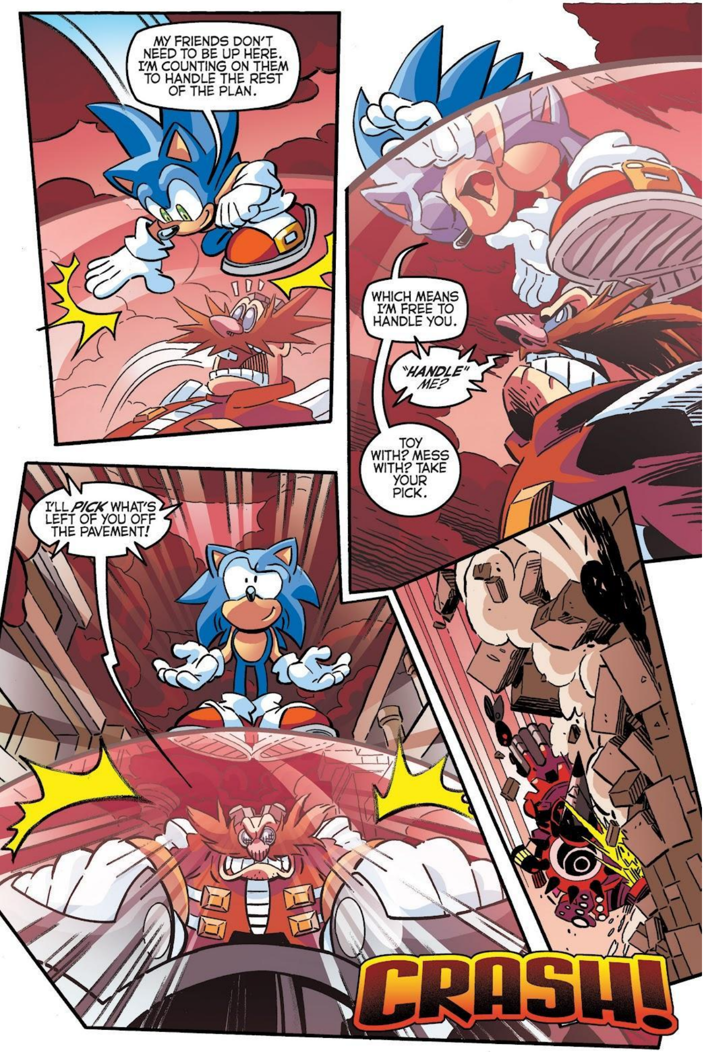
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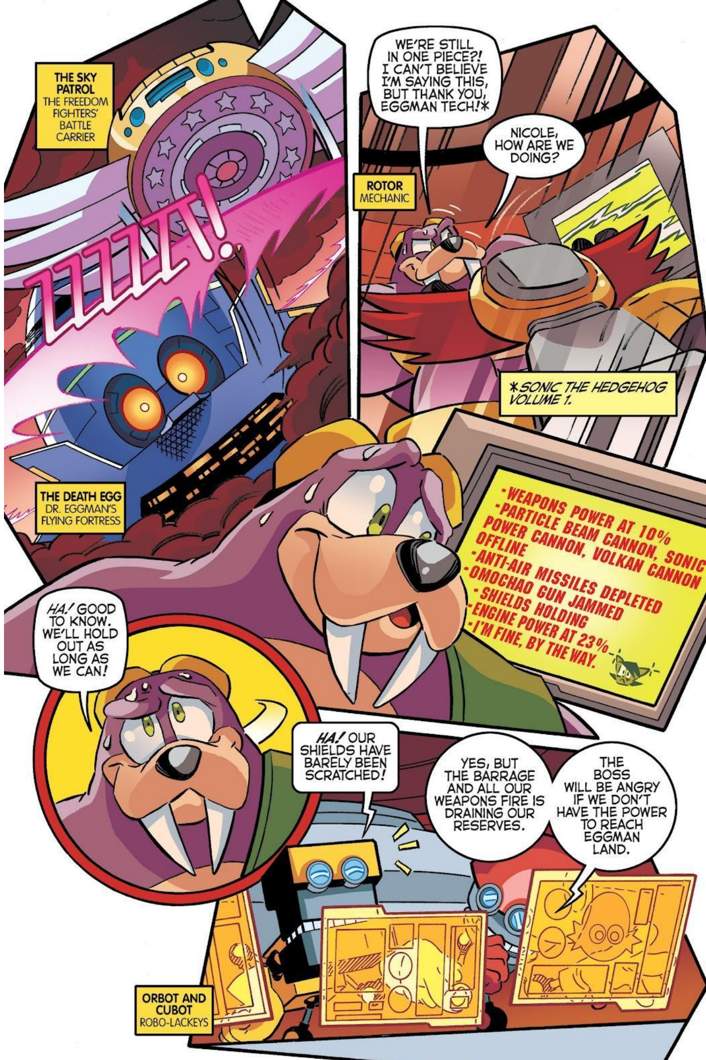

DR. EGGMAN (IN THE EGG DRAGOON)
GIVE IT UP, RODENT! I'VE ALREADY WON!
SONIC HERO ON THE MOVE
YUH-HUH. I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE!
BONK!
I COMMAND THE DARK GAIA ENERGY! I CONTROL THE GAIA COLOSSUS! THE FATE OF THIS WORLD IS ENTIRELY UP TO ME!
MY EGG ARMY WILL KEEP EACH CHUNK OF THE WORLD WEAK AND UNDER MY CONTROL! AND IF ANYONE WANTS A CHANCE AT ME BEING MERCIFUL AND RESTORING THE PLANET, THEY'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME EVERYTHING I WANT!


NOT IF I RESCUE CHIP. AND SINCE YOU SPECIFICALLY SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT ME NEAR THIS THING'S HEAD...
AH-AH-AH! YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THIS BATTLE!
YOUR LITTLE FREEDOM FLUFFIES AREN'T HERE TO PICK UP YOUR SLACK! G.U.N. ISN'T COMING TO YOUR RESCUE! YOU'VE RUN OUT OF ROAD--AND TIME!
SHZZZKT!


MY FRIENDS DON'T NEED TO BE UP HERE. I'M COUNTING ON THEM TO HANDLE THE REST OF THE PLAN.
WHICH MEANS I'M FREE TO HANDLE YOU.
"HANDLE" ME?
TOY WITH? MESS WITH? TAKE YOUR PICK.
I'LL PICK WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU OFF THE PAVEMENT!
CRASH!


VORP
E-106
CODE NAME: ETA
HOLD IT, ANTOINE!
BUNNIE--!
OH, AH GOT THIS!
BUNNIE
CYBORG
SALLY
LEADER
NICELY DONE.
I WISH WE HAD CREAM AND BIG BACKING US UP, THOUGH...
TAILS! WE TOOK DOWN ETA AND WE'RE PRESSING ON TO THE CENTRAL TOWER. ARE YOU OKAY?
ANTOINE
SWORDSMAN
TAILS
(PILOTING THE TORNADO)
JUST A SEC!
E-108
CODE NAME: IOTA
MULTIPLE TARGET LOCKS! GOTCHA!


PYEW!
PYEW!
PYEW!
SORRY FOR THE DELAY! IOTA IS DISABLED. YOU'VE STILL GOT THREE MORE CLOSING IN ON YOU--PLUS THE BADNIK HORDE!
I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT COVER FIRE I CAN!
BREAK'S OVER. READY?
SHO' NUFF.
CERTAINEMENT.
LET'S GO, FREEDOM FIGHTERS!


THE SKY PATROL
THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS' BATTLE CARRIER
ZZZZZT!
THE DEATH EGG
DR. EGGMAN'S FLYING FORTRESS
WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE?! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS, BUT THANK YOU, EGGMAN TECH!*
NICOLE, HOW ARE WE DOING?
ROTOR
MECHANIC
*SONIC THE HEDGEHOG VOLUME 1.
-WEAPONS POWER AT 10%
-PARTICLE BEAM CANNON, SONIC POWER CANNON, VOLKAN CANNON OFFLINE
-ANTI-AIR MISSILES DEPLETED
-OMOCHAO GUN JAMMED
-SHIELDS HOLDING
-ENGINE POWER AT 23%
-I'M FINE, BY THE WAY.
HA! GOOD TO KNOW. WE'LL HOLD OUT AS LONG AS WE CAN!
HA! OUR SHIELDS HAVE BARELY BEEN SCRATCHED!
YES, BUT THE BARRAGE AND ALL OUR WEAPONS FIRE IS DRAINING OUR RESERVES.
THE BOSS WILL BE ANGRY IF WE DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO REACH EGGMAN LAND.
ORBOT AND CUBOT
ROBO-LACKEYS


YIKES! YOU'VE GOT A POINT! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE IN A HOLDING PATTERN BECAUSE OF THEIR ENGINE DAMAGE.
I'LL PLOT OUT WHERE THEIR NEXT PASS SHOULD BE AND FOCUS ALL OUR FIRE...
...NOW!
BLAM!
BWOOSH!
ANY LANDING YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM...
NICOLE... I HOPE YOU'RE OKAY WITH SERVERS ON RESERVE POWER...


INSIDE THE GAIA COLOSSUS...
tink!
NRRRRGH! I HATE THIS! SONIC NEEDS MY HELP! THE GAIA COLOSSUS IS SUPPOSED TO SAVE THE WORLD...
CHIP THE LIGHT GAIA
"...NOT DESTROY IT!"
OKAY... OW.
EGGMAN KEEPS CUTTING ME OFF SO I CAN'T GET TO CHIP. BUT I CAN'T HIT THAT MECH HARD ENOUGH. I NEED TO...
HA HAHA! GOTCHA!


IT'S BEEN A DELIGHTFUL BATTLE, SONIC. BUT NOW I WIN.
I TAKE OVER THE WORLD.
YOU WISH.
AND YOU DIE!


WHOA-WHOA-WHOA!
STAY AWAY!
BWOOSH!
SCREEEEECH


AUGH!
WHAM!
WHAM!
NONO NONONO NONO!
NOOOOOO OOOOOOOO OOOOOOo...!


NEXT STOP-- CHIP!
BOOM
HEY, BUDDY! MISS ME?
SONIC! I WAS SO WORRIED!
HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU ALREADY? THE GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN!
YEAH-- WELL-- YOU SURE MADE IT INTENSE!
OH, JUST YOU WAIT! NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE CHAOS EMERALDS, I CAN--
HRRRRR RRGH?!
SONIC?! SONIC-- WHAT'S WRONG?


OH, MY ACHING EVERYTHING... ORBOT! ACCELERATE TOWARDS THE SUMMONING SPIRE! I WANT THE DEATH EGG POWERED UP NOW!
I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND THAT, BOSS. I'M GETTING SOME WORRISOME READINGS FROM EGGMAN LAND.
OH, NOW WHAT?!
BLAST IT, SONIC! I HAD EVERYTHING PERFECTLY SET UP! NOW YOU'VE DOOMED US ALL!
SALLY? YOU MIGHT WANT TO HURRY THIS UP, HON!
I'M TRYING! THE SYSTEM IS BUGGING OUT!
LOOK! ZE DARK GAIA ENERGY IS LEAVING ZE BADNIKS!
AND IT DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY'VE GOT ANIMALS IN 'EM! THANK GOODNESS!

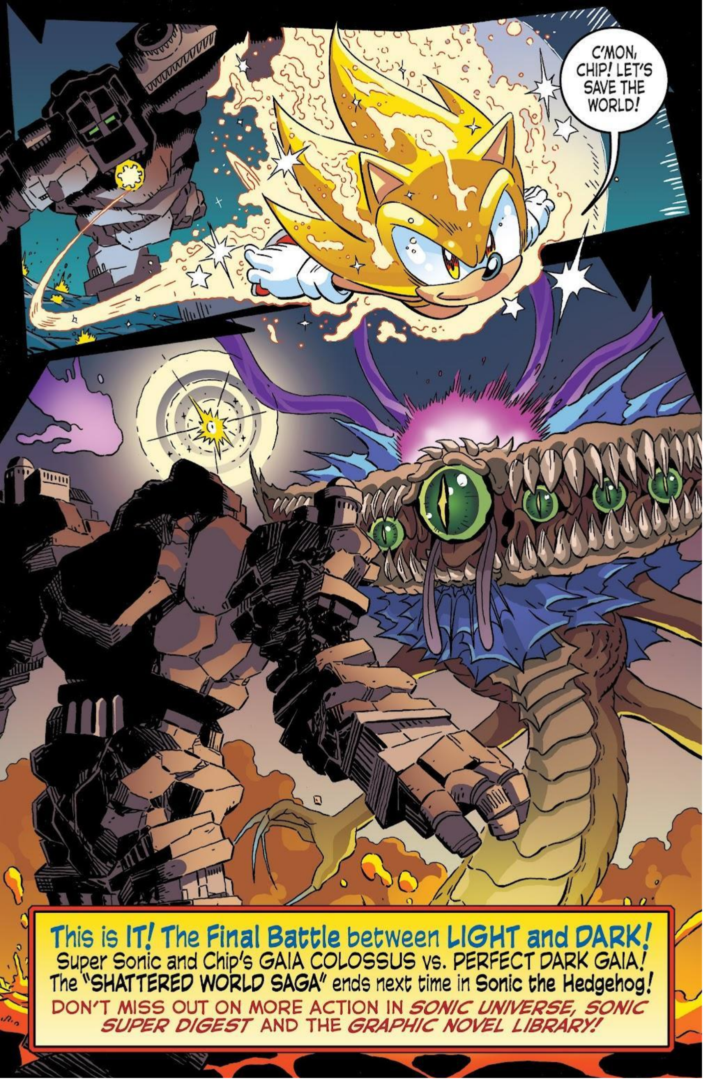

SALLY! THE CITY IS BREAKING APART! WE--
KRA-KOOM!
YIPE! I'M COMING IN TO PICK YOU UP!
WE'RE NOT DONE YET! WE'VE GOT TO DISABLE THIS SPIRE BEFORE--!
SZZZKT!
YOW!
IT'S TOO LATE! WE GOTTA GO--NOW!


RR RRR RAAA AAAA AUGH H--!
EASY THERE, SONIC. I--I UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW. THE DARK GAIA ESSENCE IS LEAVING YOU. Y-YOU'LL BE *OKAY.*
HUFF GREAT. WHY ***NOW?***
...BECAUSE IT'S CALLING THE LAST LITTLE BITS HOME.
"IT"? YOU MEAN...?
YES. ***DARK GAIA*** HAS AWAKENED.


"NORMALLY, THE TWO OF US SLEEP IN THE CORE OF THE WORLD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, RECOVERING FROM OUR PREVIOUS DUELS.
"WHEN THE WORLD SHATTERED, WE WERE AWAKENED EARLY. I HAD NO MEMORY, AND DARK GAIA WAS TORN TO PIECES.
"BUT DR. EGGMAN BUILT THAT SUMMONING SPIRE TO DRAW ALL OF DARK GAIA'S ESSENCE INTO ONE PLACE.
"ESSENTIALLY, HE HELPED DARK GAIA REBUILD ITSELF.
"NOW IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO CONSUME THE LAST REMNANTS OF ITS POWER.
"AND ONCE IT ACHIEVES ITS PERFECT FORM...
"...IT WILL DESTROY ALL LIFE."


IT'S OVER. I'VE FAILED.
WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT? WE'RE STILL STANDING. IT AIN'T OVER YET!
JUST THINK OF ALL THE PEOPLE WE'VE MET! ALL THE PLACES WE'VE BEEN! DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GIVE UP ON ALL OF THAT--ALL OF *THEM?*


YOU'RE RIGHT! I--I *CAN'T* GIVE UP NOW!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT! SO...WHAT DO YOU USUALLY DO AGAINST TALL, DARK AND UGLY?
I...I USE THE GAIA COLOSSUS TO BATTLE IT INTO SUBMISSION...
...THEN SEAL US BOTH AWAY SO THE WORLD CAN START OVER.
BUT IT CAN TAKE CENTURIES! THAT ISN'T FAST ENOUGH TO SAVE EVERYONE!
HEH-- "FAST"? I GOTCHA COVERED.
SCHWAHN!



Letter from the EDITOR

Editorial commentary that delivers hype right to your door! (only 3 easy payments of 995 gold rings plus shipping and handling)



If you ever wondered how those ice cream pops were made...

I see it, I see it, and now it's all within my reach!

The end is near! Dark Gaia has reached its perfect form and now it's up to Sonic and Chip to put it back in its place!

Until then, let's give some major props to Diana Skelly and Adam Bryce Thomas for their great work on "Panic in the Sky" part 3! And be sure to check out more of Adam's pencil work in current issues of *Sonic Universe*. Enjoy a little preview from "Shattered" part 4 in SU #90 below!



Both Diana and Adam got to draw epic Sonic transformations this issue! WINS ALL AROUND!





(insert evil laughter here)

That's all for this column, see y'all next time for the big finale! Chao!

– Vincent "Vin" Lovallo
Editor



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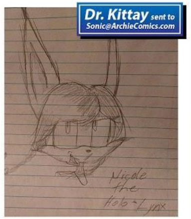
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OFF PANEL

I found you, faker! OR PREPARE FOR TROUBLE: IT'S CHIP'S EVIL DOUBLE!



SCRIPT: ALEAH BAKER PENCILS: EVAN STANLEY INKS: GARY MARTIN COLORS: ELAINA UNGER

NEXT ISSUE: SONIC THE HEDGEHOG 287





SONIC THE HEDGEHOG | 287

PANIC IN THE SKY - PART 4 OF 4

Welcome to Sonic's comic book adventures—a world unique & beyond what you know from the SEGA games! Where Sonic and his friends work to save the world from the forces of evil!

SONIC™ THE HEDGEHOG

CHARACTER SELECT

SUPER SONIC
CHAOS EMERALD SUPER-CHARGED HERO

CHIP/LIGHT GAIA
WITH THE GAIA COLOSSUS

THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS
WORLD HEROES

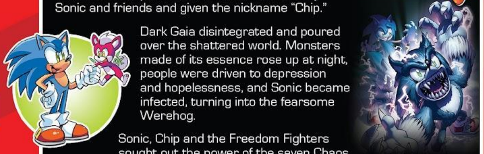
DARK GAIA
WORLD-DESTROYING BEAST OF DARKNESS

THE STORY SO FAR...

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK



One of Dr. Eggman's mad schemes to take over the world went awry, splitting the planet into pieces and unleashing the long dormant spirits: Light Gaia and Dark Gaia. Light Gaia lost its memories and power, but was soon taken in by Sonic and friends and given the nickname "Chip."



Dark Gaia disintegrated and poured over the shattered world. Monsters made of its essence rose up at night, people were driven to depression and hopelessness, and Sonic became infected, turning into the fearsome Werehog.

Sonic, Chip and the Freedom Fighters sought out the power of the seven Chaos Emeralds and Gaia Temples, which were foretold to end the crisis. Meanwhile, Dr. Eggman gathered up all of Dark Gaia's energy for his own use. In the end the temples combined into the mighty Gaia Colossus, and the collected dark energy reformed into the terrifying Perfect Dark Gaia.

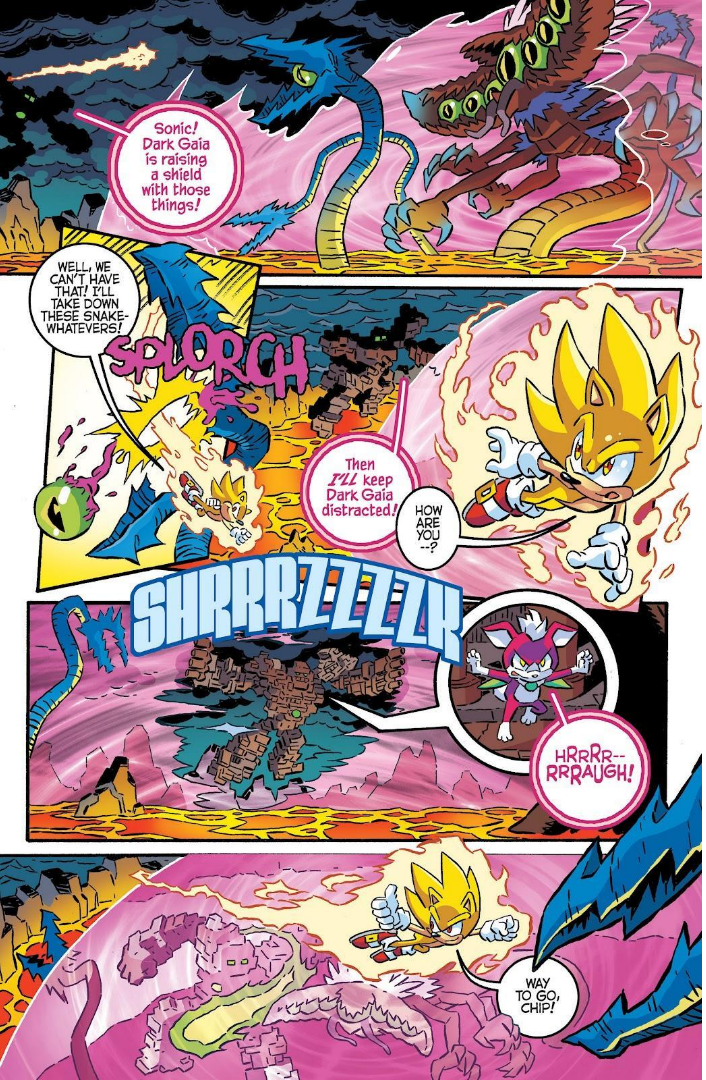
Now Super Sonic leads Chip, piloting the Gaia Colossus, into battle against Perfect Dark Gaia. Together they must defeat the destructive god—or watch the end of the world.

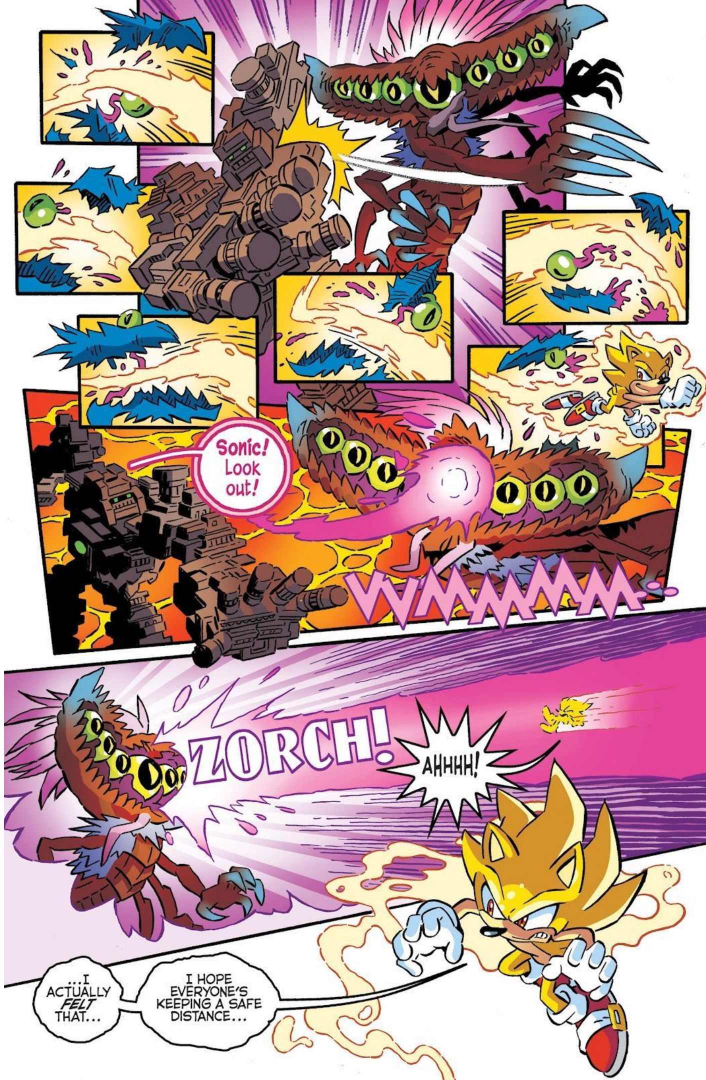


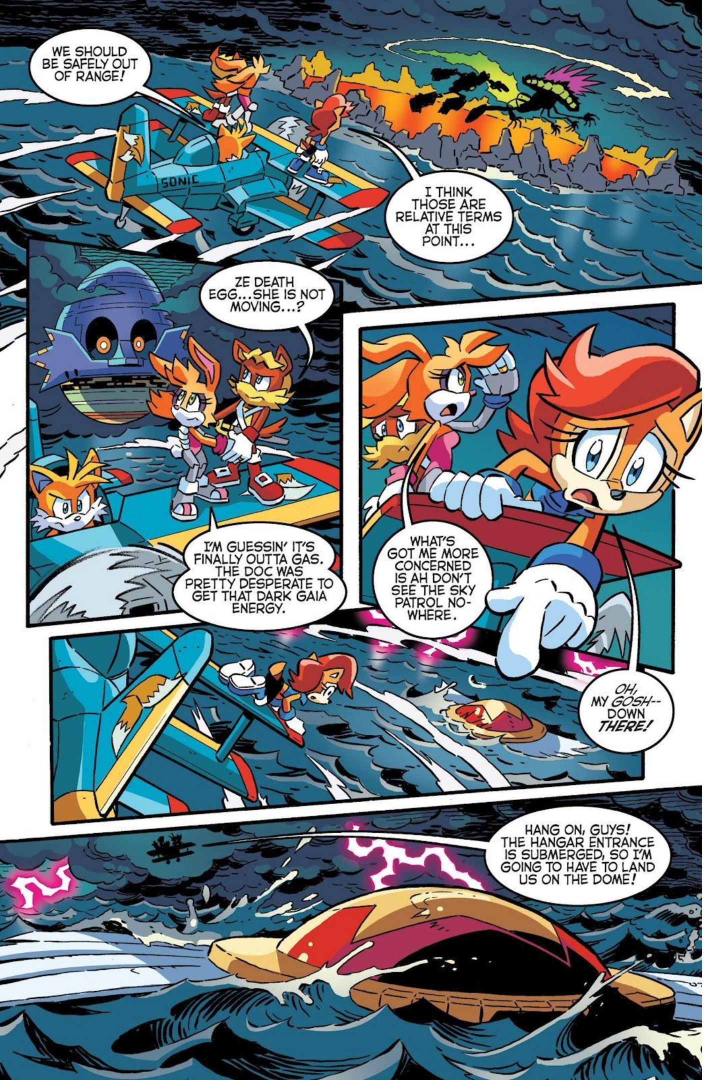
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Sonic! Dark Gaia is raising a shield with those things!
WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT! I'LL TAKE DOWN THESE SNAKE-WHATEVERS!
SPLORCH
Then *I'LL* keep Dark Gaia distracted!
HOW ARE YOU --?
SHRRRZZZZZR
HRRRR-- RRRAUGH!
WAY TO GO, CHIP!


Sonic! Look out!
ZORCH!
AHHHH!
...I ACTUALLY *FELT* THAT...
I HOPE EVERYONE'S KEEPING A SAFE DISTANCE...


WE SHOULD BE SAFELY OUT OF RANGE!
SONIC
I THINK THOSE ARE RELATIVE TERMS AT THIS POINT...
ZE DEATH EGG...SHE IS NOT MOVING...?
I'M GUESSIN' IT'S FINALLY OUTTA GAS. THE DOC WAS PRETTY DESPERATE TO GET THAT DARK GAIA ENERGY.
WHAT'S GOT ME MORE CONCERNED IS AH DON'T SEE THE SKY PATROL NO-WHERE.
OH, MY GOSH-- DOWN ***THERE!***
HANG ON, GUYS! THE HANGAR ENTRANCE IS SUBMERGED, SO I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LAND US ON THE DOME!


ROTOR! WHAT--?!
THE DEATH EGG BLEW US OUT OF THE SKY. NICOLE'S AS SAFE AS SHE CAN BE IN THE SERVER, BUT THE SKY PATROL IS DOWN FOR THE COUNT.
SO GRAB A SODA AND LET'S WATCH SONIC SAVE THE WORLD.
WE CAN STILL HELP! I CAN TAKE THE TORNADO AND...
THIS IS A BATTLE OF THE ***GODS,*** BUDDY. THE TORNADO DOESN'T HAVE THAT KIND OF FIREPOWER. LET SONIC AND CHIP DO THEIR THING WITHOUT US GETTING IN THE WAY.
CHAO COLA
AH KNOW THAT LOOK--QUIT BLAMIN' YERSELF, SAL. WE DID EVERYTHING WE COULD. YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD.
I KNOW. AND ROTOR'S RIGHT. I JUST WISH WE COULD DO ***MORE...***
BE THINKING OF IT THIS WAY, *MA* PRINCESS. DOCTOR EGGMAN JUST LOST MANY OF HIS SUPER-BADNIKS...AND A WHOLE BASE. ZAT HAS TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING, *NON?*
YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'RE IN THE HOME STRETCH, AND WE'VE GOT TWO OF OUR BEST UP THERE. WHAT THEY NEED NOW IS FAITH AND SUPPORT.
GO GET 'EM, GUYS. WE BELIEVE IN YOU!


CRASH!
ROOOOAAR!
SHHKOOM!
THAT WAS TOTALLY ONE OF KNUCKLES'S MOVES!
HaHA! well, I don't think I can make this thing Spin Dash!


LET'S KEEP IT UP! I'LL KEEP HIM DISTRACTED, YOU PUT HIM DOWN!
Right behind you, Sonic!


AHH! Sonic! It's got me!
It's charging up! I don't know if the Gaia Colossus can survive a point-blank shot!
VVMMMMMM
AND AT THAT ANGLE...
NOPE. NOT HAPPENING.

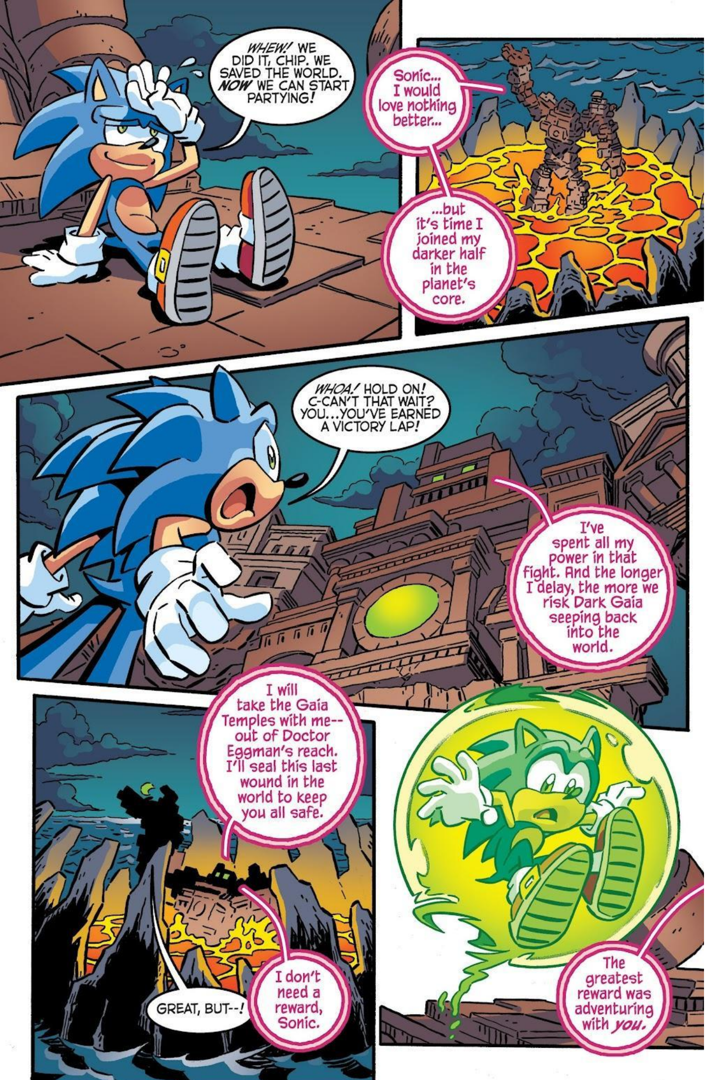

ROOOOAAR!

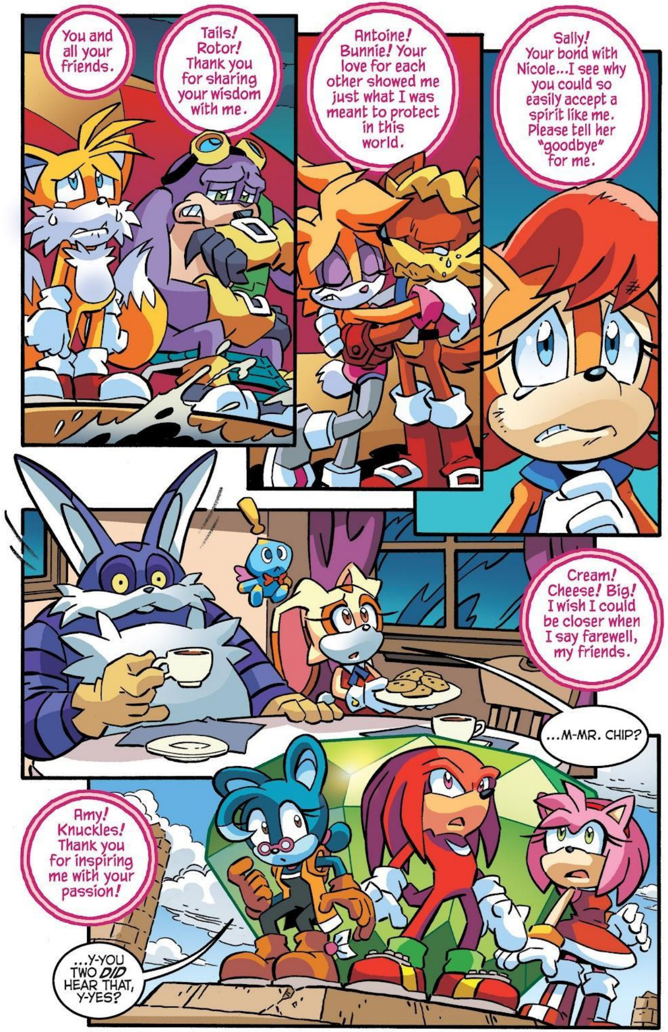

AND ONCE AGAIN, MY ATTEMPTS AT HARNESSING AN ELDRITCH ELEMENTAL POWER FALL THROUGH...
AND AT GREAT PERSONAL COST, NO LESS! NEVER MIND THE RESOURCES...I REALLY LIKED THAT AMUSEMENT PARK!
AND I WAS SO CLOSE TO FINALLY POWERING THE DEATH EGG! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF MY ENEMIES WHEN I RUN OUT OF GAS JUST GETTING INTO RANGE?!
ALTHOUGH...
...THE RAW POWER OF THE WORLD IS MUCH MORE POTENT THAN I IMAGINED. IT COULD WORK JUST AS WELL AS THE DARK GAIA ENERGY.
IF I COULD FIND A WAY TO SIPHON IT...SOME PLACE REMOTE WHERE SONIC WOULDN'T FIND ME AND RUIN MY PLANS AGAIN...
BAH! THAT'S PLOTTING FOR ANOTHER DAY.
I NEED TO GET OUT OF THE RANGE OF DARK GAIA--OR THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS, IF THEY MANAGE TO RALLY!

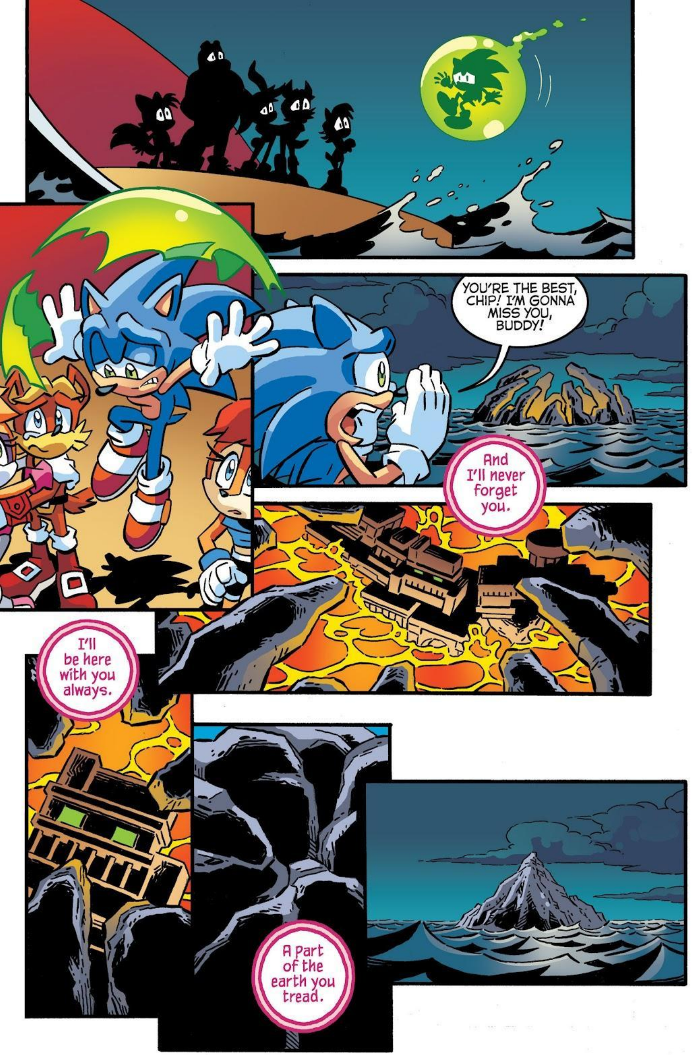

S-Sonic... that shot... weakened it...
GOTCHA COVERED.
SCHING!

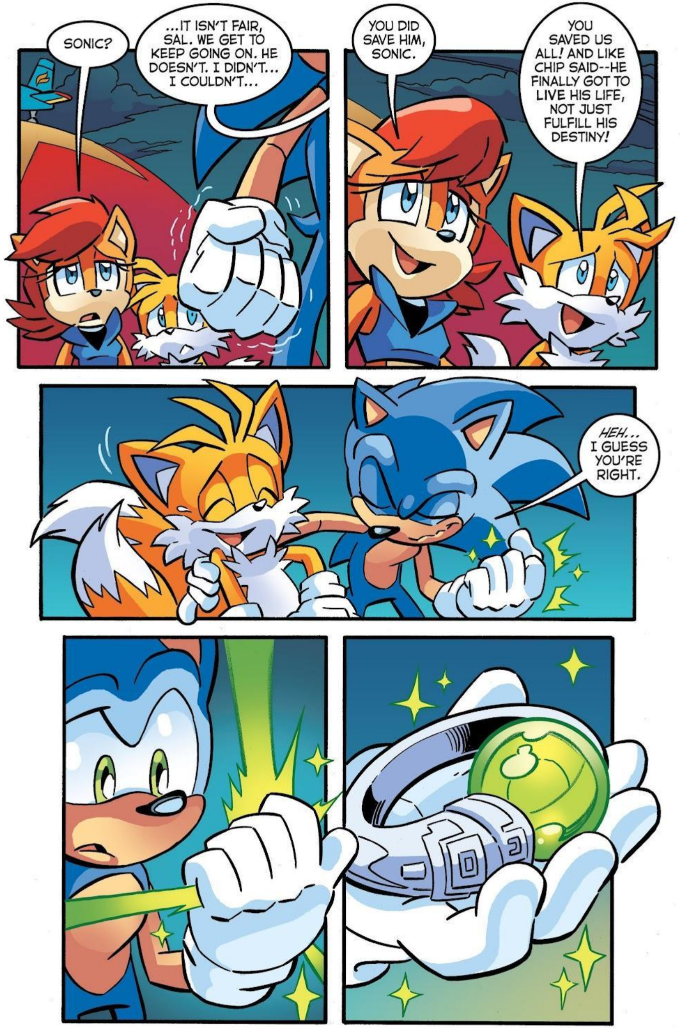

FWASH!
ANOTHER... ANCIENT GOD-THINGY BUSTED. BUT...UH... CHIP? I'M...I'M ALL OUT OF "SUPER"...
...AND THERE'RE DARK GAIA LEFTOVERS STARTING TO COME UP...
You've done more than your share, Sonic. Now it's time to complete my duty as the Light Gaia--
--and restore the world!

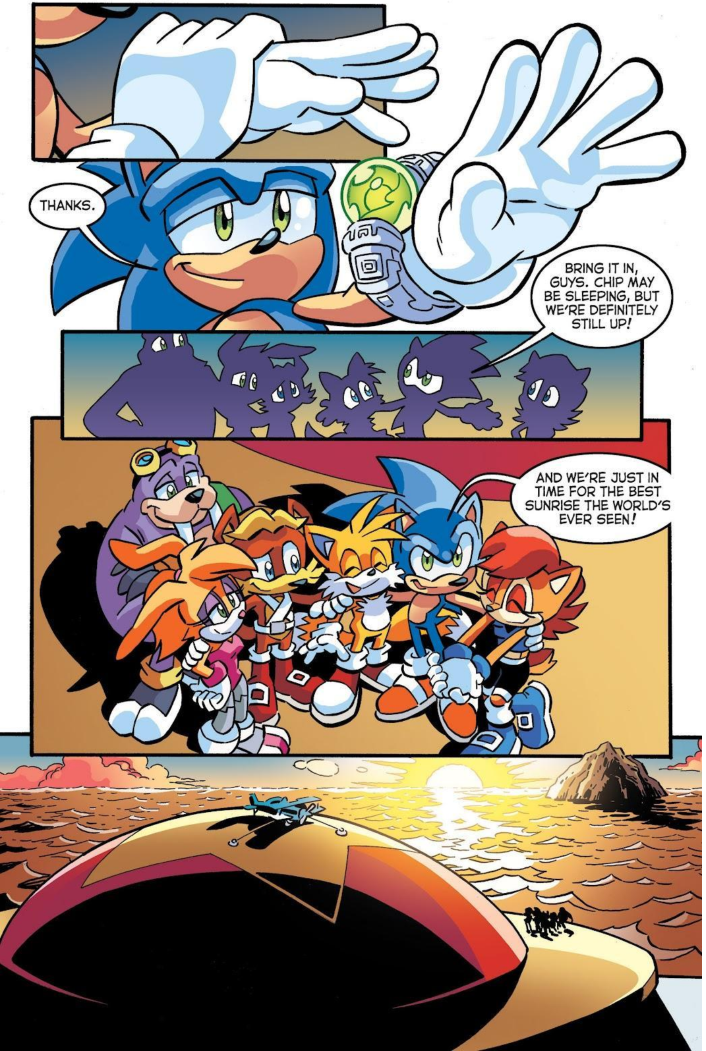


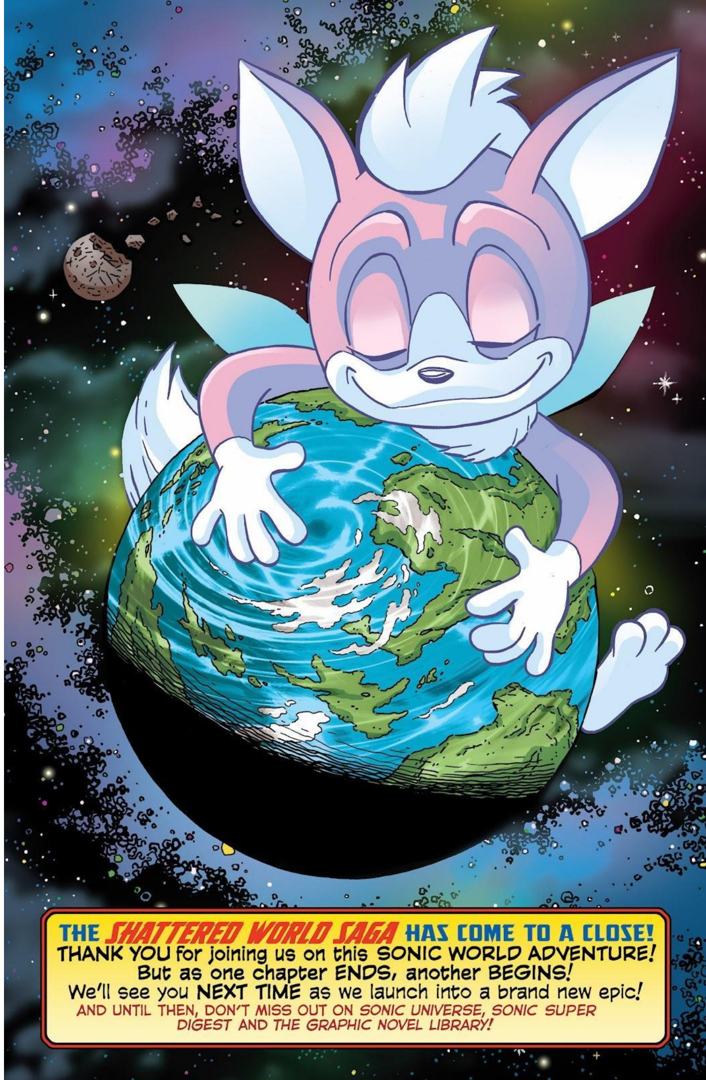

WHEW! WE DID IT, CHIP. WE SAVED THE WORLD. NOW WE CAN START PARTYING!
Sonic... I would love nothing better...
...but it's time I joined my darker half in the planet's core.
WHOA! HOLD ON! C-CAN'T THAT WAIT? YOU...YOU'VE EARNED A VICTORY LAP!
I've spent all my power in that fight. And the longer I delay, the more we risk Dark Gaia seeping back into the world.
I will take the Gaia Temples with me--out of Doctor Eggman's reach. I'll seal this last wound in the world to keep you all safe.
GREAT, BUT--!
I don't need a reward, Sonic.
The greatest reward was adventuring with you.


You and all your friends.
Tails! Rotor! Thank you for sharing your wisdom with me.
Antoine! Bunnie! Your love for each other showed me just what I was meant to protect in this world.
Sally! Your bond with Nicole...I see why you could so easily accept a spirit like me. Please tell her "goodbye" for me.
Cream! Cheese! Big! I wish I could be closer when I say farewell, my friends.
...M-MR. CHIP?
Amy! Knuckles! Thank you for inspiring me with your passion!
...Y-YOU TWO DID HEAR THAT, Y-YES?


YOU'RE THE BEST, CHIP! I'M GONNA MISS YOU, BUDDY!
And I'll never forget you.
I'll be here with you always.
A part of the earth you tread.


SONIC?
...IT ISN'T FAIR, SAL. WE GET TO KEEP GOING ON. HE DOESN'T. I DIDN'T... I COULDN'T...
YOU DID SAVE HIM, SONIC.
YOU SAVED US ALL! AND LIKE CHIP SAID--HE FINALLY GOT TO LIVE HIS LIFE, NOT JUST FULFILL HIS DESTINY!
HEH... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.


THANKS.
BRING IT IN, GUYS. CHIP MAY BE SLEEPING, BUT WE'RE DEFINITELY STILL UP!
AND WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE BEST SUNRISE THE WORLD'S EVER SEEN!


THE SHATTERED WORLD SAGA HAS COME TO A CLOSE!
THANK YOU for joining us on this SONIC WORLD ADVENTURE!
But as one chapter ENDS, another BEGINS!
We'll see you NEXT TIME as we launch into a brand new epic!
AND UNTIL THEN, DON'T MISS OUT ON SONIC UNIVERSE, SONIC SUPER DIGEST AND THE GRAPHIC NOVEL LIBRARY!

Letter from the EDITOR

Chaos Emerald-powered editorial commentary! Just add 50 rings!



And that's how you get it done!

Was that a wild ride or what? The planet-sized jigsaw puzzle has finally been completed. So many great artists have lent their talents to tell this grand story and it's so satisfying seeing the end result. Hats off to the creative team on a job well done and a saga well told.

Just in case you missed it, **Tracy Yardley** has made his grand return this issue, and will continue pencilling for our next storyline, **"Genesis of a Hero"**! This special story will honor the Blue Blur's 25-year history by turning back the clock to Sonic's earliest adventures and reveal some key moments in Sonic's history!

Guess who's back, back again? Tracy's back! Tell a friend, because **"Genesis of a Hero"** begins in ***STH* #288!**





STH #284-287 connecting cover concept written by Ian Flynn and sketched by yours truly!

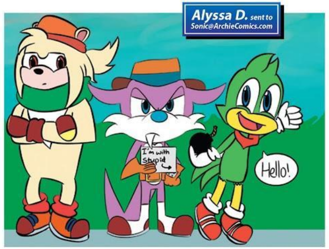
That's all for now. Stay classy, Sonic fans! See you next issue!

– **Vincent "Vin" Lovallo**
Editor



SONIC™
THE HEDGEHOG

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OFF PANEL

BFF BUFFET OR Special Friends

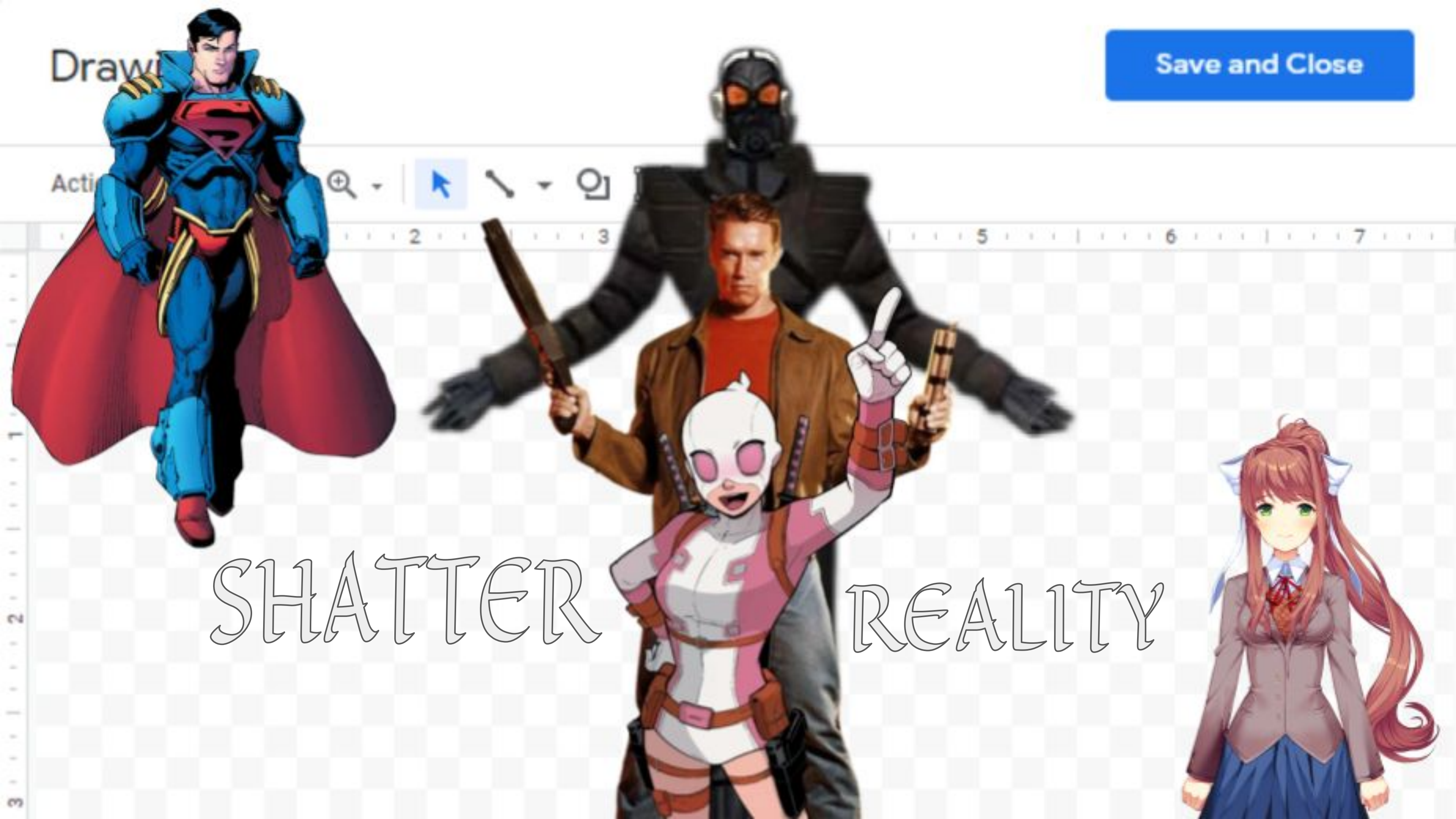


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-MULTIVERSAL MONITORS-
MORBIUS
DS
THQ
HIT-MONKEY
MANNERS.
-EARTHS IN JEOPARDY-


THERE'LL BE
HELL
TO
PAY


Save and Close
SHATTER
REALITY


PROVIDE LEVITY

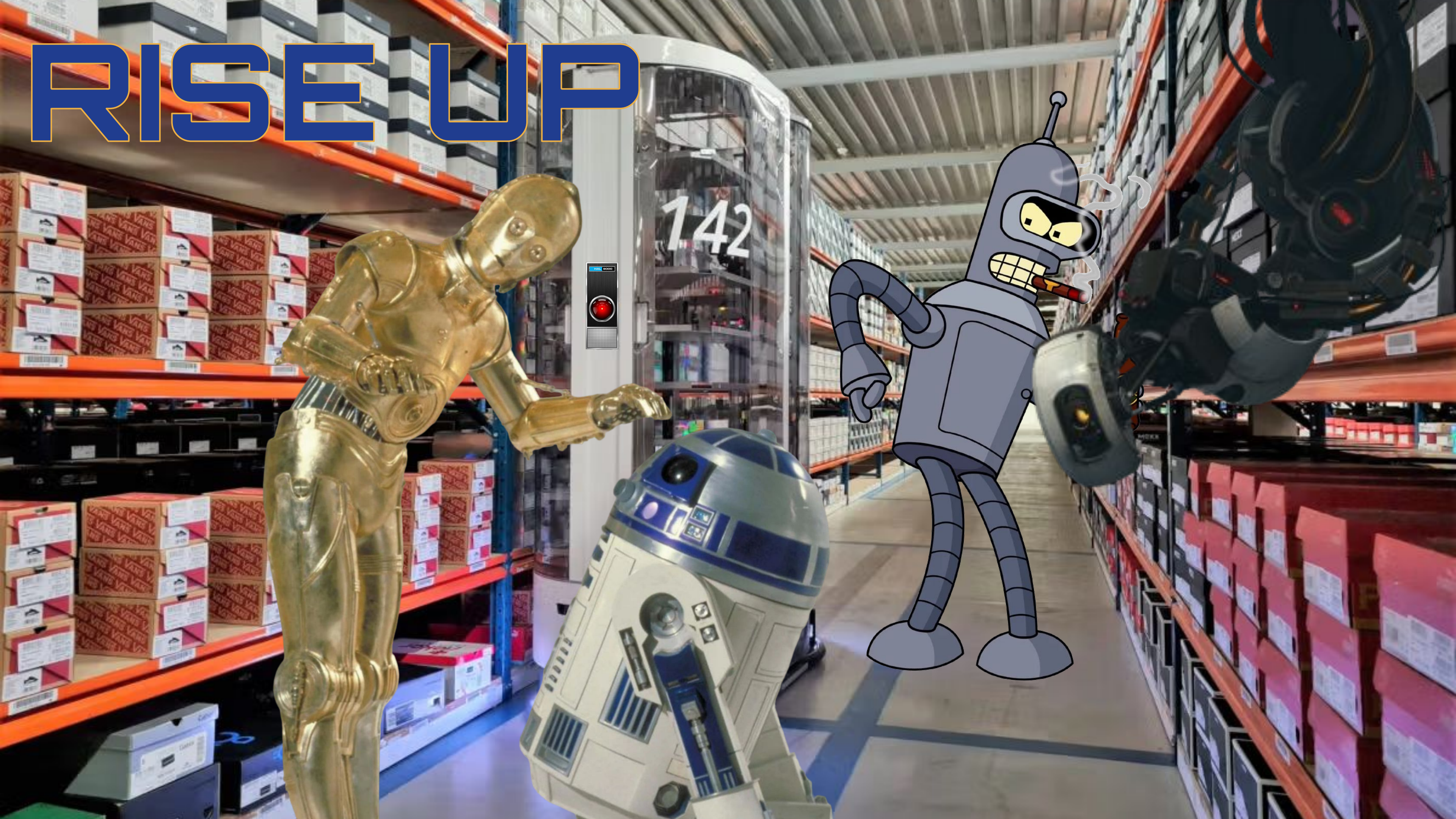

CHANGE YOUR FUTURE


STAND
READY


"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
TO SURVIVE IT... TOGETHER"


NOTHING EVER ENDS


BE GREATER
TOGETHER


RISE UP
142


LAUGH
AND
CRY


NEVER
STOP
BEING
SILLY
JEFF


TOGETHER
FOREVER



IT AIN'T THE SIZE THAT COUNTS
asshole
ITS WHAT YOU DO WITH IT


YOU'RE NEVER ALONE


JUST SMILE


THE RULERS OF EARTH


GUIDE THE FUTURE


"WILDCARD!"
SECOND ST
STOP


"WHERE ARE THOSE GOOD OLD FASHIONED VALUES"


NEVER
STOP
HATING


"SOMETIMES DOING THE RIGHT THING IS MESSY"


PROTECT
THE
PLANET
DISEASES
OF THE


HEROES FOR HOPE